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# CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL

OF

History, Literature, Poetry, Biography, & Adventure.

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"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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TO LORD BROUGHAM,

THE APOSTLE OF EDUCATION, AND THE PROMOTER OF ECONOMIC LITERATURE,

THE FIRST VOLUME

OF

*Chambers's London Journal,*

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO ENLIGHTEN THE MINDS AND ENLIVEN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE,

TO MAKE GOOD CITIZENS—GOOD HUSBANDS—AND GOOD WIVES,

TO EXPAND THE INDUSTRY OF THE MASSES—AND TO COMBINE ALL CLASSES AND NATIONS IN A COMMON BROTHERHOOD,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THE PROPRIETOR.



# INDEX

TO THE

## FIRST VOLUME OF CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL.

### HISTORY.

#### ANCIENT.

China, its Antiquity an Imposture . . .	17
Continent, the Fabled . . .	50
Egypt, Editorial Notices on . . .	169
Egypt, the Pharaohs of . . .	122
Egypt, the Tombs of . . .	167
Egyptians, Scientific Knowledge of . . .	153
Elder Egypt, the Arts in . . .	162
Gauls and Goths, Christianity amongst the . . .	158
Kingdoms, the First . . .	73
Nation, the Lost . . .	33
Persian Mythology . . .	177
Persians, the Medes and . . .	185
Persians, Social Habits of the . . .	193
Thebes, the Temple of . . .	145

#### MODERN.

America, Whence was it Peopled ? . . .	57
England, Wade's New History of . . .	60
Pindarees of India, The . . .	190
Russia, Lower Classes of . . .	192
Russia, Marriages in . . .	60
Russia, the Conscription in . . .	112
Serfs, Russian . . .	80
Stuart, the House of . . .	109

#### NATURAL.

Aviaries . . .	85
Animals, Medical Virtues of . . .	87
August, the Zoology of . . .	108
Animals, Restorative Powers of the Lower . . .	179
Animal Kingdom, Minuteness of the . . .	200
Bears, Russian . . .	45
Climate, Phenomena of . . .	49
Cages, Song Birds in . . .	45
Cages, British Song Birds in . . .	68
Coral . . .	53
Changes, Natural . . .	99
Coal Beds, Formation of New . . .	118
Earth, Antiquity of . . .	5
Earth, Internal Heat of the . . .	6
Fossils, British . . .	116, 152
Goat, The Thibet . . .	191
Insects, Medical Virtues of . . .	102
Ireland, Natural History of, 144, and 160 . . .	36
June, Natural History of . . .	53
July, Zoology of . . .	53
Ornithological Museums . . .	165
October, Natural History of . . .	176
Plants, Sexual Properties of . . .	186
September, Natural History of . . .	133

### LITERATURE.

#### HISTORIC.

America, War with . . .	7
American Races, the . . .	141
Ancients, Progress of Suicide amongst the . . .	55, 59, 75, and 86
Aborigines, Colonial . . .	223
Blue Beard, the Original . . .	60
Brothers, the Two . . .	189
Delusion, Popular . . .	213
Early Races, Social Condition of the . . .	98
France, Progress of Duelling in, 118, 123, 134, 143, 151, and 154 . . .	61
Greek Fire, Discovery of in England . . .	31
Herculaneum and Pompeii . . .	1
History, Poetry of . . .	218, 230, 234, 247
Hastings, Warren, . . .	9
Jews, Nationality of the . . .	92
Jesuits, The . . .	105
Lynch Law, the Rationale of . . .	10
Napoleon and his Contemporaries—The Conqueror . . .	34
The Vanquished . . .	58
Triumphal Return . . .	1
Our Motto Illustrated . . .	7
Patriotism . . .	140
Painting, the Art of . . .	40
Public Opinion, Deference to . . .	120
Russells, Chief of the . . .	25
Shakspeare a Courtier . . .	

Water, the Divinity of . . .	108
Women, Glimpses of . . .	209, 217, and 225

#### DOMESTIC.

Artists, the Brother . . .	220, 229, 236
Burns Illustrated and Explained—Introductory Chapter . . .	20
Memoranda in the Life of Burns . . .	35
Death and Exhumation of . . .	43
Tam O'Shanter, . . .	51, 78, and 82
Cotter's Saturday Night, 106, 114, and 122 . . .	140, 148, 164, and 172
The Holy Fair, . . .	180, 188, 197, 211
Highland Mary . . .	21
To Mary in Heaven . . .	96
Child, the Spoiled . . .	6
Irish Character, Traits and Sketches of—Mogue the Rattler . . .	15
Pilgrim of Kilcrea . . .	31
The Rebel's Wife . . .	44
The Sister Lovers . . .	69
The Young Priest . . .	76
The Widow . . .	104
Grana of the Isles . . .	110
The Sister Brides . . .	144
Fine Old Irish Gentleman . . .	147
Pat Leary's Trip to Dublin . . .	167
A Duellist's Sense of Honour . . .	237
The Dream . . .	245
Mike Muldoon . . .	166, 170, and 178
Magdalen, The . . .	26
Marriage, a Fashionable—The Courtship . . .	37
The Recognition . . .	62
The Catastrophe . . .	4
Trustee, Benjamin, Experiences of—Domestic Hearth . . .	12
Govern Your Temper . . .	28
Female Form, False Taste Respecting—Illustrated . . .	84
Distortions of the Female Form—Illustrated . . .	100
The Daughter . . .	132
The Pop . . .	172
Protection . . .	196, 204, and 228
The Husband . . .	233
Female Accomplishments . . .	247
The Wife . . .	191
Why Don't You Settle . . .	

#### GENERAL.

Authors, Affected Modesty of . . .	87
Artesian Wells, Folly of, in London . . .	114
Artesian Wells, Quality of Water from . . .	124
Battle Field, the Last . . .	12
Blood, Power and Properties of . . .	63
Byron's Statue . . .	136
Brushings from our Table . . .	136
Belgian Bride, A . . .	156
Coliseum, Visit to the . . .	48
Cockney and an Aberdonian . . .	61
Curiosities of Literature, new Chapter in . . .	72
Charles O'Malley Reviewed . . .	228
Charles O'Malley, Humour and Pathos of . . .	88
Christmas and its Associations . . .	240
Colonization, Science and Art of . . .	241
Courtship, Literary . . .	93
Crowded Cities, Dr. Channing on . . .	162
Catarrhs, Songs for . . .	208
Cemeteries, Sepulture in . . .	221
Colonization, New Mode of . . .	226
Debris, Literary . . .	24
Duel, the Inexpressibles . . .	15
Edinburgh Filth and London Dirt . . .	89
Female Fashions, Origin of . . .	21
Flowers from the Heath, &c. . .	8
Females, Fragments for . . .	24
Fashion, Innovations of . . .	47
Fragments . . .	64
Fable, An Original . . .	87
Guy Mannering, Abstract of . . .	18

Gleanings . . .	48
Good Bye 1841 . . .	241
Hall and the Library, the . . .	116
Host, A Disappointed . . .	205
Ireland, Fairy Lays and Legends of—The Sporteen . . .	90, and 98
Joe Simple . . .	128
Labour, Price of, and of Bread . . .	41
Lawrence, the St. . .	77
Larking, Midnight . . .	79
Lone Farm House, the . . .	92
London, the Waters of . . .	132
Lafarge, Madame, Memoirs of, 174, 182, 190, 199, 203, 215, 219, 227 . . .	194, and 202
Ladies, a Lesson for . . .	201, 212
London, Sepulture in . . .	13
Military Life, Sketches of—Patrick O'Neil . . .	21
The Second and Third Floggings . . .	27
The Fourth and Fifth Floggings . . .	38
Stolen Goods . . .	46
Murder—Revenge . . .	54
The Provost Marshal . . .	58
Drummed Out . . .	74
Poverty—Misery—Death . . .	126
The Old Soldier's Tale . . .	79
Masonic Sublimities . . .	16
Magazines, Small Shot from . . .	64
Mahomedan Ladies, Troubles of . . .	80
Miscellanea . . .	102
Man, Life and Age of . . .	174
Music, the influence of . . .	215
Manners, a Moral in . . .	139
Newspaper Intelligence, Manufacture of . . .	184
Navigation, Origin of the Art of . . .	428
New Year, the . . .	206
Old Maids for an Hour . . .	16
Portraits, Auction . . .	8
Punishments, Capital . . .	172
Protection, Female . . .	23
Protection, What is ? . . .	number.
Paragraphs vide each number . . .	175
Patrician's Daughter, the . . .	212
Pedestrians, a Pithy Paper for . . .	65
Railway, Great Western, Trip by the . . .	81
Railway, Random Notes by . . .	129
Railway, Blackwall . . .	87
Rambler, Jottings of a . . .	242
Receiver, The a Thief . . .	112, 123
Riddles . . .	53
St. Peter's, Christmas Day in . . .	119 and 122
Smuggler's Grave . . .	124, 130, 138, 158, 163, 170, 182, 186, 198, 235
Something from Nothing, . . .	234
Swell Mob, Dogs of the . . .	61
Two Truths in Two Guises . . .	78
United States, Railroads in the . . .	40, 104
Varieties . . .	29
Water, the Thames . . .	3
Waverley, Abstract of . . .	70
Water Companies, the London . . .	134, 142, 146, 154
Woman's Love . . .	184
Women, Old, Absence of . . .	195
Wedding Night Watcher, A . . .	150
Youth, a Gentle, at College . . .	207
Young Person, The . . .	

### SCIENCE AND ART.

Architecture, Application of Geology to . . .	51
Automata . . .	72
Cosmogony of Laplace . . .	180
Cross, Descent from the . . .	39
Geology, Practical Application of . . .	30
Geological Knowledge, Utility of . . .	19
Geological Discoveries, Progress of . . .	14
Man, Comparative Youth of . . .	23
Motion, Statistics of . . .	66
Mesmerism . . .	83, 95
Memoranda, Scientific . . .	107
Notices, Geological . . .	127
Novelties in Science . . .	52
Pavement, Wood . . .	56
Planets, a Ramble among the . . .	103
Printing, Electro-Magnetic . . .	5
Science, Familiar Chapters on—Electrotype . . .	

Electrotype, concluded . . .	14
Dissolving Views . . .	20
Electro Magnets, &c. . .	30
Photography . . .	36
Photographic Printing . . .	109
Printing Telegraph . . .	149
Medical Learning, 156, 164, and 173 . . .	188
Purification of Water . . .	63
Science, Cruelties of . . .	130
Scientific Truths . . .	195
Science, the March of . . .	

### POETRY.

Anthem, Forest . . .	115
Art, a Tribute to . . .	133
Boyish Thought, A . . .	187
Broken Lute, The . . .	189
Beauty, Faded . . .	205
Blind Girl at the Holy Well . . .	208
Cloud, the Evening . . .	51
Confession . . .	96
Career, Napoleon's . . .	10, 34, 58
Enigma . . .	30
Elegiac Sonnets, . . .	176
Emigrant Lyrics, . . .	216, 232
Fragment . . .	244
Goodlie Ballade, A . . .	240
Lay, A Lady's . . .	246
Love and the Rainbow . . .	35
Life . . .	220
Man Uncultured . . .	136
Mind, the Ruined . . .	11
Milliner, the Shop . . .	91, 104
M'Ivor, Dirge of . . .	80
Napoleon, Sonnet to . . .	72
Ode to Burns . . .	96
Old Song Worth Singing . . .	63
Peasant Poet, address to the . . .	43
Rich and Poor . . .	194
Summer, the Birds of . . .	159
Time and Love . . .	5
Unforgotten, To the . . .	52
Woman, Love of . . .	48
Woman . . .	77
Working Man, the Honest . . .	160
Wife, to My . . .	184

### BIOGRAPHY & ADVENTURE.

Adventurers, Island . . .	94
Aaron, the Tomb of . . .	111
Arragon, a Tale of . . .	150
Atrocities, Carlisle . . .	210
Bedouins, an adventure with the . . .	114
Cairo, Arab Funeral in . . .	135
Chantrey and Birkbeck . . .	231
Edom, the Valley of . . .	100
Girard Old, of Philadelphia . . .	42
Guipuscoa, the Wife of . . .	248
Hook, Theodore, the late . . .	157
Islanders, the Pitcairn . . .	107
New Zealand Reminiscences . . .	155
New Zealand Rambles . . .	167, 175
Poland, Salt Mines in . . .	32
Robinson Crusoe, a Modern . . .	11
Solano, General, and the Secret Closet . . .	191
Vesuvius, Visit to . . .	77
Waterloo, A Spectator at . . .	224
Wolves, Anecdotes of . . .	39

### EDITORIAL NOTICES.

Stay Lacing—Secret Meetings—Singing Steel—Statue of Charles II.—An Unheeded Earthquake . . .	120
Poetical Aspirants—Punishment of Death—Patrician's Daughter . . .	168
The Jesuits—Calcareous Water . . .	152
Scottish Dialect—Lass of Morning-side, v. Ourselves—Black Russell . . .	192
Public Executions—Conjugal Infidelity—Druids—Compliments . . .	208
Our First Volume—Argus—Gold Powder—Inquirer . . .	216
Neighbours' Houses—Chalk in River Water . . .	176
Convocation of the Clergy—Shipwreck of James II—King's Evil—Algernon Sydney . . .	128



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## Our Motto Illustrated.

THERE are many kinds and degrees of education. Every sect and party has its standard; all of which may be true, and yet greatly deficient in the essentials by which a perfect knowledge of truth may be acquired. The education which will produce such scholars as our motto anticipates must be of a comprehensive and utilitarian character. It is not to be acquired at schools, nor can any man cease to be a pupil. Such an education can only be obtained in the great theatre of human life, and its alphabets and grammars must be the histories of the world—the fate of dynasties—the growth of freedom, and the power of truth. By studying the characters of the world's governors, and contrasting their conduct by the principles which they professed, a true knowledge of government can only be obtained; and it may be said with confidence that when the majority of the people, in any country, have acquired such knowledge, then the majority of the people shall become the governors. The mere man of to-day may exclaim, that to him it is of no value to know who fell at Thermopylae, or who sat undismayed in the Forum when the Gaul was at the gate; but the impulses of such a man, however fierce when driven into action by the calamities of his class or country, will never lead his brethren to other than casual victory, if so far. If ignorant that the same causes produced a like irritation often and long before;—if ignorant, also, why some with purest motives failed and others triumphed—why some with selfish purposes succeeded and others fell—he must blunder on, as self-willed heroes have always done, to the ruin of the cause he has espoused, as well as to his own undoing. But he who ponders on human history—who tracks the march of tyranny, and pauses to survey the struggles of the oppressed—who, although his search after active principles and moving causes may be baffled by the extinction of one race, can trace them operating in another,—and who, as he proceeds in his investigation, carries with him a portion of the animating spirit he evoked from his researches—such a man must become not only a practically educated being, but be one of those out of whom the statesmen and philosophers of another age shall spring. Even in his own day, be his grade in society what it may, he shall be able to exercise an influence at once useful and extensive, and become a mark at which, although the ignorant may sneer, the thinking portion of his class shall point with pride, and say, "HE IS THE MAN!"

RESPONSIBLE governments have not been altogether free from the charge so frequently, and with justice, adduced against the public actions of absolute monarchies, that the pleasures and passions of the court were more studied than the welfare, either moral or physical, of the people. Nor have the masses been able, from prejudice and party war, at all times to judge correctly or act discreetly. Hurried on by a signal from the demi-god of a day, how often has the populace of one country joined in injury and insult towards another! Not the least wickedness, indeed, of which governments have been guilty, arises from the long-continued series of deceptions which they have practised on their subjects—of talking to them in parables, or in enigmatical sentences which could bear a two-fold explanation—and of preventing the more active and inquiring spirits from exposing a course of policy which had duplicity for its instrument, and the perpetuity of ignorance for its object. The education of the people was not only thus totally neglected, but by precept and example a taint fixed

upon public morals which years of social refinement and individual discipline will scarcely be able to erase.

THOUGH freedom of speech against these and other enormities was denied, no power could prevent the thinking portion of the community from making comparisons between that and the profligate times of ruined empires. The depraved prejudices instilled into the multitude however, prevented the bulk of the people from such inquiry and reflection; they rather pursued a course of debauchery and crime, sanctioned by royal example; and against which no religious dignitary raised a denunciative voice! It was a melancholy fact, and one which will tarnish even the history of our island, that the so-called conservators of the public morals and religion, while they uttered their anathemas loud and deep against every man who questioned the conduct of the Executive, never exposed the atrocities which were daily and hourly committed in high places.

NOTWITHSTANDING the boasted improvements of the present day, there is much of political deformity in our institutions—much of degeneracy in our domestic circles. But the great truth which improved and illuminated former ages still exists—the high road is still open, the way as clear, as when Socrates stood alone in the streets of profligate Athens—when Phocion and Demosthenes uttered words of intellectual fire, and Miltiades and Themistocles led the van of victory against the insulting power of a foreign foe;—as when the elder Cato, severe even in his virtue, sustained his heroic resolutions amidst the wreck of his principles, and the desertion of his friends;—as when Alfred set the seal of regal order on the realm of England, and assigned to every man his station and his duty;—as when Cromwell set his foot on the neck of legal assumption, and as when Sydney and Russell became twin martyrs and monuments of the progress of civil and religious liberty. The experience of ages, however, open as it is to all, is nevertheless a "fountain shut up and a book sealed" to millions, in consequence of a faulty education; the warfare of party being esteemed of more importance than the empire-shaking contests which have taken place between antagonist principles.

TO unfold, therefore, the ponderous tomes of history, and to read its sybil leaves in the fresh language of our day, unincumbered by the wordy heaviness with which its facts and circumstances have been clothed, is a portion of our duty—to illustrate the stirring events of the olden time, with the commentaries of travellers and the rhapsodies of poets, is another—and to point this moral from the whole, that the past is a lesson of emphatic usefulness, and capable of apt and earnest application to the state of society in our own time, is an equally important branch of the task we have undertaken to perform. To teach men to think, and to give them matter for reflection—aided and accompanied by lighter literature, which portrays life and manners as now existing—which disrobes fashion of its silken gloss, and tears the veil of hypocrisy and superstition from the countenance of society—which instructs the inquirer in the sources of domestic comfort, and plants an attracting influence by his family fire, from whence may spring the joys of active life and the sedate raptures of a comfortable old age—these, and corresponding duties, are all necessary portions of the education we are desirous to confer.

THIS is, indeed, a great, a sublime attempt—hazardous and difficult; but, however distant our labours may be from perfection, we flatter ourselves that they cannot fail to produce some good results. The groundwork on which we rest is truth—the object of our performance is to give practical as well as pleasant information, and we conceive that the experience of man in this our own good world provides ample materials for that purpose, without ransacking the dusty holes and corners of improbability. We therefore usher in our first endeavour in the great cause of human improvement with every confidence of success, and shall proceed in our labours industriously, carefully, and fearlessly.

## The Poetry of History.

THE public history of the existing human race might well be commenced at the dispersion of Babel, although little is to be gleaned from the imperfect records of a period only remarkable for the same barbarity and ignorance which clouded future ages. It is not until we reach the empires of Egypt and Assyria that a continuous detail of interesting and verified occurrences can be correctly given. The progress of these old countries in practical science and social refinement takes off, even to this day, the edge of our boasted inventions and improvements—Damascus and the Nile being imperishable witnesses of their early splendour. The land of the Egyptians even now is a storehouse of wonders, but when the sepulchred treasures of uncounted centuries are opened up, the extreme acuteness of that remarkable people stands out in bold relief among the nations alike of the earlier and later world. The kingdoms of Asia, whose martial ardour was only extinguished in human blood, likewise claim a large portion of the historian's attention. They present a most fruitful field of romance and warlike circumstance, redeemed and adorned by noble actions, by heroic suffering, and indomitable courage, which the dark haze of time has too long shaded from the vision of our age. A consecutive account of its greater and lesser kingdoms will be found replete with stirring incidents and bold adventure—with the actions of men of giant mind as well as mould, of high resolves and chivalrous patriotism, in repelling the march of conquest and the maddening tyranny of slaughter-loving men.

THE Greeks, however, occupied the most illustrious position in ancient history. Imbued as they were with the common enormity of aggressive warfare, there was an elevation as well as daringness in their martial spirit, sublimed by a refinement of intellect altogether unknown among the ruder nations by which they were surrounded. Even the foul mythology which chained their minds to the meanest superstitions was unable to prevent their mental superiority from working its way through many labyrinths of error, and catching in its progress some of the brightest glimpses of truth that finite man has been enabled to reflect upon posterity. Among the tiny republics of old Greece, science, philosophy, and art acquired a hold upon the national mind, and purified from the dross of an uninspired religion some of the ablest intellects which have graced our species. Even in war—that disastrous science in which men of all countries have proved themselves apt scholars—the Greeks were remarkably superior. Of indomitable bravery, firm, patient, and enduring, true to their country, and valorous to a sentiment, they were rarely vanquished, and never subdued, until the better qualities of their nation had been destroyed. In the earlier periods of their warlike struggles, particularly against the Persian invasion, the name of Greece became immortalised, for to this day the glory of the past hangs like a halo round the consecrated land.

"The sun, the soil, but not the slave the same;  
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord—  
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame  
The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde  
First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,  
As on the morn to distant glory dear,  
When Marathon became a magic word;  
Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear  
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career;  
The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;  
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;  
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below;  
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear!"



Such was the scene—what now remaineth here?  
 What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,  
 Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?  
 The rifled urn, the violated mound,  
 The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurns around.

What Shakespeare is to English poetry, Greece was to the mental energies of contemporaneous Europe. Like the mind of that sublime poet, the Grecians were encumbered by the oppression of prevailing custom, and swayed in part by the indelicate manners of others. Yet the people and the poet alike burst the earthen trammels of governing example, and dazzled wondering mankind by the unequalled efforts of their genius. Amidst the coarseness common to their respective eras, they both displayed a purity of taste and elegance of language unequalled before or since, and imitated at all times with difficulty. Common to both was the earnest manner in which they inquired after truth, as was also the readiness with which they acquired a knowledge of its principles. It seemed as if their superiority of soul could penetrate the hidden mysteries of the world and man, in the same way as a person of acuter eyesight can discover a distant object more readily than one of weaker vision. For centuries this noble people brilliantly illuminated the pathway of the heathen, and paved the way for the light of true Christianity to shine for ever, although they themselves were shrouded to the last in the obscurity of Paganism. Even when their heroic spirit of liberty had fled, and they were subjugated by the Romans, they still retained their primal position among civilised nations; and when the encroaching Turks deluged the East of Europe, and took Byzantium, the learned Greeks sought refuge in Italy, where they paved the way for the revival of learning in succeeding centuries.

The Turk has kept possession of Constantinople for many hundred years, although almost all his enemies have been on the point of seizing it. Charles XII. of Sweden cherished the design of conquering it: the eye of Russia is fixed on it as if it had the power of the charmsnake. The Greeks, degenerate though they be, long for its reinvestment; while Ibrahim Pacha at one time almost held it within his grasp. European policy, however, demands that no existing power should add the important city to its territories. The progress of events points, however, with an unerring hand to a great and speedy change.

"The city won for Allah from the Giaour,\*  
 The Giaour from Ottoman's race again may wrest;  
 And the Serai's impenetrable tower  
 Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest;  
 Or Wahab's rebel brood,† who dared divest  
 The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil,  
 May wind their path of blood along the West;  
 But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,  
 But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil."

The decayed and crutch-propped dynasty of Turkey, with its exploded principles of exclusiveness, the barbarity of its men, the slavery of its women, and the ignorance of both, are topics to be depicted with unmitigated scorn. Notwithstanding the crumbling condition of the Moslem's territory, torn and distracted by rebellion and perfidy on the part of its vassals, and disgraced by the weakness and treachery of its Divan, Turkey is still enabled, by its geographical position, to embroil Europe in war. Holding as it were the key of the European route to India, Great Britain is in some measure compelled to support the tottering Ottoman. Whether, however, the present governors of Turkey will be able to withstand the designs of Russia, without the incessant protection of England, is an enigma which history may solve, and even the poetry of Byron in part decide. Poetry has certainly more often lent its charm to the hero's sword than to the cold sophisms of diplomacy; but the experience of every bitter contest against oppression has proved that there has been in the former more of truthful and disinterested action than in the latter. Neither truth, nor valour, nor generous deeds, however, are characteristic of the Turk: brutal and selfish to the darkest corner of his animal heart—stained and polluted by every loathsome crime of which barbarity is capable—suffering under the ignominy of every curse which perfidy and cowardice, and even household cruelty can earn for them, the people of Turkey are yet numbered among European nations. Even the anathema of Holy Writ, which theologians of all creeds and ages have interpreted against them, seems suspended in their favour; and the strange spectacle has of late been presented to the world of a nation boasting the greatest degree of learning and refinement standing forth the champion and protector of the most vile, wretched, and unteachable people that ever marred God's fair earth with blood and desolation. Not the champion and protector alone, but the arbiter of internal differences, that the only man of all the creed of Mahomet who ever sat himself down to study, and designedly and methodically planted improvement in his country, might be driven from his government, and

ignorance replaced in its original tyranny. Syria may be desolated, Egypt destroyed, but Turkey cannot be preserved.\* The curse of ages is upon it; the tameless and inherent savages who defile by their presence that glorious country must be chased away, and some governing spirit, large in his views, and enlightened in his principles, placed at the head of its affairs. This, and this alone can preserve Turkey, alike from the grasp of Russia, and the decay so intricately interwoven with the frame of its society. The elements of regeneration are to be found in Greece, were means only taken to insure their development, but in Turkey a long-seated mortifying sore drags down every energy to the grave.

There is another land prostrate at the feet of time, yet possessing like Greece the remnants of her ancient splendour.

"Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee,  
 Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,  
 Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,  
 To the last halo of the chiefs and sages  
 Who glorify thy consecrated pages;  
 Thou wert the throne and grave of empires; still  
 The fount at which the panting mind assuages  
 Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,  
 Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill."

Illustrious Italy, the restorer of Europe from the darkness of the Goth, is a second time subjugated by its olden foe. The Goths, after overrunning the countries of Europe, were slowly and gradually driven from Italy and France, only to settle down in greater numbers in Germany, which latter country under its first Emperors again subdued Italy. The Dukes of Austria now reign paramount in that classic region, whence issued the conquering legions of imperial Rome, where the refugees ofreece were protected, and the sciences nurtured, only however to receive a second check from the unintellectual German. In Rome itself, which rose so high only to fall so low, myriads of beauties and wonders "mock the gazer's eye." The footsteps of Cæsar may yet be traced in that majestic land: the glories of the capitol have not all departed: nor have the cries and struggles of the arena, nor the triumphal processions of its victors and victims passed from human view. They live again in the Pilgrim's song,—each charnel-house gives up its illustrious dead, and on the undying page repeat with vital energy the heroism of the olden time.

"Alas! the lofty city! and, alas!  
 The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day  
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass  
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!  
 Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,  
 And Livy's pictured page!—But these shall be  
 Her resurrection; all beside—decay.  
 Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see  
 That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!"

This introductory notice of these great and hallowed empires would not be complete were all mention omitted of the tideless waters which sweep along their shores. Not only have the greatest struggles for naval supremacy taken place on its broad expanse, but it is allied with the most important, and miraculous events of sacred and profane history. In the Mediterranean was Jonah cast into the deep to dwell in the bosom of the prepared messenger of his punishment and protection. Through the neck of one of its branches did the hosts of Israel march in safety, and in triumph, walled in by the uplifted but unthreatening wave—on the breast of another of its tributaries did the Redeemer walk and still the tempest by his word—and in its yeast of foam did St. Paul girdle his ship, and direct through storm and darkness a crowded wreck to port. The impassioned stanza of the poet on the unchangeable characteristics of the Great Deep is a worthy tribute to the most sacred, classic, and peculiar of ocean's mighty arms.

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey  
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,  
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—  
 Such at creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

The progress of Western Europe in civilisation proceeded slowly. The victorious march of the Romans had carried with it the germs of refinement, which were not lost, though long in producing fruit that could be recognised as having sprung from the parent stem. The inhabitants of the continent had pursued the usual wandering habits of barbarism, or followed the common pastime of war against their neighbours. The imme-

\* The ablest commentators on the prophecies of Daniel and St. John were Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Zouch, Father Holmes, &c. Though they differ occasionally in the prophetic symbols, yet all agree in one conclusion, viz., that the Eastern, or Mahometan apostacy, should last for 1260 years, and then its downfall commence. When Daniel wrote, the Jews reckoned only 360 days in the year, and the alteration in the calendar making the year 365 days did not take place till five or six hundred years afterwards, consequently Daniel must have meant 360 days each. If this reasoning be correct, in the year 1823 was the prophecy complete; for the Turkish date for that year is 1243. Now, the Turks reckon their year as we do, 365 days; if, then, we reduce 1243 years, of 365 days each, into years of 360 days, we shall find that the Mahometan religion has lasted just 1260 years, with 95 days over.

diate retainers of the chiefs, in the absence of warlike exercises, amused themselves with the chase, as being the only recreation which approached or was consonant to their trade of strife. In process of time these became the nobles of the state, while the more brutish remained hewers of wood and drawers of water. As war began more nearly to approach a science in Europe, superior instruments for battle became necessary, and a greater portion of the serfs turned their attention to the manufacture of metals and other marketable commodities. There artisans, the more discreet progressing into merchants and employers, were long deemed beneath the countenance of the nobles; and, although often more wealthy and better educated, were denied all participation in the affairs of government. Frequently, however, the superior ruler, or king, as he began to be called, from his superior cunning or wisdom, as a means by which to check the aggression of his ambitious retainers conferred peculiar privileges on growing towns and their inhabitants, appointed magistrates, and ultimately permitted them to send deputies to his council. To these parties the world owes the abrogation of the Feudal System and the substitution in its place of representative government.

But the struggle to obtain this glorious consummation was long and severe. It was retarded by the Crusades, when religious frenzy made men forget their social condition, and daringly imagine that by the bloody hand of war they could advance the message of the Messiah—set aside the inevitable course of prophecy, and plant anew the glory of Jerusalem, which had yet to fulfil its years of mourning as a howling wilderness. The miserable failure of this enterprise produced a wide-spread discontent throughout Europe, which gradually settled into an irrepressible demand for renovated institutions. In England, for instance, the barons wrested a charter of their privileges from King John, and succeeding monarchs in retaliation conferred additional municipal advantages on the principal towns. By slow and imperceptible advances was formed the House of Commons, which, reign after reign, progressed in the acquisition of power until the time of Charles I., when it exercised to its extreme verge the privilege of controlling both the monarchical and aristocratic branches of the state. The vengeance of an unsated people fell heavily on the aggressors, and destroyed at one fell sweep the throne on which the long line of Plantagenet had sat for centuries, and which, after years of civil broil had annihilated their race, they left by succession though the female line to their old enemy, the Stuarts of Scotland. During the long reign of Elizabeth the Commons had quietly stood their ground, retaining hold of the taxing power though unable to obtain a voice potential in the framing of the laws. The advent of the Scottish line, however, was too important an era to be lightly passed over by the watchful Commons; and thus, although James I. vehemently upheld his prerogative, he was frequently compelled to submit to the dictates of the popular representatives in order to obtain the necessary supplies of money. His son, Charles, however, attempted the dangerous experiment of levying taxes without the consent of Parliament, and paid the forfeiture of his life for his temerity. The Commonwealth of Cromwell, although the honour of England was redeemed during its existence, was equally unfavourable to civil liberty. The restoration of Charles II. riveted afresh the iron clasps of monarchical misrule: he bribed the Parliament into submission, and passed a life of riot and extravagance at the expense of British freedom,—ruining the privileges of the people, and transgressing the sacred principles of civil and religious liberty. The bigoted frenzy of his successor, however, hurried the impending storm to a crisis, his cowardice alone saving the empire from being torn by intestine factions. As it was, the country was sufficiently distracted by religious and political strife. When a successful revolution meted out by law the extent of the sovereign's power, and admitted and hallowed the right of the people, not only to the puissant privilege of taxing themselves, but to dispute with effect the succession to the throne, the bitterness of party strife was engendered, from the effects of which the country is not even yet free, nor indeed likely ever to recover.

In the meantime, however, America had been discovered. The ambitious and adventurous of almost every European nation, winged like vultures to their prey, sought the instant acquisition of enormous wealth by the perpetration of crime in all its cruel and disgusting varieties. Spain sent forth its merciless hordes of robbers, nor was England deficient in its amount of barbarian aggressors, to cut and hew the unoffending Indians, to burn their towns and villages, and leave an impoverished and desolated waste where they had met comparative civilisation and refinement. The names of Pizarro and his colleagues will long be remembered in the annals of human butchery, and on the head of Spain shall the death-curse of the Indian hang like a perpetual blight. A somewhat less murderous tide of emigration took its way to the northern portion of the new hemisphere, but the war of extermination was still pursued. It became the favourite policy of England to enduce its discontented to resort to America as a place of refuge, and when the religious persecutions of the Stuarts was at its height, a band of truth-loving patriots, known by the name of the Pilgrim Fathers, proceeded across the Atlantic, and planted on its further shores the noble tree which now waves its blooming

\* Giaour and Frank are Turkish names for Christian.

† The Wahabees have proved themselves deserving of all that has been said against them. Driven from the holy cities by the powerful arms of Mehemet Ali, the people of these districts lived in comparative security; while pilgrims were protected in their journey; now, however, that Ibrahim has been recalled, the Wahabees have again encroached on the shrines of the prophet, pillaged the offerings, and laid the devotees under tribute.



branches as the united and independent republic of America.

On the accession of George I. when the house of Stuart was for ever set aside, the party names of Whig and Tory were introduced, and are likely to continue so long as Britain rejoices in the possession of a mixed constitution. The Whigs maintained the principles of the revolution, by which the people were protected against the encroachments of the monarchy, while their opponents contended for the divine right of kings, and their protection against the encroachments of the people. Whether or not these parties adhere consistently to their principles is beyond the pale of our position to determine; but it may be permitted us to say, that those who really and truly advance the interests of the nations by the inculcation of sound principles, and the diffusion of charitable feelings, are most deserving of our approbation. From existing contests we shall endeavour as much as possible to abstain. "The world is all before us where to choose," and its untrodden wastes are indeed abundantly ample for our purpose, without in the least trespassing on the enclosures pertaining to the newspaper press.

#### The Waverley Novels.—Waverley.

WITH all deference to living authors, we must be allowed to say, that these productions still remain unrivalled, and that no greater triumph has been achieved by the progressive conquests of cheap literature than the publication of "Waverley," while in copyright, at the extremely moderate price charged for the new and elegant edition in course of issue. Since these historic romances and tales first appeared, millions of intelligent youth have sprung up, who not only are ignorant of the interest and excitement which their original publication produced, but have remained to this hour unacquainted with their contents. Libraries have certainly done much towards disseminating their excellencies; but the cursory reading thereby given could never be so gratifying as the possession of the works themselves, which may now be had at an unparalleled reduction from their former value. In giving a rapid summary of "Waverley," we are satisfied that it will only increase the desire of the public to obtain the original, and to read, in the mellifluous diction of the Great Magician, the soul-stirring and heart-improving narratives of his pen.

The hero of the work (which is a tale of 1745), young Waverley, is the son of Richard, who had become a Whig, a commissioner of excise, and a member of Parliament. Uncle Everard is an old and worthy remnant of the adherents of the exiled Stuarts, who at first contemplated making away the estate to a more distant relation, and then embarking in matrimony; but circumstances, admirably told, and alike favourable to the feelings and principles of the baronet, deter him from these resolves, and young Edward becomes an inmate of the hall, and a favourite of his uncle and aunt. The period of his youth is described in a manner only such as Scott himself could portray. The dreamings of boyhood, the romance of hope, the indefinite yearnings to become—he knew not what!—are detailed in natural and glowing colours. Edward is ultimately destined for the army, and his leave-taking from the wealthy old pair, as well as from his High Church tutor, is told in a felicitous style. Mingled with an outline of Aunt Rachel is the following story, told by way of enticing her nephew to deeds of honour, which we shall take upon us to designate—

#### AN OLD MAIDEN'S TALE.

"The benevolent features of the venerable spinster kindled into more majestic expression as she told how Charles had, after the field of Worcester, found a day's refuge at Waverley-Honour, and how, when a troop of cavalry were approaching to search the mansion, Lady Alice dismissed her youngest son with a handful of domestics, charging them to make good with their lives an hour's diversion, that the king might have that space for escape. 'And, God help her,' would Mrs. Rachel continue, fixing her eyes upon the heroine's portrait as she spoke, 'full dearly did she purchase the safety of her prince with the life of her darling child. They brought him here a prisoner, mortally wounded, and you may trace the drops of his blood from the great hall-door, along the little gallery, and up to the saloon, where they laid him down to die at his mother's feet. But there was comfort exchanged between them; for he knew from the glance of his mother's eye that the purpose of his desperate defence was attained. Ah! I remember well to have seen one that knew and loved him. Miss Lucy St. Aubin lived and died a maid for his sake, though one of the most beautiful and wealthy matches in this country; all the country ran after her, but she wore widow's mourning all her life for poor William, for they were betrothed though not married, and died in—I cannot think of the date; but I remember, in the November of that very year, when she found herself sinking, she desired to be brought to Waverley-Honour once more, and visited all the places where she had been with my granduncle, and caused the carpets to be raised that she might trace the impression of his blood, and if tears could have washed it out, it had not been there now; for there was not a dry eye in the house. You would have thought, Edward, that the very trees mourned for her, for their leaves dropt around her without a gust of wind; and indeed she looked like one that would never see them green again."

Waverley is made a Captain of Dragoons, through the interest of his father, and sent to join his regiment, com-

manded by the celebrated Colonel Gardner, a character well known in Scottish history. After undergoing some of his training duties, Edward sets off to the Highlands, on a visit to an acquaintance of his uncle, the Baron Bradwardine, who had been rather too intimately connected with the rebellion of 1715. The description of the Highland village—of its old men, women, girls, children and curs, is true to the life; nor is the picture of Bradwardine Castle less graphic or interesting. The domestics, too, of the Scottish mansion are all characters of sterling merit—even poor and silly Davie Gellatly, the protected idiot, claims a large share of attention as well as sympathy—while the two girls, treading with bare feet the bins or washing tubs, will reveal Brunsfield Links, Glasgow Green, and the Inch of Perth to all who have ever seen them. Of the baron himself, no one should speak but Scott himself, nor of his daughter Rose; but the picture of a drinking society, (which then abounded so much in Scotland, and the members of which toasted every beauty in the neighbourhood), on the occasion of her health being proposed is too racy to be omitted—

"Miss Bradwardine was but seventeen; yet, at the last races of the county town of —, upon her health being proposed among a round of beauties, the Laird of Bumperquagh, permanent toast-master and croupier of the Bautherwhillery Club, not only said *More* to the pledge in a pint bumper of Bourdeaux, but, ere pouring forth the libation, denominated the divinity to whom it was dedicated, the 'Rose of Tully-Veolan;' upon which festive occasion three cheers were given by all the sitting members of that respectable society, whose throats the wine had left capable of such exertion. Nay, I am well assured that the sleeping partners of the company snorted applause, and that although strong bumpers and weak brains had consigned two or three to the floor, yet even these, fallen as they were from their high estate, and weltering—I will carry the parody no further—uttered divers inarticulate sounds, intimating their assent to the motion."

The dinner at the Baron's house; and the evening at Lucky McLeary's, bring out in bold relief all the foibles of Scottish character. To the latter place Bradwardine had been giving a Scotch convoy to his guests, where, of course, they had to drink *doch an' dorrich*; a quarrel ensues, in consequence of the Laird of Balmawhapple giving a toast inimical to the dynasty whose arms Waverley bore—

"The well-known clash of swords, which was no great stranger to her dwelling, aroused Luckie Macleary as she sat quietly beyond the hallan, or earthen partition of the cottage, with eyes employed on Boston's Crook of the Lot, while her thoughts were engaged in summing up the reckoning. She boldly rushed in, with the shrill expostulation, 'Wad their honours slay each other there, and bring discredit on an honest widow-woman's house, when there was a' the lea-land in the country to fight upon?' a remonstrance which she seconded by flinging her plaid with great dexterity over the weapons of the combatants. The servants by this time rushed in, and being, by great chance, tolerably sober, separated the incensed opponents, with the assistance of Edward and Killancruet. The latter led off Balmawhapple, cursing, swearing, and vowing revenge against every whig, presbyterian, and fanatic in England and Scotland, from John-o'-Groats to Land's End, and was with difficulty then got to horse. Our hero, with the assistance of Saunders Sanderson, escorted the Baron of Bradwardine to his own dwelling, but could not prevail upon him to retire to bed until he had made a long and learned apology for the events of the evening, of which, however, there was not a word intelligible, except, about the Centaurs and the Lapithæ."

The stealing of the cattle by the Highland robbers the explanation of *black mail*, the portrait given by Rose of Fergus M'Ivor and his sister, and the reflections of Waverley on the state of that part of country, form a chapter of surpassing interest. While disorder reigns in the household, in consequence of the loss, Evan Dhu arrives as an ambassador from his chief, and the preliminaries of peace being arranged, Waverley sets off with the Highlander on a visit to that majestic country. The description of the pass, the battle, and the eagle's flight, the passage through the moss and the loch, brings Waverley to the retreat of the *catheran*. The scene in the cave begins the drama of the work, for there we first learn that the Highlanders are preparing themselves for some attempt—that they have had spies at the military outposts of the government—and that the *reiver* is entrusted with secrets of a high character, which makes Waverley inquire somewhat seriously of himself whether or not his conduct has been prudent. In the morning, after a Highland breakfast, he proceeds with Evan Dhu across the lake to the residence of the chief, being amused on the way by stories of cattle-lifting and other exploits of the *catheran*. The meeting of Fergus and Waverley is the occasion of a portrait of a Highland chief, said to be that of the bold and daring Glengarry, than whom there never was a better specimen of Celtic hospitality. The policy of M'Ivor, however, is of a different character; the chieftain is imbued with sentiments of attachment and devotion to the House of Stuart, which are largely shared and reciprocated by his accomplished and high-souled sister Flora. Waverley meets, indeed, with a Highland welcome, and is introduced to all the details of a mountain life—feasting, hunting, &c.—as well as charmed with the stupendous grandeur of Highland scenery. While thus enjoying himself, he becomes even more enamoured of Flora than he was of Rose Bradwardine, and even offers himself to the former. The romantic Celtic maiden, however, is too much taken up with the cause

of the exiled family to think of so small a matter as her own comfortable settlement in life, and she decisively rejects the proposal. While these affairs are proceeding Waverley receives intelligence that his father, who has been intriguing with a section of the Ministry to oust the stronger faction, has been dismissed, and also that his command has been superseded on account of his being absent beyond his term of leave. This shock induces Waverley to set out instantly for Edinburgh. A scene takes place at the village of Cairnrechan of the richest description: Waverley arrives at a period when the intelligence of the descent of the Highlanders has alarmed the country, and he is taken for Secretary Murray, Lord Lewis Gordon, or the Prince himself. The gathering mob are inclined to detain the traveller because he will not give his name, upon which he draws a pistol to force his way through the crowd. The Vulcan of the village, at whose forge the delay had taken place in consequence of the guide's horse having cast a shoe, rushes out with a red hot iron to attack our hero, upon which he fires and the blacksmith falls. The parish clergyman appears, Waverley is freed from danger, the blacksmith carried off scatheless, and the whole population of the village accompany the principal characters to the residence of the nearest justice of peace. Before this gentleman, a retired Major, Waverley is subjected to a torturing examination; every little event that occurred at Tully-Veolan and in the Highlands is magnified into importance, and latterly he resolves to explain no more. He is then committed to the care of a Cameronian volunteer, who has instructions to see his prisoner safely lodged in Stirling Castle. By the way the party is set upon by some Highlanders, who carry off Waverley, he being bruised by the falling of his horse. He is taken at great speed to a hut in some undiscoverable recess, and there kept seven days until he is sufficiently recovered to undergo the fatigues of a journey. This latter movement is full of incident and dangers, but all are escaped, and Waverley is ultimately taken to the Castle of Doune, garrisoned by officers in the service of Prince Charles Edward. After a night's rest he is escorted through Stirling, Falkirk, and Linlithgow, at all of which places the author pauses in his narrative to detail some of the historic glories of these towns, until he reaches Edinburgh, at the time the town was in the possession of the insurgents, although the fortress held out against them. Arrived at the palace of Holyrood, he is recognized by M'Ivor, and by that chieftain hurried off to an interview with the Royal Adventurer.

"The politic chieftain of the race of Ivor know his advantage in introducing Waverley to this personal interview with the royal adventurer. Unaccustomed to the address and manners of a polished court, in which Charles was eminently skilful, his words and his kindness penetrated the heart of our hero, and easily outweighed all prudential motives. To be thus personally solicited for assistance by a prince, whose form and manners, as well as the spirit which he displayed in this singular enterprise, answered his ideas of a hero of romance; to be courted by him in the ancient halls of his paternal palace, recovered by the sword which he was already bending towards other conquests, gave Edward, in his own eyes, the dignity and importance which he had ceased to consider as his attributes. Rejected, slandered, and threatened, upon the one side, he was irresistibly attracted to the cause which the prejudices of education, and the political principles of his family, had already recommended as the most just. These thoughts rushed through his mind like a torrent, sweeping before them every consideration of an opposite tendency; the time, besides, admitted of no deliberation, and Waverley, kneeling to Charles Edward, devoted his heart and sword to the vindication of his rights!"

At a ball at the palace Waverley meets Flora and Rose; the former kind but distant; the latter earnestly and fondly attentive. On the morrow, the army, if so it may be called (for the description of the Highland host is painfully accurate and distressing), turns out to meet the Government forces. The battle of Preston, replete with incident and personal adventure, is beautifully and powerfully depicted; the emotions of Waverley, the charge of M'Ivor, the death of the gallant Colonel Gardner, are all depicted in the full glow of eloquence, chastened by historic truth. The triumphant return of the Chevalier to Edinburgh leads to no important event, as the Castle continued to hold out against his siege. The time this occupies, however, is amply filled up by conversations between the two female heroines—the forte in which Scott excelled all his contemporaries. By these we learn that the determination of Flora to reject all the advances of Waverley was in consequence of her discovering that Rose was fondly but unwittingly attached to him. In these arguments Rose approved of Waverley as a soldier as well as a man, but Flora, more deeply versed alike in learning and the human heart, says:—

"High and perilous enterprise is not Waverley's forte. He would never have been his celebrated ancestor Sir Nigel, but only Sir Nigel's eulogist and poet. I will tell you where he will be at home, my dear, and in his place—in the quiet circle of domestic happiness, lettered indolence, and elegant enjoyment of Waverley-Honour. And he will refit the old library in the most exquisite Gothic taste, and garnish its shelves with the rarest and most valuable volumes; and he will draw plans and landscapes, and write verses, and rear temples, and dig grottoes; and he will stand in a clear summer night in the colonnade before the hall, and gaze on the deer as they stray in the moonlight, or lie shadowed by the boughs of the huge old fantastic oaks; and he will repeat verses to his beautiful wife



who shall hang upon his arm—and he will be a happy man."

"And she will be a happy woman," thought poor Rose. But she only sighed, and dropped the conversation.

The Court of the Pretender becomes as full of intrigue as if complete success had waited it to the royal chambers of St. James's, and M'Ivor, whose reckless ambition is ever in active play, is foiled in procuring the publication of an earl's patent he had received in secret some ten years before. This he more urgently required in consequence of an inclination he entertained to marry Rose Bradwardine, a project against which Waverley's heart rebels he scarcely knows how. A tea party takes place, Waverley reads some passages from *Romeo and Juliet*, and the remarks of the company bring to his mind the position in which he stands with Flora. This lady he likes to Rosalind, the lady who denies the love of *Romeo*, and pretty Rose can be no other than his *Juliet*. Matters continue in this train till November, when the insurgent army sets out for the south. Carlisle is besieged and taken, and they progress through Lancashire. There a quarrel takes place between Waverley and M'Ivor, respecting the determination of the former to resign his suit of Flora. By the entreaties of the Chevalier, an apparent reconciliation is made, and the Clan Ivor is somewhat pacified towards their former friend for neglecting their mistress. The army suddenly turns towards the north, giving up all hope of reaching London, which acts like a death-blow to the hopes of the ambitious Fergus. He waits upon Waverley in an agony of despair, increased by superstition, and entreats him to leave the fatal service, and take Rose with him to the continent as his wife, and Flora under their joint protection. At Penrith, at midnight, the retreating M'Ivors, forming the rear-guard of the Chevalier's army, meet with a regiment of dragoons. Fergus, with his faithful ensign and page, are hemmed in, and Waverley escapes with difficulty; he passes the night in a farmer's house, and on the morrow traverses the field of slaughter to secrete himself in another peasant's house at some distance. "And this, then, was thy last field," thought Waverley. "Here fell the last Vich Ian Vohr on a nameless heath; and in an obscure night-skirmish was quenched that ardent spirit, which thought it little to cut a way for his master to the British throne! Ambition, policy, bravery, all far beyond their sphere, here learned the fate of mortals. The sole support, too, of a sister, whose spirit, as proud and unbending, was even more exalted than thy own; here ended all thy hopes for Flora, and the long and valued line which it was thy boast to raise yet more highly by thy adventurous valour." The body of Fergus is not to be found on the fatal heath, and Waverley returns to his place of concealment, where he is compelled to remain in consequence of a snow-storm; during his stay tidings of the retreat of the rebels reach him, of the investment of Carlisle by the Duke of Cumberland, and of the Chevalier having fallen back upon Glasgow; then an old newspaper is put into his hand, from which he learns the death of his father, and the danger of his uncle, in consequence of his proceedings, which impels him to set off for London. Secreted there for a short time, in the house of a friend, whose life he had saved at the battle of Preston, he sets out for the north to secure a passage to the continent. During his journey he acquires intelligence of the disastrous battle of Culloden—of the royal adventurer being a fugitive, with a price set on his head; his adherents dead, imprisoned, or exiled! Where was M'Ivor, where the good Bradwardine—where were chivalrous Flora and the more tender Rose? Arrived at Edinburgh he learns that M'Ivor was a prisoner at Carlisle, and that Flora was with him. Of Bradwardine and his daughter he could only learn that the latter had gone home to Tully-Veolan. Hastening thither he finds the old mansion broken and dilapidated by the soldiery; the place tenantless, except by the unfortunate Gellatly, who, on recognising him takes our traveller to the hiding place of the Baron, which is in the hut of Daft Davies's mother. Among the explanations of Bradwardine there is not a more touching sentence than the following:—

"Half the people of the barony know that the auld laird is somewhere hereabout; for I see they do not suffer a single bairn to come here a bird-nesting; a practice, whilk, when I was in full possession of my power as baron, I was unable totally to interdict. Nay, I often find bits of things in my way, that the poor bodies, God help them! leave there, because they think they may be useful to me. I hope they will get a wiser master, and as kind a one as I was."

At Tully Veolan Waverley receives a communication from his friend in London of his and Bradwardine's pardon being granted, and the safety of his uncle secured. He then sets out for Carlisle, and arrives there only in time to witness the condemnation of M'Ivor, and to endure the agony of an interview he sought with Flora. The gallant bearing of the Highland chief, the devotion of his foster-brother Evan Dhu—and the horrors of the execution—are all too delicately and feelingly narrated to be transcribed in other language than in that of the author. A train of explanations afterwards takes place, by which Waverley becomes acquainted with the means that were adopted to induce his joining in the enterprise; and he visits the mansion of his uncle only for a short time, that he may again proceed to Tully-Veolan, to become the husband of Rose. Of the many minute and tender details which follow we shall not attempt a tran-

scription; for who would assume to alter the manner in which those delicious topics are handled by the gifted writer—who could hope to fascinate the public taste by rashly unravelling the happy web of circumstances which conclude the interesting volume? To know its beauties as a tale—its merits as a composition—its excellences as a work of fiction—or its superiority to all previous historical novels, it must be read as it came from the pen of Scott himself; and if the present imperfect sketch of "Waverley" shall induce such of our readers as have not already had that pleasure to commence it now, our purpose will have been fully answered.

### The Domestic Hearth.

BEING NO. I. OF THE EXPERIENCES OF BENJAMIN TRUESTEEL, ESQ.

No subject could be better demonstrated by experience than domestic comfort, and yet none is treated with more rhapsody and sentiment. The ministering angel of home, prior to her being translated there, is so accustomed to compliments, and to the expression of confidence that her very presence will confer lasting happiness on the chosen spot, that she in by far too many instances is led to believe, that pleasure and contentment should come to her and her family, instead of her being under the necessity of enticing and seducing them to her fireside. We shall, for these reasons, endeavour to propound a few home truths to our fair and gentle readers, and if at any time, they discover our philosophy overmastering our gallantry, we trust they will then consider that at that precise period we evince ourselves their best friend and truest counsellor.

The accomplishments usually conferred upon young ladies, though sometimes misplaced, are never altogether useless. Indeed, the more that is done to render a woman agreeable and engaging the greater service is rendered to the social world; but unless these accomplishments and adornments are based upon a correct domestic education, they only serve to render the primal deficiency more conspicuous, and to render their recipient more helpless in society, more lonely at home, and more cheerless in her own reflections—that is to say, if she reflects at all, for the greatest cause of sorrow to the world, and the chiefest source of suffering to women, is that they are seldom if ever taught to think in their youth. It is only when disappointment of one kind or another fixes its searing iron on the heart that they begin to ponder, and it is no wonder therefore that their thoughts sometimes wander in a wrong direction. Women are the most splendid builders of castles in the air in existence; they are all daughters of hope and sisters of expectation; they think they are so by nature, when they are only so by habit; and a few illustrations we hope will convince a goodly portion of them, that they could not only be the means of improved usefulness to mankind, but of increased enjoyment to certain individual members of the lordly sex.

The duties of the wife and mother do not commence merely when the bride is introduced to her new home and made the mistress of a greater or lesser mansion. These duties in reality commence when the girl begins to suppose herself a woman, and has proved herself such to her own satisfaction, by fixing her mind upon one of the rougher creatures of humanity as being most agreeable to her; and how early in life that is we shall leave each gentle dame and damsel to determine for themselves. At this period of a woman's life—late or early as the case may be—she has already witnessed much of domestic life: she has formed opinions of her father and mother, and, we must be permitted to say, generally has seen much that is faulty in both. But how to remedy these in her own case she never entertains a conception; she merely resolves that when her time comes she will act differently, forgetting all the while that the same passions are being planted in her—the same feelings of distrust or over-confidence—the like hasty mode of expression or sullenness of temper—the self-same fastidious or careless manner of conduct, which has produced the very effects she deprecates or condemns.

But there is a greater evil under which she labours, and one which every mother ought seriously to consider, as it is her alone that is responsible for it, and by her alone that it can be remedied. Young females are seldom if ever seriously taught the duties and dangers of womanhood at home; they are either left to pick up a knowledge of their natural position in society from loose-tongued gossips, or by taunts and jeers at being seen in the company of young unmarried men. This lamentable deficiency in the practical education of women is the more to be regretted, as on it depends the weal and woe of each succeeding generation. We have often been grieved to hear the ribald manner in which delicate subjects were spoken of by mothers in presence of their daughters, some of them certainly thought too young to understand the topic of conversation; but if these ladies had looked more to the effect of their narrative on their offspring, they would have been somewhat startled to witness the distended eyes, ears, and mouth of even a seven years' child, who felt stunned, quickened, and tortured by the remarks she heard. These thoughtless conversations tend more to blunt the moral perceptions of the female mind

than can well be imagined; and although a girl so brought up may sustain to the last her honour and her purity as a woman, she is doomed to become a hypocrite in company, which in time is too easily and too often transferred to the daily conduct of her life. There is nothing more painful to a really virtuous woman than to be compelled to feign ignorance on topics of which all are fully cognizant, and which she cannot doubt but that others think her so, although conventional manners presuppose it otherwise. The first duty of a husband, then, is by his own discreet conversation, to set an example by which his wife may be guided, and his daughters trained; and the first task of a young man about to marry should be to make himself acquainted with the language and manners of the family from which he means to take a helpmate; for he may rest assured, that how ever delicate of speech and soft in manner the lady may be in his presence, that the family characteristics are deeply if not irrevocably seated in her temper, to burst at a future time on his devoted head, when he least expects it.

There is nothing more engaging in a little girl than her lisping prattle, nor is there a greater pleasure for man than to listen to the chastened conversation of an educated and polished woman. Both of these interesting specimens of humanity might go on for ever, and the listener gather pleasure like fragrance from a flower garden. But the deep continued flow of animadversion and personal remark for which too many matrons are remarkable is decidedly of a comfortless character. The vain toss of her head by a chagrined woman, and the sharp silly laugh of one that is tantalised, are signs more of weakness than folly, which due care might easily remedy; but the love of scandal, once brought into active operation, is almost incurable; it is a practice against which every man of mind should set his face determinedly, for there is no greater cause of conjugal neglect and domestic bitterness than gossiping. Woman is taken from her father's home to her husband's to remain there, not to make it a mere resting place or rendezvous; and it may be safely said that the lady who has too many visits to make or to receive is an unloving wife and a careless mother.

Against all these crimes, for such they are, we have determined to commence an exterminating war, and we give notice that the faults of the husband, instead of being considered a palliation, shall only add to the guilt of the offender; as our creed is—that woman has empire in her own hands, and if she sways the sceptre aright, her husband will be faultless—happy at home and honoured abroad. As we are willing, however, to suppose that each individual lady who reads these remarks is entitled to consider herself an exception, we expect in return that she will admit their correctness, and prove as well as express to her husband her belief to that effect. To her, therefore, we say, in the meantime, is given a more potent sway over a fireside-kingdom than any possessed by the most absolute sovereign on earth. Her spell, paramount at home, extends its benign and blessed influence over every thought and action of her liege protector. It cheers him in travel, and invigorates him in toil. He dwells upon it with a fondness which he would almost be ashamed to confess, and he relies upon the affectionate care and little assiduous attentions even when he least seems to reflect upon them. He enters upon matrimony with a long lease of conjugal felicity in expectancy, and labours determinedly to convince himself that he has bid loneliness of heart as well as weariness of mind a long farewell. Now we know, most gentle lady, that you are this moment thinking that that is all very well, but that he must make up his mind to endure some little disappointments, and to have some slight unkind looks, and a few cross words now and then, with the president of his parlour and the comptroller of his exchequer. Allow us, however, our most dear but much mistaken, madam, to contradict you in the most becoming but resolute manner possible: he ought to expect no such thing; he ought to be a stranger to their infliction so long as you keep watch and ward over his interests and affections. "What!" we well know you are about to exclaim—"although the fault may be his own, either by staying out too late at night, or being unjustly displeased with my cookery, or doubting my word, or taking me up too hastily, or contradicting me too sharply, or disappointing me when I have company, or keeping me waiting when I go abroad to meet him?"—No, Madam; no; although you multiplied your grievances a thousand fold, and could justify them all to be truly grievances, you have no right to give him a cross word or a sullen look in return. Your duty, pardon our extreme candour, is to obey; and your interest, your influence, your pleasure, and your power all lie in your obedience. You know well, if you will only hearken to reason, that you can turn him any way you like by a smile and a simper, and where is your profit then, setting aside the misery it will cause you afterwards, of driving a pang into his heart as an undertaker does a nail into a coffin. Now, madam, just keep quiet a little longer; we are somewhat rude, we admit, but as we know what you are going to say, and as we can say it much better than you, we will do so, and answer it at the same time. There never was a greater mistake made by woman since that of our universal ancestress, Eve, than her supposing that these petty quarrels give an additional zest to the pleasure of reconciliation. It is pleasant both to man and woman to have a load of anxiety removed from their mind, and the



elastic spirits rejoice at the release; but, sometimes in the heat of business, sometimes during a sleepless hour, the memory of that pang will return to be increased, extended, and confirmed by every jar and discord which may occur. Allow us, therefore, to put this one simple question to you, our very patient lady, and we have little doubt you will at once admit that we are in the right. Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel both ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That pride, madam, was, is, and ever will be, your evil genius. It is the tempter which labours incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with a vile delusion that your husband deserved your anger when he really most required your love. It is the cancer which feeds upon those glad and unspeakable emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand and lip, and will not leave them till their ashes corrode your affections, blight your moral vision, and blunt your sense of right and wrong. Never forget that yours is a lofty calling: never forget the manner in which the duties of that calling can alone be properly fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide as well as teach him; your recriminations will drive him from you; your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him; your softness subdue him; and the merry twinkle of those eyes now filling beautifully with priceless tears will make him all your own.

But there is his knock at the door; he is repeating to himself the pleasurable lines—

" 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark  
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;  
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

Will he be disappointed? Ah! no. Kiss him at the threshold, tell him what you have been reading, and say you shall hear further from us in a week. And if he should express his regret, as no doubt he will, that our present observations were not more extended, read to him the concluding speech of Katherine in Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew."

Kath.—Fye, fye! unkitt that unkitt threat'ning brow;  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:  
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;  
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;  
And in no sense is meet or amiable.  
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign: one that cares for thee  
And for thy maintenance: commits his body  
To painful labour, both by sea and land;  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe:  
And claims no other tribute at thy hands,  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—  
Too little payment for so great a debt.  
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:  
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
And not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—  
I am ashamed that women are so simple:  
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
Why are our bodies soft, and weak and smooth,  
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;  
But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
Should well agree with our external parts?  
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!  
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
My heart as great: my reason, haply, more  
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;  
But now I see our lances are but straws:  
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—  
That seeming to be most which we least are.  
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;  
And place your hands below your husband's foot:  
In token of which duty, if he please,  
My hand is ready—may it do him ease.

#### Time and Love.

An artist painted Time and Love;  
Time with two pinions spread above,  
And Love without a feather;  
Sir Harry patronized the plan,  
And soon Sir Hall and Lady Ann  
In wedlock came together.

Copies of each the dame bespoke:  
The artist, ere he drew a stroke,  
Reversed his old opinions;  
And straightway to the fair one brings  
Time in his turn devoid of wings,  
And Cupid with two pinions.

"What blunder's this," the lady cries  
"No blunder, Madam," he replies,  
"I hope I'm not so stupid—  
Each has his pinions in his day,  
Time, before marriage, flies away,  
And after marriage, Cupid."

#### Familiar Chapters on Science.

##### NO. I.—THE ELECTROTYPE.

Of all the brilliant discoveries in Electro-Metallurgy which the mind and perseverance of man have lately wrested from electricity, there is no branch of that comprehensive science which offers greater inducement for investigation, or promises more for the advancement of art and manufacture, than the one generally known as the **ELECTROTYPE**.

Electrotype is the name given to an art, by the proper exercise of which perfect metallic copies of any material substance may be obtained. Thus, a coat of arms on a seal, may become the parent of any number of copies, in copper, of the engraving, the impressions from the whole of which shall be as perfect as those of the original. To secure this object with ease, certainty, and economy, it will only be necessary to attend to the strict fulfilment of certain conditions, the explanation of which is here given.

Electricity, on the one hand, and chemistry on the other, are the two agents by whose united assistance all the wonders of the Electrotpe are produced. In order to combine their separate means to one end, it will be necessary to employ a galvanic battery; in fact, all operations in Electrotpe are carried on by means of this battery, a brief description of which will not be considered out of place, because although thousands talk of it, but few understand it.

If any one will place a spoon made of silver underneath the tongue, and another of zinc on its upper surface, taking care that the ends out of the mouth do not touch each other, no effect will be experienced; but if, in that situation, the protruding parts are made to touch each other, a very peculiar and marked sensation will be felt. This is galvanism, a current of which is continually flowing round and round, first from the zinc to the silver, then from the silver through the tongue back again to the zinc; and this current will only cease to flow by disuniting the ends of the two spoons. In technical language this is called a galvanic "circuit." The galvanic battery acts in a way similar to this. In its simplest form, it may readily be constructed out of a drinking glass. Pour into the glass an acid solution composed of fifteen parts of water and one of vitriol. Then take a slip of zinc and another of copper, and place each at opposite sides of the glass so that they do not touch each other. In this state no action takes place. But if the piece of zinc and the piece of copper are brought into contact (generally done for practical purposes by soldering a piece of copper wire to one end of each, and then twisting the two pieces of wire together), rapid action immediately commences, as will be seen by the copious liberation of gas on the surface of the piece of copper. All galvanic batteries are constructed on this principle, but the one here described is not recommended for use, because, at a very small charge, complete batteries for amateur purposes may be obtained in many parts of London, which will enable any person, however unversed in their employment, to secure many of the most pleasing results of the Electrotpe by only attending to a few simple directions.

By the action of the galvanic battery, copper in one state is compelled to undergo a change into another. Before the change takes place it is *sulphate* (domestically known as blue vitriol); afterwards it becomes a solid metallic plate. This change is effected in the following way. Provide a wooden box, open at the top, the joinings of which are cemented with pitch, to make it water-tight. In like manner let a smaller one be made, to be placed inside the other, leaving a space of an inch and a half between both on all sides. The bottom of this inner box must not be made of wood, but of plaster of Paris, as it is absolutely necessary that it should be *porous*. This inner box must be made to rest on the top edges of the other by supports of wood.\* Charge the larger box with a saturated solution of sulphate of copper, which is made by pouring boiling water over the crystals, and stirring the solution several times during its cooling. Into this solution place the object to be copied—say an engraved copper-plate, which must be well cleaned, and have attached to it a piece of copper wire. Every part of it, except the face, must also be coated with spirit varnish, in order to prevent the duplicate plate from forming anywhere but on the engraved surface. This done, place the smaller box within the one containing the plate, particular care being taken that it does not touch the surface of the plate, but merely that of the solution. Into this second box pour a mixture of one part of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), diluted with forty parts of water, and then place a piece of sheet zinc, the size of the plate, over the porous bottom, or diaphragm, having affixed to it a piece of copper wire, as in the case of the copper plate. Connect these two wires by twisting them together, and in this situation the necessary change goes on, the process requiring from four to seven days for its completion, according to circumstances. The acid solution must be changed every morning, and fresh crystals supplied as fast as they dissolve; and at the end of the time mentioned a second plate will be deposited upon the first, which may with

\* Galvanic batteries, well adapted for all purposes of the Electrotpe, may be obtained in the Entrance Hall of the Royal Polytechnic Institution, at a charge of from one to five shillings.

ease be removed from it. This second plate will be found to exhibit, transferred upon it, every mark, even the most minute, which existed in the original, with this difference, that what was an engraved or cut-out line in the original, is an elevated line upon the copy. But the plate thus copied becomes a mould; and by making it, in a second process, take the place of the first, and subjecting it to a similar process, another plate will be produced, in every respect identical with the original, and adapted, like it, to purposes of printing. The mould thus prepared, becomes, in fact, the parent of every subsequent copy of the original, and duplicates may be multiplied from it to any extent.

In a succeeding chapter on the Electrotpe, we shall show how the practice of that art may lead to domestic ornament and embellishment, our present purpose being to awaken consideration to the primary truths of a discovery not less wonderful in its present and prospective results, than it is pleasing as a means of scientific recreation and instruction, and as an element of sound and useful education.

#### Antiquity of the Earth.

THERE is scarcely a more convincing proof of the progress of scientific and philosophical inquiry, than that afforded by the circumstance that facts and principles, which some time since were regarded as startling, or heterodox, are now promulgated without doubt or hesitation, as truths susceptible of almost mathematical demonstration. Thus, instead of this vast and wondrous earth which we inhabit being no more than six thousand years old, it is found to partake of the infinity of that system of which it forms a small but integral part, and to date from almost incalculable antiquity. This fact is proved, in the first place, by the corresponding magnitude and extent of the sidereal system, which bears the character not so much of time, but of a period approximating to eternity; and though we know that matter, being finite, must have both a commencement and a termination, yet the evidences of its origin, and the prospects of its destruction, are both so vague and distant that we are compelled to adopt the philosophic views of the enlightened and pious Bishop Butler, and to admit that "we are placed in the middle of a succession of changes of which we know not either the beginning or the end." The evidence of the antiquity of the material creation, and the scale of magnitude and grandeur which astronomy unfolds, as much transcends in degree the similar testimony afforded by geology, as the whole must be conceived to exceed a part; and when we read of nebulae or starry bodies, the distance of which Sir W. Herschel would only express by nearly twelve millions of millions of millions of miles, and the light of which cannot have been less than one million and nine hundred thousand years in reaching us—when we reflect that we have no reason for conceiving that we have here reached the limits of creation, but that, if we could attain this point, and reach these distant orbs, we should behold not the termination of the universe, but, in fact, its beginning—fresh worlds stretching into immeasurable space, and no end, no termination of the vast sphere of being—our minds are well prepared to admit the less marvellous but still striking phenomena it calls on us to investigate. The chief evidence which geology offers on the date of the earth, is afforded by the number, variety, and contents of those materials which form the crust or covering of the globe. Many of these consist of accumulations of igneous matter, lavas and basalts, which, judging from the progress of an Etna or Vesuvius, must have required thousand and millions of years for their deposition; these are succeeded by fossiliferous rocks, the mineralised beds of primeval seas, when oceans rivalling the Pacific or Atlantic in extent, and, consequently, in duration, must have prevailed during incalculable epochs, and then must have passed away to give occasion to fresh and equally extensive phenomena. The seas, then, became dry land, forests of tropical plants spread over the newly-formed earth, and after their cycle of date and prevalence, were entombed beneath the waters to elaborate supplies of mineral fuel, and yield to mankind the invaluable blessing of coal. Fresh seas succeeded, teeming with fresh forms of life and being, adapted to the ever changing conditions of external nature; while dry land obtained, at intervals, lakes were developed in turn, and deposited their sediments and organic remains; the volcano and the earthquake occasionally burst forth in paroxysms, and every variety of revolution and disturbance at once diversified the then existing aspect of nature, and furnished elements for successive changes of condition. And when we compare existing nature with nature in by-gone eras, when we reflect that nothing is created in vain—nothing made for a day, but that everything has its sphere of usefulness and of duration—when we remember that the oceans of the present day, with some trifling modifications, have prevailed during the entire historic period, that the same Channel crossed by Cæsar still parts the Briton from the Gaul; the same Atlantic still divides the Old World from the New; while the seas and rivers navigated by Alexander are in existence now—we cannot refuse our assent to a proposition so self-evident as the fact that changes so numerous and extensive as we have mentioned, must have required an adequate space of time for their development, and that a world made up of changes so numerous and diversified must have occupied a corresponding space during its preparation. The antiquity of the earth is a fact demonstrated by evidence of so cumulative, so convincing a character, and constitutes so essentially the foundation of all judicious inquiry into the nature and condition of our planet, that it forms an early lesson in every work on the science; and so far from being considered to militate against our ideas of the wisdom and benevolence of the Great First Cause, it will serve only to assist and to exalt our concep-



tion of His greatness and perfection. For, if there be a contemplation which, more than any other, enhances our admiration of His bounty and benevolence, it is that which this science so admirably supplies, by representing the Creator as first fitting up and providing this beautiful and harmonious earth with every variety of boon and blessing, and storing it with metals, with limestones, with sandstones, and, above all, with coal; adapting it for every variety of soil and cultivation; making it a sphere in which every industrial and active faculty of man could be beneficially and usefully employed, and, finally, moulding it into external beauty and loveliness; diversifying it with land and sea, with lake and forest and river and plain; clothing it with vegetation, and harmonizing all its attributes into one consent of grace and plenty and loveliness.

#### Internal Heat of the Earth:

THAT the earth possesses a source of internal heat, is a fact proved by testimony as conclusive as that which has been adduced in favour of the various phenomena to which we have already had occasion to advert. The increased temperature of wells and mines, the existence of thermal springs, or sources of heated waters, the occurrence of the volcano and the earthquake,—sufficiently attest the presence of a source of heat beneath the surface of the earth's crust. It is occasionally termed the central or subterranean heat, and the latter is conceived to be the more correct term, since, though of necessity subterranean, it is not of necessity central, and, in fact, many phenomena tend to show it is situated at no very remote distance from the surface. Various theories have been propounded to account for its existence—some philosophers conceiving the interior of the globe to consist of a molten mass, the remains of an original incandescent condition of our planet; others, with more probability, ascribing its heat to the agency of electro-magnetism—a supposition which certainly appears in the highest degree probable; for, since by the puny operations of man we are enabled to produce results in the highest degree influential and important, and, by the mere opposition of plates of copper or of zinc, to evolve light and heat, it is conceived that the same powers, exerted in the magnificent scale of nature, would be sufficient to produce all the conditions implied by that internal heat which is recognised as a highly powerful and active agent in producing some of the most extensive and mighty changes of our earth.

#### Traits and Sketches of Irish Character.

##### MOGUE THE RATTLER.

This exquisitely-told story is from "Ireland, its Scenery, Character, &c." by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, a work of surpassing interest, and which deservedly ranks among the most talented and popular serials of the day:—

"In country towns there are no public stands for cars of any kind; they can be hired, as we have intimated, at the principal inn, or, as is generally called, the 'first Hotel.' Sometimes individuals manage to 'start a car,' or, 'set up a jingle,' and in such cases, drive it themselves; those persons are usually well-informed in legends and localities, and always well pleased to obtain a listener. The most amusing of the class we ever knew, was a tall, lanky fellow, whose real name was Mogue Furlong; but who was better known in his own particular district as 'Mogue the Rattler.' Mogue was in the confidence of many a youth and maiden, for, as he said, the jaunting-car was the most convenient thing for 'coortin' that ever was invented. 'Ye see,' said the Rattler, 'I know at once when people are married or single; if they're keeping company, they tell me to balance the car by sitting on the other side—for the sake of the horse, to be sure!—if they're married, bedad! they let me keep my own seat, and balance it themselves!'

A proud man was Mogue when the liberality of a gentleman—whose hand, while he had life, never closed upon his purse—enabled him to set up a car for, as he said, 'the convenience of his neighbours, and his own profit.' Mogue was a patriot, and his car painted a bright green; and as he desired the country at large to be informed of his wealth, he had an inscription on the back of his vehicle, 'Mogue Furlong his car for the public and his friends leaves home twice a week wind and weather permitting.—P.S. let on hire when not goin'.' Mogue sported a very loose, ill-fitting coat, a huge whip, with a lash long enough, as he said, 'to keep the childre and the pigs from under the horse's feet,' and his 'new' beaver was an 'ould' hat belonging to the coachman at the big house, a tributary offering to the Rattler's new 'vocation'; as, however, the coachman's head was large and Mogue's small, he was obliged to stuff it with a wisp of hay, or straw, or some such material, to render it a 'beautiful fit,' and he generally managed by such means to keep it off his eyes; he was a very tall, powerful man, but gentle and good-tempered, as powerful men usually are. During the summer he had abundant occupation in driving 'the Bathers' (he lived in a sea-side village) to the sea. No matter how many crowded into his car; 'the more the merrier' was Mogue's constant observation, ('three of a side and two in the well,') and he aided not a little to make them merry, for he was the very soul of sly and quiet humour. In those days the 'firing cushion,' that well-stuffed and most lounging appendage to a modern outside car, was not known; and we have seen three or four children laughing in 'the well,' while 'mamas, grown-up sisters, and nurses crowded the sides.' Twice a week Mogue re-

paired, 'wind and weather permitting,' to the country town, and certainly no one envied his occupation: everything that the inventive faculties of a whole parish—in which there were ten or a dozen rustic beauties—everything, from a pennyworth of mixed hair-pins up to a bonnet, from a 'quarten of tea' to a side of pork, was Mogue expected to convey for next to nothing—or pure love. 'Ah thin, Mogue honey, don't forget the crooked comb; what'll I do if you do, and the dance to be to-morrow evening?—here's the money.' 'And for the carriage, Nelly?' 'Oh, I'll owe ye for that.' 'Ah, thin, Mither Mogue, don't forget the bit of a slate for the boy, this time anyhow. Sure he's losing the figures for want of it intirely.' 'Mr. Mogue, sir,' whispers a tall gawky lad, looking fitter to go to school than think of 'sach things,'—'here's the size of her finger, ye see; try it on yer own little one, will ye, for fear ye'd lose the measure?' 'Ah thin, don't bother us with such nonsense, ye bather bosthoun,' was Mogue's reply. 'Sure the key of the door served your father's turn, and it may yours.' 'The dickens a key to the door at all, at all,' answered the youth; 'but the priest is grown particular about a ring, and ye needn't dread the money, for here's the half of it; and don't be hinderin' us, Mogue, like a darlin' man, and it so nigh Lent. I'll pay ye honest, and if ye don't take my word, the little girl herself's outside, and will go bail—and you never misdoubted the word of one belonging to her.'

Christmas, however, was Mogue's time of importance; he had to please all the ladies then, and not a few of the rich farmers' wives—in the choice of pudding plums, jar raisins, sweet and bitter almonds, beef suet, Christmas candles, kitchen candles, citrons, with a host of et ceteras. He had to convey presents of turkeys and eggs from the dwellers in the country to those in the town; and presents of town cheer from those in the town to friends in the country.

The fifth Christmas after Mogue became a man of substance had come round. It was a fine clear evening when he repaired to the dwelling of his friend, the old gentleman, who had set him up in the first instance as a car-driver; in three days more this old gentleman would have spent sixty Christmas days in the house where five generations had preceded him; and Mogue Furlong came, once again, to take orders for the Christmas fare. He had heard rumours that the 'squire's' circumstances were changed for the worse, and in accordance with that beautiful Irish feeling which renders the Irish doubly respectful to the relics of good old times, when 'in trouble,' Mogue on being sent for to the parlour bowed much lower, and was much more civil than usual; but his heart smote him when the gentleman's daughter placed in his hands a far shorter list than heretofore of the fare that was required.

'There's only Mary and I now,' observed the 'squire; 'the boys are all away, and we do not want much, do we, Mary?' Mary smiled and turned away; Mogue saw she did so to hide her tears.

'Well!' exclaimed the grocer's wife; 'I must say, Mogue Furlong, ye'r the hardest to please of any man I ever see. Why, they're the same currants you let me put up for Mrs. Harragan.' 'They'll do very well for Mrs. Harragan; but there's a dale in the differ between buying for her and Miss Mary of the big house.' 'And is this all they've ordered?' said the woman, snatching the list out of the car-driver's hand. 'Well, if ever I see such a mane, poor order from a gentleman's house.' 'Ye may keep yer currants, Mrs. White, ma'am,' he said, having repossessed himself of the order. 'Ye may keep yer currants as change for yer impudence, in daring to look at my papers; and see what ye'll do without my custom. See that now, Mrs. White, that's the price of your curiosity, ma'am!' and Mogue walked off in fierce anger to another grocer's, despite the efforts of Mrs. White to obtain a reconciliation.

'Well,' she exclaimed, 'who would ever *drame* of his firing up that way; and indeed it's myself is sorry to hear what I heard about the family; they war good people—'

'And good customers,' added one of the shop-loungers.

'I'm not going to deny *that*,' replied Mrs. White; 'but they always had the worth of their money.'

'Small blame to them; ye did not *ax* them to have more, Mrs. White?' observed a caustic blacksmith.

'I shall let them know Mogue's impudence, and get him broke,' she said, tossing one scale into another as they swung from the beam, and wiping the remnants of the 'soft sugar' into the drawer with her hand. 'I shall certainly let them know Mogue's impudence.'

Mogue Furlong heard that day much which made his heart ache; meeting the servant of his patron's attorney strolling down the street, he asked him 'if his master had said anything about he knew who?'

'No,' the only thing he heard was, that if the old gentleman could be kept out of the way and free from arrest for a few months, there was no doubt his affairs would come round; 'but,' added the man, 'I did hear my master say to Mr. Lacey, just when I stooped to poke the fire, 'that he was too fond of staying in the old walls.''

This troubled the honest car-driver a good deal; but he had much to think of, and though he made excellent haste—that is, excellent haste when the delays of Irish shopping are taken into consideration, the Dublin mail had arrived, and the evening closed into night before he was ready to depart.

Mogue had packed his commissions on the car with exceedingly care, and had just admonished the mare, for the fifth time, that it was his desire she should forthwith proceed on her way, when two men advanced, and signified their design to travel to his own sea-side village that very night. Mogue immediately set about re-arranging his packages, and balanced his passengers according to the usual mode, one at each side; they were evidently strangers to the neighbourhood, and, as Mogue opined, anything but 'the rale gentry, for they never left a farthing with the beggars.' Before they had proceeded half a mile, they commenced questioning the car-driver,

and he was nothing loth to reply to their interrogatories; according to the most approved Irish fashion—by himself becoming a questioner. He observed, however, that they were remarkably guarded in their replies; but suddenly, contrary to his usual practice, Mogue himself became communicative, and found that his information was received with avidity. They asked a few leading questions touching the habits of his patron, the old 'squire, of whom the car-driver spoke in anything but a kind or respectful manner; and so they joggled on together until they came to a certain cross-road, where Mogue's mare wanted to get the reins between her teeth and go on one way, while her master was even more obstinate in his resolve that she should go another. At last, by the dint of blows and abuse, he succeeded in compelling her to take the mountain road; though she every moment signified her determination to have her own way, if possible, by backing into the ditch, or turning her head towards the place she had left.

'One would think your horse ought to know the road home,' said one of the men.

'Know it!' repeated Mogue, 'why it's she that does; only, poor thing, it's her nature ye see (go on, do, or I'll make ye, ye baste)—her foal that's atmy brother's, a piece down that boreen—I brought her from it this morning, leaving my other horse there, just for a change of grass, which is very wholesome this time of year.'

In this little account Mogue Furlong perpetrated three falsehoods; 'the mare' never had a foal, he, himself, never had a brother, and as to his having a second horse—!

Leaving Mogue to pursue his journey, we must relate what occurred at the 'squire's.'

'I wonder,' said Mary to her father, 'what can possibly have delayed Mogue Furlong; it is now half-past ten: they say in the kitchen they never remember him to have been so late since the last heavy fall of snow.'

The old gentleman, who had been walking up and down the room, with a restless step, paused. 'I wish he was come, my dear—I wish he was; and then he sighed heavily and resumed his walk.

'If you please, Miss,' said the cook, poking in her head, while she held the knob of the door in the folds of her apron, 'we've no kitchen-candles, and the groom says he can't go to the stable till Mogue comes home, on account of the lantern that he took to get mended; and it's what I wanted to know, what is to be done about the suet, for till Mogue comes—'

'Let me hear no more of Mogue,' interrupted the 'squire in anger; the quick, sudden anger, not of an evil temper, but of a mild ill at ease; 'let me hear no more of him, I suppose the fellow is drunk. I shall have no letters to-night. Come, Mary, it is time to go to bed.'

Mary could not rest; but if the gentle girl had been inclined to retire to her own room, the heavy tramp of her father's footsteps overhead would have banished repose; the apartment had once been handsomely furnished; now all looked chill and lonely, and the snuff of a candle that was dying in the socket only rendered more intense the darkness that cloaked the distant parts. Suddenly the bough of an aged oak, which grew almost against the window, became violently agitated, and at the same instant she saw a man look into the room. Her first impulse was to scream, but she checked herself and rushed to the door. 'Miss Mary—Miss Mary—stop—stop—sure it's Mogue, avourneen, Miss, machree!' And the voice was very distinctly heard through the crack in a board which had replaced a broken pane. Mary opened the window. 'There's a dim light in the master's room, and that's his step all the world over,' said Mogue, after shaking the sleet of a December night off his rugged coat; 'I've had a troublesome time of it, but it's all safe now!' he continued, 'at least for the present. Bedad, I've netted 'em as nate as ever a rabbit was netted in its own burrow; and yet I'd rather the master would quit for a while, for there's more of the same varmint where they came from—and if you'll only trust me, I'd get the grid ready in a jiffy, and drive his honour to London, or the world's end—an it's a long lane that has no turning. I came on the sly, for there's no knowing who's who. Do, Miss Mary, just show the master the rights of it, and tell him that Mogue Furlong the cab-driver has a grateful heart in his bosom. Sure what would I be now—only a spalpeen like the rest of the boys—only for him. Tell him I'll go to Death's door for him on the jaunting-car and bring him back. Sure it's his own car; and the mare, bad cess to her, had almost sold the pass on me, but for the management. Go, alana, for every minute is *gould* to us now.'

Mary would not go until she knew what she had to tell; which simply was that Mogue had ascertained his fellow travellers to be sheriff's officers armed with the law either to take the old 'squire or put execution into the house, as he said, to 'blow it up;' that being certain of this by their offering him a bribe to let them 'step in with him' when discharging his cargo, and also finding that they were ignorant of the road, he took them 'fair and aisy' to a cousin of his own, where he persuaded them to alight—the night was so cold, just to get a drop to keep the life in them. Having succeeded so far, there was little difficulty, when their object and occupation was known, in prevailing on 'the boys,' when in the shebeen house to forcibly bind them hand and foot and keep them there for as many hours as Mogue should command them so to do.

'The never such divarshion was in my cousin's house,' said the car-man, 'since as good as five years ago, when the same boys made James Logan the gauger dance the sailor's hornpipe on a hot griddle. They were making 'em drink the downfall of the law on the flat of their backs when I left 'em, and feeding 'em with a spoon like fighting cocks. Faix, I was glad to see the poor fellows so full of innocent mirth of a Christmas eve!'

The 'squire took the hint, and left for a time the old walls; but only to return to them for the rest of his days with a small real, instead of a large nominal income. The sheriff's officers talked of actions for false imprisonment, but they did not put the threat into execution; and the grateful car-man has now really two horses, and is the most welcome of all guests in the old 'squire's hall.



### "War with America a Blessing to Mankind."

In a late number of *Fraser's Magazine* there appeared an article bearing this title, which, after detailing some of the horrors of American slavery, recommends the project of encouraging an insurrection of the negroes, of placing arms in their hands, supporting them with British troops, and wrapping the Southern States in flames! This the writer contends would so far cripple the United States that the Union would be destroyed, the pride of its citizens humbled, slavery abolished, and the dignity of Britain maintained over the only rival which she has cause to fear. In reply to such an outrageous recommendation, we beg of our readers to recollect that the ostensible cause of any war with America can only arise from two circumstances, viz., either from the disputed territory of the Maine, or the affair of the burning of the Caroline leading to hostilities on the part of Great Britain. Both these matters relate exclusively to the northern states, which have repeatedly denounced the attempts of the centre state of New York to interfere in their settlement. How then could Great Britain, in the event of a war of retaliation, be justified in attacking and destroying the Southern States? The latter have in no instance interfered in the quarrel, because they of all the other states are most interested in the local independence of their domestic legislatures. They have refused to permit even Congress to take up the subject of slavery, except upon the representation of the slave-holding states themselves, and accordingly they admit the full possession of the same right in the more northern districts to control their local differences and disputes. The project then, as recommended in *Fraser*, is decidedly unjust. But although it were the reverse, the blessing to humanity is the most problematical portion of the projected crusade. Detestable as is the conduct of the American slave-holders, pitiable as is the condition of the unfortunate negro, fire and slaughter can never be the instruments of his emancipation, much less of his regeneration. The advent of an invading foe upon the American soil would aggravate the prejudices and arouse the hate of every citizen of the republic, and a general massacre of the slaves in the south, as well as an immediate confiscation of British property throughout the entire union, would be the consequence. The merchants of New York would be released by Congress from payment of their English debts, they being handed over to contribute towards the expenses of the war. A complete stoppage to our trade would ensue, and the manufacturing millions of the north of England, already scantily enough employed, would be driven forth to idleness and want. This would be the first of the "blessings to humanity" which a war with America would accomplish.

Not a less evil than the foregoing would result in the infuriate passions of an unemployed populace. Instead of ascribing the miseries of war to their proper source—to the ignorance and presumption of diplomatists—the great body of the people in this country, judging from the antipathies they evinced during the war with France, would ascribe every misfortune to their brethren of America; and these, in turn, would do the same, by which millions of human beings, whose best interests proclaim that they should live in harmony together, would be set at variance in every possible way; the progress of civilization would be arrested, the growing mildness of the national disposition be galled into inveterate hate, and the lust of blood and the heat of conquest would engender the foulest and most hateful passions that can disgrace humanity. Nothing steels the heart of a half-educated peasantry more than the well-told tale of a victorious battle-field—nothing imbues on their mind a greater carelessness of human life; and thus private butcheries and open murders would speedily reappear with all their wonted horrors and rapidity. The last fearful engine of the law would again become a well-known spectre in the public streets, and demoralization go hand in hand with every cruelty that could be practised. It is not to be doubted that even the legislature would catch the infection, and the extreme penalties of abrogated laws again be placed upon the statute book.

Humanity can never be improved by war, nor a blessing of any kind result from even its most brilliant triumphs. Even allowing, however, that the people of this country were to remain calm and uninjured spectators of the deadly fight—that they would mourn and deplore, instead of shouting and rejoicing on the death of their fellow-mortals, the most questionable of all results of a war with America is the idea of benefiting thereby the mind-degraded and body-tortured slaves who pine beneath the most abject and cruel slavery under heaven. Deplorable as is their present condition, low and lost as their intellects are to all good in heaven or on earth, a bloody retribution on their inhuman oppressors is the last spectacle which should be presented to their view.

Granting that the invasion by Britain of the southern states was successful to the utmost hope of its projectors—that the man-stealer was driven from his lair, and the oppressed were rendered free—what could be done with them? to what employment could they be settled? who would be their masters, their instructors, their protectors? If quietly emancipated by legal

means, the slaves might be induced to continue their labour at remunerating wages, and gradually approach the confines of civilization; but the intoxication of bloodshed would not speedily evaporate—the fever of revenge would be slow in abating; they would either rebel against the control of their emancipators, or by their idleness, or acquisition of their tyrants' property, be a profitless expense to their protectors. Even the most educated and refined settle down gradually, and by slow degrees, to traffic or to toil after the excitement of a war for liberty; and the low mental powers of the negroes, more dark and lacerated than their sable skins, would prevent for years their advancement in willing industry or comparative refinement. The whole history of the world cries aloud against liberation by the sword. Masters have been exchanged, but freedom has seldom or ever become a dweller in the land saturated by the blood of its inhabitants. Let our readers curb their poetic recollections for a time, and pass a rapid glance over this world's history of blood. The glories of William Tell start upon our imaginations, and for a moment attempt to convince us that the patriot's sword secured the freedom of his country. What is Switzerland at this moment? The vassal of that same Austria against which Tell struggled into victory. Greece, the most chivalric of all weak nations against a powerful foe, though freed from the yoke of Turkey, bends in the most disgraceful attitude beneath the sway of an alien, the puppet of the continental powers. Spain and Portugal, whose teeming soils have been so often drenched with gore, are even yet the sport of faction and the slaves of dynasties. South America, though liberated for many years from the control of Spain, is torn and distracted by contending chiefs. The name of Bolivar is forgotten amidst the crowds of would-be Kings and Presidents, and the people suffer all the miseries of war and slavery without a prospect of their termination. France, which has undergone varied scenes of slaughter to rid itself of the Bourbon dynasty, now chafes and frets, and scowls and threatens, beneath the rod of a King of their own selection. North America itself, which presents the most successful instance of revolution in the world, still lingers under the inflection of its triumph. The minds of its people are not yet attuned to brotherhood with the ancient race from which they sprung. But why were the United States the most successful in their demand for liberty? Not in the superior justice of their cause, for Switzerland, Poland, France, and Spain, were all equally wronged, and equally deserving of success? Not in the weakness or pusillanimity of the enemy, for Britain, though unsuccessful, struggled long and well to retain possession of her colonies. The success of America lay not so much in the victories of Washington as in the governing and controlling intellects of Franklin and Jefferson. Had these men not directed the public energies, America, though successful against Britain, would have been destroyed by faction, and at a future period been glad to seek the aid of England from native tyranny. Nay, more, the present sin and weakness of the United States may be traced to that point at which Jefferson and Franklin stopped.\* As England during the excitement of the Reform Bill could not afford an encouraging glance to helpless Poland, so these American statesmen were so fully occupied in framing a constitution for those

\* Mr. Buckingham, in his new work on the United States, gives the following instances of guilty fear respecting the condition of the slaves:—"During our stay at Washington, Mr. Forrest, the great American actor, was engaged at the principal theatre; and, as connected with his performances, some anecdotes came to my knowledge, which, as they are strikingly illustrative of the state of feeling in the slave States, on all matters touching negroes and slavery, deserve to be mentioned. After his representation of Othello, the editor of the *Native American*, published here, denounced the play, as one wholly unfit to be permitted in any Southern State, where it was revolting, as he thought, to represent the dark Moor, Othello, paying his suit to the fair Desdemona. This was an outrage which he deemed it the duty of every white man to resent; and he shadowed forth the sort of resentment which he thought ought to be put in practice by saying that 'even if Shakspeare, the writer of the play, were to be caught in any Southern State, he ought to be 'lynched,' (that is, summarily punished by being tarred and feathered,) for having written it!' In strict harmony with this sentiment, was the other incident that occurred. Mr. Forrest had performed the part of Spartacus, in the play of the Gladiator; and in this is represented, first, the sale of a wife and child away from her husband, all Thracian captives, at which great horror is expressed by the characters of the play themselves; and next, the gladiators, who are all slaves, are incited by Spartacus to revolt against their masters, which they do successfully, and obtain their freedom. On the day following this, Mr. Forrest's benefit was attended by the President and his Cabinet, as well as members of both Houses of Congress, and a full share of residents and strangers. But the manager of the theatre received many anonymous and threatening letters, warning him against ever permitting this play to be acted in Washington again; and one letter from a member of Congress, told him if he dared to announce it for repetition, a card would be addressed to the public on the subject, which the manager would repent. Such is the feverishness of alarm among a population whose constant objection to any efforts for the quiet and legal emancipation of the slaves, is, that they are so happy and contented that there is no need of change! and that they are so satisfied with their present condition, that they would not accept of their freedom if were offered to them!"

in rebellion against Britain that the slaves, planted there by the mother country, were forgotten. The principle of keeping their fellow-men in bondage was taught them by England, and we are not amongst those who are entitled to upbraid America for its continuance of the hateful system. Washington retained his slaves in bondage till his death, when by will he made them free. It is reported of Jefferson, we hope untruly, that his own female offspring by a domestic slave were torn from his house and sold by his authority; but like crimes against humanity have been perpetrated over and over again by British as well as American subjects since. The West India Islands furnish abundant and painful evidence of this inhuman practice.

The only method by which the plague-spot of slavery can be cleansed is an unrestricted intercourse of commercial nations, by which the better feelings of each may come in collision with the more selfish passions of their neighbours. The example of Great Britain, in purchasing the liberty of its slaves, was a glorious poetic idea to the educated and sentimental of the world; but to the sordid—to all who are so far gone in shame as to possess a slave—it appeared an act of madness, which constant friction with those who think otherwise can alone bring out in its proper and humanising effects.

Have the savages of the South Seas been semi-civilised by other means than constant intercourse with settlers? The Red Indians of Canada have been induced to settle down only by the strong practical example of those around and among them. And the more savage traffickers in the unrewarded toil and sweat of their fellow-men can only learn reason by the gradual but resistless action of public opinion upon their thinking faculties; and that same influence also can alone prepare the despised and neglected slave to a sense of his condition. Be it recollected that the West Indian slaves were not altogether ignorant or uncivilized: they had undergone a long and patient tuition under local missionaries, whose presence and labours, beneath the most trying circumstances, will remain a recording monument of British philanthropy until slavery shall be forgotten even in name. The human intellect, when properly exercised, is the only just and effectual retributor of human wrong. Only by the abeyance of the mental faculties of man has slavery been permitted to continue, and only by the vigorous exercise of those faculties which adorn mortality can or will it be driven from the face of the earth, which it too long hath marred.

### Patriotism—Valour—Women—Flowers.

THE Tyrolese are a people who deserve immortality for their simultaneous rising against the French in the year 1809. The Austrians having crossed the Inn, the inhabitants of the Tyrol, without any previous concert among themselves, rose, as it were, by magic. One of the most severe actions took place in the ravines of Mount Isel. This part of the Tyrol is the most romantic of all that beautiful country: and, in one of its most sequestered valleys, stands the Abbey of Wilton. Near this abbey Hofer collected the entire male population of the Tyrol. These consisted of peasants, arrayed, for the most part, in their dress of husbandry, undisciplined, and therefore totally unskilled in some of the simplest military operations.\* On the evening, and during the night preceding the battle, the monks of the Abbey mixed among their brave defenders; practised many religious ceremonies; and animated them to the successful discharge of their duty. The French, in the meantime, pressed them on all sides. The Austrians had abandoned them: they had nothing, therefore, to depend upon but their own valour and determination. During the battle that ensued the friars mingled in the ranks. Habited in their cowls and robes, and walking in their sandals, these holy men exposed themselves to the hottest fire of the enemy. The enthusiasm was universal: women and children partook of it: the former guarded the prisoners; the latter, unable to bear arms, were yet eager to join their fathers, and actually performed offices of use. One of them—the son of Speckbacher, continued by the side of his father during the most intense heat of the battle; and when commanded at length to quit, he went to a hillock where he saw several balls of the enemy strike, picked them up, and carried them in his hat to those who were most in want of ammunition. The battle lasted from sunrise to sunset. The women occupying the rear, were receiving the wounded, and administering to their necessities. The battle terminated in the defeat of the French and Bavarians. In the history of this battle there is one circumstance exceedingly curious. In all others the dead have been buried indiscriminately on the field of battle. In this, those of the Tyrolese were carried to their homes; and every one was buried in the churchyard of his native village; where, covered with living flowers, their graves are still to be seen. These men were worthy of defending so beautiful a country; and the country in which they were born, and in which they are buried, is worthy of them. They were also worthy of being buried, as they were, beneath flowers and shrubs.—*Bucke.*

\* Their method of warfare was exceedingly curious. They cut down large trees, which they fastened with ropes to other trees standing on the brink of precipices. On these they laid other trees, pieces of rock, stones, and all manner of rubbish. When the enemy approached, they cut the ropes, and the whole mass fell upon their enemies below.



## Capital Punishments.

THE following anecdotes, from an article in *Tailor's Magazine*, will more ably assist the great cause of abolition than all the ratiocination of the most fervid philanthropists, as they palpably impugn the conduct of legal functionaries, who rarely stop to look beyond the dull and cruel formalities of law:—

A half-witted seneschal of a manor court in Galway, lately provoked a loud burst of laughter by threatening to hang up some boys for wrangling about a game of marbles at the door. He fiercely brandished a charter in the black letter, which conferred the power of life and limb upon the authority which he represented; and he swore lustily that he would assert his privilege in five minutes' time, if he could but find a hangman. But although this may be excellent laughing matter now, it is not so very long since a man was hanged in Ireland for making a noise! The fact is authentic. It was cited at a solemn meeting of the Twelve Judges, last winter, by a member of the venerable 'Conseil d'Etat,' who had himself been an eyewitness of what he related.

A man was found guilty of some felony, for which it appeared uncertain whether he would be cast for death or not. The court deferred the sentence, and ordered that he should stand over till the end of the assizes. The fellow was crazed; and being taken back to prison, fell a howling, and uttering various other disagreeable noises, such as judges do not like to hear, and which (as the window of his cell and that of the Crown Court opened upon the same plot) seriously interrupted the public business. The cause of this strange disturbance being ascertained, the judge sent a peremptory order to the malefactor to keep the peace, or, as his lordship pithily remarked, 'it might be worse for him.' But the wretch, ignorantly supposing that the law could do nothing worse in his case, returned an answer of defiance, and sent forth more piercing yells than before. Now, what would one of our feeling Popish or Radical judges do in a like case? The solemn business of the court was at a stand, and it was absolutely necessary that silence should be restored. To remove the noisy culprit to a distant part of the prison would have abated the nuisance, *pro hac vice*; but then some future convict might repeat it, and, at all events, this would have compromised the dignity of the sacred ermine. The judge, of whom it is our hint to speak, had no notion of sanctioning so bad a precedent; and therefore, as soon as he received the insulting reply, he cried with a loud voice, 'Bring him up!' These are thrilling words, from whatever lips they proceed, after a damnable verdict of a jury; but who that has heard them once uttered by the *Rhadamanthus* in question, can ever dismiss from his memory the tiger's growl and the bloodshot aspect of cruelty, which filled the bystanders with indescribable horror, and shot a pang, equal to the very bitterness of death, through the heart of the stoutest criminal? In five minutes after the issuing of that terrible mandate, the criminal stood again in the dock, and received sentence of immediate execution. . . . The court adjourned while it was done; and—so prompt was justice then—his lordship resumed his seat in about half an hour, with an unmoved countenance, and went on trying men for their lives, who, if they were capitally convicted, did not (you may be sure) offend his ears with 'exclamations hyperbolical.'

In the declining days of a very famous vindicator of the law, already glanced at, he presided at a trial, but was asleep during the greater part of the time. It is well for those whose conscience can suffer them to slumber in such a situation. But, though he dozed during the evidence, he was wide awake to the 'charge,' which was 'home' for a conviction; and the jury, all picked men, according to the usage of that day, did their 'spiriting'; and the wretch was sentenced to die. An application, however, was made to his lordship to recommend a mitigation of the punishment, which he stoutly resisted, until the convict's attorney boldly told him that he must produce his notes to the Government, which would certainly be applied to on the subject. Now, although Homer could sometimes nod as he wrote, it is not every one that can write while he nods; and our 'Nestor' had, in fact, taken no notes at all. Conscious of this, and perceiving also that he was 'caught napping,' he yielded without further entreaty; and thus, owing to a happy accident, the man's life was spared.

The stoical indifference with which the Irish go to meet death on the scaffold, where, except in a political cause, no honour is to be gained by dying like a hero or a martyr, has puzzled many a grave inquirer. But the philosophy of the matter was well explained by a ragged vagrant, who was sentenced to die at the Downpatrick Assizes in 1836, for a highway robbery. On his way back to prison he was taken under the gallows, upon which workmen were then employed, 'dressing it,' as a Frenchman might say, for the execution of a murderer, which was to take place on the following day. The unexpected sight of these preparations appalled him for an instant; but speedily recovering from the shock, he walked on, remarking to the attendant turnkey, 'Well, it will save me many a wet foot and hungry belly!' As to the barefoot philosopher of Downpatrick, his saying (*a bon mot* to him) was the means of saving his life; for, otherwise, the case might not have been brought under the notice of the government until it would have been too late. The incident, however, having got into the newspapers, the attention of Mr. Drummond was drawn to it, and that good and kind man, with a heart ever awake, in private and in public, to the claims of humanity, and a spirit that instinctively recoiled from the thought of cruelty, nobly exclaimed, 'He must not die!' The case was submitted to the Lord-Lieutenant, our present Home Secretary, to whom the proposal of mercy, 'grounded on just and right,' never came unwelcome; and upon inquiry, it was found that the interests of property, in Downshire and elsewhere, did not render it imperatively necessary that a poor shoeless vagrant should be hanged by the neck till he was dead. If he still lives, it is probable that he enjoys a life of ease, and walks dryshod to his daily servitude, in New South Wales, blessing the hour when he 'thought aloud' under the gallows-tree at Downpatrick.

## Flowers from the Heath and Fragments from the Mine.

**VOLTAIRE'S WIG.**—I have still present in my imagination that satirical countenance, every wrinkle of which seemed to laugh the world to scorn. Voltaire's wig was a memorable curiosity. I had, for some time, sacrilegiously premeditated an attack on this strange sanctuary of genius; and I made an attempt to put my design into execution one morning when the philosopher sallied forth after breakfast. Voltaire turned sharply round, and with his penetrating eye scanned my little figure from head to foot, while I stood, as it were, transfixed and spell-bound. After a few moments he said, "*Per-met-tez-moi, monsieur . . .*" Having uttered these words, dividing the syllables in his peculiar manner, he paused as if ransacking his memory, as if searching for some appropriate term of reproach; then curling his mouth to the left side of his face, as he always did when he wished to be particularly sarcastic, he continued, "*Per-met-tez-moi, monsieur . . . de Fleury*" . . . tell you, that I am not royal enough to understand the tricks of pages. Remember that at the court of Ferney, wigs are respected in consideration of what may happen to be within them.—*M. Fleury's Memoirs.*

**THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE POUNDS A LINE.**—James Smith, one of the authors of the celebrated "*Rejected Addresses*," was better paid for a trifling exertion of his versatile muse than any poet since the world began. One day he met the late Mr. Strahan, the King's printer, at a dinner party, whom he found suffering from gout and old age, though his intellectual faculties remained unimpaired; and the next morning he transmitted him the following *jeu d'esprit*:—

"Your lower limbs seem'd far from stout  
When last I saw you walk;  
The cause I presently found out  
When you began to talk.  
The power that props the body's length  
In due proportion spread,  
In you mounts upwards, and the strength  
All settles in the head."

This compliment proved so highly acceptable to the old gentleman, that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of three thousand pounds, being at the rate of three hundred and seventy-five pounds sterling for each line.

**MUNDEN'S MOTHER.**—I went one night into the green-room of Drury-lane Theatre. When young girls are called upon to perform in London play-houses, it is customary for their mothers to come to look after them, to adjust their dress, rub their cheeks with a rouged hare's foot, and prevent viscounts from falling in love with them. It so happened that five young girls were wanted in the drama; the consequence was that five black-bonneted mothers blockaded the green-room. "Did you ever see anything like it?" ejaculated Munden (then between 70 and 80), in an under tone. "I'll bring my own mother to-morrow night; I've as much right as they have!"

**AN INDIGNANT MERRY ANDREW.**—Volange, an actor of low buffoonery at one of the minor theatres in Paris, had a particular objection to exhibit his professional talent before private company, a proof of good taste which some English performers might study with advantage. One evening when he was at a party, at the house of a nobleman, he was given to understand that he had been invited only to amuse the company, and that they looked for some drolleries similar to those which excited so much risibility in his favourite character of *Jeannot*. He politely excused himself; but he was reminded that it was "*Jeannot*" who had been invited. "Very well," said he; "since you have thought proper to invite *Jeannot*, M. Volange will wish you good evening." So saying, he took his departure. An English story, of a similar nature is told of the well-known Lord Kelly, and Fischer, the celebrated performer on the oboe. He was invited to sup with his lordship, and went. In the course of the evening, Lord Kelly hinted that he hoped he had brought his oboe with him. "My Lord," said Fischer, "my oboe never eats suppers."

**D'ORSAY'S LAST.**—A junior partner in a Lombard-street banking house was lately asked to dine at a fashionable table. Having been raised from the ranks of the clerks, he commemorated his elevation by setting up a carriage and intending to do a bit of grandeur in the drawing room where the guests were assembled, exclaimed, "I can't think what could be the matter with my horses just now, the coachman could hardly manage them; he was obliged to drive them three times round Grosvenor-square to make them quiet." "Why the fact is," said the count, "they were frightened,—they did not know where they were. If they had been in Finsbury-square they would have been quiet enough."

**RESTITUTION.**—Darby Kelly went to confession, and having detailed his several sins of omission and commission, to which various small penalties were attached, at last came, with a groan, to the awful fact that he had stolen his neighbour Kitty Mahony's pig; a crime so heinous to the sight of Father Tobin, that his reverence could by no means give him absolution for the same. Darby begged and prayed and promised, but to no effect; no penance could make atonement: no repentance could produce effect; nothing, in short, would do but restitution, that is to say, to give back her own to Kitty Mahony. But a difficulty arose inasmuch as Darby and Darby's children had eaten up the pig. Upon which the priest waxed wroth, and threatened the rogue with evil here and a tolerable destiny hereafter. "And now, hear me, ye vagabond cheat," said he, "when ye go up to stand yer trial, and finding yourself among the goats (for sheep ye are not) to get yer sentence, ther'll be two witnesses against ye—ther'll be Kitty Mahony that ye robbed, and the pig that ye ate—and what will ye do then, ye vagabond?" "Och, plaze yer reverence, and is it true what ye say, that Kitty Mahony herself will be there?" "She will." "And the pig I ate; will the pig be to the fore?" "He will." "Oh, thin, plaze yer reverence, if Kitty Mahony will be there, and the pig will be there, what'll

binder me from saying 'Kitty Mahony, bad luck to yer sowl there's yer pig; 'sure wont that be restitution?'"—*Mrs. Hall.*

**THE WOMEN OF ELDER GERMANY.**—When the men are wounded, they have their wives and mothers for their physicians. These are in no way fearful to suck their wounds; and during the time of action they carry provisions to their sons and husbands.—*Tacitus.*

**FEMALE EDUCATION.**—Women, such is their unfortunate style of education, hazard everything upon one cast of the die; when youth is gone, all is gone. No human creature gives his admiration for nothing; either the eye must be charmed, or the understanding gratified. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age. Neither is there the slightest commiseration for decayed accomplishments; no man mourns over the fragments of a dancer, or drops a tear on the relics of musical skill.—*Sydney Smith.*

**A SAILOR ON THE HUSTINGS.**—Captain Napier is a stout man, with an intelligent face, the head poked rather forward, and with dark hair, now becoming grey. On the occasion of his contest for Greenwich, he appeared in an old blue frock-coat with brass navy buttons; duck trousers, not rivaling the snow in whiteness; shoes patched, but very easy; and white cotton socks, carefully if not comfortably darned. On his left breast dangled a profusion of orders blazing in their brilliancy, yet serving only to render more striking the *tout ensemble* of seediness, which this "British Tar" presented to the admiring crowd of the "beauty and fashion" of Greenwich and Deptford. The whole was crowned by a round hat of most "unmanageable" brim. And there stood the man, pelted by the bargemen at Greenwich in a paltry election squabble, on whose cool head, ready hand, and unfinching heart had depended the destinies of a nation—one who had gained more victories and made more captures with less loss of life than any man had ever done before—a man quick to plan, prompt to execute—whose very rashness was a carefulness of consequences, and who, when he struck a blow, always weighed how much depended upon that blow being at once decisive.—*Strange's Life of Napier.*

**AMERICAN PARTIES.**—There are, as in England, three political parties—Conservatives, Moderate Reformers, and Radicals. The Conservatives are called Whigs, the Moderate Reformers called Democrats, and the Radicals are called *Loco Focos*, a recent name bestowed upon them in consequence of a knowing stratagem which they had successfully put in force. A public meeting of Democrats was called at Tammany Hall, their usual place of assembling; and the Radicals wishing to obtain possession of the room, but not being strong enough in numbers to effect this by force, each member of the Radical party provided himself with one of the small instantaneous light matches called *Loco-focos*, and each taking a box of these in his pocket, they contrived, by a pre-concerted arrangement, to extinguish all the lights of the room during the proceedings of the evening. The whole of the audience being thus left in total darkness, the greater number of them who were not in the secret went away: when the Radicals, taking advantage of their retirement, lighted all their matches, and with these rekindled the lights in every part of the room at once; after which they voted into the chair a member of their own body, proposed and carried their own previously-prepared resolutions, and sent them out in the papers of the following day as the resolutions of the great Democratic meeting held by advertisement at Tammany Hall. This trick has fixed upon the Radicals a name which unites opprobrium and ridicule in one.—*Buckingham.*

**TAILORS' BILLS.**—Sir Walter Scott was once under the necessity of fitting out his eldest son as a cavalry officer. When the bill was brought to him, he observed to the expectant *schneider*, "it takes nine tailors to make a man, but only one to ruin him."

## Editorial Notice.

CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL is this day issued to its readers with the conviction that they will discover in its pages the beginning of a new era in economic literature. Existing by itself, without being even remotely connected with any other publication, or relying on other sources than those which the Proprietor has already at his command, the Journal is independent both of party and personal trammels; it requires to bend to no local or provincial prejudices, and it is unbound to any imitation of its contemporaries. Of a superior and more extensive design than any periodical of its description, the entire plan of the Journal cannot well be developed until the completion of our First Monthly Part, which will be published on Saturday, the 26th of June; we shall then be able to inquire of our readers whether the promises of our Prospectus have not been amply redeemed. Of a true cosmopolitan and catholic character, swayed only by the immutable principles of truth, and desirous to aid the progress of our race in human knowledge, domestic happiness, and international brotherhood, we cast our good ship on the waters with every confidence of a prosperous voyage. Laden with a rich cargo, which has been gathered from almost every country and time in which man has had existence, there can be few who feel uninterested in its welfare. Those, however, who desire to make their home happy—who wish to initiate their children in the highest attributes of knowledge—self-government and self-respect—and who wish to have upon their shelves a concise and agreeable history of earth, its inhabitants, and natural wonders, with the humorous traits of national character, will possess in this Journal an interesting companion, an honest counsellor, and a household friend.

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# CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL



"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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## The Nationality of the Jews.

It is now eighteen hundred years since Titus passed a plough through the streets and over the buildings of Jerusalem—since the descendants of Israel were scattered for the last time, to undergo a long and weary ordeal of contumely and suffering in every part of the globe. Whether or not the warfare of their race has been accomplished, symptoms of its termination are gradually being developed, which the more enthusiastic gladly seize upon as evidence that the time is at hand when the wanderers shall fix their eyes upon Zion, and shall say to each other—"Let us go up, for our pilgrimage is finished: the fulfilment of prophecy is at hand—the arm of God is visible, and his children shall now be gathered to their own land!"

Prophecy is too dark and serious a subject on which to enter rashly; mortal eye can never behold it plainly until its entire course shall have been fulfilled; but the impulse which is now gradually and gently awakening the mind of Europe to the subject, plainly indicates that the words which have been spoken of old are now in course of rapid fulfilment. Whether the present age shall behold the due completion of that movement is more than human knowledge can determine; there is a glory, however, and a distant vision of immortality for this period of the world's existence in the fact, that this century has witnessed a mighty and soul-inspiring revolution in the barbaric antipathies which a so-called Christian race evinced towards the Hebrew brotherhood. Persecution of the nation without a country is now no longer taken as a proof of zealous Christianity—the badge of servitude, though not yet torn from the escutcheon of the children of him who so devoutly pleaded before one brother for the life of another—who offered to become a servant for ever, that the grey hairs of their father might not go down with sorrow to the grave—that badge at least has had its most hateful colours obliterated, and individual respect is now as readily awarded to the honourable member of the tribe of Judah, as to the loftiest in those races who have often had little else than the customs and prejudices of their caste to recommend them.

In England, although as yet denied the full exercise of the privileges of citizenship, the voice of the scoffer has been silenced, and the first principles of our common humanity have achieved a triumph which shall not be forgotten even when the day of Israel's honour shall be in full blaze of its meridian. Instances have occurred where members of the Jewish persuasion have been selected to discharge high and important functions in the magistracy, and although certain legal technicalities have intervened, by which the complete development of that liberal spirit has been prevented, sufficient has been evidenced to prove that a milder and more humane influence has begun to exert itself upon the public mind than what existed even twenty years ago. When that spirit, therefore, shall have had due course in England, when the illiberal trammels which prevent its beneficial operation shall have been removed, the example of this country will progress through all lands with amazing force and rapidity, and the brotherhood of nations receive one more link to its golden and glorious chain.

It must be confessed, however, that an unhappy error still prevails on the minds of many, and that chiefly too among the otherwise well-informed masses of England—an error which we are especially desirous should be removed, not more for the advantage of the long persecuted and despised descendants of the priests and prophets of old, than for the honour of all the Gentile race. It is

supposed by some that as the anathema of the Most High has lingered on the head of Israel, it would be presumptuous in any of his creatures to soften the effects of that malediction. Others entertain the opinion that if the Jews are looking forward to a restoration to their ancient heritage, it would be improper to enfranchise them as citizens of this or any other country, save their own Jerusalem. With sorrow not unmixed with shame we must add, there still exists a remnant who arrogate to themselves the office of God's messengers, and who, interpreting his word by their own opinions, act upon them as if they were the clearly-expressed commands of Jehovah, given to them for personal fulfilment. These latter—blessed be the influence of charity, that first and sublimest principle of our Christian faith,—are rapidly converging towards annihilation, and a broader and more philanthropic philosophy is as quickly occupying its place. A sense of mortal weakness and inefficiency to comprehend the attributes and mysteries of the Godhead, could not for ever retain the presumptuous belief that it was capable to discharge those functions which only pertain to the inspired.

With respect to the class of opinions we have first stated, it is only necessary to say, that the power which condemned can pardon—that He who threatened to destroy has promised to redeem. Nay, more, that even He whom the Jews despised and rejected, but on whose faith we build our hopes for eternity, wept when He uttered the fate which awaited Jerusalem. If our holy and divine Saviour felt one pang of agony in contemplating the destruction which his words made sure, how daringly presumptuous is it in us to gloat or glory in the prostration of a city made holy by his footsteps, in the miseries and tortures of a race descended from the root of which He was and is an Everlasting Branch? It is our duty to soften the spirit of persecution to the utmost of our power—to mourn over the afflictions of our fellow man—to assuage his sorrow and mitigate his distress. Even when misfortune is the result of his own crime or folly, humanity in its better reason will cry aloud for mercy and forgiveness; but if, as we believe in the case of the Jews, the sins of the fathers have been visited on the children through many generations, it is incumbent on every mortal creature to remember, that the same curse is extended to the oppressor as has been inflicted on the suffering Israelite; and, therefore, the persecutor should beware lest he fall before its power. Where are the oppressors of ancient Israel—where are the conquerors of Judah—where the destroyers of Jerusalem? What vestige remains of the mighty men of Moab, of the sons of Anak, of the hosts of Pharaoh, or the armies of Gath? Where is the kingdom of Nebuchadnezzar—where the towers of Babylon? Where is the strength, the learning, the expanded glory of Chaldeæ, under which nation upon nation reposed in shelter? What now is old imperial Rome, whose conquering legions fired the holiest temple ever reared on earth, and proudly passed the plough over the offstreets hallowed by the footsteps of divinity? Look on the Coliseum and behold a ruin which was to stand entire so long as Rome existed—a ruin, massy in all its materials, gorgeous in its appearance, and soul-stirring from its associations, but still a ruin—a memento of the past, declaring that Rome shall never be forgotten, although as a nation it never can again exist. Be it remembered also that of those who took part in the fate of Jewry, the only nation of antiquity now existing is that of Persia, the descendants of Cyrus, who said—"Go up from your captivity, and build the house of the Lord."

In the midst of all this desolation and extinction, however, the Jews exist, a numerous, a wealthy, and an educated race. They are scattered, truly, broken and dispersed over every region of the earth, marked and separated from the rest of mankind by an inscrutable providence. That overruling destiny, however, in its own good time, has only to instil into their minds the principle of association, and the period of their pilgrimage may be instantly fulfilled.

Those, on the other hand, who entertain the opinion that no rights of citizenship should be extended to them, because they desire another country, should reflect on the important events which must issue from the occupancy of the now desecrated land of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, by their chastened and mind-enlightened descendants. Even supposing that every member of the Jewish community were to set his face towards the temple of his progenitors (which is improbable) the civilised nations of Europe could never forget them, or stand aloof from their communion. Not only are many of the most wealthy Hebrews intimately connected with and interested in the finances of the principal continental states, but the merchant princes of London, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, are much beholden to them for commercial assistance. Expediency, therefore—the primal policy of Europe—as well as reason and humanity, demands that we create and maintain a friendly feeling with them previous to their departure for the land of Canaan.

The political aspect of the East has, for the last twenty years, given tokens of an eruption, which must end in the evacuation of Syria by its present heterogeneous hordes. That extensive and fertile country is claimed by no people under heaven. Its present inhabitants are a motley assemblage of all castes and colours—who have no claim to its soil, no regard for the associations connected with its history. Ignorant and savage, they have alternately been the slaves and tyrants of each other, and have made no progress in the most common rudiments of civilisation. Nominally pertaining to the Ottoman empire, Syria became the scene of violence and outrage; even the holy cities of Mahomet, which the Sultan was bound by religious as well as political duties to protect, were ultimately abandoned to the most fierce of these lawless tribes; for years' avarice triumphed over order, and infidelity usurped the places of devotion and religion. This weakness of the Porte, this inability to repress insurrection, was believed by the Christian world to betoken its dissolution; and as all theologians had agreed in describing the Turkish empire as the only barrier between the Jews and their acquirement of Judea, the finger of Providence was deemed to be apparent in the struggle. When Greece was wrenched from the grasp of Turkey, the Janizaries destroyed amidst the uproar and revolt of Constantinople, and the designs of Russia rendered visible by repeated encroachments, these events were all classed as tending to the annihilation of Antichrist, the disruption of Turkey, and the restoration of the Jews. To the chagrin, however, of the romantically religious, a new active policy sprung up in the Cabinets of Europe, and the integrity of the Ottoman empire became a diplomatic watchword, in which even Russia lustily joined. In the midst of the Ottoman broils, the Viceroy of Egypt had extended his control over Syria, the Wahabees were expelled from the Holy Cities, order was in some measure restored, and pilgrims were enabled to reach Mecca in safety. Mehemet, however, was deemed by the controllers of Europe to be



encroaching too far on the power of the Sultan, and by a series of events too recent for present narration, his victorious arm was arrested, and the forces of his son were withdrawn from Syria. A new and important question has since arisen from this evacuation by Ibrahim of the Holy Cities and adjacent countries. The savage Wahabees have already again returned, like wolves, to prey upon the traveller, and the Sultan is utterly incapable of repressing their rebellious robberies, or checking their progress in anarchy and misrule. Although Mehemet Ali is confined to his African possessions, Turkey is not more stable in its government, nor more consolidated in its territories; on the contrary, riot and revolution seem to be growing stronger, and spreading further, as occurrences are known.

The persecutions of the Jews have been revived in Damascus, while the Turks have commenced their outrages on the Christian community. The passage of the Desert is already threatened, pilgrims are arrested on their way, and the shrines of Mecca and Medina have again been polluted by the presence of the Wahabee destroyer. It is essentially necessary for the peace of Asia, and of the world, that a strong and civilised power should take possession of this distracted territory. Such a power would separate the Turk and Egyptian, and keep the savage tribes in awe—would plant refinement where barbarism has too long held its penal sway, and prepare the way for the amelioration of the whole Mahomedan races. And who has better claims to Mount Lebanon than the long-expatriated children of Jacob? Who are better fitted than they to follow out the great work of regeneration which that quarter of the globe so urgently requires?

Nor is it remotely necessary that the sword should become an agent in this vast and heaven-approved design. The country is nigh desolated—the Jews are countless in number. The Sultan is stricken with hopeless poverty—the Jews are passing wealthy, as all the world is aware. The sovereignty of Syria might therefore be purchased from the Porte, and the soil from the barbarous hordes by which it is infested. There is nothing improbable, nothing impracticable in the project. It is less romantic than the expedition to the Niger to civilize Africa; it would be less expensive than the emancipation of our West Indian slaves; more honourable than our war upon Mehemet Ali; and more impulsive to human improvement than any event since the introduction of printing. The sublime spectacle of a remnant of the most ancient race which inhabits this lower sphere taking quiet possession of their God-appointed heritage, after an expatriation of nearly two thousand years, would have so great an effect on the minds of men and nations, that a mental revolution would shake the whole human race; universal peace would claim the world as an inheritance, and the mystical Millennium be rendered less problematical, less distant, and less miraculous.

## Napoleon and his Contemporaries.

### CHAPTER I.

THE stir which for the last twelve years has been made respecting the military achievements of the Duke of Wellington, and the somewhat strange manifestations evinced in various parts of the country to raise a number of monuments in token of the warlike exploits of the gallant Duke, were not lost upon the French. That observant people felt themselves unable to cope with the martial glory of England, so long as their hero reposed in the isle of his imprisonment, and an impulse being thus given to a long and deeply-rooted wish of the people of France, to procure the restoration of the Emperor's remains, a number of representations were made to the British Government to obtain their possession. It is not likely that the true reason of refusal will ever now be known, but there can be little doubt that application was made both to the Duke of Wellington and Earl Grey for that purpose. It would be ungenerous to suppose that the former antagonist of Napoleon maintained his antipathy to so late a period of his life, the more especially as the same disinclination to accede to the request of the French Government was evinced by the succeeding Minister, Earl Grey. It is more probable that these statesmen were inclined to look upon the proposal exclusively in a political point of view, and were afraid that the mercurial disposition of our galled neighbours, which had so recently signalled itself during the three days of Paris, would again break forth in insurrectionary movements. Time, however, mollifies fear as well as hate, and it must be recorded with an exulting sensation of national pride, that the first overtures on the subject to Queen Victoria were immediately complied with. So great indeed was the enthusiasm, even in England, respecting the "Soldier's Return," that the press was profitably employed in reprinting old, and disseminating new memoranda of the great man, for the possession of whose ashes France had so long and eagerly prayed.

Among the poems which were written on the subject few embrace the extreme range of action included in

the following lines, which appear for the first time in our pages. Their sturdy language of truth, their freedom of expression, and truly cosmopolitan spirit, peculiarly fit them for reception in our columns, and our running commentary on the topics of which they treat will prove how consonant the incidents alluded to are to fact, and how possible it is for the poet to invest actual circumstance with the lofty attributes of his calling.

### Napoleon's Career.

#### THE CONQUEROR.

##### I.

The Soldier stood—chief of an empire grown,  
A statesman sound, and politician sure—  
Although the seion of a race unknown,  
Of blood unheralded, and birth obscure.  
Yet did proud men his arrogance endure  
While his hot rage for power made kingdoms reel;  
Nor prince, nor potentate, was deemed secure  
Against the impress of his haughty heel:  
Vain the protecting wall—vain armies cased in steel!

It was long a favourite duty of our press to decry the merits of Napoleon as a statesman, and to impute to him and his government the most shameless and wasteful expenditure of the public money. While blushing pensioners and sinecurists sneered at the conduct of the few liberals, who, in the British senate, were stout-hearted enough to protest against the French war, they also, in the plenitude of their ignorance, scoffed at the labours of the council, headed by Bonaparte, which produced the most perfect code of laws that ever was emitted from the genius of statesmen. The people of this country, seduced by a senseless cry of nationality, deemed their rulers superior in birth, education, and talent, to the men whom Napoleon had searched out from among all classes to occupy situations for which he estimated them capable. However small the quantity of noble blood that might stagnate in the veins of the latter, and although their education was generally acquired in the great school of experience, their conduct, devotion, and, above all, their self-denying principles, entitled them to be ranked infinitely superior. Napoleon's yearly expenditure, although he brought more men into the field, and gave constant employment to all the labouring population of France, was only about one-third of that of England. There were, it will be recollected, no mere parrots or peacocks in his army—no jackdaws in his council—no cormorants keeping greedy watch over his exchequer. Every man in his employment was of use, and a rigorous discharge of duty was exacted from him. The domestic statesmanship of Napoleon, it must be confessed, was made subservient to his warlike operations: he never professed otherwise. Here the Imperialist found his weakness. Had he gone but one step further, and conferred the suffrage on the citizens, even after the campaign in Russia, he would have been so securely seated on the throne of France, that not even the thunderbolt of Waterloo would have been able to shake him from it. Had the provinces been enfranchised, the war would not have been concluded by the capitulation of Paris; every town and fort would have held out—every ford would have been contested—every step disputed, till the imperialists had again been enabled to make head against the relentless antagonists of their giant-hearted leader. But his hour was come. It would be well, however, for the traducers of Napoleon to profit by his error, and to convince themselves that there is no safer or more invulnerable barrier against aggression than the devotion of a free and self-governing people.

##### II.

The kingly race, who sought by right divine  
Possession of their sceptres to maintain,  
Were stricken like a maniac filled with wine,  
Or soulless mob whose leader has been slain;—  
Scatter'd like drops of tempest-driven rain,  
They tailed at destiny and called it chance  
While the fair fields of Italy and Spain  
Were strewn with trophies of his sword and lance,  
And Europe wept the sway of still encroaching France.

The sovereigns of Europe, alarmed at the atrocities arising out of the French revolution, and fearful lest the same enormities might be perpetrated in their own countries (for they well knew that their own conduct equally merited popular vengeance) had resolved to put down revolutionary principles, even in France itself. Napoleon, however, suddenly arose to power, and dispelled these velvet dreams of triumphant interference. He successively chased the majority of them from their thrones and kingdoms; he vanquished the dynasties of Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Naples, Holland, Sweden, Bohemia, and other of the German States, and compelled Austria and Russia to accept his terms of peace. The world was never more full than at that time of "grey discrowned heads," who could scarcely be made to believe that other than impious hands would have dared to disturb that "divinity which doth hedge a king." Even when the tide of fortune bore them back unwelcomely to their subjects, their native meanness and duplicity shone as conspicuous as ever. The same princes who had flattered themselves that the arm of war could never prevail against them, hesitated not to record a living lie in the annals of their kingdoms, by refusing to fulfil their promises of bestowing constitutions, involving responsible government, on the people, although on that

ground alone the deceived nations agreed to assist in crushing the hydra-despot before whose uplifted sword almost all Europe quailed.

##### III.

The day of Austerlitz laid Austria low—  
A day of vengeance to the Soldier sweet.  
He stood unmatched—again without a foe,  
The heart of Europe bleeding at his feet.  
Then Poland's secret pulse began to beat—  
Perhaps by him her fetters might be riven,  
And she in the world's council take her seat;  
But to him was no soul of freedom given.  
He was a fateful scourge—no messenger of heaven.

At the suggestion of England, aided by immense subsidies of British gold, Austria was induced to break its peace with Napoleon, only to receive a more severe chastisement at the battle of Austerlitz. So complete was the discomfiture of the allies, that the Emperor of Germany was glad to bestow his daughter, Maria Louisa, in marriage to the victor. This heartless system of exchange of hostages, for such marriages are nothing else, is even now too common, and is a bitter evidence of the want of feeling and family ties among the royal bloods of Europe. This alliance, one of the most disgraceful acts to which Napoleon ever was a consenting party, not only compelled the divorce of Josephine, a loving and loveable wife, and broke the heart of one woman without gaining the affections of another, but it operated powerfully against the emancipation of indignant Poland from the thrall of Austria. The shadow of this deed, however, became the evil genius of Napoleon. On his way to Russia he received the Polish deputation, and amused them with his usual parade of dramatic sentences. In reply to the affecting appeal of the Poles for liberty, and the restoration of their country to its place in Europe, he exclaimed, "Poland can never be annihilated! Poland exists! It shall exist!" But no guarantee could be drawn from him that he would recognise its nationality. The disastrous retreat from Russia would not have been so fatal through all its course had Napoleon held out hopes to Poland; the gallant and grateful people of that country would not have tamely witnessed the destruction of the French army, and the immediate rise of the Allies in consequence, without coming forward to the rescue. There was no call on them, however, to occupy the gap of danger—no prompting from the unconquerable spirit of freedom with which they were animated to arise and bleed, for they well knew that the sacrifice of their lives would not bring deliverance to their country.

##### IV.

The Russ barbaric yet withstood his sway,  
And he his legions to that empire took;  
Invincible they seem'd in their array  
As they march'd on by valley, plain, or brook,  
Till on deserted Moscow they did look—  
Yet did that city's voiceless streets acquire  
A full revenge, which to destruction shook  
The frenzied foe, hemm'd in by walls of fire,  
Then driven forth to meet wild winter's deathful ire.

The burning of Moscow is by some writers ascribed to accident, but there can be little doubt of its being a preconcerted determination of the inhabitants to prevent the invaders wintering in the city. Extreme as was the destruction of property, and great as must have been the amount of individual suffering endured by the emigrated Muscovites, it was the cheapest victory over the projects and power of a hitherto invincible enemy that history bears upon record. It shall speak to all time, in characters vehement as its own fire, of the desperate valour and indomitable heroism of the people of Moscow, as well as of the awful vengeance they inflicted on their invaders. Humanity, however, will ever shudder at the retreat of the French in that disastrous campaign, and seek to draw a veil of sorrow over the horrors which accompanied it. The bodily suffering, the mental agony, the disappointment and despair of the injured sufferers, must have presented an amount of human anguish rarely congregated on one track of country, and such as man can never desire again to hear of, much less to witness.

##### V.

By Berezina's life-destroying stream—  
He scarcely paused his army's wreck to view.  
There, like a world's destroyer he did seem,  
As desolation did around him strew  
Its worn and wasted victims! Ah! how few  
Of all that chosen and unequal'd force  
Return'd to where their happy childhood grew.  
The Soldier did return! His baffled course  
Broke not his iron heart, nor tinged it with remorse.

The passage of the Berezina was indeed a misfortune fitted to try the souls of the most heroic. The flight of Napoleon from the dreadful scene may in part be justified by the political consideration, that it was necessary for him to be in Paris as soon as the disastrous information of the Russian campaign reached that capital. To Marshal Victor, therefore, he consigned the melancholy duty of contending with misfortune, and the conduct of the bravest of the French Generals on that occasion placed him on an equality with Xenophon, who conducted the famous retreat of the ten thousand Greeks through Sythia. The following is a condensed narrative of the passage, which occupied three days. "The number of stragglers and the quantity of baggage were immense. On the night of the 27th, the stragglers left the bridge, tore down the whole village, and made fires with the



materials, around which they crouched their shivering figures, and from which it was impossible to tear themselves away. At daylight they were roused by the report of Wirgenstein's cannon thundering over their heads, and again all rushed tumultuously to the bridges. The Russians, with Platow and his Cossacks, were now in full communication on both sides of the river. On the left bank, Napoleon's own presence of mind, and the bravery of his soldiers, gave him a decided superiority; but the scene on the right bank had become the wildest and most horrible which war can exhibit. Victor, with eight or ten thousand men, covered the retreat over the bridges, while behind his line thousands of stragglers, old men, women, and children, were wandering by the side of the river like the fabled spectres which throng the banks of the infernal Styx, seeking in vain for passage. The balls of the Russians began to fall among the disordered mass, and the whole body rushed like distracted beings towards the bridges, every feeling of prudence or humanity swallowed up by the animal instinct of self-preservation. The weak and helpless either shrank from the fray, and sat down to wait their fate at a distance, or, mixing in it, were thrust over the bridges, crushed under carriages, cut down with sabres, or trampled to death under the feet of their countrymen. All this while the action continued with fury; and, as if the heavens meant to match their wrath with that of man, a hurricane arose and added terrors to a scene which was already of a character so dreadful. About mid-day the larger bridge, constructed for artillery and heavy carriages, broke down, and multitudes were forced into the water. The scream of the despairing multitude became at this crisis for a moment so universal, that it rose shrilly above the wild whistling of the tempest, and the sustained and redoubled hurrahs of the Cossacks. The dreadful scene continued till dark. As the obscurity came on, Victor abandoned the station he had defended so bravely, and led the remnant of his troops in their turn across. All night the miscellaneous multitude continued to throng across the bridge, under the fire of the Russian artillery. At day-break the French engineers finally set fire to the bridge, and all that remained on the other side, including many prisoners, and a great quantity of guns and baggage, became the property of the Russians. The amount of the French loss was never exactly known; but the Russian report concerning the bodies of the invaders, which were collected and burned as soon as the thaw permitted, states that upwards of 36,000 were found in the Berezina."

From this period the arm of the conqueror withered, and a second stage in his career became visibly apparent alike to his friends and enemies.

#### A Modern Robinson Crusoe.

We have been favoured with as remarkable a journal as ever was penned by human being; it is written on seal skin, with the blood of that animal, and by the undressed quills of the birds which frequent the wild shores of New Zealand. The journal comprises the narrative of Mr. Laurieston and his companions, who resided for nearly four years on the west coast of that remarkable country, having been left by their ship to pursue the dangerous occupation of seal catching until its return from Sydney. That vessel, the *Active*, was never more heard of, and the deserted and unknown prisoners on a sullen beach remained from the 16th February, 1809, to December, 4, 1813, when they were described by Captain Grono, of the Governor Bligh, and taken to Sydney.

Mr. David Laurieston was a junior member of a respectable family at Chatham, and was indentured, with a premium, to a builder in the dockyard of that place. His inclination, however, was bent upon the sea. An elder brother had been fortunate in the South Sea trade, and he therefore resolved to embark in the same perilous traffic. In the year 1807 he entered on board the *Dalve*, Captain Samuel Chace. With a fine passage out, he made the cruising ground in about four months. There the ship remained six months, and then proceeded to Hobart Town to complete its cargo of whale oil. Having shortly after set sail for England, on the fifth day the vessel sprung a leak, upon which they returned to Hobart Town, where the vessel was condemned.

On the 9th April, 1809, he joined the brig *Active* at Hobart Town, and sailed for Bass's Straits, in company with the Governor Collins schooner. Both vessels were wrecked on the south coast of New Holland; the schooner being entirely lost, but the brig was enabled, with great difficulty, to return to Hobart Town. After being repaired the crew again embarked, and proceeded to New Zealand. Mr. Laurieston was there left in charge of a sealing party, composed of Alexander Brooke *alias* Roberts, Robert Robinson *alias* Mackenzie, James Anderson, John Ward, William Jones, John Jackson, Francisco Ferrara, John Campbell, and Bartholomew Vincent. Half of this number were prisoners or assigned convicts, and their conduct he describes as "indifferent." The captain on leaving the party, promised to return in the May following, or, if not, in November. He left two months' provisions, consisting of bread, meat, and the other materials of which a sailor's diet is composed. As already stated, neither the Captain or ship were again heard of by them, nor by its owners in London. During three years of their sojourn the Sabbath Day was observed by doing no manner of work thereon, but during

the fourth year they were so intensely engaged in building a vessel to take them from their desolate home that they worked every day indiscriminately. With their axe, adze, and drawing-knife, they had built a small boat, and with the same implements they pursued the laborious work of the vessel. Not having a saw, their only means of making boards was by cutting down a tree, and with their axe and adze hewing it down to a half-inch board. When visited by Captain Grono they had finished eighty planks in this manner, manufactured from as many trees. They had no books of devotion with them, nor indeed any books whatever. They possessed, however, a piece of an old newspaper, and every Sunday the adventurers sat down to hear the news! Sometimes, by way of adding a zest to the well-known information it contained, one of them would arouse his fellows on a Sabbath morning, after the manner of a London newsman, and deliver to their hut the soiled and creased remains of an old *Sydney Monitor*, with as much importance as if it had been an extra edition of the *Times*. Seal hunting was alike their occupation and their solace, and its exciting details served greatly to prevent melancholy or doubt acquiring a hold upon their spirits. They hoped confidently to the last that deliverance would come, and they cheered each other with the exciting idea that they would yet again become acquainted with their kindred and their home. The small island on which they made their resting-place was shut out from the view of the main land by a chain of mountains, which ran from Dusky Bay to Cook's Straits, and its not being of the fertile soil so common in the larger islands of New Zealand may account for the absence of the natives. Water was excellent and in abundance; the fish, in the proper season, plenty and of the best quality; but birds were few and not over delicate eating. Their fish-hooks were made of old iron hoop, and their method of destroying the seal was by getting him between them and the shore, driving him upon dry land, and killing him with wooden clubs. Their clothing was made in part of New Zealand flax, which grows luxuriantly in all districts of that remarkable country, and of the skins of seals.

Their hut was constructed of stakes interwoven and roofed with flax, but the domicile was sadly infested with rats. This universal vermin was of a peculiar species, being neither the well known Muscovado brown nor the common water rat. Their heads were disagreeably large and their appearance almost loathsome. Sometimes they came in droves, and attacked any eatable, which happened to be on the premises. The solitaries were compelled to sleep "club in hand," as they were often awakened by the attempts of the vermin on their legs and arms, and frequently wounded with their attacks. To so great an extent, indeed, did these audacious intruders carry on their operations, that the adventurers were compelled to hang fitches of blubber to the branches of trees, to prevent their unwelcome visits. This manoeuvre had the desired effect. The vermin came from the mountains in rather fearful array, and ascended the trees to obtain possession of their spoil. Like other successful marauders of a higher species, they sometimes quarrelled among themselves, and many a well-contested fight occurred between them for possession of an inch of blubber.

After the two months' provisions had been consumed, the party anxiously turned their attention to obtain a regular supply of victuals. At first, the seal furnished them with large quantities of very excellent blubber, as Mr. Laurieston facetiously calls it, but their depredations upon that animal gradually scared it away from the island on which they were located, and the possession of a carcass laterly became a work of difficulty as well as of great importance. Many attempts were made to pickle and preserve the blubber, but the difficulty of obtaining salt, and the frequent deposits of blow fly, prevented the accomplishment of that desirable object.

Their bread was out from the fern, which, in certain districts of the island, grew in great abundance. It was pretty palatable, though not quite wholesome when raw; but when fired it became so nauseous that even their Russian stomachs could not peaceably contain it. It was not until within the last few months of their sojourn that the best description of the fern was discovered. Mr. Laurieston examined and tried thirty-two sorts of the plant, some species growing to the height of nearly thirty feet; that, however, which never exceeded five or six feet was the best, and this not discovered till within a few months of their deliverance.

Their potatoes were an object of care, anxiety, and disappointment from first to last. The captain had originally intended to leave a bag of that esculent with them, but having, it is supposed, thought that they would eat better at his own table he kept possession of them himself. Francisco Ferrara, however, a man of colour, had not till then seen a potatoe, and he purloined a couple for the use of his own delicate stomach. Shortly after their location on the island, Ferrara, after the manner of more experienced epicures, had determined to enjoy his treat alone, and accordingly, while in the hut by himself, he thrust his stolen provender into the fire. At that instant, however, Mr. Laurieston caught him in the act, and snatched them from the fire. These two potatoes were planted with great care. Watched assiduously, the soil returned a grateful produce, which in turn were again care-

fully planted. Notwithstanding the unpalatable nature of the fern-bread, with a self-denial worthy of the ancient stoics, they resolved to husband their potatoes for yet another season. The roots were therefore committed to the ground, which in that bland and healthy climate in a few months produced seventy-five pounds weight. This precious store was dug up at the time they were setting out on an exploring voyage to another island in their dilapidated whale-boat, and by the carelessness of one of the party they were left on the beach. On their return the sea had washed them off, and the produce of eighteen months' labour and watchfulness was destroyed. Driven almost to desperation at the loss, they examined every swamp on that and the neighbouring island. In a remote corner of the latter they discovered the plant growing, and with eager hands they gathered seventy-two potatoes, none of them being larger than a hazel nut; these were hung in a bag from the roof of the hut for safety till the planting season. When that period arrived, the bag was brought down, but their remorseless enemies the rats had been there, and left not a vestige of their treasure! Again the swamps were explored, and in the same place where the seventy-two had been found, a few good sized roots were found growing. They were transplanted, preserved, and planted again. Every morning, after looking on the sea in search of a vessel, they gazed upon an acre and a half of blooming potatoe stalks, which gave promise of an abundant harvest. Ere the time arrived to dig them, however, Captain Grono made his appearance, and they left the island without regret, except that they had not on it tasted a potatoe.

In the prolific swamp before noticed, which had been some years before sown with various seeds by Captain Grono, they found cabbage and turnips. These vegetables sweetened many a strong dish of blubber; smoked seal and turnip tops, Mr. Laurieston assures us, 'was a very good dish when it could be had, and when the former was more scarce than they wished, they contented themselves with the turnips. In their worst times, however, they never killed the goose for the sake of the eggs; they always preserved a portion for replanting. In every district they visited they planted cabbage and turnips, and found spinage growing luxuriantly.

The island on which they were left was about a mile and a half long, and 250 yards broad; the other one they visited was about ten miles in length. Both were situated about 400 miles from the present flourishing colony of Port Nicholson. During their sojourn on the island they saw several traces of natives, who then were characterised as furious and bloodthirsty cannibals, and who, consequently, were neither sought after nor wanted. The adventurers, during their stay, steadily pursued their seal-hunting occupation, and were in possession of 14,000 skins when taken off the island. One-third of this valuable property was assumed as a consideration for their passage to Sydney. The remaining two-thirds were handed over to the agent at Sydney, but by a process of management which it is unnecessary for us to characterise, no part of the proceeds were ever received by the owners or adventurers. Mr. Laurieston worked his passage home, first in a vessel to St. Helena, and from thence to London. With three others who reached England, he applied for compensation, but the owners, not having received any proceeds of the skins, declined to award them any remuneration. Since that period, while in health, our journalist made several voyages, being in command of a vessel in 1815. But declining health and fortune has gradually reduced him. The heavy hand of time has impressed on him its debilitating touch;—a lurking disease, arising from the anxiety, cold, and ill-prepared food of his sojourn in the island-wilderness, shows itself visibly and painfully. His case was some time ago laid before the Trinity House, the managers of which generously accorded him at once a small gratuity, and shortly afterwards a moderate pension. There are, however, many trifling extravagancies which a worn-out sailor requires; and if the publication of his journal, which we shall continue from time to time, should induce any of our readers to visit him, they will find the old wreck of a once hale and hearty mariner in No. 1, Church Row, Greenwich. His yarns are replete with interest, although neither of smoke or thunder—of pillage, piracy, or slaughter. His was a hermitage upon the desert shore, unbroken by the excitement of war or plunder;—and who but himself can tell of the many thoughts which would crowd upon him during all that dreary time, gilded and adorned by the one ruling and exalted hope that he would yet see home and wife again? The condition of that home, and the comfort of that wife, may be gladdened by the visits of those who delight in tales of the sea, and who are desirous that those who go down upon the Great Deep should not be left unheeded in their latter years.

#### The Ruined Mind.

Ah! sad it is to see the deck  
Dismasted of some noble wreck;  
And sad to see the marble stone  
Defaced, and with gray moss o'ergrown;  
And sad to see the broken lute  
For ever to its music mute;  
But what is lute, or fallen tower,  
Or ship sunk in its proudest hour,  
To awe and majesty combined  
In their worst shape—the ruined mind?—L. E. L.



## Govern your Temper.

BEING NO. II. OF THE EXPERIENCES OF BENJAMIN TRUSTEEL, ESQ.

"A WOMAN moved is like a fountain troubled." This admirable simile by our own adorable Shakspeare should be deeply fixed on the mind of every female, and hung before her eyes continually. The changeful characteristics of women, temper excepted, carry with them some remnant of each other by which the prevailing one may at all times be in part discovered. Thus, a lady in her dress and manners need not fear being discovered in dishabille, as the native grandeur of her deportment will at once explain her undress. The mistress of a house, who keeps her place among the servants, is not ashamed of being found in the midst of them, as her demeanour and their attendance will sufficiently attest the relative positions of each. But a woman who permits her temper to break out in violent raptures, hurls herself at once into the most degrading posture in which a member of the tender sex can possibly be placed; and yet that forgetfulness of the first principle of discretion is the most common crime of which dear womankind are guilty! These painful aberrations are not more distressing to a thinking husband than they are humiliating in a wife. What woman is there who can say that her much-loved voice never awoke itself to unkind harshness, and whose apparent disposition of tenderness was not belied, at some time or another, by an outburst of feminine rage? If women who thus prostrate themselves in the estimation of those who love them best could, at such cruel junctures, arrest the progress of their hasty speech, and look at themselves for a moment in their much-studied glass, they never again would be guilty of such an atrocious slander on themselves and on their valued sex. We knew a lady who was kind, loving, faithful, attentive to all her domestic duties, elegant in her person, engaging in her manners, attractive by her superior accomplishments, and, above all, doatingly attached to her husband—than whom there could not be a man more deserving of woman's love; yet this gifted creature, who governed her household well, could not control her own silly temper. On a sudden, with or without cause, the paroxysm would break out, and, without saying one word offensive to ears polite, or which in another tone could be called objectionable, her complaining and irritating tongue would occupy itself for hours in the disagreeable discharge of every petty threat or grievance she could imagine. What made the matter worse was this, that she was conscious of her error, knew that she was destroying her husband's peace and rendering his home uncomfortable; but while she regretted she could not remedy her weakness. When her better reason was restored, she would cry like a child, weep on her husband's neck, and seek his forgiveness with an earnestness that no human being could withstand. What, however, was the ultimate result? The husband's once unbounded affection gradually cooled in consequence of repeated outbreaks; his excitement waxed less fervent in the blissful moment of reconciliation—for the first forgiveness is ever the most truly given, and every repeated pardon loses a portion of its original fervour. The failings of her temper, therefore, although they came less unexpectedly upon him, settled themselves deeply on his heart, and her sudden and unaccountable ill-nature became, in his eyes, her chief characteristic. Her faithful discharge of every other duty as a wife and mother—and these are many and important—were swallowed up and forgotten in the prevailing grievance; the husband became less earnest in his attempts to soothe her, less attentive to her reasonable requests, and, at length, became so careless of his home as seriously to meditate a separation. Strangers who saw her in happy moods would have pointed to her as a model by which women might regulate their conduct; yet she was miserable. The consciousness of her own weakness, of its impropriety, of the result which she saw must follow, sunk deeply in her heart; still she had not strength of mind sufficient to redeem herself from the thralldom of a peevish and stupid ill-nature. She betook herself to the too common refuge of unthinking mortals—she gave herself up to the lowest and meanest propensity of which a woman can be capable, and lives at this moment a confirmed and despised drunkard! Her husband struggled long against disgrace; he bore up for a time with fortitude, till desperation made him obnoxious to his friends and hateful to himself;—he is not now entitled to claim a better character than that held by his once accomplished and engaging wife!

Let not one of our gentle-hearted readers imagine that this is a mere creation of our fancy; nor let another say that such a result is too frequent to be made a wonder of. Neither let any lady flatter herself that she at least will never fall so far, whatever the little out-

breaks of her temper may be. Arrest the bud in its infancy, say we—pluck the germ of discord from the little palpitating heart, and trust confidently in him who calls you wife. Try for one evening the different effects of two opposite rules of conduct, and ponder well on each. Break out into a parade of insulted dignity, or fall back into a fit of sullenness: if the husband soothes and flatters, he commits the dangerous error certainly of inducing you to try the scheme again, but think seriously whether that soothing makes you comfortable. Your pride will prevent you accepting his attentions at the proper moment, and he will not hesitate to remind you of it when you may have thought it was all forgotten. Treat him on some other occasion with all the fondness of your marriage-week—crowd upon him the many little attentions which a loving wife alone can make agreeable—and you will storm the inmost recesses of his heart, awaken every feeling of affection, send him forth to the world rejoicing in the pleasures of his home, and bring him back at night laden with hopes of bliss, while his heart is singing like the lark in the mid air when he carols to his lowly mate.

There is not a more rapturous feeling than that enjoyed by a virtuous lover when he meets his faithful maid at the appointed spot. We have ourselves enjoyed many such blissful moments, and the memory of those glad sensations bring to our eyes more tears than well becomes our silvered head. Had disappointment followed our young affection, we might have deemed these hours the best of our existence. But fifty years of a married life have somewhat softened the ardour of such feelings, although they never, never, can be altogether forgotten. It was their newness to our heart that fixed them there, and clothed them with a romance which is green in our memory still. Since those days, however, some few tribulations have broken over our head, and the continual and unfailing solace has been, a kind look and a loving word at home; yet have we been no better husband than we ought, and can claim no merit in possessing—A finger has been laid upon our shoulder, and a well-known voice desires us to proceed no further on such a topic.

What we intended to have said before we digressed, was, that the smallest offices of attention on the part of a wife are esteemed by the husband of much greater value than she can well imagine. The proper discharge of each little kindness meets his eye at every turn: wherever he looks, if he discovers order, watchfulness, and preparatory care, a calm but irremovable conviction settles itself upon his gladdened mind. He is thought of in his absence, longed for till his return, and delighted in when he arrives.

But how can he observe these little nameless attentions if he is distracted by the murmuring or clamour of an unbridled tongue—by the swelling and overflowing of an ungenerous temper? How can a man delight in the prattle of his children—or, if he have none, in the purring of his cat or the singing of his tea-kettle—if a discordant note is thrown in by a female voice which, before marriage, was modulated to a much softer key? Although a woman should actually have occasion to complain—(which, alas! is the case with too many)—she cannot say that bitterness of words ever redeemed an erring husband, or brought him to his home an hour sooner when wanted; or if he did come home, did his coming add to the pleasure of either? Unmanly as it is for a husband to tyrannize in his little kingdom, like all other monarchs he is aware that the "king can do no wrong." He knows also that no hand or voice can be lifted up against him except in treason or rebellion; but he also knows that there is a power behind the throne, which, if properly exercised, can rule him and his kingdom both. When that power becomes unnecessarily prominent, whether in monarchies or families, it is instantly deprived of its influence, if not of its existence, as an element in government. None know this so well as the careful good-natured wife. She is aware in what the secret of her power exists, and by a patient and attentive discharge of her household duties, under the cheap garment of a smiling face, that influence is ramified through every thought and action of her loving spouse.

Who, then, among all our fair and loving readers, would rashly risk the power of swaying their husband for the precarious gratification of having the last word, or giving the smartest retort? There is not one of you, we are certain, would wittingly break in upon the bland expression of a happy countenance; but sometimes, in a moment of forgetful haste, the rash word will find an utterance, the cruel sentence will have its way, and like the opening flood-gates of an ill-embanked river, will the tirade pour forth ere you are aware. Check the baneful practice; resist it, crush it; and glory in your triumph, for on the day that victory is achieved, you drive a serpent from your path, and plant flowers of peace, and love, and hope, which shall spring up around you in beauty and in gladness for ever.

"Then love shall bring a blessing to your home

Though poverty abide a constant guest,  
Nor pillar'd hall, nor regal marbled dome  
Outvie the raptures of your inmates' blest;  
There shall contentment smile its sweetest charm,  
And there the dove of peace shall build her nest;  
There independence nerve the labouring arm,  
There be the olive branches loved the best,  
And there the faithful wife most tenderly caress'd."

## The Last Battle-field.

"Battered with war in many a hard campaign,  
Though the maimed soldier quits the martial plain,  
Fancy restores him to the battle's rage,  
And temporary youth inflames his age—  
Again he fights the foe—counts o'er his scars,  
Though Chelsea's now the seat of all his wars;  
And fondly hanging o'er the lengthened tale,  
He slays his thousands—o'er a mug of ale;  
The vet'ran hero tells, with 'rected crest,  
'Twas for my king—Zounds! I have done my best!"

THESE lines are painted on a rustic shed in what is called "The Good Man's Garden," at Chelsea. At that excellent receptacle for worn-out bravery, until within these few years, the veterans had no other employment than to listen to each other's tales of battle and of blood, or to frequent with their friends the nearest tavern. When Lord John Russell was Paymaster of the Forces, that nobleman caused a neighbouring piece of ground to be purchased and laid out in patches, each five and a half yards square. These spots of ground are given for culture to the well-behaved in the hospital, reclaimable only by the death or misconduct of the holder. Very few cases of either have occurred. Those who in past years have spent "their dearest action in the tented field," now struggle with the soil, and battle with the clod, to rear flowers, fruits, or vegetables, as their taste may guide them. A soldier who has left a limb

"To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,"

may now be seen hanging up the remnants of a once gay red coat, to scare the same unwelcome visitor from beds of lettuces or peas. The patches being intersected by regular walks, the privileged visitor may witness the variety of appearances which the ground presents. Here some unambitious gardener contents himself with goodly rows of cabbages; next to him the proprietor has reared a gorgeous display of roses and other gaudy flowers. One, somewhat more classic than the rest, has placed a bust of Thomson, the poet of the seasons, in the centre of his ground, and adorned the vicinity with laurel and other evergreens. As there are not wanting those who have an eye to the useful as well as ornamental, so are there also some who attend to the profitable. Beds of musk are rather plentiful, and the rich fragrance which they give forth generally induces some fond beau to carry off a pot for the use of the lady who accompanies him. Of course no charge is made, but—

Our guide through the pleasant maze was an old Egyptian; one who had trod the sands of that classic country, and been blinded by its scorching dust. His "five yards and a half square" contained potatoes, cabbage, lettuce, onions, pease, beans, currants, wall-flower, pinks, daises, and five young cherry trees! In no part of the ground was a sluggard's garden to be seen—not a weed usurped the place of a more useful plant. There was, however, a sick soldier's spot; it was uncultivated, bare, but clean. The proprietor was said to be 102 years old; he had not visited the place for some time, nor was he expected to do so again. But it was still his, and would remain so until the funeral shot had proclaimed dust to dust above the hoary veteran's grave. His companions did not feel themselves at liberty to plant any thing in the ground for him; he was tenacious of his privilege to attend to it himself; the neighbouring "land owners," however, preserved it from weeds. At present there are many cadets on the roll, all anxious to become tillers of the soil, but none of them have the least desire to get possession of the centenarian's spot. "He is so old, so good a fellow, and so well known, that some of the already privileged patriarchs should take his place." Such is the general language of the applicants, their ideas of promotion being still strong within them.

During a visit of some hours to this interesting place, not one veteran in our hearing alluded to his deeds of arms. "The triumph and the vanity" seemed to be forgotten in the midst of better and more agreeable labours. May a like spirit dispense its healing influence on those who have ever been too ready to

"Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war."

The rustic shed already spoken of was built by direction of Lord John Russell, as a retreat in wet weather for each imitative "Cincinnatus of the West." Our inquiries were naturally directed as to the author of the lines, and the reply we received was merely this—"Don't you think that the man who had the heart to buy that ground, and build this grotto, wouldn't have the head to write them?" Our thoughts turned involuntarily to the House of Commons, and to the position occupied by the Noble Lord therein. Our friend, however, knew little of these matters; but this he knew, that Lord John and the Duke of somewhere or another visited the place not long ago; he was seen pointing out various spots to his noble companion; and before he went away he talked a good bit to the Serjeant-Major of the garden.

Well! thought we, perhaps his Lordship was a greater man in the Eye of Omniscience while in this garden, than when contending and controlling in the Senate.

\* None are admitted into the garden but those under the escort of a "good man."



## Scenes and Sketches of Military Life.

PATRICK O'NEIL—THE IRISH GRENADIER.

## CHAPTER I.—THE FIRST FLOGGING.

It is only necessary to say one word to the reader in the outset, in order to prepare his mind to receive what is to follow—to assure him that there is not a single incident or circumstance narrated in the following chapters, but has its foundation in truth and fact; that I have purposely avoided colouring or heightening, adding to or taking from it, but that I have endeavoured all through to give my own impressions and recollections with as faithful and true a hand as I could command, and that I have been an eye-witness; present and often acting, in most of the scenes laid before him. I hope he will bear this in mind.

I entered the British army as a private soldier, at a very early age. Should any one inquire the motives that led to such act, I can only reply they must at present rest a secret; but, to relieve his anxiety, I can assure him that it was no ardent thirst of military glory—no bright aspirations after warlike renown. I was not dazzled by the gaudy trappings and shining equipment. Ambition was above my reach, and stern necessity below my footsteps. I well knew that the life of a soldier was one of privation and suffering, uniform, dull monotony, strict discipline, degrading humiliation, and the most debasing slavery to the most despotic tyranny. I was fully aware of all this, yet I enlisted a private soldier in the — regiment of foot; but some other time I may tell the story—it is rather curious.

On a fine evening in the beginning of October, 1825, I entered the barrack square of the — regiment, then quartered in the town of C——r, in the West of Ireland. I wish I could give the picture as it appeared to me then—it was anything but a heartening display. Just imagine a large square yard surrounded by high walls with a sentry posted at the gate and occupied by about ten or a dozen "squads" of young awkward lads, dressed in a semi-soldierlike habit, in different attitudes and positions, some standing erect and motionless as a row of hedge stakes, others stalking about in the most uncouth manner imaginable; while the harsh notes of "the drills," mingling and breaking in every variety of sound and cadence, struck upon the unaccustomed ear strangely and disagreeably.

Here a gang of about two dozen were all in a line—undergoing what in military parlance is called "setting up"—they were the latest arrivals and learning to stand alone. An old rat-like grey whiskered sergeant was moving around them, scrutinizing them with the eye of a hawk and with a most artistic expression of countenance; now and then giving one a poke with his cane to make him bend forward, then another to make him lean back; screwing back the shoulders of another, twisting out their wrists, turning out their toes, and chucking up their chins. In this state of most intense torture they were held until nearly exhausted, and at last the old reformer, in a most literal sense, moving round to the front, gave the word, "stand at ease." Suddenly, yet with any thing but a simultaneous movement, each drew back one leg, some the left some the right, and slapped their hands smartly together in front. A momentary glance around told of unspeakable relief from a most painful torture, but short was the rest accorded. The irregularity of the movement drew forth a volley of abuse and curses from their tormenter, and the command of "attention, eyes front," soon restored them to the same erect and motionless attitude, and the same round of jerking, poking, and screwing went on as before.

In another angle on the right, another row of juvenile heroes were placed in the same predicament, being a little more advanced in the exercise necessary to render them competent to kill by rule; they were what is technically called "going through their facings." The "drill" giving the word "to the left or right-about face." At the word "left" or "right," as the case might be, they drew back the left or right foot until the toe touched the heel of the other, and then at the word face, away they went like so many dancing dervishes, or animal tee-totums, turning their backs like many a better platoon upon the enemy.

There was another pack learning to walk, or doing "the gander step." In their front a little squat, round-bellied man from Norfolk was delivering his lectures in a dialect that was then to me strange and laughable. He stepped backwards as they moved on, keeping time by striking his cane perpendicularly on the ground. His short, plump person, florid countenance, and pendant gills, were in strong contrast with the pale and meagre faces of the youths who received his instructions. "Ha-w-lt! what the devil are you arter, there?—wandering away like a flock of geeze on a common—dress up!—heyes front!—now mind the word—left foot foremost, and all together—Mar-ch!—Hawlt! there you go, one arter another, just as you came into the world—Heyes right; dress backer there in the centre—backer still—for'ard there, on the left. You feller with the long nose, hold back your head—that there nose of yours would spoil a brigade—so heyes front! now mind the word—Maw-reh!—left—right—left—right."

On the other side, a little thin, hard-featured corporal, evidently from the west of Ireland, was delivering his ideas in a rich mellifluous Connemara brogue—

"Lift—right—lift—right—shup! haw-lt! Ooh, my curse, an' the curse of seven generations of crows on yous, every mother's son! Did I ever see such a flock ov born natherals (idiots)? I wish I had the court martial on the man that listed the half of yous; by my sargeawl he'd feel the taws (cat-o'-nine-tails) for robbing his Majesty's exchequer—fine bargains he made for the king when he took such a pack ov flyin' fish for the army. Now, dress up there—touch—always get so close to your right hand man that you may feel his elbow. Now, be afther mindin' my biddin', and see and find out your left legs from your right, iv you've got any left legs at all among you—and you Jim Muldoon, you're a neighbour's child ov my own, and ought to know something better. Now just imagine that there's a sogawn (a straw or hay rope) of sthraw round your right leg and a sogawn of hay round your left, and when I say left right, sure its hay foot—straw foot I mane; and lift them nately off the ground, one afther another, like a turkey in a stubble-field, you spalpeen. Here, now thry it once more. Muw-rrh, left right—hay foot, sthraw foot—that's it—hould up your head, you with the pock-marked face and the crooked eye; is it afther some of your dead friends your looking into the ground that way? Hawlt; ach! look at them now: but its my heart that's breech with yours, bad luck to you every day you see a pavin' stone."

Such is the drill, and all this is necessary to make a soldier. The discipline, in the first instance, is generally intrusted to the care and direction of the ignorant and wrong-headed; very little pains being taken in selecting the well-informed and good-tempered, to give these first lessons. The men for the drill are generally chosen by the serjeant-major and adjutant, and are generally favourites, whom they wish to indulge by keeping from the stricter and more severe duties of guard mounting, &c. They have mostly to deal with very young men; most of them, perhaps, boys, fresh, and for the first time from their home and their parent's care; some of them wild and high spirited, struggling with sorrow and home-sickness; others drooping and despondent. Instead of cheering or soothing words, or addressing them even in the language of sense and reason, these petty tyrants often drive the poor recruit to madness, to suicide, or murder. He is overwhelmed with the most vulgar abuse upon the slightest omission or neglect, and should he manifest the least impatience he is punished with rigour; on the next alleged offence his punishment is doubled, until disgusted, harassed, and worn out with ill treatment, he turns to the only source left him, to castoff his tormentors and desert. He is taken and flogged—deserts again; is re-taken and re-flogged; confined, watched, punished and persecuted, until spiritless, soulless, and restless, he becomes the subdued beast of burden—the silent ass; the animal machine, upon whom encouragement and reproach are equally thrown away. I have seen all this; I know what I have said is merely a faint outline of a truthful and startling picture; but can any soldier say that I have overcharged or distorted its features.

It was on the drill-ground that I first beheld the subject of the present sketch. Patrick O'Neil was then considered the best swordsman in the regiment, and, as such, he was engaged in drilling some young officers. His fine figure struck me immediately. He was nearly six feet three inches in height, full formed, muscular, athletic, and every motion of his body displayed a symmetry and attitude—models for a sculptor—as he showed the young gentlemen the proper handling and true delivery of the weapon. His shoulders were widely and evenly spread, falling down in a gentle undulation: his chest ample and swelling, bespeaking giant strength and a powerful constitution; while his finely-formed limbs tapered down to a foot so small that, viewed at a distance, he appeared like an inverted pyramid. His face was handsome, without a tinge of effeminacy, but wearing in every lineament the fixed and manly impress that tells of firm confidence and stern resolution; his hair was black as the raven's wing, and his large eyes as large as a moonless midnight.

O'Neil was then what is called a "lance serjeant," that is, he had the rank and did the duty of serjeant, with the pay of a corporal; and, unfortunately for him, his promotion to the brevet rank took place while the colonel was on leave of absence. Our lieutenant-colonel was a little, meagre, irascible Connaught man; his name was B—ke. It was said he was poor, and owed his rank chiefly to the patronage of the Marquis of L—d—nd—y, to whom he was brigade-major for some time during the Peninsular war. The major's name was A—bth—t, a scion of an English aristocratic and wealthy family. He was a young man, and attained his rank by purchase. He was fond of dandy soldiers, and generally promoted the good-looking men. The major had used all his influence to get the command of the regiment before B—ke was appointed, and, it was surmised, had thrown many obstacles in his way. However, a jealous feeling existed, which showed itself mostly on petty and trifling occasions, and which spent its venom mostly on the heads of the men.

The morning after the colonel joining, the additional chevron on the arm of O'Neil caught his eye—his lip became compressed and thin, and the faintest smile of satisfaction passed over his bitter face.

"Who gave this man liberty," he asked, turning to the adjutant, "to assume the rank of serjeant?"

"He was put in orders by Major A—bth—t, while you were on leave," replied the official at his elbow.

"Ha, one of the major's pets, I suppose," he remarked again. "We'll see, we'll see."

The downfall of O'Neil was dated from that moment; for as one of the barrack-room jokers remarked, "he might be a very long serjeant, but it was impossible he could be a serjeant very long. He acted with every care and circumspection, but there were many keen and eager eyes fixed upon him, and only one short month elapsed until he was brought up before the commanding officer by one of the serjeants of his company, charged with some very minor, real, or pretended neglect of duty. He received his choice either to resign, or stand the award of a court martial. This is, or was at least, the general proceeding adopted to remove obnoxious non-commissioned officers, whose general deportment would not admit of a serious charge being brought against them. O'Neil knew it was useless to contend, where the wish and the power to do were both against him. He resigned as a matter of course, and returned to his barrack-room a private soldier.

That evening, burning with shame and indignation, he flew to the canteen, resolved to bury the sense of his degradation in that universal panacea for the evils of the ignorant and miserable—ardent spirits. Here a fresh bitterness awaited him; he was no longer permitted to enter the room held sacred to the libations and amusements of the non-commissioned officers only, and as he sat with the privates, by whom he was much beloved, on account of his easy and cheerful disposition, the same serjeant passed through and asked him, with a sneer, if he felt inclined to try his hand at bagatelle? pointing to the room which he knew O'Neil dare not enter. This gratuitous insult was not noticed at the moment, but it failed not to rankle. The unfortunate young man continued drinking until the last roll of the tattoo; then suddenly reeling to his room, he was retiring to his bed in silence, when the same serjeant, in an overbearing tone, ordered him to perform some menial act connected with the interior economy of the barracks.

"It is not my duty," replied O'Neil in a grumbling tone—"I am not the orderly man."

"Do you dispute my orders, sir?" retorted the other.

"I tell you again I am not orderly man," said O'Neil.

"I did not ask you, sir, who was orderly or who was not: it's your duty to do what I bid you. Do you refuse to obey my orders? If you do, you march to the guard-room."

"Will you?" asked O'Neil, fiercely.

"I will, by G—," replied the serjeant.

"Then, by G—," cried O'Neil, felling him, "you now have a cause; there, you sneaking, pumping, cowardly informer;" and he spurned him as he lay without motion.

The men surrounded him, and carried him to the other end of the room; a file of men from the guard was sent for, and he was placed in durance.

The next day, a regimental court-martial was called: O'Neil was brought up, tried, and sentenced to receive 300 lashes.

Many of my readers may have formed an erroneous idea of the mode and character of this particular kind of punishment, from reading the discussions in the public press: for the benefit of all, I will give as exact a description as it is possible to write of such a scene of cruelty and horror.

A parade was ordered before breakfast the following morning, and every man off duty to attend. The regiment was marched from the parade-ground, by companies, to a sequestered angle of the barrack-yard, and there formed into a hollow square, with the barrack wall as one side, and close to which the triangles were set up. These consisted of three great beams of timber, shot at the foot with iron spikes, and fastened by a ring at top—the same as a large moveable weighing machine. At about two feet from the ground a serjeant's halbert was tied horizontally from one side to another; and, at about breast-high, another halbert was made fast in like manner. These prevent the man from falling forward, should weakness or pain make him endeavour to shrink from the lash. The drummers, with the drum-major at their head, are ranged on the left of the triangles. The colonel, doctor, and adjutant are in the centre of the square, the other officers with their companies. When the whole apparatus was arranged, the culprit was marched from the guard-room (where he had lain, in mid-winter, on the bare boards, since he was first put into confinement) within the area. The men were brought to attention, and the adjutant proceeded to read the minutes of the court-martial aloud, concluding with the sentence, and its confirmation by the commanding officer. The prisoner was then ordered to strip, and he was led over to the triangle by the drum-major. His hands were encircled by a noose, and drawn tight as possible up to the top of the triangle; this keeps him stretched, and prevents him warping from the blows, and his legs were firmly bound to the horizontal halbert below. When the drum-major had him properly "tied up," he came round and drew his shirt over his face and head, but this O'Neil would not admit of—he tossed it from his face indignantly; the bare back, from the neck to the waist, was thus left exposed to the lash. Everything being ready, the drummer on the right stripped off his jacket, and advanced with the lashes in his hand, while the doctor took his station in rear of the sufferer, so as to command



a fair view of the operation, and direct its infliction to the proper spots, and the adjutant pulled out his watch to keep time.\*

The signal is given: at the first lash the skin is seen to curl off in white flakes from shoulder to shoulder, and the blood starts from the points where the knots of the lashes had sunk into the flesh. Two—three—four—in slow time: it cannot be described stroke by stroke. The lashing proceeds, both drum-major and adjutant counting the successive strokes until twenty-five are given, and then a fresh drummer steps forward, and so on at every twenty-five lashes; thus in inflicting three hundred lashes twelve fresh men are employed; and, good Heaven! before they are half done, what a spectacle has grown before the eyes of men. There it is—I think I see it now, as I first beheld the horrid sight—the body of a fellow-creature, mangled, torn, and bloody; black, red, purple, blue, and streaming, like a mass of weltering carrion, with here and there a hillock protruding, where the bones of the spine have been literally lashed bare; the blood running down to the ground, and the tortured muscles writhing and quivering like living fibres all over. A man of common sense, and moderately strong nerves, can look on death almost unmoved; he can appeal to his reason, his religion, and conviction, while looking on the exit of a fellow-creature from this breathing world: but I defy any one, excepting the most hardened and reckless, unmovedly or calmly to behold this human immolation to the demon of cruelty—this more savage than barbarian display. It is a trial which many a strong, and time-and-crime-hardened man, cannot stand; and when I add, that I have seen some of the holdest men in the regiment faint away, actually drop senseless in the ranks, it may be conceived what an effect it must have upon young unbearded youths, fresh from the paternal fireside, and raw from the village school.

Such is flogging in the army as it is practised in the present enlightened, and as some of our philanthropists boast, most humanized state of society.

O'Neil bore his punishment without breathing a murmur, or once wincing; not a look, not a quiver, not a breath betrayed his suffering; but when he was untied, he glared around him with a wild and bloodshot eye,—he was white and colourless as a corpse, and his lips were thin and blue, as if with the force of the compression that held them glued together: still he held his head erect, and walked to the hospital with a firm step.

#### Familiar Chapters on Science.

NO. II.—ELECTROTYPE CONCLUDED.

In our first number we gave a brief description of a galvanic battery, and of its power of changing copper in a state of sulphate into a solid plate of metal for useful objects. Our present purpose is to point out how it may be made to accomplish the chemical manufacture of articles of ornament, a branch of the science to which we the more willingly call attention, because the attraction of its pursuit may readily pave the way to the acquisition of an amount of knowledge, the most sententious description of which is comprehended in the title "Philosophy in just made science in earnest."

We will take the present early occasion to observe that there is a sort of dislike existing amongst the juvenile members of almost all families against any kind of meddling with a galvanic battery, under the supposition that its management requires a vast deal of skill and knowledge; that the laws which govern its operations are only registered among the most remote truths of abstruse science; and that any expectation of demonstrating its powers in the domestic circle, as a generator of amusement and instruction, is altogether hopeless. Now these are all mistakes. By attending to the directions given in our last number, which are both few and simple, a galvanic battery is more easily managed than a hoop, a top, or a game at marbles; for all these require some dexterity on the part of those engaged; whereas a galvanic battery is self-acting, and requires no dexterity whatever. We make this observation in the hope that some of our enterprising young readers will turn their enthusiasm into a current which shall conduct them to one of the most delightful results of remunerating knowledge.

The cheap and rapid multiplication of objects of interest is one of the pleasantest prerogatives of the Electrotrope. If an apple of extraordinary size and beauty of shape should be produced in your own garden, and you wish to perpetuate the remembrance of both, the galvanic battery is your ready assistant. First cover the fruit with a thin coating of plumbago, which is the ordinary black lead used in darkening and polishing stoves, and similar things. This plumbago is one of the best known recipients of the copper precipitated by electricity. However non-conducting the substance may be which it is wished to copy, by covering it with this black lead or plumbago, which is done with a brush, it immediately becomes fit for all purposes of Electrotrope. The apple thus prepared is then placed in the acid solution (mentioned in our last chapter as one division of the galvanic battery) and between it and the sulphate of copper in solution (the other division of the battery also mentioned) a galvanic

current is established, by means of the wires previously described. In two or three days the original apple will be covered with a copper coating, every part of the surface of which shall correspond exactly with that of the apple itself. In this state, a small hole may be made at the point where the stem enters, through which the vegetable interior will finally exude; but immediate decomposition and removal of the parts may be effected by applying at any chemist's shop for the means of effecting it.

What is true of the apple is true of all vegetable substances. In the manner just described, pears, plums, cucumbers, peaches,—in fact any thing that grows in the garden—may be correctly copied in copper by the silent but unerring process of a galvanic battery properly adapted to the purpose. And this process is one to which no objection can possibly exist on the score of loss of time, because its management will only require a few minutes daily, its results being self-produced.

We will mention a circumstance connected with the precipitation of copper by voltaic electricity, the advantages of which come home to the understandings of us all in our every-day pursuits. No one will deny that it is more agreeable to possess cups, saucers, plates, dishes, &c., which are handsome in themselves and suggestive of reflections connected with the arts of painting and design, than to have our tables covered with those articles of constant domestic use of one unvarying picture of a monotonous Chinese absurdity. The "willow pattern" is the principal stock in trade of every earthenware shop. Appropriately enough it is a weeping willow, for well may it mourn for our past want of invention and indomitable content. This "willow" reproach to our pottery manufacturers is now about to be removed. In consequence of the discovery of Electrotrope, we shall in due time find twelve different and well-executed landscapes or other scenes on the surfaces of every dozen plates we buy. This result is only secured by the cheapness with which metallic duplicates of an original engraving may be produced by the galvanic battery. The greatest consumption of copper plates is at the potteries, where they are employed in giving the designs or patterns to our dinner services of china and earthenware; also to our breakfast, tea, and other services. The process is as follows:—The intended device is first deeply cut into copper and then printed on a piece of thin paper, a composition of arsenite of cobalt being used instead of the ordinary ink. This ink is first transferred to the unglazed plate by pressure; the paper is then removed, and the plate made fit for use by glazing. Although our common pottery ware is the envy of all foreigners on account of its excellent quality, they have good reason to laugh at our pottery artists, at least so far as common ware is concerned, for undoubtedly there are some specimens of manufacture which cannot be matched for beauty of painting and vividness of colour in any part of Europe. The reason of our inferiority in common ware, though not obvious at first sight, is easily to be accounted for. The expense of engraving superior plates, from which but a limited number of impressions could be taken, has been the sole obstacle; the manufacturer could not afford to pay for designs a price which would never be returned to him by the sale. The case is altered now; and we may confidently hope to see, before long, the ordinary blue and white dinner service supplanted by plates and dishes embellished with copies of the finest works of art, the most exquisite scenes of nature, the most elaborate machinations of fancy, or the most intricate specimens of execution.

The pleasure of making agreeable presents, a practice in which the French and Germans particularly excel, is much facilitated by the Electrotrope. An aged person may desire to give a "likeness" to a numerous circle of relations and friends; or the parents of a child may wish to perpetuate the remembrance of its youthful beauty in a similar way. According to the ordinary method of painting portraits the expense of such an undertaking would effectually neutralize it. But by the Electrotrope it may be done in two ways with economy. Metallic copies of a small wax bust or impressions of an engraving on paper are producible with ease. In the first instance, it will only be necessary to make an Electrotrope mould from a wax original, (in the way described in our last number for the production of a copper-plate matrix), and from this mould any number of exact deposited copies may be obtained at the cost of a few pence. In the second case let a small medallion likeness of the individual be modelled in clay and then cast in plaster. From the plaster cast an Electrotrope copy is taken, and this copy is submitted to what is known to engravers as a copying or ruling machine, which engraves mechanically upon a plate a *fac simile* likeness of the original medallion, with all its lights and shadows well developed. From the plate thus obtained eight thousand impressions may be taken. This latter is a more expensive process than the one first-named, but it is capable of being proportionately extended. Both, however, are cheap; and they present in their manipulations one of the least generally understood but most extraordinary results of a combination of scientific knowledge with mechanical skill. In our future "familiar chapters" we shall have frequent occasion to bring a conviction of this truth home to the understandings and sympathies of our readers, to whom meanwhile we leave the consideration of what we have already said, and in the hope that they will lose no time in commencing the scientific but amusing practice it suggests.

#### Comparative Youth of Man.

IN advertent to the modern date of man as contrasted with that of the globe which he inhabits, we do so as to a truth in the highest degree instructive and important, since it proves the groundless nature of those fears which many well-meaning but greatly mistaken persons entertain of the danger of scientific inquiry; and shows, as is naturally to be expected, that both philosophy and religion are perfectly harmonious with each other, and that the great discoveries of science seem only to confirm the dictates of revealed truth. The evidence of this fact is of so cumulative, so overwhelming a nature, that it becomes absolutely necessary to select from the mass of testimony a few circumstances calculated to enforce, in the strongest and most lucid manner, the principle which it is our object to explain. One of the most convincing of these proofs consists in the circumstance, that while we find throughout the whole of the rocks, with the single exception of the igneous deposits, the remains of those animal races which once inhabited the primeval earth, we nowhere discover in the solid rocks themselves any traces of the human structure, or the smallest evidence of man or of his existence. It is only in the alluvial or modern beds, the mud, or slime, or gravel, the deposits, as it were, of yesterday, that we find any vestiges of even the most ancient tribes of our race. It is only in substances of this recent date and character that we discover in this country the tombs and the skeletons, the weapons or the implements of our British ancestors, or the urns or coins of their Roman invaders; in beds similarly modern it is that, on the Continent, we find the relics of the Etruscan, the German, the Greek, or the Gaul; or that, in the New World, we discover the remains appertaining to the ancient inhabitants of that continent, the aboriginal Peruvians or the Tullegues, a people who preceded the Mexicans in the occupation of their country, and excelled them in refinement and civilization. No solitary relic of the human structure, no fragment of a skeleton, no portion of a bone appertaining to the human osteology, is discoverable in the solid rocks, but such reliques are found only in those superficial and modern depositions, those beds of mud or gravel, to which we have already referred as the sole depository of such remains. Yet man, as is well known, is the only universal animal fitted to inhabit every region and clime of the earth; he is also, of all creatures, the most enterprising; his existence is exposed to the greatest vicissitudes—he meets his death by the most varied accidents, and his remains strew land and sea, the field, the flood, the forest, the mountain and the vale. Nor is there any circumstance which would prevent the preservation of his remains when committed to the custody of Nature. His frame, composed of the same elements as the animals around him, would be as perfectly preserved as theirs; and Cuvier has forcibly remarked, in allusion to this fact, that the same battle-field has preserved alike the bones of the horse and of his rider. The absence of all relics of the human frame, save in the most modern depositions, would thus be sufficient to prove the recent origin of man, even were not a stronger argument suggested by the fact, that the mere human skeleton—the fragments of his osseous structure alone—would be the least of those legacies which man would bequeath to the soil of which he was an inhabitant. We should possess not the mere fractions of his frame, the exuviae of his animal fabric, but we should have his mighty and majestic works, which so far transcend his own puny existence. We should discover his bridges of granite and of iron; his palaces of marble and of hewn stone; the tombs which he erected in memory of the departed; the temples which he erected in honour of his God. In the absence of all these, and in the non-existence of all traces of the human race, save in the mere yesterday of the vast annals of our earth, we are compelled to adopt the chronology of revelation, and to confess, that since the chronicles of Holy Writ teach us that the existence of man does not extend beyond five or six thousand years, so science in like manner convinces us, by the unquestionable evidence of physical fact, that no remains of man are discoverable in strata which must have required a longer period for their deposition. Nor does the importance of the lesson which geology here conveys terminate with the simple accordance of philosophy with revelation here pointed out: for science not only confirms, but immeasurably exalts our appreciation of the Creator and His perfections. What contemplation of the Deity, it may be asked, can afford a more magnificent idea of His attributes than that under which geology presents Him to our view, as rendering the vast and mighty fabric of the earth one scene of bounty and of blessing—enriching even its most barren deposits with mineral and veins of precious metal; of storing it with quarries of limestone and of marble, and above all of coal; of adopting its various beds and coverings to every purpose of cultivation, to every beneficial energy of man; of elaborating the whole planet into one grand sphere of fertility, harmony, and beauty; and then, finally calling the human race into being, to inherit and to enjoy a sphere of existence fitted up by Almighty wisdom and benevolence for their reception.

\* The drum-major stands behind the inflicting drummer with a cat-o'-nine tails in his hand, and his eyes fixed on the sufferer's back, ready to lay it hard and heavy on the shoulders of the striker, should he hit light or unfair.



## Traits and Sketches of Irish Character.

## THE PILGRIM OF KILCREA.

MANY have supposed that wit and repartee were the only characteristics of the Irish people. Others have given them credit for kindheartedness, which only ignorance and party prejudice has prevented from becoming the belief of all. But a higher and more devoted feeling pervades the heart and mind of the uncontaminated peasantry of Ireland, which misfortune and distress have given ample opportunities for display. During the rebellion, and the oppressions under which the professors of Catholicity laboured, many cases of revolting cruelty were practised on the people, and many instances of endurance as well as wild revenge were evidenced by the sufferers. The latter were emblazoned on the party records of the country: the former were known only to immediate witnesses in the district. Mrs. Hall, however, in her admirable work on Ireland, has redeemed from obscurity many of these acts of fortitude and devotion—of elevated sentiment in the midst of crime and error—of high-souled honour unsubdued by poverty and oppression. Not the least interesting of these remarkable delineations is the story of the widow of Kilcrea. "We never," says the highly-gifted authoress, "saw a ruin so full of graves as Kilcrea. Choir, cloister, aisles—every part is crowded. There are some other tombs worthy of notice within this extensive ruin—where we have lingered long, and must remain a little longer to note an old and remarkably handsome woman, who was praying, very devoutly, in a small dilapidated chapel at the right hand, near the entrance. There was something so meek, so humble, and withal so earnest in her face, upturned as it was to the heavens while the rosary trembled in her fingers, that we asked the guide who she was.

"A poor *thravelor*, God help her, and nothing else," was the reply. At the instant it began to rain, and one of us was glad to take shelter in the guide's cottage, while the other proceeded to inspect the ruins of the castle.

We have been in many Irish cabins; yet, perhaps, never in one so neat or so well-ordered, as the little one that crouches by the entrance gate to Kilcrea. The earthen floor was clean—the deal table white—and a pretty kitten was lapping milk upon it, who looked both sleek and happy; there was a half partition opposite the door, where the bed was placed; two coops filled with speckled chickens; a dresser heavily laden with crockery; two chairs, and a stool; completing the furniture of the room, in which there was barely space to turn round. We almost wished to have been benighted in such a cottage; to have set with the guide by the blazing faggot, and heard the tales—all the tales she could tell of the old abbey in its glory. She wanted us very much to have some milk, or an egg;—she knew it was fresh, and she could either roast it in the embers or boil it in a minute. She had a cake of griddle bread—there it was—if she had not made too free, would we have a bit of that? Having offered us everything in her cabin, we at last prevailed upon her to sit down. She forthwith pulled out her knitting, and we inquired what she knew of the woman we had seen in the abbey.

"Ah thin," she said, "my heart aches for that poor *riddy* woman, though I never set eyes on her till four or five days ago, when she came here one morning faint and fasting to finish a *round* she'd undertaken."

"Going from abbey to abbey to pray for remission of her sins?"

"Not her own sins," she replied, "but, poor thing, here she is coming in out of the rain; she laves me to-morrow."

"Does she lodge with you?"

"We give her the length and breadth of herself, at night, on a lock of straw under the table; and, sure, neither me nor mine will ever miss the bit or the sup the Lord allows us to have for such as her." Oh, what lessons of loving-kindness are to be learned in Irish cottages; hospitality without display, and that true generosity which takes from its own necessities to relieve the necessities of others!

We at once observed that the woman was superior to the generality of her class; she was neatly clad; her cap was white as snow; and a broad black riband fastened round it indicated an attempt at mourning. We had asked her how she intended to return, and her simple answer was "the Lord will raise me up friends to help me on the way; sure, hasn't He helped me homewards already?" she added, as she looked on the silver we had given her, "praise be to His holy name, that cares for the widow and the fatherless."

"You've had a busy time of it lately," we said, as she entered the small cabin, and with a meek curtsy took the seat we insisted on her taking—"a very busy time of it lately?"

"I have, praise be to Him who gave me the strength to get over it! a very busy time; it's a long journey from Kenmare to Kilcrea, a wearisome journey; and a wonderful thing to be climbing the mountains; it's a fine thing too, my lady—for somehow one feels nearer to the Almighty. I thought the life would leave me before I got over the Priest's Leap,—that is a wonderful mountain intirely—I don't suppose there's many higher than that in the world."

"And why did you undertake such a journey? You seem old."

"I am old, my lady—three score and eight years at the least;—but God fits the back to the burden; and the limbs to the mountain steep. I would not, for all that, have took it, only for a reason I had; you see ma'am, since you've been so good as to ask—you see, after the will of the Lord had taken from me my husband (the heavens be his bed), and my poor boys, He left me one little girl, a delicate, gentle creature; and though she was my own child, I may say, a handsomer or a better girl never brought the sunshine to a lone widow's cabin. Oh, but her goodness was past telling. When I closed my eyes as if asleep, I was sure to hear her voice praying for me; when I opened them in the morning, she was there beaming blessings on me. She was so handy! Such a fine scholar too! The brightest girl, the schoolmaster said, that ever stood at his knee. Well, ma'am dear, every true crown has its cross. My little girl's love was sought by many, but won by a young man respected by no one, though chose by her.

'Alley,' says I, 'if you marry Laurence Daly, you'll break my heart.' 'Mother,' she says, throwing her arms, white as a wreath of snow, about me, 'mother,' she says, 'I'll never do that.' My mind was as light as a feather at first, for I knew she'd keep her word. But oh, my grief! to see her wastin, and wastin, dying in the sight of my eyes; to see that, almost took the life from me. She made no complaint, but fell away like the blossom off the bough of a summer tree; and I could not bear to look in her faded face; and I says, 'Alley, take him, take him avourneen; and from this day out I'll never say a word against him.' In less than a month from them words she was blooming as a rose; in another she was his wife! The poor woman covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly. 'His love,' she continued, 'never, to say, turned; and he was gentler to her than he could be to any other thing; and if he had kept from meddling with what didn't concern him, all would have gone well enough; but he got into trouble, sore trouble, and the end of it was, that three years after they were married, he was in the jail at Tralee, and my poor child, my poor Alice, at the feet of every one in the country that could help her to pass a word through the iron bars or get her a look at him. Now wasn't it strange! She was as pure in the light of heaven, as pure as unfallen snow; and she knew he was guilty. She would not even deny it; for the thought of falsity wasn't in her; and still her love grew stronger the greater grew his trouble. It is not for me to tell what she went through. Before the first blush of morning she'd be on her knees at prayer; and I'm sure, for six weeks that passed betwixt his taking and trial, the rest of sleep was never on her eyes for five minutes together. I asked her, when the day came, for the love of God and of me, her broken-hearted mother, not to go to the court house, but she would; and she did. She clung to my side in the crowd, and I felt her heart beating against my arm; I don't look at her, and she kept crushing closer and closer to me until the trial began, and then she gathered strength and stood upright, at once. All along, her husband denied that he was in it at all, when the great harm was done; and two or three more boys stood up for the same. 'There,' said the counsel for the crown, pointing to my poor Alice, 'there's his own wife; ask her where her husband was that night.' Every one cried shame; and the counsel for the prisoner said it was contrary to law to question a man's own wife; but before I could get at the rights of it, Alley, throwing her arms round me, muttered, 'Mother, take me away, I can't tell, I can't tell!' With that a neighbour's son, who had loved my little girl all her life almost—a fine fellow he was, though she never would hear to him, and with a good character, and of decent people, that wouldn't look at the same side of the road with Laurence Daly—steps out at once, with his cheeks reddened and his eyes like diamonds, and says he, 'Hear me,' says he, 'I can swear where he was that night; and no one who knows me, will think I favour Larry Daly.' Between supporting Alice, who fell in a faint on my bosom, not knowing what was coming, and knowing myself that the boy had good cause to spite Laurence, I thought my senses would leave me; and then my blood ran cold to the heart, and my brain felt as if afire; for I heard him sworn and prove an ALIBI for the prisoner. When it was over, his cheek was like the cheek of a corpse, and no light was in his eyes; he came forward to the outside, where Alice, come a little to herself, and understanding her husband was safe, was crying, like an infant when it first draws in the air of a sorrowing world; he made the throng keep back, and after looking at her for a minute, he whispers, 'Alice, live, avourneen; live and be happy, for to save you I've done what an hour ago I didn't think I could have done. I've sinned my soul, Alice, for you; so live, and God bless you.' I've heard of the love of many a man, but I think that bates it all; and though what he did was not right, still he did it for pure love of my child:—love, without any feeling in it that could make a blush rise to the cheek of a married woman, or cause the pang of shame at her heart; and that's a wonderful thing to say. But his love didn't end here. I was going home from Laurence's cabin, and after seeing them happy together once more, and he making all the good resolutions a man always makes, at the first goin' off, after getting out of trouble, and the children so glad, poor things, to have their father again; and as I was going on, just at the end of the boroen, 'Mrs. Lawler,' says a voice, (you'll excuse my telling his name) 'Mrs. Lawler,' he says, 'after to-day, I can't stay in the place. Who knows, but Laurence is so odd tempered, he might mistrust his wife, knowing as he does that I perjured myself to make her happy. Those that arn't what they should be, often think bad of others; so I'll go to America, Mrs. Lawler, and mind the last prayer I'll brathe in Irish air, will be for Alice.' Again the old woman wept; it was some time before she added, 'And I saw him no more.' I begged of her to continue. 'It's soon ended now,' she said, 'and not much to tell; but the poor have more trials than the mere want of food, and I've often thought that when the rich and the stranger laugh at their rags, or turn from them in disgust, they don't think that may be the heart beating under them has a dale of feeling.

"Well, as I said, I'll soon be done now: Alice, my poor child, every one saw she was going, and yet the darling, she talked for evermore of taking 'a round,' and I used to talk to her, and tell her what sin had she to answer for to put that in her head, and she'd only smile! Oh then, but the smile upon patient lips is scalding to the heart to look at: Oh, God, forgive me for having wearied Him with prayers to leave the angel he was winging for heaven a little longer over her children, and to close my eyes; and Laurence, poor man! he was sorry too, and so loud in his grief that it shook her spirit. The priest had been with her, and said to me as he was going out, 'Take comfort, for it's a great privilege to have reared up a child for heaven; I wish we were all as sure of it as she is.' After that I went in, and she told the people she wanted a few words with her mother; they cleared out of the little room at once; and her voice was so thin I could hardly hear it, and her breath on my cheek was cold as the first breath of the new frost upon the air in harvest: 'There's one thing,' she whispered, 'though his reverence says it's no

harm, that's heavy on my heart—it's a debt—if I could have lived to pay it I should die easy."

"What debt, dear?" I asked.

"You remember THAT day, mother?"

"Ay, sure, I said.

"And what he did?"

"Yes darling, it's not easy forgot.

"He sinned his soul."

"The Lord above is merciful, and will forgive him, I pray night and day, I made answer.

"He was nothing to me more than a neighbour's child," she went on, "and for all his love I never gave him a good word; yet mother—mother—he perjured himself for my sake."

"The Lord is merciful, I said again; what else could I say? and sure it was the truth any how.

"Yes, I know that, but I made a vow, that night, to make my rounds at the holy Abbey of Kilcrea, so that the sin might be taken off him through my means. Oh mother, that is denied me, and I must die with it on my soul—I can't get rid of it."

"No, avourneen, no, I said; the way is long, and I am old and poor, but by the blessing of the holy saints I'll take off yer vow; I'll do for you [what, if the Lord had spared you, you'd have done for yourself.—I made the vow on my knees.

"Oh my mother, my mother, my mother!" she said, as if a new life had sprung in her, and then faded, faded, faded. She was gone—before Laurence and the children could catch her last breath; but she died happy, and so shall I now, for I've done all she would have done."

## The "Inexpressibles" Duel.

Two young French actors, Paulin and Fleury, of the *Comédie Française*, had contracted for each other so remarkable a friendship, that all they both possessed was common property between them, even to their dress. "One day (records one of them) we had a very droll quarrel; but comical as its subject was, it might have had a tragic termination. I know not whether it is on record that Orestes and Pylades wore each other's tunics, but Paulin and I united our wardrobes together, and wore one another's clothes indiscriminately. Our wardrobe thus united was by no means badly stocked, and it enabled us to dress not merely in respectable style, but even to exhibit a certain degree of elegance when occasion called for it. Among our best articles of dress were two pairs of inexpressibles, the one of black cloth, the other of black silk; and we entered into a mutual agreement that the most elegant of the two pairs, viz., that of black silk should be worn by us alternately. Paulin adhered to the compact with the strictest fidelity; but my honour yielded to the promptings of vanity. I violated the treaty, and sported the silk inexpressibles three times in succession. Paulin took no notice of this; but having received an invitation to dine out, he very civilly asked me to surrender up the visiting suit. He fixed upon a most unfortunate day for making this request. I had learned that a Mademoiselle Clermonde, a provincial actress of great celebrity, was that day expected to pass through Troyes, on her way to Amiens. Her beauty was not less highly extolled than her talent. A feeling which I cannot define—a sort of presentiment—prompted me with the idea of going to meet Mademoiselle Clermonde, and I determined to station myself at the door of the inn at which she was to stop to change post-horses. On such an occasion I was, of course, fully alive to the importance of being elegantly dressed, and accordingly I resolved once more to usurp the black silk shorts. Paulin asked me to surrender them to him, but I met the request by a blank refusal. Paulin's wonted placidity now forsook him. He reproached me with the violation of our compact, and declared that thenceforward there must be an end of all friendship between us. One angry remark led to another, until at length we both placed our hands on our swords, and sallied forth into the high road, which was but a few yards distant from the house in which we resided. This was the very spot on which I had proposed, a few hours afterwards, to present myself to the beautiful Clermonde. I heaved a deep sigh as this reflection crossed my mind. My antagonist and I withdrew to a meadow, which lay a little to the right, and there, burning with impatience, we drew our swords. We were on the point of advancing upon each other, when we were suddenly arrested by a piercing shriek. We looked round, and beheld a lady advancing hurriedly towards us. "Stay!" she exclaimed, "Stay! I conjure you!—Is this like gentlemen?" (Paulin and I, it must be confessed, succeeded admirably in giving ourselves the air of young men of fashion.) What! fighting without seconds! Is it for a woman to remind you of the laws of honor! Recollect, gentlemen, that if one of you had been killed it would have been nothing less than murder!" The tones of that voice—the beauty of the speaker—a certain air of dignity of authority in her deportment and manner overawed us, and we instantly sheathed our swords. I was captivated by the beauty of the lady, and stood gazing on her in an extacy of admiration. But Paulin soon recovered from the surprise caused by this unexpected interruption, and assuming his usual lively and jocose tone, he said "Truly, my dear Fleury, there never was a more ridiculous affair than this quarrel of ours. To fight for a petticoat might be perfectly natural; but who ever heard of a duel for a pair of black silk shorts? Ah! madame, could you have believed it?" The friends embraced; the lady was Clermonde herself.



## Auction Portraits.

THE following scenes occur daily within a few minutes' walk of the Legislative Assemblies of two of the greatest countries in the world. The same want of honesty may be discovered in each, but the cool and heartless impudence of the agent of the man-stealer not only outrages every feeling of humanity, but presents a picture of depravity the shades of which deform a whole hemisphere.

LONDON.—Mr. Richard Tattersall stands forth. Like Scott and Byron, his pedal supporters do not exactly match, as may sometimes be seen by his limping gait—it is a trifle; still "the College" would certainly not pass him as perfectly sound. But see, like another Richard, he now occupies his selling throne, and is announcing in a clear voice "Ambrosio." "Lot 54 (he says, glancing down at his desk at the same time) is Ambrosio, by Waterloo, dam by Gohanna (sister to Silverthorpe), her dam by Sir Peter, &c. What will any gentleman please to give for him? Mind, he's to be sold—400, 350, 300, will nobody give 300 for Ambrosio? run him down; and as Ambrosio's croupe comes close to the standers-by in the act of turning for the run, Tattersall call out a caution. "Take care," he says with a smile, adding in the same breath and with the self-same smile, the pleasant assurance that "he will kick some of you. 300's bid for Ambrosio, 305, 310—310 guineas are bid—going for 310, the last time—three hundred and ten"—and down goes the hammer, transferring Ambrosio for the trifling sum of 310 guineas, without any warranty, whatever, or a single syllable said in his praise either by the auctioneer or any one else. The next lot is a hackney. "Lot 55, is the property of the same nobleman. This is Juniper, a grey gelding, six years old, 200 for him, 150, run him down; 150 for Juniper;" then after a second's pause, "100's bid," and the hack after a few progressive biddings is ultimately sold for 200, the sum first stated. "A pony that has carried children" follows. Then comes a carriage. "Who wants a carriage?" smilingly asks Tattersall; and in a minute after knocks down for 15 guineas a wrong-end-of-the-town-built phaeton, on its first wheels (and that not a fortnight ago perhaps cost 150). The carriage is easily enough kept, but the horses—there's the rub. "They are to be sold," laying a particular emphasis on "are." "140, 120, 100—will nobody give 100?" No; scarcely half that sum; they are sold, and well sold too, to a rising barrister, for 56 guineas. Thus, for about 70 guineas, the denizen of Russell-square sets up an equipage which, in his learned ignorance, he perhaps thinks quite as good as his neighbour's, because the horses are as big, and bay like them. Lot succeeds lot, till at length comes the last, "Captain Candour," a hunter well known with her Majesty's hounds, and master of 15 stone. "What will any gentleman give for the Captain? he's by Comus, a capital fencer, and fast." The elite crowd round and compete for the Captain, who is ultimately booked to a well-known baronet for the unusual sum of 446 guineas, Tattersall, at the same time saying *sotto voce*, as if speaking to himself more than to others, "he's cheap." Yes, thought we, there is something in a name; or peradventure the purchaser thought Candour such a rarity, that the lot was cheap at any price, however high; for the Captain was a coarse cart-horse-bred animal, with a broken knee, a big leg, and many other blemishes.—*Sportsman*.

WASHINGTON.—Monday next, at 9 A.M., at public sale, the slaves whose names follow, all negroes of the first quality—namely, Betsy, a negro-woman, twenty-three years of age, with her child Cesar, three years old: an excellent cook, washer, and ironer; warranted healthy. Julia, a mulatto girl, aged thirteen, robust and active, a good field-labourer; with the exception of a slight defect in the left eye, she is without fault. \* \* \* "Let us proceed, gentlemen," cried the seller of human flesh, in a stentorian voice; "let us proceed—a woman for sale!" "An excellent woman; not a fault! and a little boy in the bargain. How much for the mother and child—250 dollars; very well, sir, 250 to begin. Some one has bid 250. Truly, gentlemen, they sell cattle for a larger price; 150? look at these eyes, examine these limbs—shall I say 260? Thanks, gentlemen, some one has bid 260. It seems to me that I heard 275—go on, gentlemen; I have never sold such a bargain. How! 280 for the best cook, the best washer, and the best dressmaker in Virginia? Must I sell her for the miserable price of 280? 300; two gentlemen have said 300. Very well, gentlemen; I am happy to see you begin to warm a little. Some one bid 310—310, going—330—335—340—340, going. Upon my honour, gentlemen, it is indeed a sacrifice to lose so good a cook; a great bargain for 340 dollars. Reflect upon it a little, and do not forget there is a little boy into the bargain." Here our auctioneer was interrupted in his harangue by one of his customers, a man whose appearance had inspired me, from the first moment, with a feeling of horror, and who, with the indifference and sang froid of an assassin, made to him the following observation—"As for the negro child, it was good for nothing; it is not worth a day's nourishment; and if I have the mother, I will give away the child very quick; the first bidder will be able to have it at a cheap bargain." I glanced at the unfortunate mother, anxious to see what effect this barbarous proposal would have upon her. She did not speak, but a profound sadness was impressed on her countenance. The little innocent which she held in her arms, fixed his large eyes on her, as if saying, "Mamma, why do you weep?" Then he turned towards the witnesses of this heart-rending scene, with an expression that seemed to ask, what they had done to his mother to make her weep so bitterly. No, never will this moment escape my memory; it has confirmed me for all my life in the horror that I already felt at this infamous traffic. The auction continued, and finally the crier, striking a heavy blow with a hammer, pronounced the award to Mr. —, for 360 dollars. The victim descended from the table, and was led away by the purchaser. The other slaves were sold in the same manner as poor Betsy. Julia was sold at 326 dollars, and Augustus at 105. They both fell to the same individual who had purchased the former lot.—*Tail*.

## Small Shot from the Magazines.

VULGAR IF TRUE.—The Princess of Wales was a self-willed, froward woman, without affection for her husband, ignorant, and obstinately proud; and, in short, such a person as no man of good taste and feeling could have endured. Within a few, very few days after their marriage, these high personages were assembled at their dinner-table in Carlton House, surrounded by a splendid party of ladies and gentlemen, their guests, when the princess exclaimed, "I left my *mouchoir* upstairs; Prince of Wales, will you lend me yours?" Surprised, yea, astonished at such a request, at such a time, and in such a place, he desired, in a mild tone, one of the attendants to go to Mrs. Young and fetch him one of his new white cambric handkerchiefs; which was immediately brought to him, nicely folded, upon a silver waiter, when he took it as delivered, and so sent it to the princess. Her royal highness took, or rather snatched, it from the silver waiter, and applying it to her nose, used it most violently, and audibly too, in the sight and hearing of the whole company: when, rolling, or rather pressing it closely together, she collectedly measured the distance between herself and the prince, and with the force of a *catapulta* sent it up the centre of the table at the prince's head!—*Fraser's Magazine*.

HAVE YOU BEEN ON THE CONTINENT?—In John Bull this feeling—this hankering after far-fetched and dear-bought pleasures, operates in a peculiar manner. While he is loth to spend a shilling to patronise native talent, let but a Signor Squeakiana, or a Mademoiselle Malapert, an American Nigger, or a Chippeway Chief, come out, and what a change comes o'er his spirit! The strings of his purse relax immediately, and he acts the part of the British baboon admirably, if grinning be any test of excellence in that character. To see the wonders or beauties of nature and art in his own country he cannot spare a moment. Leave his ledger! is it likely? "Time is money," "A penny saved is a penny gained," with a whole host of "wise saws and modern instances," rush to the rescue, and chain him to the desk. Let, however, a trip to the continent be named, and mark the difference—a month now is nothing. "Books and business will do very well for a short time," "Brown, the bookkeeper, is a very steady fellow, and Frumps, the foreman, worth half a hundred of some." And, applying this flattering unctio to his mind, he braves the perils of land and water—makes a sea-gull of himself for the benefit of land-sharks, and, with the courage of a Columbus, actually sets out to explore the continent! To eat "*bifsticks de mouton*" (and which, by the bye, taste as much like dry sticks as mutton) at the "Hotel de Meurice," or to sing, smoke, and sentimentalize on the broad bosom of the majestic Rhine. "Returning from his finished tour," with purse and palate equally out of order, it would be thought that *dulce domum* would be the theme most agreeable. But not so. The homely and honest bluntness of English manners contrasts, in his eye, very badly with the showy deference of the French, or the insidious courtesy of the Italian. And then the charge from "Milord Anglois" to "Barnabas Bruff, Button-maker, Bull-ring, Birmingham,"...is that nothing? O, ye unenlightened who ask the question, little do you know "what's in a name," or the brittle stuff that a Brummagem button is made of! A fall like this, slap bang from the summit of the sublime to the lowest depths of the ridiculous, destroys, at one fell swoop, the gloss that a month's labour had given it; and we have, instead of the polished mirror, which reflected with daguerrotypic faithfulness the mouldering glories or the tinselled splendour of the continent, a piece of cross-grained stubborn metal, incapable of receiving the most beautiful image without distorting it. Or, to speak plainly, what with the assiduous and cringing attention with which he is assailed; what with the honorary emblems of dignity which he receives on the continent, the vanity of John Bull is wound up to the highest pitch. He is honoured and *feted* till, like poor Sly, in the "Taming of the Shrew," he believes himself entitled to the distinction. He treads upon classic ground, and talks

"Of music, painting, sculpture, rhetoric,  
Of dazzling light, and darkness visible,  
And architectural pomp,"

till he actually considers himself a man of indubitable taste. Returning home, his airy castles vanish.—*Small-wood*.

THE FIRST GENTLEMAN IN EUROPE NO COOK.—The royal Amphitryon of England had, indeed, possessed great views for the elevation of the national kitchen; but he wanted the supplies. He had imported the immortal Careme, and had implored his assistance in the revival of the art, as Louis the Sixteenth had called on Necker to restore the ruined finances of France. Careme came!—he saw; but he could not conquer. The ponderous batterie of Brighton (that Woolwich of the kitchen) shone out, in its vast armament of polished coppers in vain! Troops of chuckle-headed little English aids, plump and platter-faced, as the *Cupidons bouffis* of the days of Louis the Fourteenth, were no aids to him; and hecatombs of constitutional English beef, and oceans of passive obedient fish, which came to be caught within view of the kiosks of the Pavilion, invoked the genius of the enlightened foreigner to no purpose. To use his own expression, he was "*suffoque*." Careme could not but perceive at a glance that he had a school, not to reform, but to create. There were no abuses, because there were no uses. He looked at the Smithfield fires of the royal laboratory, and he thought of the *petits feux* and *petit fours* of France! He listened, and discovered that there was no language capable of expressing the ideas which he would have communicated. He found that he had a vocabulary to invent, a grammar to compose, and he shrank from the herculean labour imposed upon him. But, above all, he discovered that the women of England knew nothing of his art—that the presiding deities of the Pavilion scarcely rose above Cowslip's appreciation of a roasted duck, with its coarse and predominating accompaniment of sage and onions, &c.—*Lady Morgan*.

UNDUE POLITICAL INFLUENCE.—Grim-sullen. In holiday trim, with orange cockade in hat, flour-whitened garments laid aside, in silent mill, paces Hopper, conscience-galled, threat-compelled, waiting for summons to march; which may, or may not, be obeyed. Grim-sullen walks he, in silent mill, pondering many things. Specially considers this:—how busy neighbours may regard such base tergiversation. To sacrifice interest for conscience'-sake is good; so is quiet possession of mill, and profitable crushing of grains. In doubting miller's mind, between promptings of honest heart, and dread of ejection, such fierce conflict is there. During which uncertain struggle a knock at the door! Whereupon thou threat-compelled miller of Straggleton? "Ready!" replies the threat-compelled:—decides against conscience; admits the visitor. As iron-bound criminal, death-doomed, *drop devoted*, (so to speak,) expectant of last summons, hearing, instead, glad tidings of unhopd for reprieve; in such manner changes the grim-sullen aspect of Hopper, Long-Straggleton miller, when Barbara, loved maiden, unexpected visitor, appears before his sight; Barbara, maid of the soft lustrous eyes!—which may, or may not, look kindly upon his suit. Choose, miller of Straggleton!—*The maid, or the mill!*—For to be master of both thy destiny suffers thee not. Brief time for decision. Cruel maiden, calm-inexorable, with downcast eyes, has one hand on the door; offers with the other cockade of blue. Thy choice, wavering Long-Straggleton miller! Barbara's eyes, unveiled, love-glancing, mild-upbraiding, are raised upon the waverer. Bright lightning-volley, love-winged! Victory!—People's-Friend Dalton for ever! Orange cockade torn off, and trampled under foot; blue badge of liberty fastened upon love-conquered miller's bosom by Barbara's hands; tempting propinquity of lips!—with or without design; love-tempered box on the ear from the blushing maiden's palm. And now why should the pen of history loiter?—*Peoples-Friend Dalton, 270, Hot-Aristocrat Gander-mere, 269.*—Victory secured by thy vote, love-vanquished miller of Straggleton! Which may lead to consequences? To ejection from profit-grinding mill? Sharp London attorney again! Who affirms that there is no flaw in lease: affirms, and also proves it in courts of law. Undisturbed possession of mill, and profitable crushing of grains. Vine-clad cottage not without a mistress! Soft-lustrous eyes, love-beaming, care-dispelling, making the glad glad with pure sunshine of faithfulest affection. Happy miller of Straggleton, carolling from morn till eve, to the ceaseless beat of profit-grinding mill,—let this be the burden of thy song,—*"Amor vincit omnia!"*—Love unconquered ever.—*Tail*.

AGE OF ANIMALS.—A bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years; a wolf twenty; a fox fourteen or sixteen; lions are long-lived.—Pompey lived to the age of seventy. The average age of cats is fifteen years; a squirrel and hare seven or eight years; rabbits seven. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Phorus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the King, and named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and let his go with this inscription—"Alexander, the son of Jupiter hath dedicated Ajax to the Sun." This elephant was found with this inscription 350 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty-five to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100. Stags are long lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of 1,000 years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104 years. Ravens frequently reached the age of 100. Swans have been known to live 300 years. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan he attained the age of 200 years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107.—*Polytechnic*.

An order was issued by Kien Long, Emperor of China in 1794, to assemble before him all the old men in his empire. Yet, through his extensive dominions, and of the immense population of that country, four persons could only be found whose several ages exceeded 100 years.—*Ibid*.

THE ALOE PLANT.—This exotic production, which is occasionally to be seen in the gardens of horticultural amateurs in this country, is a native both of America and the East Indies, as well as the southern parts of Africa. The latter country it is perennial, and throws forth blossoms annually, although in England, and in other temperate latitudes, it effloresces but once in a century. It from this plant that the medicinal aloes are extracted which are obtained by making incisions in the stem as leaves of the shrub, whence exudes a brown lachrymose gum, which is carefully removed, and exposed to the sun until it becomes hard and crystallized. It is then packed up in bladders or boxes, as an article of commerce. In Africa, and particularly round the Cape of Good Hope the fibres, which are withdrawn from the leaves, are converted by the natives into coarse cloths, as well as cords and cables, which are remarkably strong in the texture and wear extremely well. The liquor expressed from the leaves is used by the Hottentots as an abstergent, in the place of soap, and possesses an unctuous and saponaceous property, producing, by agitation, a very powerful lather. The aloe (Agave) is also employed in forming hedges, and from the stubborn compactness of the leaves, which are armed with acuminous points, resembling needles, it makes a very formidable fence.—*Anon*.

BRITISH BENEVOLENCE.—The income of the principal religious societies, supported by voluntary contributions, exceed £300,000.

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"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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### China.—Its Antiquity an Imposture.

WERE the world to listen to the absurd claims of the Chinese to a high antiquity, the chronology of the human race, as given by the sacred historian, and as proved to demonstration by the scientific researches of geologists, would be confounded, and made only equal to the chaotic mass out of which the world and all its elements were created by the finger of Omnipotence. Sceptic writers, in various ages, have seized with avidity the fabulous chronology of the Chinese, and granted to it all the credence which incontrovertible history could command; that a weapon might be furnished them by which to assail the Mosaic account of the creation of man, and to throw discredit on the occurrence of a universal deluge. Among these Voltaire held a high place; his philosophical deductions, assuming for a moment that the Chinese fables were as true as they are false, startled and shocked the uninformed, and bewildered even many devout believers of the Gospel, because they had not possession of the necessary information whereby to baffle the assailant of truth. Science, however, which many ignorant enthusiasts denominated the handmaid of sceptic philosophy, brought its own immutability to bear witness of its Great First Cause, and prostrated alike the time-fabled structures of the heathen and the doctrines of an illogical philosophy.

That the Chinese are amongst the oldest of known existing nations is undoubted; the foundation of their empire is lost in the wilderness of its own ignorance. Few great nations have existed so long without a marked progress taking place in its institutions—in the acquirements of its people, in the culture of its soil, in the expansion of its commerce, in the advancement of its literature, or in the extension of its name and power as a conquering or humanising nation. In neither of these have the Chinese made the smallest progress, although their pretensions to an early knowledge of almost every known art is unbounded. When a nation progresses in improvement, remnants of other ages remain to attest the speed and amount of progress made towards refinement; an old tower, a broken wall, relics of household goods, and every petty article of ornament, become to the antiquary evidences of other times and systems, and without which changeable history is incomplete in its credentials. In China, however, improvement has been arrested. There exists no witness of the past to attest an antiquity of even a thousand years, except, perhaps, portions of the great wall, which can be traced to have been built nearly three centuries before the Christian era; but even that is modern in comparison with other Asiatic countries. With a pride and ignorance unmatched by any other people, they prevented the visits of strangers, and flattered themselves with the belief that no improvement could come from without. All that can be said with certainty is, that six hundred years ago they were a numerous, a civilised, and comparatively a polished people—as civilised and as polished as they are at the present day. The records which they submit as evidence of their remote antiquity, however, were not then known. An invading Tartar dynasty at that period held possession of the throne, and in that alien family the supreme power remained until the year 1357, when the Tartars were destroyed or expelled from China.\* For nearly three hundred years the Chinese were governed by native rulers, when a second revolution took place. A rebellion having occurred in the

country, it was invaded by the warlike Tartars, who, with the rebels, took possession of Peking, and their successors have since retained the throne of the empire.

This is almost all that can be given of the history of China. The people are so self-satisfied, beyond a wish for change, or a desire to become acquainted with the progress of the world in improvement, that no judgment can be formed of them by comparison with other nations. Wedded to their soil, their extensive territory now swarms with myriads of human beings, who have scarcely one more elevated thought than how to eat and live, and die. Of the one hundred and thirty millions which own the yoke of the emperor, at least one third subsist upon plunder or by alms; the trade of the merchants seldom extends beyond their own narrow seas, and their ideas of commerce are characterised by narrowness and stupidity. No stranger is by law permitted to settle in China, and every adventurer who succeeds in obtaining a footing must have done so by pandering to the gross prejudices of the authorities, and prostituting his own information to an acknowledgment of their superior attainments, and an admission of their boasted antiquity as a nation.

The principal evidence of the age of the empire is contained in a record of its chief events, said to have been written by the command of each emperor as the circumstances occurred. These events are said to be confirmed by accounts of eclipses and other solar phenomena, which occurred at the particular periods. This, at first thought, might be received as incontestible evidence of the truth, did not a number of other circumstances render the antiquity of China not only impossible, but its claim to it ridiculous. The principle of eclipses, for instance, once known, the periodical return of the phenomena can be calculated to a certainty. In like manner the previous occurrence of an eclipse can be equally easily decided upon, and back and back may the mathematician calculate till he has ascended to a date long prior to the creation of the human race. To each of these eras the fabulous historian may ascribe certain events, and fill up the remainder of the periods with concurrent circumstances. By this easy method a genealogy may be verified (if celestial phenomena is to be taken as a verification of sublimary events), from before the birth of time itself. To be able to calculate thus, however, is to prove an acquaintance with mathematical science to no insufficient degree; but a short inquiry will speedily demonstrate that it was not the Chinese who produced the record, nor verified it by celestial observations.

The Chinese have long been in possession of astronomical instruments, and pretended to take observations by them. These instruments are kept at Peking and at Nankin. The former city is situated in latitude 39 deg. 55 min. 15 sec.; the latter in 32 deg. 4 min. 3 sec.; but all the instruments are constructed for the latitude of 36 deg.! It is, therefore, impossible that a correct observation or calculation could have been made at either of these capitals. Add to this, that the Chinese astronomers and geographers are altogether ignorant of longitude, while they adhere to the opinion of the earth being of a square form, and some idea may be formed as to their capacity of calculating eclipses from remotest antiquity. As to their possession of the instruments, a short historical fact will sufficiently demonstrate that they are not of Chinese manufacture. A colony of Greeks planted themselves in Bactriana, and cultivated the sciences with their accustomed talent and acuteness. Having obtained their independence from the successors of Alexander the Great, they pushed their conquests to some extent, founded an empire, and placed the seat of government in

the city of Balk, which is situated in the 36th degree of north latitude. This empire was overthrown by the first Tartar princes who invaded China, to which latter country the sun-dials and astronomical instruments were transported by the victors. The Jesuits, who, some three hundred years ago, obtained a footing in China, knew the use of these instruments, and were well acquainted with mathematics. They several times rectified the calendars, which the Chinese could not keep correct. They gathered the legends of the country, threw them into a collected form, interlarded their detail with accounts of celestial phenomena, and fixed themselves in the good graces of the emperor, by presenting him with an established history of the empire, confirmed by celestial observations, and hence the boasted antiquity and the name of the Celestial Empire.

With reference to the discoveries in the arts and sciences said to have been made in China, a short summary of contradictions and indisputable references will prove that the same system of imposture has been adopted. The celestial record attributes the invention of gunpowder to an era coeval with that of Julius Cæsar. It was invented in Europe during the reign of Edward III., the very period when an eruption took place in China, and the most likely at which strangers were permitted to enter. About that period the Portuguese had pushed their discoveries to China, and the form of the Chinese musket at the present day is precisely the same as that used by the Portuguese three hundred years ago! The art of printing is only a few years older than that of fire-arms, yet in China it is also set down as being known in the period of Julius Cæsar. That it must have been introduced by the Jesuits, however, is evident from the fact, that the manner of printing in China to this very day is the same as that pursued by Faust, viz., wooden blocks in the shape of pages, with the letters cut in relief. The loadstone was known in Europe during the twelfth century, but its uses were not fully developed till a considerably later period. The Chinese boasted to the Portuguese, on their first visits, that they were already acquainted with it, but that they found no use for it. In fact, a knowledge of the power of the magnet had been taken to China before its application to navigation, and it was not until informed by later strangers of its polar influence that its noblest uses became known to them. Glass also is said to have been made in China two thousand years ago; this might have been the case, and yet the celestials have no claim to its invention, for that material has been discovered in the ruins of Pompeii, and may, therefore, have been known to many other nations of antiquity. The art of painting has, undoubtedly, been long practised in China, but no improvement is visible in the most modern from the most ancient specimens. Possessed of splendid colours, they are enabled to make a gorgeous display of figures, but they have not the remotest idea of perspective, and the most incongruous shapes are crowded together in confused though glaring masses. In architecture, the Chinese have made some slight advances towards perfection. Their temples are solid, and look light, though not graceful; but in sculpture they are miserably deficient. A comparison of the pagan devices of the Greeks and Chinese will attest the utter want of taste in the latter. The statues of the Grecian gods have been unequalled by the most talented of modern sculptors; the majesty of grace, the expression of attitude, and the perfect elegance of symmetry and form with which the Greek chisel impersonated the creation of the artist's mind, are lessons and examples even in

\* This was contemporaneous with the reign of Edward the Third of England.



their ruins; but those of the Chinese are hideous in appearance, deformed in shape, and disgusting alike to nature and to art.

In gardening, the Chinese early displayed a taste approaching to refinement, and the beautiful display of hill and valley, lawn and shade, which now diversifies the parks of our nobility, has been imitated in a great measure from them. In the manufacture of porcelain, also, the celestials must be allowed to have been in advance of Europe until within the last century. Although British art has since outrivalled in workmanship the productions of China, we have not yet discovered a clay sufficiently pure and white to equal that enjoyed by the Chinese, which is found in great quantities in their rich and teeming country.

The political constitution of the Chinese is that of a widely-ramified despotism. The Emperor retains an uncontrolled mastery over every subject in his empire, and all his officers possess the same authority over those beneath them. The office of mandarin is open to unchallenged purchase; and justice, if such it can be called, is bought and sold like the most common article of merchandise. The professed religion of the country is a confused mass of common-place truths and absurd doctrines, without either force or meaning; the grand panacea of doubt and fear is divination. The principal book of religious consultation, which by the priests is held in high estimation, contains a diagram of several cross lines, which symbolically portray the most complete state of human enjoyment and felicity. This is consulted by a religionist when he is anxious to acquire a knowledge of his future being. The priest takes a handful of short pieces of wood, throws them up in the air, and, as they fall, their position with the lines of the diagram is compared. The more nearly they resemble the figure of the lines the more happy will be the lot of the inquirer: but, as the priest can alone determine whether he threw the pieces of wood to a proper height, or if they fell in a proper manner, it generally requires some two or three attempts before the true fate can be known, according to the will and ability of the person to pay for his information. The morals of the Chinese are produced and ruled by fear, interest, hypocrisy, and selfishness. As the poor are said to be supported by the public purse, so the authorities exercise the most despotic sway in compelling the relatives of the destitute to maintain them. A father is answerable for the crimes of his children, brothers for their brothers, and so on, through all the gradations of a family; and it is no uncommon practice to sacrifice the whole for the fault of one.

This rude and barbarian system is nearly akin to that which pervaded Europe during the darkest years of its history. It evidently had its origin from one and the same source, spreading its baneful influence over almost the whole habitable globe. Gradually and securely it has been swept away from the progressing nations of the north; but it prevails, with the infancy of all the arts, in China to this day, undisarmed of its barbarities, blind in its decisions, and remorseless in the execution of its edicts. The same brutality of system—the same combination of pride and ignorance, may exist by itself for ages yet to come, and thus the most crowded country in the world vegetate from generation to generation, unaltered, unimproved—unless the disturber come.

Nations which permit themselves to remain in the slough of ignorance are only to be driven from it by the strong arm of war; to undergo the ordeal of carnage—to be maddened by the cries of their murdered countrymen, and the desolation of their native land. As the sea would become a source of pestilence unless for the tempest, and as the earth would burst with the pressure of its hidden fires, save for the volcanic valves, so the country which has no remedying power within itself must be shaken by an adverse power. It will not be until oppression has sanctified their country to them that the Chinese will look upon what they have lost with inquiring eyes—it will not be until affliction has pressed the wine-juices from their hearts, that selfishness will give place to patriotism, and a desire to equal or surpass the conqueror, whoever he may be, become a living and active principle in their minds. The free and unfettered intercourse of nations with each other is the best preventative of war; the exclusion of strangers is sure to excite the cupidity of the powerful. Situated in a country remarkably favoured by nature, the Chinese possess within themselves almost every necessary product of the earth—hence their little dependence on commerce and international communion. Situated in an untraversed continent, surrounded by no great individual competitor—hence the lengthened period of their security. A distant people, however, have taken umbrage at their manner of dealing—a remote island, unknown in its position, its resources, and its gigantic power, by their wisest men, sends forth its armed vessels to humble, if not to destroy. Did China contain even one great or governing spirit, that catastrophe might be avoided, the haughty islanders might be pacified, and the country preserved from rapine—from the whelming flood of fire, and the still more dreadful sacrifice of human blood. But the whole history of the vast empire gives painful evidence that the noble attributes of the human mind have obtained no mastery in its councils—low cunning and paltry subterfuge usurp the places of wisdom and discretion, and in all likelihood millions of our fellow creatures will be doomed to slaughter through the errors of their rulers. It is a fearful prospect on which we

look; may the assailant be merciful in his day of vengeance—may his car be untarnished with unnecessary gore, and should his be a victor's footstep on the soil, may its impress bear the majesty of a deliverer, and become the pathway of renovation and improvement!

#### The Waverley Novels—Guy Mannering.

This romantic story of astrology, gypsies, villany, and adventure, has been frequently dramatised; but never with effect—never with justice to the author, and seldom with any regard to the characters of those who figure in the work. Those who have seen the opera of "Guy Mannering," and the melo-drama of the "Witch of Dorncleugh," will at once admit the truth of this observation. The presiding hero of the novel is introduced as a young English gentleman, who, travelling for amusement in the northern counties of England, crosses the border, and while visiting an old abbey in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, is benighted and loses his way; but, by the assistance of a lad bearing the inglorious name of "Jock," he reaches Ellangowan on the evening when an heir is born to that old but decayed family. The parlour is occupied by the laird and his taciturn companion, Dominie Sampson; the latter had been a serious but ungainly boy, and his parents, with the feeling so common in Scotland, had educated him for the ministry; he failed, however, in his first attempt, and settled down into a voluntary schoolmaster, receiving fees from those that would pay, and teaching gratuitously the children of those who could not. At the juncture of Mannering's arrival, Meg Merrilies, a gipsy chieftainess, makes her appearance, brought by the important intelligence which had been scattered over the country by the midnight messenger for the midwife. Meg offers to tell the fortune of the baby, and Mannering enters into a jocular argument with the Dominie respecting the pretended science of astrology. In the morning Mannering attempts to resolve the nativity of the child, and by the rules to be observed, becomes half-seriously impressed with the belief that danger awaits the object of his calculations in his fifth, tenth, and twenty-first years. The scholar had, on a previous occasion, made a horoscope of his lover's fate, and found that her death was threatened in her thirty-ninth year; she was then eighteen, consequently, the crowning danger of the heir of Ellangowan would occur in the same year as that which astrology fixed for the death of his mistress. Struck by these conclusions, and disturbed by the reflections they produced, he resolved to pursue the unquiet art no longer. He takes an early walk through the grounds and ruins of the old castle, where he discovers Meg Merrilies spinning a thread, by which she also may attempt to determine the fate of the infant. Ere he can accost her, however, the witch or gipsy is intercepted by Dirk Hatteraick, who comes with curses in his mouth to beg the hag's blessing on his smuggling lugger, that she may sail with safety! At breakfast, Mannering is asked for the "fortune" of the child; the astrologer, however, fearful lest the expectation of danger at a particular period might produce the fatal result, gives the old laird possession of the document with some reluctance, and only upon an assurance that it will not be opened for the period of five years. He then takes his leave of Ellangowan, and is not known or heard of for a long period of time.

The scheme of nativity is encased in parchment, then in a velvet bag, and hung round the neck of the infant, not without a strong desire on the part of the mother to open it; but the fear of displeasing fate prevails over her curiosity, and it is to be kept sacred till the eventful period shall arrive. Four years elapse without events. During the fifth the ministry of the day was broken up, parliament was dissolved, and the district disturbed by all the concomitants of a contested election. The old member had been obnoxious to Ellangowan (all Scotch proprietors were called by the name of their estates), and he and his rascally attorney, Gilbert Glossin, resolve to oppose him. The estate is divided upon parchment into "faggot votes," ten new electors are added, and by them the new candidate is returned; the laird is made a county magistrate, and Glossin is rewarded by the lucrative situation of clerk of the peace. Ellangowan, elated by his preferment, becomes an active dispenser of justice: he detects poachers, orchard breakers, and pigeon shooters; the lame are made to walk, the blind to see, and the palsied to labour; and, worst of all, the clan of gypsies, which for years had dwelt comfortably and securely in a glen on the estate, are removed. The latter was a matter of some difficulty and great annoyance; the gypsies could not at first believe that Ellangowan was in earnest; but when they found that their children were horsewhipped for trespass, their asses impounded for grazing on the lands or parks, then the hen-roosts began to be plundered, the linen stolen, the dogs kidnapped, and every possible retaliation resorted to. In the midst of this warfare, Henry approached his fifth birth-day; he was already a rambler in the woods and glens; had been several times lost, and once at the gipsy glen, from which he was brought back by Meg. The old witch, however, would never enter the house after the warfare commenced; her nephew had been sent to bridewell, and she therefore, transferred her hereditary goodwill from the head of the family to its scion, and sung him songs in the wild wood, gave him a ride on her jackass, and stuffed his little pockets with gingerbread. The smugglers, also, came in for a share of the

magistrate's wrath, and Dick Hatteraick is kept at bay by the vigilance of Frank Kennedy, a diligent excise officer. The birth-day arrives, and with it an engagement between a revenue cruiser and the lugger. The latter is disabled by a ball while rounding a headland, and Kennedy, who has been a spectator of the chase from Ellangowan height, sets off to inform the sloop of war that the smuggler is lying disabled behind the point. While on his journey, he meets young Bertram and the Dominie; the former claims a long-promised ride, and off they set. But they do not return! After a long and painful search by the distracted father, the body of the murdered exciseman is discovered as if thrown over the cliffs into the sea, the sloop has gone off, and the lugger is, burned and blown up. In the midst of his agony, the intelligence had been incautiously conveyed to the house; the lady is overtaken by premature labour, and the bereaved laird enters his dwelling the father of a female infant and a widower. The distraction of the father at his loss, the inquiries of the sheriff, the apprehension of Meg Merrilies, her confinement, and subsequent liberation, and the loss of all clue to the smugglers, occupies a chapter of no small interest, which concludes the narrative for a space of seventeen years.

We have now arrived at the scene which opens the opera of "Guy Mannering," where Mrs. M'Candlish is presiding over her parlour, the laird and his daughter Lucy being expected, as they have been compelled to leave the mansion through the knavery of the agent and attorney, Glossin. A stranger also arrives at the inn, who proves to be the great Colonel Mannering from the East Indies, and the astrologer of the early part of the story. By a letter which he transmits to a friend in England, we learn that the lover of his youth had accompanied him to India, born him a daughter, and died there under peculiar circumstances. A young man of the name of Brown had joined the regiment as a junior officer, whose conversation became somewhat pleasing to the lady of the colonel. A rival subaltern plays the part of Iago, whose insinuations produce a duel between Brown and his commanding officer. The former is wounded; but at the moment attention is about to be paid him, they are set upon by a party of the natives, through which they have to cut their way. The lady having heard of what was occurring, had come out to stay proceedings. She also is placed in jeopardy; the betrayer is wounded, and while dying confesses his guilt; the lady sinks under the infliction; Mannering resigns his command, and arrives in Scotland with his daughter, to whom, and not to the mother, Brown had been devoting his attentions. The Colonel attends the sale of the Ellangowan property, with a view to its purchase; Mr. Bertram, having removed to the vicinity of the ruins to avoid the gaze of the purchasers, being shocked by the unexpected presence of the villainous attorney he had fed and nurtured, suddenly expires. His mental and physical energies had been alike prostrated, and his death in the open air, by the side of his daughter Lucy, is portrayed in some of the finest touches from the pen of the author. The sale being postponed for a fortnight, Mannering leaves the country for a time, informing the conductor of the sale that he will send him instructions to purchase on his account. The day arrives, but neither Mannering nor his missive arrives. The conductor lengthens out every preamble of the sale to the utmost, reads the title-deeds as slowly as if they were his own death-warrant; but all this is of no avail; no other purchaser appears than Glossin; and the lands of Ellangowan are purchased by him at the upset price. That same evening a drunken messenger arrives with a packet, four days old, authorising the purchase for Colonel Mannering.

We now learn that Brown has also returned from India, and has had several nocturnal interviews with Miss Mannering, while sojourning at a friend's house in the north of England. Disappointed in the purchase of Ellangowan, the Colonel takes up his residence in a neighbouring seat, and adopts Miss Bertram as a member of his family, while the old, pedantic, but virtuous-hearted Dominie is made custodian of his library.

The second volume opens with the description of a Cumberland scene. Brown is a solitary pedestrian, determined to obtain another interview with Julia. Arrived at a hut, he there meets with a jolly Scotch farmer, and no less a personage than Meg Merrilies. From the conversation of the men, Meg learns Bertram is dead, that Ellangowan has been sold, and Glossin, whose mother was no better than herself, had become the purchaser. An idea, indistinct but painful, makes her inquire of Brown who and what he is. She determines to see the glen of Dorncleugh again. Brown accompanies Dinmont to his farm. The pictures of a Scotch farmer of the last generation, and a farmer's wife, are beautifully given; but for the children and the dogs, the book must be read;—Sir Walter Scott had a family—was a good husband, and possessed the feelings of a father. Brown remains some days with Dinmont, and is introduced to the Border sports of fox hunting on the hills, and salmon hunting in the stream—otter-hunting and badger-baiting filling up the time till his departure.

In travelling to the neighbourhood of Ellangowan, Brown is benighted, and caught in a snow-storm. In attempting to reach a light from a cottage, he undergoes several perils from the nature of the ground, and is shocked on reaching the hut to find it occupied by Meg



Merrilies and a dying gypsy. Meg recognises him, and evinces the same mysterious feelings towards him. The gypsy is no other than he who had thrown the exciseman over the cliff into the sea, and the deed weighs heavily on his death struggle. Others arrive, Brown is hidden and protected by Meg. In the morning she conducts him to the road towards the village, but charges him not to leave the country till he hears from her again. From the letters of Miss Mannering to a female friend, we have a stirring account of an attack of the smugglers on her father's house, in consequence of some excise officers being protected there from pursuit, and of an interview she had with her lover. She, Miss Bertram, and young Hazlewood, Lucy's lover, had been walking round the frozen lake, when Brown, at a narrow path, suddenly made his appearance. Agitated and surprised, Miss Mannering screamed aloud, which Hazlewood interpreted into fear. Brown is about to accost the lady, when he is told to keep back by Hazlewood, who points his fowling-piece at the stranger. Brown, equally agitated, rushes forward to seize the piece; it goes off in the struggle, and wounds young Hazlewood. Julia faints, Lucy screams, and Brown hurries off and escapes. The whole country is alarmed, already in excitement at the conduct of the smugglers. Glossin, kept at a distance by all the gentry of the neighbourhood, deems this a fitting opportunity to make himself useful—to ingratiate himself with Colonel Mannering and old Hazlewood. He, therefore, employs some of the lower limbs of the law to search out and apprehend the offender; and they bring him Dirk Hatteraick, the captain smuggler! The interview is of a new and startling character to the reader. By it we learn that on the murder of Kennedy, Glossin had gone to a secret cave, and there for half of the cargo of a consort-vessel, had aided the escape of the murderers, and counselled the taking of the boy to Holland. By this means the heir-male to the estate was removed, and old Bertram placed completely within his power. Alarmed at the appearance of the smuggler, Glossin aids his escape, but is to meet him in the cave to learn more about the boy, who, he is told, is alive and well, and on the very coast! At the rendezvous the villains agree that on the capture of Brown for the attack on Hazlewood, Glossin shall refuse all bail, but commit him to bridewell, which, being situated next the custom-house where the smugglers' property, taken by the officers protected by Mannering, was lodged, Hatteraick is to attack, and carry off the victim to sea. At this time a maiden aunt of Lucy's dies, and a ten years' old will in the hands of Glossin, giving the property to the niece, is handed over as a salve to the lady. This document is taken by Colonel Mannering to Edinburgh, who attends the funeral of the deceased. The anxiety of the expectant legatees, their disappointment and remarks, are truly characteristic of legacy hunters. The old lady willed her property to Henry Bertram, on the assurance of Meg Merrilies that he was alive and well, and would speedily appear to claim his inheritance. Brown retires from the vicinity for a short time; but impelled by his usual desire to obtain an interview with Julia, he returns in a boat to the district, and is set ashore a solitary and unknown wanderer on the domain of Ellangowan. He ascends the steep, strong but undefined emotions awakening within him that he has seen the spot before. Arrived at the eminence, the spot on which old Bertram had died, he overhears Glossin talking to an architect respecting the demolition of the ruin to furnish materials for a wing to the new mansion. He turns suddenly round, and abruptly says, "Would you destroy the castle, sir?" The unexpected appearance of the man, the question almost amounting to a challenge, and the figure so exactly resembling that of his patron in his best days, makes Glossin fall back appalled and confounded. He sees before him the great obstacle to his retention of the estate, and he resolves to apprehend him at once on the charge of attempting the life of Hazlewood. This is accordingly done; and after an investigation before the elder Hazlewood, aided by Glossin, the prisoner is committed to safe keeping in the bridewell of Portanferry. Glossin alarms Hazlewood that the smugglers intend to attack his house, and thereby induces him to call the soldiers from the custom-house for his own protection, by which means the desperate attempt of Hatteraick is made less dangerous. A secret and untiring agent, however, has been busily engaged in the service of Bertram (for, of course, the reader is already satisfied that he is the long lost heir of Ellangowan). Meg Merrilies, animated by a desire to retrieve the house under which she so long enjoyed a resting-place, despatches a gypsy for Dandie Dimmont to meet and remain with his friend at the jail; she also sends a letter to Colonel Mannering to have a coach ready at the same place to receive some one in whom he is interested. During the night the smugglers land, fire the custom-house, and break into the prison; as Bertram is laid hold of a voice whispers to him to make no resistance till he is in the street, where a wild scene of flame, riot, and plunder is at that moment made doubly terrible by the arrival of the dragoons, who had been drawn off by the sheriff from Hazlewood house. At the given moment Bertram throws the fellow off, who is speedily prostrated by Dimmont's whip. They gain the coach, which drives rapidly off to they know not where, till they at length are set down at the seat of Colonel Mannering. A scene of much awkwardness to all parties ensues. The Colonel sees for the first time the person he thought he had left killed in India. Julia is afraid of a second rup-

ture; Lucy beholds in him the dreaded man who wounded Hazlewood, and Mr. Pleydell, a lawyer, recognises him as the exact similitude of his friend Godfrey Bertram. An explanation, trying and tenderly interesting, ensues. The good old Dominic awakens as from a trance; he cries aloud in the transport of his joy, a ray of light bursts in upon the mind of the adventurer, and at once he recollects that Bertram was his name, and that Sampson was his tutor. He recollects something of being on horseback, of being violently dragged to the ground, and taken to a cave; of an indistinct sense of danger, of going to sea, and of being brought up in Holland under the name of Brown, with a consciousness that he had not been well dealt with. He was told that his father had been a smuggler, and was killed on the coast of Scotland. His employer latterly took a liking to him, placed him at the desk, and thereafter sent him to India as a clerk. The affairs of the house getting into confusion, he entered the army as a cadet under Colonel Mannering, and left India immediately after his release from captivity.

Mannering and Pleydell set off to Hazlewood house to offer bail for Bertram. In their absence Bertram accompanies the ladies to the vicinity of the ruins, and there he is met by Meg Merrilies, who reminds him of his promise to go with her at any moment she should call. Accompanied by Dimmont, the two men follow the old gypsy to the secret cave, into which, after due care, they are ushered, and find it occupied by the smuggler Hatteraick. Remaining unobserved till a signal is given by Meg, the old smuggler vomits his spleen and wrath upon the withered hag, who reminds him of the foul deed of the excise officer's death—of the robbery of the child, and of his return. "The hour is come, and the man!" exclaims the dauntless gypsy, and the men rush forward to seize the villain. With one pistol he mortally wounds Meg in the neck, and accidentally misses Bertram with another. With great difficulty he is secured; the woman is borne out to the open air, then to her hut at Dernelough; there she explains the villany which had been practised, and of the vow she took to remain silent till the boy was twenty-one, if they would spare his life. That vow she kept through sorrow, shame, and want, but she had fulfilled it now, and she called on the brutal and dogged villain to attest the truth of what she said; but he remained silent, and turned upon her a look of hardened and inflexible defiance. Hatteraick is taken to Kippetering jail, while the aged gypsy died as she had lived—her life and death alike proving the truth of an observation of Dimmont's:—"They're worst when they're worst guided—there's baith gude and ill about the gypsies." At the village of Kippetering the examination of Hatteraick is conducted by Mr. Pleydell, who had been sheriff when the murder of Kennedy was committed. The declarations of the gypsies are taken down, but Hatteraick preserves a determined silence. Pleydell, accordingly, tries him on different grounds, and introduces the shoemaker who measured the foot-steps on the day of the murder at and around the cliffs. Hatteraick bluffly contradicts this witness by declaring there could be no footmarks, as the ground was frost-bound. At this moment Glossin joins the quorum, but is received in the most distant manner. Bertram's evidence is taken as to his slender recollection of events, and an attempt made by Glossin to designate him as a bastard son of the old laird is foiled by the production of the real Simon Pure himself. The velvet bag and the horoscope are produced from his neck, and admitted by Colonel Mannering to be the same he wrote on his first visit to Ellangowan. Pleydell, ever on the watch, discovers that Hatteraick's eye is intent on his pocket-book, lying on the table, and takes out the papers to examine them; but, observing that the interest of the smuggler instantly cools, he takes up the pocket-book again, and, on a close examination, discovers an opening between the leather and the lining, from which he extracts three small slips of paper. Then, turning suddenly round upon Glossin, he enquires of him how it was that he was not examined on the day of the murder? The excuse is made of having had to go off to London on the following day, on urgent business. "Oh, I suppose," says the ever ready Pleydell, "it would be to negotiate these three bills, drawn by you, and accepted by Dirk Hatteraick, on the very day of the murder." The result of this exposure is, that Glossin is committed as well as Hatteraick.

In the jail Glossin bribes the keeper to be admitted to an interview with the smuggler, but the latter repels all his advances. Broken and dispirited by the loss of his ship, men, and goods, Hatteraick mutters vengeance against the attorney as the cause of all his losses, and, because he is bantered by him, he strikes him with his chain, and in falling over an iron rod, Glossin is killed by breaking the vertebrae of his neck. Hatteraick commits suicide in the most determined manner, and the law is thus deprived of both its victims. The difficulties of a legal recognition of Bertram are easily got over, and the good humour of the author is displayed in the concluding chapter by a happy intermixture of conversation and narrative, in which is told how Ellangowan was to be repaired, and who were to be its inmates. The old aunt's estate is given up to Lucy, who thereby becomes rich enough to obtain the countenance of the elder Hazlewood. As a matter of course, happy marriages ensue, and the good old dominie is carefully provided for; the astrologer, however, resolves to interfere no more with fate, and ends his history as a quiet country gentleman.

### Progress of Geological Discoveries.

THE account of the progress of this instructive and important department of knowledge constitutes an interesting chapter in the history of the human mind. The science is, in fact, altogether of modern date and origin; and it is a reflection calculated materially to abate the pride of human attainment, that mankind had been denizens of the earth for nearly six thousand years ere they bestowed any attention on the nature and formation of the beautiful planet which they were called on to inhabit. In ancient times, it is true, the occurrence of fossil organic remains attracted, even from the earliest periods, the attention of enquiring and philosophic minds; and Aristotle, Strabo, and Pliny have allusions to fossils; while some well-known lines of Ovid, in reference to their occurrence, are quoted in almost every elementary work on the subject. The enquiries of single observers led, however, to no systematic or satisfactory result, and the little light acquired on the subject during the classic ages was, in the middle era lost amid the gloom and ignorance of that benighted period. The instructive and beautiful phenomena of Nature were mingled with fables of the grossest absurdity, and the facts which illustrate her eventful history were converted into legends of the wildest and most ridiculous superstition. It was not till the revival of learning brought about a taste for natural science, that geology followed the example of astronomy, and that something like a just and rational view of the past history of our globe, and of the varied and interesting phenomena which it exhibits, began to be entertained. It is to be observed as a striking fact in the annals of scientific inquiry, and one singularly characteristic of genius, that we invariably find some distinguished mind in advance of its age, some single philosopher, endowed with almost prophetic intuition, enabling him to see the past and anticipate the future. In the history of this important study we find this truth verified in repeated instances. Leibnitz, nearly a century and a half ago, when all the physical sciences were yet in an infant state, formed opinions as to the igneous origin of the lower rocks, and the true nature of other and varied depositions, which the experience of subsequent enquiries has only served to confirm. Linnæus, a hundred years since, declared many of the calcareous deposits to be of organic origin, the remains of minute corals and shells; an assertion which was subsequently doubted, and even derided, but which the investigations of modern enquirers, in particular of the distinguished Ehrenberg, tend most triumphantly to establish. The distinguished men whom we have named were followed by others of kindred energy and talents; and Lehmann, a practical mineralogist and miner, is among the first who pointed out some of the most important and instructive facts in the history of the science, as to the order and succession of the rocks, and the diffusion, at certain intervals, of similar substances over the whole crust of the globe. Werner followed, and though his theories were partial and limited, and have subsequently yielded to more extensive generalisations, yet his labours, more especially in his peculiar department of mineralogy, have tended materially to advance the interests of science, and to extend and improve our knowledge of the structure of the earth. About the same period the subject was embraced by several of our own countrymen, among whom Dr. Smith was one of the most practical, and therefore the most useful and instructive of observers. The lamp of knowledge, thus kindled by the gifted men whom we have named, was borne along the stadium of philosophy, and bestowed from hand to hand until it reached the Lyells, Bucklands, and Mantells of the present day. The study of the ancient earth, when once reduced to order and system, and elevated to the rank of a science, attracted in an eminent degree the attention of the philosophic public, and enrolled among its votaries some of the most ardent and gifted minds of the age. The casual meetings of a party of naturalists and men of science, for a merely temporary purpose, suggested the expediency of continuing their assemblies, which were found to be both instructive and delightful; and thus gave rise to the Geological Society, the most influential and important of all modern associations of the kind, and the model on which most institutions of a like nature founded since its establishment have avowedly been formed. The value and interest of its collections, the instructive nature of its proceedings and transactions, and its general use in the cause of knowledge, are too well known to require illustration. After a lengthened period of usefulness, the society was instrumental in establishing the annual congress of savans, known as the meeting of the British Association for the Promotion of Science. The idea, it is true, originated with the Germans; but the leading members of the Geological Society were the first to establish and support the project; and under their auspices it has chiefly continued to flourish. At the present moment the labours of our most eminent geologists are found to be so influential, instructive, and important, that it would be difficult, perhaps, to characterise them more justly than that their writings are no less an honour to letters than they are to science, and that they are to be enumerated among those who have contributed most efficaciously and successfully to promote the best interests of society, and assist the moral and intellectual improvement of their fellow-men.



## Familiar Chapters on Science.

## NO. III.—DISSOLVING VIEWS.

THROUGHOUT the whole range of amusements which depend upon science for their creation, not one will afford more general delight, or better repay the exertions made to secure it, than the exhibition of reflected pictures known as "Dissolving Views."

Most persons are acquainted with the effects to be produced by the magic lantern. This instrument is an oblong box, having two magnifying glasses introduced (telescope fashion) into one end of it, behind which a slit is made in each side of the box, and behind the whole an aperture is left wherein to place a lamp or other sort of artificial light. The slits in the side of the box, which are placed exactly opposite to each other, permit the forward and backward motion of a long piece of prepared glass, secured by a small framing of wood round it. On this glass a set of figures is painted, generally of a comical and fantastic nature; and by passing this frame to and fro in the slits, a light having previously been introduced in the proper place behind, a grotesque display of running and dancing shadows will appear upon the wall, the same being magnified representations of the paintings on the glass. By multiplying the number of these glasses, an almost endless variety of entertainment may be provided for a long evening, which will infallibly produce a great deal of merriment and laughter.

The "dissolving views" are produced by a junction of two of these instruments, simultaneously acted upon by a vivid and powerful light, known as the oxy-hydrogen light. One of the walls in any apartment, where the views are to be displayed, must be provided with a square calico curtain (generally attached to a roller for convenience of removal when not in use), on which a circle, as large as possible, is drawn, and the whole surface of the interior part of it painted white; the other parts, outside the circle, being black. This is technically called a disk, the face of which receives the transparent representation of the objects to be magnified. During the periods of exhibition, the room in which it takes place is completely darkened in every part, with the exception of the disk, which is brilliantly illuminated by the rays of the oxy-hydrogen light in the back of the box, being directed through the magnifying glasses already mentioned and brought to bear, in a proper focus, upon its entire surface.

In order to understand how that peculiarity in the exhibition of the views termed "dissolving" is produced, it will first be necessary briefly to describe what it is.

Suppose a picture were exhibited on the disk which represented a vessel in one of the docks receiving her cargo on board; while the eye is contemplating it, a gradual but almost imperceptible change comes over the whole of it; the original picture fades insensibly from the sight, and another as stealthily takes its place. In a moment or two the first has entirely disappeared, and a second representing the vessel passing the Nore light, is fully developed. Subsequent changes describe the progress and fate of the ship and crew. The first catches fire and is blown up, or becomes a wreck; and the crew have taken to their boats. Then follow pictorial representations of their sufferings, until, finally, they are happily landed and rescued from destruction. A tale of thrilling interest may thus be emphatically told upon the canvas in a series of eight or ten views, the first dissolving into the second, the second dissolving into the third, the third into the fourth, and so on to the end of the history: the peculiarity being that each picture insensibly grows out of that which preceded it, the change in both occupying exactly the same fraction of time, the representation of the second being only completed at the identical moment that the first has totally disappeared.

The means by which this singular and truly charming effect is produced are now to be described; and the process is so simple, that every body will begin to think it very extraordinary it was not well known long ago. The present occasion is, however, the first on which any explanation whatever has been offered regarding this seeming phenomenon, which has lately puzzled many thousands of people in the metropolis, philosophers and scientific persons among the number.

Let it be remembered that we have described a magic lantern as a box, one end of which is provided with a pair of glasses, the other adapted for the reception of the oxy-hydrogen light; and the space between arranged for the reception of the transparent picture to be displayed upon the disk, by the light behind reflecting it through the magnifying glasses, which are pointed towards it. A properly painted subject is then placed in the box; its size, of course, corresponding thereto. This painting must be executed on glass, and the greatest attention must be paid to delicacy and perfection of finish, because the apparatus will magnify defects as well as beauties. When placed in the box, and the light is adjusted to the proper focus, an enlarged representation of this picture will be transmitted to the disk, every colour of the original painting appearing with increased vividness in the reflection. Immediately in front of the glass painting, the box is provided with a shutter (or fan, as it is called), which slides up and down at the will of the lecturer or demonstrator, whose command

over it is regulated to great nicety by a piece of simple mechanism. When this fan is completely down, the transmission of light is effectually cut off, and no part of the picture is seen upon the disk. When the fan is completely up, every part, on the contrary, is displayed and visible; and it is the gradual rising up or shutting down of this fan which produces the "dissolving" effect, the first discovering the picture bit-by-bit, and the last shutting it out from sight in the same manner. This is the whole secret of the matter.

It will be evident, however, upon consideration, that one box cannot produce the illusion previously described, because when the fan was down the disk would be altogether darkened, and only become gradually illuminated as it rose; again, there would only be one picture at a time, whereas both the peculiarity and attraction consist in two pictures interchanging with one another upon a disk always illuminated. This complete effect is secured by the use of two boxes instead of one, both placed close together side by side, and each charged with a painting; the fan of one being completely up and that of the other completely down. The painting in the box with the fan up will now be fully and alone reflected on the disk; but if the fan of this box be moved down at a certain slow rate, and the fan of the other raised up at exactly the same rate, the first picture will gradually fade from the sight in proportion as the sinking fan obscures the original painting, and the second will as gradually appear in proportion as the rising fan unfolds it, the advance of one being exactly balanced by the retirement of the other, a change which has all the appearance of magic.

Our readers will not fail to observe that this ingenious invention is well adapted to the promotion of an endless round of innocent and instructive amusement. By its aid, such a history as that of Robinson Crusoe might be interestingly told in a series of pictorial views representing the principal events of his career; the comical exploits of Don Quixote and his squire would, in like manner, become the subject of a world of fun; while the recollection of more serious events could be impressed on the memory with advantage. As we have previously stated, this is the first exposition of the plan upon which the "dissolving views" are produced, that has ever been made public. We have accounted for the means, but a description of their effects is beyond the power of language, and it is only at the Royal Polytechnic Institution, and other similar establishments, that curiosity on this subject can be gratified, because up to the present moment, the exhibition of "dissolving views" has not been announced in other places.

## Burns Illustrated and Explained.

## CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

THROUGH all ages, and in all countries, however barbarous, there has ever existed a national music, to which it has been the pride and practice of succeeding poets to adapt their numbers. The northern nations have been pre-eminently gifted with this pleasant quality, and good old Scotland most certainly holds no mean rank among the admirers and possessors of an ancient, soul-thrilling, and heart-ennobling song. The old but undying melodies of Scotland,—perpetual as her waters, enduring as her rocks—still charm the thoughts, and elevate the pleasures of his sons—still shed a starlike lustre from the quick vibrations of the maiden's eye—still throw a glad-some and inspiring ray into the old man's heart. Glorifying in an immortality of perpetual youth—fresh, pure, and perfect as a new creation—these melodies have been bequeathed by a fierce and warlike people, through many generations, to their peaceful and industrious descendants. The old notes which stirred the stern Caledonian to deeds of battle and of blood now inspire the homely ploughman on the mountain side—the ecstatic numbers which once breathed revenge and desolating slaughter, by a transition which poetry alone can make, now animate the kindest feelings of our nature, and awaken the warm affections of the untried heart to seek for sympathy and love among the guileless and the young.

The many metrical romances and tales attached to these good old melodies have, one after the other, given rapid place to the newer effusions of each existing race. The mixed Gaelic made way for imported Doric, which in its time gave place to a mongrel Scotch. Language changed, and dialects improved, but the music, like the living soul, lived, breathed, and knew not aught of death. The Scotch dialect, as at present spoken, is falling to decay, and the idiom of Wallace and Bruce—of Mary—of the heroes of the covenant, will ultimately expire—but it can never be forgotten;—he, whose name is not to be spoken by Scotchmen but with reverence, nor read by a human being but with respect—has breathed upon it the immortality of his genius, and not one of his words shall fall to the ground.

The English language, as latterly corrupted or improved, as taste or prejudice may determine, by the invading Normans, was introduced into Scotland on the return of the Crusaders from the Holy Land. The invasion of Edward I., though it took not away the inde-

pendence of the country, removed many of the barriers to its separate existence;—the return of Robert Bruce from the court and camp of England still further modulated the old native tongue; and the escape of James I. of Scotland from an eighteen years' imprisonment in England, broke still further upon the rudiments of his people's speech, till the same language came to be spoken on the plains of the Lothians as on those of Devonshire. It will be recollected that the English tongue had not at this time been weeded of its barbarisms, for Shakespeare had not appeared, and Johnson was yet in the dim futurity. On the union of the two crowns in the person of James VI. of Scotland and First of England, a friendly and extensive communication took place between the two countries. James, however, was a pedant, and abominated his mother tongue; yet to the day of his death he could not acquire the English pronunciation—he therefore spoke and wrote in Latin, and encouraged his Scottish subjects to do so likewise. Among the educated, therefore, the Scottish idiom became a dead letter; but the strong guttural sound—the bagpipe music of a Scotchman's voice, was found in a great degree unconquerable. Even in the Scottish capital, at a later date, radiated as it was by the best writers on and in the English language—such as Blair, Robertson, Hume, and Alison—the Scottish intonation, sturdily retained its place, it being accounted a masterpiece of art to acquire the English accent.

Many conceive the English accent is necessary to a proper pronunciation of what is called the English language—a mistake which can be easily shown. In the first place, what is the English accent? in what locality is it to be found—in London or in Lancashire—in Cornwall or in Yorkshire? In the second place, what is the English language? It is not a pure idiom, but a mixture of many. It, therefore, necessarily follows that the accent of each of these idioms forms part and portion of the language—subordinate to it, however, not governing it as many suppose. Accent governs or creates a dialect, which latter is only a different manner of using the same language from that prevailing in another district. The Scottish dialect—though confounded with the Scotch language, which is extinct—is as perfect a portion of the English as the intonation of London or any other part of England. Which is the best or most musical intonation is a mere matter of taste—some may prefer the elegant aspirate of Whitechapel—some the drawl of Devonshire—others the twang of Scotland, or the wheeze of its Highlands; doubtless there are not a few who esteem the sturdy brogue of Ireland; while across the Atlantic the short sharp voice of the Yankee is deemed the standard—but the English language is the ground work of the whole. It is of little importance that dictionary compilers have banished some words from the catalogue—poets appreciate these the more for their local value and humorous raciness—they form the poetry of real life, which scarcely any intermixture with foreign society can eradicate.

Hume, the celebrated historian, though residing long in England and France, and mixing in the most highly cultivated society, spoke to the last in the broad sonorous voice of his native land. Blair, whose lectures on English Rhetoric have long become a standard work and classic model—elegance and propriety pervading every page—spoke in no softer tones. It was not until an Ayrshire ploughman, whose strong good sense and agreeable conversational powers showed that he was more than a poet, proved by his diction, and the energy and purity of his intonation, that the coarse guttural could be conquered, and made subservient to the will and inclination of the speaker. But this new obtruder, though he spoke so fluently and so well, and could write with admirable propriety in the more elegant phraseology of courtly England, delighted to warble his wood-notes wild in his native dialect. His strong and masculine affections had been nurtured on the hills—his awakening energies had pored over the old lyrics of his country—the deeds of heroes came to him in the guise of ballads, strung in the uncouth but much-loved words of by-gone years, and accompanied by the eternal symphonies of that music so hallowed in the legends of his native soil. Ramsay and Fergusson had broken in upon the law of fashion, which banished the dialect from composition, and the green-springing freshness of their works had imparted a zest and popularity to the long despised and discarded idiom. But Ramsay was comparatively indolent, nor was he altogether chaste; and in his truly delightful pastoral of the "Gentle Shepherd" he unfortunately committed the unpardonable, because unnatural, sin of making his hero and heroine, though brought up from infancy in the humblest walks of rural life, to owe their superiority to the fact of being of gentle blood—the old and hacknied weakness of second-rate poets, whose sickly intellects could not bear the noble thought that poverty of blood and power of mind could be allied. Fergusson, alas! died early—died unfortunately! The Scottish lyre again was mute, and silence brooded over the classic hills and streams of Caledonia. The Tweed and Tay, the Forth and "pleasant Yarrow," so celebrated in Scottish song, monopolised the glory of the age; the old ballads having given place to the praises of their streams. At length, however, a bard arose of an unknown stream, and the braes of Doon and banks of Ayr became immortalised!—But who this bard, and whence came he? It was ROBERT BURNS, THE Ayrshire Ploughman.



### Origin of Female Fashions.

No history can lay claim to remoter antiquity than that of the dresses of the fair sex. As to the forms given to primeval clothing, after the exit of our first parents from the Garden of Paradise, nothing certain is known; all that can be said, is that the toilette did not at that early period include in its accessories either gown, stays, or hoops. Leaves, and perhaps flowers, arranged with the utmost simplicity, constituted the entire female wardrobe in those early days.

In the course of time, the gentler sex began to adopt as clothing the skins of animals killed in the chase by their brothers or husbands, and subsequently learned to spin wool and the art of weaving. However, from the great heat of the Eastern climates, and the discovery of plants affording thread ready made, a preference was given to dresses made of this material, as a more agreeable clothing and protection from the ardent rays of the sun. Thus the Jews continued for a considerable period to wear no other covering than a robe made of linen. David wore a dress of this texture when he danced before the Ark.

The Greeks wore a woollen dress next the skin, and a linen tunic as an outer covering.

A contrary fashion prevailed amongst the Babylonians, whose inner dress was composed of linen, with a tunic of woollen texture over that. Even at that early period tissues were manufactured as fine as gauze of the present day; and were particularly adopted throughout the East. At Rome, only the courtesans dared to adopt these transparent dresses in the first instance; but, subsequently, they came into general use even amongst the Roman ladies of the strictest morals.

In France, about the same epoch, the female costume was nearly similar to that in vogue amongst the Romans, with this addition, that the French ladies carried in their hands canes, the top of which bore the form of a bird's or other animal's head—a fashion lately revived; but carried to a more grotesque extent. These canes, however, appear not to have been always play-things in the hands of some ladies, as it is recounted of Constance, the second wife of Robert King of France, that she put out the eye of Etienne, her confessor, with a stroke of her cane.

The dress first worn by French women, and used for a long period, consisted of a large tunic of considerable length, made so as to hide the neck, and closed at the wrists; it was named *cotte hardie*. Queens and princesses wore, in addition to this costume, a long mantle of ermine.

Under the reign of St. Louis, and that of several of his successors, ladies of noble rank had their dresses embroidered with armorial bearings (again coming into vogue at the present day, as far as cambric handkerchiefs are concerned). Widows adopted, as an upper dress, a white scapulary interspersed with black tears, or a *cordeliere*; other ladies wearing a splendid belt, ornamented with gold and precious stones.

At that period, the luxury of dress was carried to such an extreme, that Philippe-le-Bel was obliged to frame laws to keep it within proper limits. Dukes, counts, and barons, even the richest, were only allowed to give their wives four dresses in the year; ladies of minor fortunes were forced to be content with one. None but the wives of great lords were permitted to buy stuffs at 15d. (30 sous) the yard; while citizens' wives could not give more than 10 sous (5d.) the yard—equivalent to about 10d. of the present currency. These ordinances, however, soon became obsolete, or winked at, from the effect of female influence: and thus fashion was once more allowed to exercise its sway.

In the reign of Charles V., a tailor in Paris made a robe (*cotte hardie*) for a lady of Gatinais, which took five yards of Brussels cloth. The train of this dress swept the ground, and the sleeves extended down to the feet; although at the Council of Montpellier, held at the close of the 12th century, it was expressly forbidden, under penalty of excommunication, to wear dresses which *trained* along the ground, "like a serpent's tail."

Under Charles VI., linen chemises were only used by a few persons of distinction, chemises of serge being those generally worn. Isabeau of Bavaria was severely censured for having two linen chemises. This article of dress was at that time considered so great a luxury, that, to display it, a part of the chemise was allowed to extend beyond the wrist and above the neck—hence the origin of ruffles and frills.

In the fifteenth century, ladies, for the first time, began to appear with the neck and a portion of the bosom uncovered. About the same period they adopted the fashion of wearing diamond and pearl necklaces and ear-rings composed of precious stones. Their sleeves were closed at the wrist, and the petticoats made very long so as to train on the ground.

During the reigns of Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I., the wars in Italy and the alliances with the families of Italian princes led to the introduction of Italian fashions into France; ladies began to appear bare-armed, and to adopt short petticoats, so as to allow the lower part of the foot to be seen.

Francis I. and Charles IX. having espoused princesses of the house of Austria, Spanish fashions entered the lists with those of Italy.

The *vertugadins*, or fardingale, or child's helmet,

similar to our basket-head guard, but still more ridiculous, high collars, slashed dresses and sleeves, were then seen in France for the first time. Ladies of the court in those days were called ladies with largenecks (*a grande gorge*); their sleeves were of enormous size, and each of a different colour. This latter fashion was adopted by men, and even by the king.

About that period pins made their appearance for the first time in France, having been manufactured in England in 1543. Before their invention, ladies made use of wooden skewers, extremely slender and flexible.

It was at nearly the same period that the use of masks became very general amongst ladies. They were made of black velvet, and lined with white satin; they were fastened by a slight steel rim, having at the end a glass button, which each lady held in her mouth, and which altered the sound of her voice. They received the appellation of wolves (*loupes*).

In the portraits of ladies of the time of Charles IX., they are represented with dresses open in front, with petticoats ornamented with a profusion of pearls and precious stones; full sleeves, hanging down, the cuffs trimmed with fur or puffed out, slashed and with puffs separated one from the other by a row of pearls or fancy ribbons. The neck bare, or covered by a net-work of pearls or precious stones in large squares. They also wore cuffs fitted to the *amadis*.

The first specimens of lace seen in France at this period came from Venice and Genoa; they became so much the rage, that Louis XIII. issued a law, in 1629, prohibiting ladies from wearing lace which cost more than three francs a yard. As all foreign lace was sold at a much higher price, manufactures were got up in France; and such was the origin of those established at Alençon and Argentan.

In the reign of Henry IV. the hoops were worn so enormously large, that *Chancelier de l'Hôpital* had them suppressed by a sumptuary law, which, however, was not observed.

Lestiboudis relates in his journal that, at the baptism of the son of Madame de Sourdis in 1594, Gabrielle d'Estrees made her appearance attired in a splendid dress of black satin, so overcharged with pearls and other ornaments, that she was unable to stand up straight. On another occasion shortly after, he was allowed by particular favour to see a handkerchief ordered for the same Gabrielle d'Estrees, who had fixed the price of it at 1,900 crowns (£400), and agreed to pay ready money on its delivery.

In the time of Louis XIII. the large *vertugadins* (fardingales), were laid aside, but the upper garment was tucked up behind and at the sides, so as to display the one underneath.

It was not until the reign of Louis XIV. that the art of cutting diamonds became known, and from that period they became more in request.

Under Louis XV. masks (*loupes*), were replaced by a quantity of black patches (*mouches*), which were put on the face; each patch had its peculiar name. For instance, that placed at the corner of the eye was called *amorous* (*passionnée*); fixed on the centre of the forehead, *majestic*; at the dimple or fold formed in the act of laughing, *gay*; in the middle of the cheek, *galant*; at the angle of the mouth, "*baisseuse*;" on the nose, *barefaced*; on the lips, *the coquette*; upon a pimple, *concealment*, &c. &c.

At the above period, hoops of an oval form were worn, and ladies dressed in this manner were obliged to bring forward one side of the hoop, in order to pass through the crowd or a narrow court. In those days all females, even of the lowest classes, wore hoops (*paniers*). Actresses and dancers, even when they had to represent Greeks, Romans, or Sythians, invariably appeared on the stage with wigs and hoops.

The ladies of the Court of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. were also obliged to make use of canes to assist them in walking, rendered difficult by the great weight of their clothes and the monstrous high heels of their shoes.

During the Republic and under the Empire, the Grecian fashions were in vogue; but means were devised to suit them to the climate. It was at that period that an attempt was made to distort the human shape, by having the waist just under the bosom and arm-pits. Fortunately this dangerous and unsightly fashion disappeared in modern times; and the female *toilette* no longer includes anything injurious to health, except when tight lacing is carried to an immoderate and ridiculous extent.\*

Formerly the almanack was the sole arbiter of the fashions. In a particular month, day, and hour, the dress of winter, spring, summer, and autumn were regularly put on or put off; the muff, cane, worsted, cloth, velvet, or silk had their fixed entrées or exits. The almanack was infallible; and the dresses set down for the four seasons must be tolerated, no matter whether the wearer starved with cold or fainted with heat, and thanks to the march of reform, people can now consult the thermometer, and suit their clothing to the

\* It is a matter of general surprise to see some young ladies so fond of tight lacing, and unnaturally small waists, of which every one disapproves: there is a great difference between a small waist and an hour-glass contraction. We shall take an early opportunity of showing the evils of this odious system, and illustrate our observations by a number of drawings of the female form divine, as it is made by nature and destroyed by fashion.

reigning degree of temperature, or according to their different tastes.

In the early ages, females wore their hair hanging loosely down; but their natural *penchant* for the graces of the toilette soon induced them to plait their locks in various modes. For a considerable period, the head was only covered with a veil, and only out of doors. The Greeks and Romans kept their hair adjusted with gold or silver pins, or knotted with gold chains, or encircled with white or red bands. The hair was powdered with gold powder. Flaxen and red hair were so much prized, that ladies with brown hair, who were unable to give a red tint to their locks, condemned them to the scissors, and put on red or fair-haired wigs. Towards the close of the Roman Republic, this fashion was in general use; and hence we find the poets of that day celebrating the red or flaxen hair of their mistresses. The Roman coquettes changed their wigs several times a day: some for the morning, others for the afternoon, and a still greater variety for grand ceremonies.

This custom was persevered in for a long period. In 692, the Council of Constantinople excommunicated all those who dared to wear wigs. Pierre Lombard, who wrote in the 12th century, describes wigs as a "frightful disguise and damnable impudicity;" and, subsequently, Alexander Hall and Bernardin de Vienne decided that to mount a wig was a mortal sin.

[We shall resume the subject on a future occasion, when the more modern innovations of fashion will be adverted to.]

### Scenes and Sketches of Military Life.

PATRICK O'NEIL—THE IRISH GRENADIER.

CHAPTER II.—THE SECOND FLOGGING—THE WIFE—THE THIRD FLOGGING.

It is hard to say how far a man may be carried by the influence of bad example, the force of evil, or the workings of a vicious nature, so as to become the champion of a custom so inhuman and demoniac as that of flogging. It can only be remarked that while raising his voice in support of the vile system, he is affording the best possible criterion whereby the world may arrive at a certain judgment as to his qualities of head and heart—his feeling, morality, and courage as a man—his religion as a Christian.

Patrick O'Neil, from being looked on as a quiet, sober, well-conducted young man—from being esteemed by his superiors as an intelligent and respectable non-commissioned officer, was literally flogged into the most hardened ruffian that ever wore a red coat. He abandoned every sense of self-respect, and flung propriety and good conduct to the winds as if they were of no use to him—as things he had no more to do with.

O'Neil was scarcely a month out of hospital when he received his second flogging. Scarcely were his wounds healed when the grenadier company to which he belonged was ordered on detachment to the handsome little town of W—t—t. The noble domain and residence of the Marquis of S— adjoins the town, and shortly after our arrival that nobleman's splendid library caught fire and the soldiers were sent in all haste to arrest the destruction.

The flames were raging violently when they arrived, and busts, books, paintings, maps, prints, articles of ornament and value were scattered about under foot. The officers amid the confusion and the multitude did their best to arrange the men for the protection of the property, and to station them so as to render them effective in stopping the progress of the devouring element. The fire was extinguished just when it had done its worst, and the men returned to their quarters with the thanks of the Marquis, and no little self-gratification in having so well deserved them.

During the bustle and in his anxiety to rescue some articles from destruction, a few trifling articles attached themselves in the hurry and excitement of the scene to the person of Patrick. When he discovered them, thinking, as he said, that his innocent intentions might be overlooked, and that he really would be looked upon as a thief, should he tell his story as to how they came into his possession unknown to himself, he resolved, now that they were, so to keep them. In a few days after, he was sent on command into head quarters, and at C—t—r he contrived to get rid of them. He returned to his comrades with money in his pockets, a circumstance now become a matter of wonder from his being deeply in debt with the colour sergeant for various necessities, which he drew from time to time and sold at half their value. Lavish in his disposition, he was not disposed to let whatever wealth he acquired grow rusty: he treated his comrades and spent it freely. A low public-house in the centre of the little town was the scene of their debauch, where O'Neil, became heroically intoxicated, and swore he would not return to the barracks until his last shilling was expended. His companions left him at the proper hour, and about midnight the landlord ejected him into the streets in a state of madness. He roamed about the silent and deserted streets for some time, until an unlucky chance threw into his path a townsman and his wife returning from a christening at the house of a neighbour. O'Neil immediately seized on the poor woman with an oath and yell of exultation, and the husband, rushing to her assistance, was felled to the earth. The woman's outcries soon aroused the neighbourhood, and a number of people



coming to her assistance, they endeavoured to secure O'Neil, who, finding himself overpowered, broke through the crowd like a maniac and fled. A full report of the outrage, with a description of the soldier, was lodged the next morning with the officer commanding the detachment, who immediately ordered out a patrol to hunt the fugitive. They found him in a hovel at the skirts of the town, stretched out at length and fast asleep. They carried him to the guard-room, and orders came from head-quarters to try him where he committed the offence. He was tried before a detachment court-martial, found guilty, sentenced to, and again received three hundred lashes.

He bore this second punishment with the same unshrinking firmness, but no sooner were his wounds healed than he again commenced his career of crime, with even a more desperate and reckless daring. It seemed as if flogging had the effect only to render him more determinedly abandoned.

Early in the following spring the regiment received order to proceed to the south of Ireland.

The weather was very severe, and the marches exceedingly long and fatiguing. Many of the men were knocked up from the fatigue of the two first days, which were certainly, for excessive cold, the most trying that human being could be exposed to.

The roads were deep and broken, over a rocky, wild, mountainous, and thinly-inhabited country, and all the time it blew a terrific snow storm. One woman, unable to keep up, and too poor to purchase a seat on the baggage car, even for a short distance, sat down in the shelter of a rock to rest with her child, where it perished in her arms.

A soldier travels under harassing disadvantages—he is so braced up and loaded, that the wonder is how he is able to get on. First, his cross belts, with his bayonet, and pouch containing sixty rounds of ball cartridge depend from either shoulder and across his breast; then his knapsack, containing all his extra clothing and necessities and all the rubbish and dirt that constitute a soldier's cleaning apparatus; this is crowned by his canteen, making, with the heavy musket, a pretty considerable load for an ordinary donkey. These are confined to his back by narrow straps that come round each shoulder, and are buckled under the arms, and these again are joined by two short straps that buckle tight across the breast. The free play of the limbs so necessary is thus prevented, and the sink and swell of his chest is compressed almost to suffocation. Add to these the hard, weighty, and ungainly cap, cutting his forehead and swaying from side to side at each motion, and you will be only astonished how he is able to walk a single mile. But man is an enduring animal, and it is wonderful beyond conception what in time he can be brought to bear and suffer.

O'Neil could feign illness and become a mal-lingerer at any moment; he was taken very bad in Galway, and the regiment proceeded without him. He was sent to the hospital belonging to a detachment of the veteran battalion which at that time garrisoned the town. He remained about a week in the hospital and was then pronounced convalescent, and sent to the barracks to recruit his lost strength, and wait for a route to join his regiment.

A sergeant of the veterans, to whose company he was attached, had a pretty daughter, and the handsome figure of O'Neil, and his easy joyous manner made a strong impression on the girl's fancy. Patrick was not slow in perceiving the impression, and following it up; but the eye of a vigilant mother was on his motions. One evening, however, he made a violent attack upon the girl, and was once more placed in durance. The enraged father was anxious to have him handed over to the civil authorities, but the commanding officer of the veterans being intimate with the Colonel of the — regiment, and wishing to prevent the exposure and disgrace of such a proceeding, wrote to head quarters.

The criminal soldier is never, if possible, subjected to a civil tribunal. There is a publicity given to things of this nature, which is very annoying to a commanding officer; besides it throws an odium upon his government, and subjects him to the strictest and most disagreeable enquiries, the most painful investigations, and the severest reprehensions. The details of military jurisdiction are kept with the most jealous care from the public.

The result was—the matter was hushed up. O'Neil received permission to get married, a favour denied even to the most deserving, and the day following his nuptials the route arrived.

The parents of Mrs. O'Neil gave the happy pair their blessing with tears, with whatever spare necessities and money they had at command, and they began their journey in high spirits. While the money lasted Patrick measured his miles by the whisky shops on the road, and day and night he was wrapt in the elysium of love and inebriety until they reached the sweet city of Limerick. Here he was brought to a sense of the misery that dogs the footsteps of enjoyment, by the display of the last shilling on the breakfast table. He reflected for a moment, and for the first time since his marriage. That moment decided him; he saw at a glance the way before him, and, like an able general, pushed on his plans with vigour and determination.

"Bessy dear," he began, addressing his wife in a soothing tone, "you don't look well this morning—are you unwell, dear?"

"I am weary walking," replied the poor girl; "and striving to bring you on has made me more tired than I

would be; but we'll get on better now; indeed, I'm glad that the money is all out."

"I was thinking it would never agree with you Bessy; you wouldn't believe how fatigued you look—you must be unwell?"

"Not sick in the least, Pat, but very foot-sore."

"I never saw such an alteration in any person for a few days' travelling," again urged O'Neil. "You look very bad; may be you're fretting after your dear mother, Bessy."

"It's only natural to grieve after one's father and mother," she replied; "but sure I have you now, Pat, and must only think of you."

"If you did grieve for your dear good father and mother, Bessy, I couldn't blame you; indeed I wouldn't be the cruel unnatural beast to wish to prevent you from going back to comfort them, for I am sure your dear mother is distracted with grief by this time about you."

She stared with surprise in his face, not knowing what he meant, and wishing to put the most favourable interpretation on his words. He allowed her a full gaze, and appeared quite busily engaged with his accoutrements; and when he thought she had looked long enough to form a guess at his drift, he resumed the conversation.

"Your poor father I'm sure will break his heart. I am sure I never felt so much sorrow for any action I ever committed as for taking you away from your parents. I thought to drown the thoughts of it in that blackguard whisky, but the more I took the more the sin of the thing flew in my face, till faith I fear the very reflection of the same will be the death of me. Wouldn't you like to go back to them once more, Bessy dear?"

"Go back!" she repeated, turning quite pale, for his mocking words, pronounced in a cold unvarying tone, sounded fearfully to her ears.

"Yes, dear, go back, to be sure. I knew you were longing to return to your tender parents," he continued, seizing on the alarmed exclamation of the poor girl as a consent to return. "Better be with them, dear, than following an unfortunate scapegrace like me through hardships and poverty. I'm glad you mentioned it. I knew you had a loving affectionate heart, and would never leave your parents in their old age, and you their only child."

"Pat, dear, what is it you mean?" she asked, somewhat bewildered.

"Mean?" said Pat; "why I mean that you're asking to go back to your father to be sure, and I mean to say that I'm not the man that would refuse so reasonable and natural a request; and proud I am to think he has such a dutiful daughter."

"Oh, Pat, I don't want to leave you; you're all I have in the world now. Am I not your wife, and why should I think of leaving you?"

"Well, well," cried Pat in feigned astonishment, "who can tell a woman's mind? Here you are complaining of being unable to stir with fatigue and pain, and wishing to return to your father and mother, and when I give you free permission to go back, you refuse."

"I am not tired or wishing to return, Pat; I am able and willing to go with you to the world's end—I don't care for hardship or poverty while I have you—my father and mother have given me to you—you are my husband."

"Well, I never thought you were so hard-hearted, but sure you cannot be in earnest. Look up in my face and say that you are in earnest."

"Indeed I am in earnest, Pat," said she, looking up earnestly into his face. "I love you better now than father or mother—myself or the world. Don't speak so, Pat for God's sake, don't speak so."

"Oh dear!" he cried, "am I awake or dreaming. Now I see the sort of a wife I have got. Oh, you ungrateful creature, how can you look at me? Can one that has no regard for her own father and mother have any regard for a husband? I'm glad I found you out. Out of my sight you heathen; worse than a Turk you are. I'm done with you. Now, listen to me;—go home to your father and mother, and comfort their old age if you can, for with me you shan't come a foot further. Go home; and when I write to them I will not tell of your cruel ingratitude. I won't break their hearts by letting them know the serpent they nursed in their bosom. Farewell; we part in peace. I don't wish you any harm—farewell."

Every word he uttered was like an ice-bolt to her heart. She burst into tears—she begged, prayed, and entreated not to be cast off—abandoned. She promised, soothed, and flattered; but all in vain. The ruffian steeled his heart to her weeping prayers—he flung her from him with a fearful imprecation, and vowed with an oath that if she ever attempted to follow him he would be the death of her.

He shouldered his musket and turned away on the road to Bruff, where he was to halt for the night. He had scarcely proceeded a mile when, turning round, he beheld her following at a distance. He stopped—so did poor Bessy, for she feared to approach him until he beckoned her to him.

"Now," said he when she came up, "stop where you are. You have disobeyed my commands. What do you deserve? If you were to be tried by a court martial for this, you'd certainly be shot."

"Oh, Pat, Pat!"—she began.

"Call a halt," he cried, "and listen to your sentence. Now, mind me well;" and drawing his bayonet he fixed it

on the muzzle of his musket, and with the point drew a line from one side of the road to the other between them; he then laid the point of the glittering steel upon her breast. "Do you see that mark on the road?" he asked fiercely.

She looked the assent she could not utter.

"Do you feel that bayonet—do you?" and he pressed it on her breast. Another fearful look of assent. Then a tremendous oath—"if you cross that mark to follow me an inch further I'll bury half a foot of this cold iron in your breast. So to the right-about, march!" and shouldering his musket, and tossing his cap on one side, he turned his back upon her, and walked away whistling "The British Grenadiers."

A scene similar to the above was enacted once at least every day during the march, and still with the untiring affection, the patient suffering, and enduring love of woman, she followed in the vain hope of touching his pity. He would not give her a farthing to buy a morsel of bread, nor even allow her to approach his billet to rest her weary feet. She disposed of almost every article of her clothing to procure food and shelter, and still she followed his footsteps in sorrow and desolation.

"The beautiful city called Cork" was the headquarters of the regiment, and O'Neil, without casting a look on the almost perishing creature who had pursued him so far, marched into his barracks, leaving her hungry, jaded, and deserted. A lone stranger in the streets, she sat near the barrack-gate weeping. Some of the men who heard her story and pitied her, advised her to apply to the captain of the company to which O'Neil belonged. She went and told her pitiable tale. He was an English gentleman, too good and kind-hearted a man to belong to the army; yet he was a brave soldier and one who had fought at Waterloo. He died in 1827, in Portugal. He relieved her distresses, told her the desperate character which her husband bore in the regiment, and advised her to return to her parents, and gave her money to take her home.

She had scarcely quitted the barrack, when O'Neil, having heard that she had received money, followed her. He overtook her in the streets, and laid his hand familiarly on her shoulder.

"Well, Bessy, dear," said he in his softest tones, "where are you going?"

"Why do you ask me?" she replied. "Sure you do not care where I go."

"Come, Bessy, don't talk that way; it's all over now. Tell me where you have taken a lodging?"

"Lodging! I'm going home, Pat."

"Home, sure it wasn't to go home you came here."

"The captain told me," she replied, "to go home, for you were one of the most disgraceful and bad men in the whole regiment; and that you'd think nothing of murdering me. He advised me not to stop under any circumstances, but to return to-morrow to my father and mother."

"Indeed, I dare say he told you that and more too," replied Pat, with the greatest kindness; "he has a spite against me; besides, he doesn't like to have women in the company. That's the reason. But, never mind what he says, I can apply to get transferred; besides, there's some talk of making me big drummer; and now that my spree is over, I'll take my oath against liquor for a year and a day."

"I can't trust you, Pat; I can't forget the way you served me on the road. No, no, I'll take his advice and go home."

"Well, sure I never heard such a foolish girl as you are," he answered again. "Don't I tell you that it's all over with me. Stay with me; try me; and if you don't find me true to the backbone, why, curse me and quit me."

"Its no use, Pat; I can never trust you again."

"You won't believe me," he cried, vehemently. "Will I curse?—will I swear? Why, you'll be so happy that you'll be singing like a thrush in spring all day, and dreaming of blessed saints and angels all night. You'll have your snug little room, and you'll earn your share of the men's shirt-making and washing, and have all my pay to boot—for devil a halfpenny of it I'll spend. We'll make a little fortune in a short time. Come now, give me your hand—forgive and forget; let what's past be past, there's my own dear Bessy."

We readily believe what we wish, and those whom we wish to think speak the truth. The poor girl was softened by the kind tone in which he spoke, and the flattering picture of their humble happiness which he drew; and tears of joy filled her eyes at the thoughts of his returning good nature. She gave him her hand in peace, and looked up into his face, smiling through her tears.

He took her into the nearest lodging-house, and she gave him the money to go out and purchase refreshment. He went, but he did not return. She anxiously waited until the time was past when he should have returned. She went to the barrack, but he had not been there since he followed her out. Until a late hour did she pace the distance between her lodging and the barrack, inquiring almost every five minutes did he come back. Next day and night passed away, and he was not heard of; but on the third morning he reeled into the guard-house, and threw himself upon the guard-bed a prisoner. The men, compassionating the poor girl's miseries, made up a small sum by subscription to send her home.

Next day, when O'Neil was more sober, his knapsack having been previously searched, and some of his "kit"



found wanting, he was brought up for trial on a charge of absenting himself from his quarters without permission, and making away with his necessaries. These misdemeanours, aggravated by the circumstances of cold-hearted atrocity by which they were attended, brought down the extreme sentence of the court, and again he was sentenced to and received three hundred lashes.

### What is "Protection?"

#### WHO GAINS BY THE PREFERENTIAL SYSTEM?

There is, perhaps, no word in the English language that has done so much harm as the word "protection." There is a charm about it which is irresistible to the ignorant, and from which even the well-informed cannot wholly, or at all times, emancipate themselves. The importance of the correct use of language was never more apparent than when speaking of *protecting* any particular trade, manufacture, or production. The word which ought to be used is to "prefer," and not to "protect." *Protection means preference.*

When the venerable Mr. James Deacon Hume was tauntingly asked by a member of the Import Duties Committee, who was in favour of restricted commerce, "Upon what principle could you recommend a general change in the system of levying import duties upon articles, by the introduction of which at a less duty the manufactures of this country would be seriously affected?"—his reply was a memorable one, and worthy of a life spent in the service of his country—"Upon the principle of general national benefit. The question is, whether we mean the nation, or whether we mean to serve particular individuals. I speak, whether from habit, from my own turn of mind, or from official circumstances, in behalf of the nation, or of the country at large."

The question now before the country is stated in this reply. Are the *many* to be sacrificed to the *few*? The opponents of free trade ask the nation to prefer the interest of a very few Englishmen, at the expense of the great majority of Englishmen. They resemble the selfish people described by Lord Bacon—"they would burn their neighbour's house, that they might roast an egg in the ashes!"

Arguments the restrictionists have none; but they have one fallacy which is popular, and which they invariably use with an air of unanswerable triumph. "Is it possible," they ask, "that a heavily-taxed people, as we are, can grow corn as cheaply as other people less heavily burthened?" Now, setting aside the fact that the weight of our public burthens is an irresistible reason why we should not be compelled to consume dear food, we ask the preference-interest advocates to explain one circumstance. If a heavily-taxed people can produce cheap cottons and hardwares, why are they unable to produce cheap corn? We annually export the products of our labour, to the value of more than 50 millions of money; and this fact proves that, burthened as we are with taxes, we can and do produce manufactures at a cheaper rate than they can be produced by any other people. Why, then, not corn?

The restrictionists attempt to frighten the people by bawling out that the abolition of our preferential system will bring down the price of labour. "What!" they exclaim, "reduce the wages of Englishmen to a German or French standard? Horrible, scandalous, un-English!" But what is the fact? The wages of Englishmen are lower than those of Germans or Frenchmen. The English are the best labourers in the world; they are more industrious, more skilful, and more to be depended on than the labourers of any other nation. Comparing the results or products of their labour with its money payments, the fact is indisputable that they receive less wages for more work than their fellow-workmen in any country. But if a removal of restrictions should produce, as is justly anticipated, an increased demand for English productions, that demand will act on the labour market by increasing the price of wages. Thus the very reverse of what the preference advocates predicate, is the logical necessity of commercial freedom.

Driven from their popular fallacies, the restrictionists protest against risking the pre-eminent commercial position of the country by change. Let us bear the ills we have, they implore, rather than fly to others that we know not of. Their remedy for the financial condition of the country is to diminish the public burthens by shifting them from the shoulders of one class to those of another. Mr. Porter, in one of his useful publications, tells an anecdote which admirably illustrates the absurdity of this *hocus pocus*, *hey presto* system.

"We were travelling," he says, "in the south of Ireland, and overtook a peasant seated in a cart, drawn by a miserable horse, and loaded with a box containing some very heavy substance. At the moment of our approach he had reached the foot of a hill, and the horse, which had with difficulty drawn his burthen along the level road, was unable to mount one foot of the hill. The peasant flogged, and coaxed, and flogged until he became almost as tired as his horse, when suddenly a bright thought struck him. He lifted the box from its position in the bottom of the cart, and placing it on his knees, renewed his flogging with the assured hope of making progress; and sorely puzzled was he to find that, although he had burthened himself with all the weight of the box upon his own knees, he had brought no relief to the poor beast."

Exactly analogous is the operation of merely changing the sources of public taxes; they are still paid, and their payment restricts consumption and diminishes the receipts of the public treasury.

*Who are they who receive preference, and who are they, in consequence, unduly burthened?*

Mr. Porter states that in 1831, the year of the last census, there were living in the United Kingdom 5,836,889 male persons, 20 years of age and upwards, of whom were:—

1. Employed in agriculture, occupiers employing labourers.....	283,997
2. Ditto, labourers.....	2,194,808
3. Employed in trade and manufactures.....	2,478,805
4. Capitalists.....	1,896,876
5. Labourers, not agricultural.....	277,777
6. Other males, except servants.....	701,620
7. Male servants.....	347,932
	133,879
	5,836,889

Now, which of these seven classes, containing nearly six millions of adult males, are benefited by preference? The two millions of agricultural labourers are not, because they, in common with all labourers, are through it checked in consumption, and their only chance of advantage is dependant on the pleasure of the first class, and what advantage that pleasure gives is demonstrated by the average rate of agricultural wages—say 12s. per week. Were things left to their natural course, wages could not be lower in agricultural pursuits than they are now. The two millions of the third class have no interest in a preferential system, because that system not only checks their consumption, but it restricts their employment. This class has, over and over again, declared that the present system is their curse, that it degrades, demoralises, and prevents them selling their labour. The fourth class, which includes all who maintain themselves otherwise than by manufacture, trade, or bodily labour, have a direct interest in the destruction of monopolies, which circumscribe the sphere of their activity, and shut them out from profitable fields of adventure. The fifth class feel restrictions more injurious than any of the other classes; everything that restricts employment is death to those who have no fixed or certain trade or occupation, but who depend for subsistence on being able "to turn their hands to anything." The sixth class includes retired tradesmen, and those who have small means of their own, or who are supported by their relatives—*men of certain incomes*, to whom high prices amount to deprivation. The seventh class is a small and unimportant section, and it would be difficult to show how they can profit by restriction.

The first class then remains—occupiers of the soil, employing labourers—and to this class alone can it be pretended that the preferential system can be of advantage. We say "pretended," for their advantage is after all but pretence. Their high rents are the consequence of the rise of England as a manufacturing country. What would have been the rent of lands, for example, in the barren counties in which Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, Belfast, &c., are situated, if manufactures had not grown up and thriven? Not one-fifth, probably, of their present amount. Now, as the rents of lands have risen in much the same proportion as the rates in which manufactures have flourished, so will the rents of lands fall with the decline of manufactures. The landowners have, therefore, a direct interest in the prosperity of manufactures; and yet they allow the manufacturers to address them in the following language:—"We consume all the bread you can produce, and furnish you with our goods in return. We could consume more bread, and could manufacture more goods, if you could let us send our goods to market where more bread is to be had; but like the dog in the manger, you cannot supply us with all we can consume and pay for with our manufactures, and will not permit any one else."

We shall hereafter show the practical evils which the preferential system inflicts on all trades, manufactures, and professions; how, in fact, it injures 95 per cent. of the entire population, and does not in reality benefit the other 5 per cent. in the "long run."

### Statistics of Muscular, Mechanical, and Astronomical Motion.

MAN has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has, also, 434 muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute; and therefore 3,840 in an hour, 92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence—nor has comparative strength: though one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady-bird can fly twenty million times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute;—the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a Canary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours. A violent wind travels

sixty miles in an hour; sound, 1,142 English feet in a second.—*Bucke.*

The common watch, it is said, beats or ticks 17,160 times in an hour. This is 411,840 a day, and 150,424,560 a year, allowing the year to be 365 days and six hours. Sometimes watches will run, with care, 100 years. In that case it would last to beat 15,042,456,000 times! The watch is made of hard metal; but I can tell you of a curious machine which is made of something not near so hard as brass or steel—it is not much harder than the flesh of your arm—yet it will beat more than 5,000 times an hour, 120,000 times a day, and 43,830,000 times a year. It will sometimes, though not often, last 100 years; and when it does, it beats 4,383,000,000 times. One might think this last machine, soft as it is, would wear out sooner than the other. But it does not. I will tell you one thing more. You have this little machine about you. You need not feel in your pocket, for it is not there. It is in your body, you can feel it beat—it is your heart!—*Anon.*

The mite makes 500 steps in a second, or 30,000 in a minute. Allowing the horse to move at an equal ratio, he would perform 1,022 miles an hour. The journey from London to Birmingham would then occupy but six minutes and a fraction. There is another insect which may in some measure rival the above in the celerity of its motion, and is itself unrivalled in strength in proportion to its size. Although it is generally disliked, and has not a very fair reputation, yet to the eye of the naturalist it is rather a pleasing and interesting object. Its form, as examined by the microscope, is extremely elegant, and has an appearance as if clad in coat of mail. It has a small head, with large eyes, a clean and bright body beset at each segment with numerous sharp and shining bristles. All its motions indicate agility and sprightliness, and its muscular power is so extraordinary, as justly to excite our astonishment; indeed, we know no other animal whose strength can be put in competition with (its name must come out at last) that of a common flea; for on a moderate computation it can leap to a distance at least 200 times the length of its own body. A flea will drag after it a chain 100 times heavier than itself, and will eat ten times its own weight of provisions in a day. Mr. Boverich, an ingenious watch-maker, who some years ago lived in the Strand, London, exhibited to the public a little ivory chaise with four wheels, and all its proper apparatus, and a man sitting on the box, all of which were drawn by a single flea. He made a small landau which opened and shut by springs, with six horses harnessed to it, a coachman sitting on the box, and a dog between his legs, four persons in the carriage, two footmen behind it, and a postilion riding on one of the fore horses, which was also easily drawn along by a flea. He likewise had a chain of brass about two inches long, containing 200 links, with a hook at one end and a padlock and key at the other, which the flea drew very nimbly along. Something of the same kind is now exhibiting in London.—*Edinburgh Encyclopedia.*

We are unable to investigate the mechanism by which the stars are guided in their courses; but we have the power to calculate the velocity which severally distinguish satellites, planets, and comets, the two last of which have double motions and the first a treble one. The fixed stars, too, have motions, as well as a visible increase and decrease of brilliancy. The double, triple, and quadruple, quintuple and multiple stars move round their relative centres of gravity; and the smaller ones revolve round the larger ones, after the manner of satellites. Mr. Pond thinks that his observations entitle him to conclude that some variation, either continued or periodical, takes place in the sidereal system, which, producing but very small deviations in a finite portion of time, has hitherto escaped notice. Every object appears to him to move considerably to the southward. This apparent motion of all may, however, be nothing more than the effect, arising from the actual motion of the sun and its dependants towards the constellation Hercules. The sun is, in fact, a planet; and what we call primaries and secondaries are no other than satellites moving round it. Were the sun stationary, it would, doubtless, have no revolution upon its own axis. The Georgium Sidus travels in its orbit 15,546 miles in an hour; Saturn 22,050; and Jupiter 29,866. Pallas 40,930; Ceres 40,932; Juno 41,170; and Vesta 44,202. Mars 55,166; the Earth 68,092; Venus 80,062; and Mercury 109,452. The comet of 1680, when in its perihelion, moved not less than 1,240,108 miles in an hour. Light travels at the rate of ten millions of miles in a minute, and gravitation is supposed to travel at the still more astonishing rate of eight millions of times quicker than light. Motion is the most effective demonstration of a Sovereign Power. It is detected in the succession of the seasons; in the changes observable in all the visible creation, and in the circulation of nutritive juices in animal bodies; while the heart, from the first to the last moment of life, is in a state of perpetual action. Of all the subjects that can engage the intellect of man, motion is the most inexplicable. For whether it is contemplated in the progress of events, or in the impregnation, birth, growth, death, and corruption of animated bodies: whether it is observed in the gliding of rivers, the phenomena of the winds, or the periodical flux and reflux of the tide, in the Aurora Borealis, in meteors, in the gravitating power of planets, suns, and systems, or in the mysterious circulation of galvanic, electric, and magnetic fluids, the subject involves such a combination of power as at once to astonish and confound the mind. If a person put a large bar magnet to a glass case in which are five hundred magnetic needles, they will all revolve with astonishing rapidity till the magnetic influence is removed. Thus planets may be set in motion. There is a presiding influence by which they revolve, and as long as that influence continues to operate, so long will their motion continue. Should it ever cease to operate the planets will cease to move, and become fixed; sustained in their relative positions by the power, in equilibrio, of attraction and repulsion. No Being but the One can give the impulse, nor can any Being but the One conceive the manner in which that impulse can be given. For height, width, length, and depth, infinity, eternity, omnipresence, are all more easy of conception than the first origin of motion. *Bucke.*



## Fragments for Females.

**INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.**—How often have I seen a company of riotous men, checked all at once into decency by the accidental entrance of an amiable woman; while her good sense and obliging deportment charmed them into at least a temporary conviction that there is nothing so delightful as female conversation. To form the manners of men, nothing contributes so much as the cast of the women they converse with. Those who are most associated with women of virtue and understanding will always be found the most amiable characters. Such society, beyond everything else, rubs off the protrusions that give to many an ungracious roughness; it produces a polish more perfect and pleasing than that which is received by a general commerce with the world. This last is often specious, but commonly superficial; the other is the result of gentler feelings, and a more elegant humanity; the heart itself is moulded, and the habits of undissembled courtesy are formed.—*Fordyce.*

**SARAH OF MARLBOROUGH.**—None of the duchess's charms, when they were at their proudest height, had been so fondly prized by the poor duke, her husband, as her splendid head of hair. Therefore, one day, upon his offending her, by some act of disobedience to her "sovereign will," the bright thought occurred, as she sat considering how she could plague him most, that it would be a hearty vexation to see his favourite tresses cut off. Instantly the deed was done; she cropped them short, and laid them in an ante-chamber he must pass through to enter her apartment; but, to her cruel disappointment, he passed, entered, and repassed, calm enough to provoke a saint, neither angry nor sorrowful, seemingly quite unconscious both of his crime and his punishment. Concluding he must have overlooked the hair, she ran to secure it. It had vanished, and she remained in perplexity the rest of the day. The next, as he continued silent, and her looking-glass spoke the change—a rueful one—she began to think she had for once done a foolish thing. Nothing more ever transpired upon the subject until the duke's death, when she found her beautiful ringlets carefully laid up in a cabinet where he kept whatever he held most precious. We deem this almost affecting. What an adorable vixen she must have been! The duchess survived her illustrious husband not less than twenty-two years, dying at the age of eighty-four, in 1744. The love she had for the duke may in no small degree be imagined from the following anecdote:—Though in her sixty-second year, she still possessed some attractions, inasmuch that she was sought in marriage by the Duke of Somerset. Her answer is highly characteristic, and greatly to be admired:—"Marriage is very unsuitable at my age; but, were I only thirty, I would not permit even the emperor of the world to succeed in that heart which has been, all my life, devoted to John Duke of Marlborough."—*Fraser.*

Jewesses have escaped the curse which alighted upon their fathers, husbands, and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God, scourged him, crowned him with thorns, and subjected him to ignominy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Saviour, and assisted and soothed him under afflictions. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a vase of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ, on his part, extended his mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman caught in sin. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary, brought him balm and spices, and weeping, sought him in the sepulchre. "Woman, why weepest thou?" His first appearance, after the resurrection, was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, "Mary." At the sound of his voice Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered "Master." The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses.—*Chateaubriand.*

**FLOUNCING.**—In Guernsey, when a young man offers himself to a young lady, and is accepted, the parents of the parties give what is termed a flouncing; that is, they invite their friends to a feast, the young lady is led round the room by her future father-in-law, and introduced to his friends, and afterwards the young man is paraded round in like manner by his future father-in-law; there is then an exchange of rings, and some articles of plate, according to the rank of the parties. After this it is horrid for the damsel to be seen walking with any other male person, and the youth must scarce glance at anything feminine; in this way they court for years. After this ceremony if the gentleman alters his mind, the lady can claim half his property; and if the fickle lass should repent the gentleman can demand half of hers.

The natives of Guernsey keep themselves very secluded; they have three classes of society—the sixties, the forties, and the twenties. The first, in their evening visiting, carry a lantern with three lights; the second one, with two; and third, one.

**EIGHT-AND-THIRTY.**—Eight-and-thirty is a frightful epoch in the life of a woman of fashion. Hot rooms and cosmetics place it on a level with fifty in the lady of a country squire. The struggle between departing youth and departing age is never more awful. A little older, and the case becomes too clear for dispute. At forty she gives up the field, allowing that time has the best of it. But for the five preceding years,—those trying years during which, though no longer pretty, a woman may still be handsome,—the tug of war is terrific. A woman never prizes her beauty half so much as when it is forsaking her; never comprehends the value of raven locks till revealed by the contrast of the first grey hair; never finds out that her waist was slim and her form graceful, till she has been accused of *enbonpoint*. Brother coxcombs! if you would have a proper value set upon your homage, pay your court to a woman of eight-and-thirty. The flutter of a little miss of sixteen is nothing to the agitation with which the poor grateful soul uplifts her head above the waters of oblivion, in which she was succumbing.—*Memoirs of Colman.*

**WIVES.**—Women should be acquainted that no beauty hath any charms but the inward one of the mind; and that a gracefulness in their manners is much more engaging than that of their person; that modesty and meekness are the true and lasting ornaments: for she that has these is qualified as she ought to be for the management of a family, for the education of children, for an affection to her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our respect.

Speaking of the speed of a heirie (a species of camel), Burchardt assured a traveller, that he knew a young man who was passionately fond of a lovely girl whom nothing would satisfy but some oranges; these were not to be procured at Mogadore, and as the lady wanted the best fruit, nothing less than Morocco oranges would satisfy her. The Arab mounted his heirie camel at dawn of day, went to Morocco (about 100 miles from Mogadore), purchased the oranges, and returned that night after the gates were shut, but sent the oranges to the lady by a guard of one of the batteries.

**CARD PLAYING.**—There is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card table, and those cutting passions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions are the natural indications of a female gamester; her morning sleeps are not able to repay her midnight watchings.—*Guardian.*

**DRESS.**—The plainer the dress, with greater lustre does beauty appear. Virtue is the greatest ornament, and good sense the best equipage.

**DOWRY.**—The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is when she has in her countenance mildness; in her speech wisdom; in her behaviour modesty; and in her life, virtue.—*Fenton's Epistle.*

**MODESTY.**—The first of all virtues is innocence; the next is modesty. If we banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.—*Spectator.*

**MARRIAGE.**—In marriage, prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body; then you have a wife, a friend, and a companion.—*Penn.*

**THE WOMEN OF SMYRNA.**—The following spirited description of the principal street of the city of figs and raisins is from the pen of an American traveller:—The scene was gay, animated, striking, and beautiful, and entirely different from any thing I had ever seen in any one European city. Franks, Jews, Greeks, Turks, and Armenians, in their various and striking costumes, were mingled together in agreeable confusion; and, making all due allowance for the circumstance that I had for some time been debarred the sight of an unveiled woman, I certainly never saw so much beauty, and I never saw a costume so admirably calculated to set on beauty. At the same time, the costume is exceedingly trying to a lady's pretensions. Being no better than one of the uninitiated, I shall not venture upon such dangerous ground as a lady's toilet. I will merely refer to that part which particularly struck me, and that is the head-dress; no odious broad-brimmed hat; no enormous veils enveloping nose, mouth, and eyes; but simply a large gaudy turban, sitting lightly and gracefully on the head, rolled back over the forehead, leaving the whole face completely exposed, and exhibiting clear dark complexions, rosy lips closing over teeth of dazzling whiteness; and then such eyes, large, dark, and rolling! It is a matter of history, and it is confirmed by poetry, that

"The angelic youths of old,  
Burning for maids of mortal mould,  
Bewildered left the glorious skies,  
And lost their heaven for woman's eyes."

This is the country where such things happened; the throne of the Thunderer, high Olympus, is almost in sight, and these are the daughters of the women who worked miracles. If the age of passion, like the age of chivalry, were not over and for ever gone, if this were not emphatically a bank-note world, I would say of the Smyrniotes, above all others, that they are that description of women who could

"Raise a mortal to the skies,  
Or draw an angel down,"

As they walk, too, as if conscious of their high pretensions, as if conscious that the reign of beauty is not yet ended; they under that enchanting turban, charge with the whole artillery of their charms. It is a perfect unmasked battery; nothing can stand before it. I wonder the Sultan allows it. The Turks are as touchy as tinder; they take fire as quick as any of the demi-gods, and a pair of black eyes is at any time enough to put mischief in them. But the Turks are a considerate people. They consider that the Franks, or rather the Greeks, to whom I particularly refer, have periodical fits of insanity, and they go mad twice a year, during Carnival and after Lent; and if at such a time a follower of the Prophet, accidentally straggling in the Frank quarter, should find the current of his blood disturbed, he would sooner die, may he would sooner cut off his beard, than hurt a hair of any one of the light heads that he sees flitting before him. There is something remarkable by the way, in the tenacity with which the Grecian women have sustained the rights and prerogatives of beauty in defiance of Turkish customs and prejudices; while the men have fallen into the habit of their quondam masters, have taken to pipes and coffee, and in many instances to turbans and big trousers, the women have, ever gone with their faces uncovered, and to this day one, and all eschew the veil of the Turkish women. Pleased and amused with myself and every thing I saw, I moved along, unnoticed and unknown, staring, observing, and admiring; among other things, I observed that one of the amiable customs of our own city was in full force here, viz., that of the young gentlemen, with light sticks in their hands, gathering around the door of the fashionable church to stare at the ladies as they go out. I was pleased to find such a mark of civilisation in a land of barbarians, and immediately fell into a thing which seemed so much like home; but, in justice to the Smyrniote ladies, I must say I cannot flatter myself that I stared a single one out of countenance.

## Literary Debris.

**HONEST PRIDE.**—If a man has a right to be proud of any thing it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.—*Sterne.*

**ANGER.**—To be angry about trifles is mean and childish, to rage and be furious is brutish, and to maintain perpetual wrath is akin to the practice and temper of devils; but to prevent or suppress rising resentment is wise and glorious, is manly and divine.—*Watts.*

**PRIDE.**—Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.—*Franklin.*

**CANDOUR.**—The shortest and surest way to live with honour in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and if we observe we shall find that all humane virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.—*Socrates.*

**PERFECTION.**—Aim at perfection in every thing, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and dependency make them give it up as unattainable.—*Chesterfield.*

**GOVERNMENT.**—A man must first govern himself ere he be fit to govern a family; and his family, ere he be fit to bear the government in the commonwealth.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

**COMMON SENSE.**—Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of ready change.—*Pope.*

**CONTENTMENT.**—Climb not too high, lest you fall; nor lie on the ground, lest you be trampled on. Consider yourself as safest when your own legs bear you.—*Dr. John Hammond.*

**YOUTH AND AGE.**—As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth. He that follows this rule may be old in body, but can never be so in mind.—*Cicero.*

**IGNORANCE.**—Nothing can be more inglorious than a gentleman only by name, whose soul is ignorant, and life immoral.

**PERSEVERANCE.**—The greater the difficulty, the more glory in surmounting it; skillful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.

**ABUSE.**—A gentle reply to scurrilous language is the most severe revenge.

**EXPERIENCE.**—The Scotch have a proverb that a man at 40 is either a fool or a physician, and of a truth it is so, our own observations being the best recipes.

**EDUCATION.**—He that makes his son worthy of esteem by giving him a liberal education, has a far better title to his obedience and duty, than he that gives him a large estate without it.—*Socrates.*

**INDUSTRY.**—As the sweetest rose grows upon the sharpest prickles, so the hardest labours bring forth the sweetest profit.

**WILLS.**—What you leave at your death let it be without controversy, else the lawyers will be your heirs.—*Francis Osborne.*

**PERFECTION.**—He that seeks perfection on earth leaves nothing new for the saints to find in heaven.—*Francis Osborne.*

**CAUTION.**—Open your mouth and purse cautiously, and your stock of wealth and reputation shall, in repute at least, be great.—*Zimmerman.*

**THE JEWS.**—A statistical account of the Jews in Russia has lately been published at St. Petersburg by the Academician Kopper. It appears from it, that the number residing by permission in the 17 governments is 1,054,349, including both sexes. In Volhynia they are most numerous, constituting a 15th part of the whole population. In Poland the greater number is in Warsaw, of which the Jews form one-fourth of the inhabitants; and, indeed, in both Russia and Poland, they are more numerous in the towns than in the country places. In 1837 the total number of Israelites in Poland was 411,307, of whom 338,667 lived in the towns, and 72,630 in the country.

**TRUE NOBILITY.**—There is no nobility like to that of a good heart, for it never stoops to artifice, nor is wanting in good offices where they are seasonable.—*Gracian.*

**INDEPENDENCE.**—To be truly and really independent is to support ourselves by our own exertions.—*Porter.*

**WOMAN.**—A man cannot possess any thing that is better than a good woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one.—*Simonides.*

**CHAUCER'S TOMB.**—In the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, let into the wall, under a low depending arch, is to be seen the decayed tomb of the poet Chaucer—one of the first of our countrymen who snatched an evergreen leaf from Apollo's wreath. The date of his obituary, as engraven on his tombstone, is 1400; but the major portion of the letters composing his epitaph are rendered so exceedingly indistinct by the corroding tooth of time, that it is with much difficulty they can be traced and deciphered. From this circumstance, the ancient tomb of Geoffrey Chaucer is, in nine instances out of ten, overlooked by the inquisitive stranger when he enters the Poet's Corner, to ponder over the epitaphs of those who, by their approved virtues or conspicuous abilities and national services, have at different periods of time distinguished themselves in this great country. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster would incur but a very trifling expense, if they were to cause a copy of Chaucer's epitaph to be engraved on a small tablet, and placed over the poet's sarcophagus, as it is very probable, from the present state and condition of his tomb, that in another half century no traces of the inscription will remain visible.

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# CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL



"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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## Shakspeare a Courtier.

AMONG the few demeaning errors with which Shakspeare, as an author, can be truly charged, that of flattery to Elizabeth and her courtiers is the greatest. Were he to be considered as a mere play-writer, this fault would scarcely merit notice; for, in the venal age in which he lived, men of superior education, and greater pretensions, were much more liberal than the Bard of Avon in their adulation of the Queen. Ben Jonson, for instance, the then Cæsar among the dramatic poets of his time, was the most gross and fulsome of flatterers; not to Elizabeth alone, but to James I., a man whose parade of literary acquirements sickened genius from the Court.

But Shakspeare, though the honours and profits of his labours were sufficient to ensure him a comfortable independence and comparative respect, did not in his life acquire that deep-rooted admiration among his countrymen which is now universally awarded to his matchless productions. It was not until the reign of Queen Anne that the full flow of public approbation sealed his name as that of the most highly-gifted author, whose genius had adorned, elevated, and instructed the human race. However presumptuous, therefore, it may now appear to fix our pen upon the faults of Shakspeare, it must at least be serviceable to truth to show, that even he, who possessed the richest and sublimest intellect of recorded ages, was so far the creature of circumstances, and so far governed by the prevailing impulses of our common humanity, as to be compelled at times to descend from the unapproachable excellence of his own genius, to intermix its breathings with the grosser and more earthly calculations of sordidness.

AS Shakspeare became, at the time of Queen Anne, and will ever be, a household god throughout the many and varied regions in which the English language is spoken, it is the more necessary that the few particles of dross should be separated from the fine gold—that the personal commendations which he, in common with the smaller poets of his day, bestowed upon the insatiable vanity of Elizabeth, should be proclaimed as having been dictated by other impulses than the brilliant powers of his imagination—that comprehensive faculty, whose scope embraced all nature, which imprinted on his everlasting page the passions of the human heart, and anticipated the workings of the most prolific brain.

The reign of Elizabeth, by the chroniclers of her own time, and by their copyists, is recorded as the most honourable and prosperous in English history. But more acute and reflecting minds have looked beneath the surface of events, and affirm that there was more real tyranny, and greatly more popular misery and misrule during that showy and glittering reign than even in that of the long-denounced and heartily-detested Richard III. Horace Walpole, in his "Historic Doubts," not only produced much plausible reasoning, but illustrated it by concurrent facts, to prove that the "last of the Plantagenets" was not a tyrant to the people of England. To the faction, which opposed the pretensions of his family, he was remorseless from his youth, pursuing them with his hatred until they were exterminated; but to the great body of his subjects he was humane, just, and charitable—repressing the exactions of those to whom the taxes were farmed, and checking in every possible way the incroachments of the rich upon the privileges or immunities of the poor. Extremely different was the conduct of Henry VII., Shakspeare's Richmond, and Queen Elizabeth's grandfather. With a barbarity equal, at least, to that of the

"crook-backed tyrant," he destroyed every man of eminence who had opposed his claims to the throne; and when seated there he commenced a series of exactions upon the people, which, coupled with his extreme parsimony, speedily made him the richest monarch in Europe. His reign, so full of popular heavings and public discontent, Shakspeare has passed over in silence, leaving an irreparable hiatus in his dramatic history of England. Although the regal life of this monarch would not bear dramatic representation to the honour of the Tudor family, the convenient method of flattery by prophecy is adopted. In the third part of Henry VI., that monarch, on seeing Richmond, while a youth, is made to say—

"Come hither England's hope! If secret powers  
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.  
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;  
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,  
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself  
Likely in time to bless a regal throne."

The mean and paltry Henry VII. of history could never be recognised by this glowing description; had his reign been even a hundredth part as honourable as above predicted, there can be little doubt but the first of the Tudors would have been deified by Shakspeare.

The bustling and energetic Henry VIII., however, has been portrayed, and that in the most favourable light. Not one of the enormities committed by that monster king is hinted at: his infuriate passions and bestial lusts are "quietly inured," whilst all his superficial qualities are vaunted to the utmost. It is, therefore, greatly to be regretted that the author of so many powerful pieces upon English history should have given such a partial portrait of the sensual king.

Elizabeth, inheriting alike the parsimony of her grandfather, and the imperiousness of her father, with no small portion of his animal passions, exacted from her courtiers the most debasing flattery; and all who expected notice or advancement at her hand, were compelled to undergo the meanest of all novitiates—a course of adulation revolting to independence and even common sense. The manner in which Elizabeth is spoken of in Henry VIII., when read after a perusal of impartial history, infuses a feeling of regret—perhaps in some of discontent—that he who wrote for all time should have written so much for the fleeting hour. The trial of Queen Katharine is full of dramatic beauty and effect; but, notwithstanding her heart-touching appeals, the otherwise uninformed reader would be compelled to espouse the quarrel of the king, and thereby be led to justify his marriage with Anne Boleyn, an act, the disgrace of which is only equalled by the succeeding murders and marriages of the unprincipled monarch. In the scene between *Anne Boleyn* and an *Old Lady*, in which there is some womanly talk of births and marriages, the future bride is made to express an oath that she would not be a queen for all the world, the object of the play being to insinuate that she contrived no scheme to throw herself in Henry's way, but that her beauty and virtue alone enticed the King to honour her. The Lord Chamberlain interrupts their discourse, by informing her that his Majesty has created her Marchioness of Pembroke, with a pension of £1000 a-year, all for virtuous goodwill. In scanning the new favourite, the Chamberlain thus speaks to himself—

"I have perused her well,  
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,  
That they have caught the king; and who knows yet  
But from this lady may proceed a gem  
To lighten all this isle!"

A woman's "honour" entice King Henry to her ferment, and she a waiting-woman on the virtuous and dignified Queen Katharine!

There can be no doubt that the Lady Boleyn was deficient in the sweetest charm of woman, in modesty; and yet she is described in the play as a paragon of every female virtue. The portraits of her yet extant prove her to have been remarkable for a voluptuous cast of countenance; yet a by-stander in the marriage-procession is made to say—

"Heaven bless thee,  
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on;  
Sir, as I have a soul she is an angel;  
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,  
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady.  
I cannot blame his conscience."

This is no doubt within the license of the drama; but when it is recollected that Elizabeth was vain in the extreme of her small amount of beauty, it became necessary for courtiers to say that she sprang from a beauteous stock. It is indeed within the range of possibility that Shakspeare thought the queen good-looking; but his rapt descriptions of female beauty—his Imogene, Desdemona, Ophelia, Juliet, &c.—were all of a vastly different character and appearance than the masculine countenance of Elizabeth. It is esteemed a small crime, certainly, to flatter a woman's looks, but when that flattery is given for purely selfish purposes it becomes disgusting. But more venal still, because on a more important topic, is the speech of Archbishop Cranmer on the occasion of Elizabeth's baptism.

Cranmer.—Let me speak, sir,  
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.  
This royal infant (heaven still move about her!)  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness; She shall be  
(But few now living can behold that goodness)  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed; Sheba was never  
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,  
Than this pure soul shall be; all princely graces,  
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,  
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:  
She shall be loved and fear'd: Her own shall bless her:  
Her foes shall like a field of beaten corn,  
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grow with her:  
In her days, every man shall eat in safety  
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:  
God shall be truly known; and those about her  
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
[Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
Her ashes new create another heir,  
As great in admiration as herself;  
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,  
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,) who,  
From the sacred ashes of her honour,  
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,  
That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;  
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
His honour, and the greatness of his name  
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,  
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
To all the plains about him:—Our children's children  
Shall see this and bless Heaven.

K. Henry.—Thou speakest wonders.  
Cranmer.—She shall be, to the happiness of England,  
An aged princess; many days shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
'Would I had known no more! but she must die,  
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,  
A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.



From these splendid lines, replete with poetic beauty, and redolent of sentimental loyalty, the worshipper of truth lifts an unsatisfied eye! Turning from this emphatic declamation even to the glozed page of history, the conscience is smitten with a sense of the painful difference between them. It was a romance long dwelt upon, that Elizabeth was a model of honour, virtue, and all the high and heart-endearing qualities which ennoble woman in the eyes of man; but its constant repetition caused a degree of doubt in the minds of a scandal-loving court, until even the scullion girls became acquainted with the frailties of their mistress. Nor was the greatness of her mind less a fable than the purity of her morals; she was vindictive in the extreme; splenetic, avaricious, mean and cruel; distrustful and intriguing; bound neither by personal nor by national honour; while her vanity, both as to her figure and accomplishments, was beyond parallel. It is not then surprising that during her long reign she was fed by a succession of flatterers, for a court presided over by a vain sovereign is a sink of every meanness and iniquity; but it is to be wondered at that Shakspeare should be found in the menial train. An infant some few days old promising, through the archbishop's heaven-enlightened eye, "to bring upon this land a thousand thousand blessings" is, no doubt, a fact to be believed in royal courts, where a childing Queen cannot sneeze but it is prophetic of some great event. Not long ago the King of the French had a grandson born to him, and the municipality of Paris came running to the Tuileries with a superb sword as a present to the baby, covering the folly of their action with the most fulsome nonsense. This child's play, however, may be well forgiven. Statesmen and politicians must not be blamed when they interfere with matters for which they are peculiarly fitted; their intellectual greatness may easily be measured by the noise they create respecting so natural and commonplace an event as a married woman presenting her husband with children. But Shakspeare was none of these; he must have blushed to himself when he permitted his golden pen to trace the lines—

"She shall be  
A pattern to all princes living with her  
And all that shall succeed."

There is no one of Shakspeare's admirers in England who would wish her present Majesty to take pattern by Elizabeth. Indeed, the candid manner in which our Queen told the Lords of her Privy Council that she must have a husband was more to her honour than all the boasted virginity of Elizabeth, even had ninety-nine of her hundred amours been untrue.

But should Shakspeare, and the historians we have been accustomed to read, have wedded us to an exalted idea of the "most unspotted lily," that prejudice fails us when we come to criticise the successor of the "maiden phoenix." James I. noticed Shakspeare very kindly, and was certainly an extreme admirer of his writings, particularly of those eloquent portions which enunciate the divinity of kings, and the profanity of those who dared to lift a hand, or even an eye, against the Lord's anointed.

The passage marked by brackets [ ] is so distinguished in all the older copies of Shakspeare, probably because it was an interpolation placed there after the death of Elizabeth, who, with a childish ill-nature, would never allow her successor to be spoken of until almost the concluding period of her existence. Then it was that the base head of flatterers, who had ministered to her vanity for years, deserted her in the hour of death, and departed in unseemly haste to proffer their vernal homage to the King of Scotland. That the conduct and ability of this monarch little merited the applause of Shakspeare is abundantly evident from the following summary of his character by Dr. Robertson, the most able and impartial historian of his day:—

"His generosity bordered on profusion, his learning on pedantry, his pacific disposition on pusillanimity, his wisdom on cunning, his friendship on light fancy and boyish fondness. While he imagined that he was only maintaining his own authority, he may perhaps be suspected, in a few of his actions, and still more of his pretensions, to have somewhat encroached on the liberties of his people: While he endeavoured, by an exact neutrality, to acquire the good will of all his neighbours, he was able to preserve fully the esteem and regard of none. His capacity was considerable; but fitter to discourse on general maxims than to conduct any intricate business: His intentions were just; but more adapted to the conduct of private life, than to the government of kingdoms. Awkward in his person and ungainly in his manners, he was ill qualified to command respect; partial and undiscerning in his affections, he was little fitted to acquire general love. Of a feeble temper more than of a frail judgment: exposed to our ridicule from his vanity; but exempt from our hatred by his freedom from pride and arrogance. And upon the whole, it may be pronounced of his character, that all his qualities were sullied with weakness and embellished with humanity. Of political courage he certainly was destitute; and thence chiefly is derived the strong prejudice which prevails against his personal bravery. An inference, however, which must be owned, from general experience, to be extremely fallacious!"

## A Fashionable Marriage.

### CHAPTER I.—THE COURTSHIP.

AMONG the quiet and money-making citizens of London, some few years ago, Mr. Peter Winyett held no despicable rank. He certainly had never been one of the municipal authorities, and during the thirty years that he was considered a prosperous citizen, he only once had been invited to partake of the hospitalities of the Mansion-house. He was known to entertain economical opinions respecting the civic expenditure, and was, moreover, liberal in his political principles. On several occasions, he had been a member of Alderman Wood's election committees, and on all public occasions sustained the character of a consistent and independent Whig. He had lost his wife while his three children were infants; and two sons having died within a short time after, his entire cares and fortunes were devoted to his daughter Mary. Miss Winyett was a sensible and accomplished girl, elegant in her appearance, of comely features, and not over proud of the fortune of which she was the undisputed heiress. She was one of those young ladies who endue without dazzling, and who, although at the West End they may be termed plain, are really the most loveable and interesting of their sex. Not a few of Mr. Winyett's mercantile friends thought of the best means of securing his daughter for one of their sons; and frequently on 'Change, at the ordinary, and even in the omnibus, would a brother merchant descendant on the qualities of Miss Winyett, and the happiness it would give to all his family to become allied to hers. Mr. Winyett, however, was a prudent man, and always replied to these observations, by saying that his daughter's inclination would be his only guide in such a matter. Of the little company into which Miss Winyett was introduced, she never evinced a partiality for any individual; and although nearly nineteen years of age, and heiress to at least eighty thousand pounds, she was absolutely without a suitor.

In the course of some business transactions, Mr. Winyett became acquainted with Josias Vincent, Esq., an attorney of some considerable eminence. This gentleman having met the young lady at her father's house, and learning that no matrimonial engagement was likely to interrupt his schemes, he resolved to make himself the originator of an alliance, at the greatest possible profit to himself. Mr. Vincent had introduced the honourable Lord Swindleton to a money-broker; and, although he had profitably shared in some transactions between these parties, he was aware that a rather heavy bill was on the eve of becoming due, which the broker would not be inclined to renew.

My Lord Swindleton was the only scion of the ancient and noble family of Foulborough. The Earl himself was in his dotage; a martyr to the gout, to gambling, and the gangrene of official disappointment, he lived apart from public life, in impatient expectation of the Whigs being expelled from office, that he or his son might acquire some Government appointment. The family patrimony was completely wasted—mortgages covered every acre of his land; and his plate was carefully preserved at his bankers. The Countess was a lady of haughty manners, and even in her family sustained her imperious character with severity. Deprived of many of the extravagant amusements to which she was attached, and almost hopeless of any of her daughters now making a wealthy conquest (for the youngest was twenty-five), a splenetic temper engendered itself upon her natural pride, and rendered her almost disagreeable to those around her. Her youngest child, the hopeful Lord Swindleton, had run the usual course of profligacy and extravagance, so common to the vicious and uneducated youth of the English aristocracy, and was now, in common with all his family, at a dead stand for want of ready money.

In these circumstances, on hearing the purport of the visit with which he was honoured by Mr. Vincent, the young lord actually resolved as well as promised to think seriously of the matter. He well knew that the imperious temper of his mother, and the sickly pride of his sisters, would rebel against any such match; but, as he knew, also, that a portion of Mr. Winyett's gold would smooth, to a great extent, all opposition from these quarters, he gave himself little trouble on that account. With the usual filial affection of noble youths, he never wasted a thought on the opinion of his father; as the Earl could give him nothing, and could take nothing from him, the young lord considered himself altogether independent of him.

He availed himself, therefore, of the opportunities afforded him by Mr. Vincent; and, by the assiduity of his attentions, and his really elegant manners and courteous urbanity, he soon made an impression on the heart of Miss Winyett. The father of the young lady, led astray by the representations of Mr. Vincent, was made to believe that his daughter alone was the object of the noble lord's visits, and he prided himself on the reflection that his child would have a dowry almost sufficient to cope with the large inheritance of her suitor.

Matters having progressed thus favourably, Mr. Vincent invited the young lord and his creditor to a business dinner, when it was arranged that, provided Mr. Vincent could procure £50,000 to be paid by Mr. Winyett on the morning of the wedding-day, that learned gentleman

was to receive £1,000 for his exertions, and be freed from all liability in the money transactions between the other parties. The money broker, in the meantime, was to renew the pending bill for three months, having increased it from £2,000 to £3,000, which addition was to be his share of the proceeding, the entire sum being paid immediately on the marriage. These preliminaries being arranged, Lord Swindleton next thought of the best manner of introducing the subject to his mother, and resolved to broach the matter to her while confined to her room by a passing attack of sickness.

He accordingly waited on the Countess, and bluntly told her that she must immediately liberate him from his difficulties, or permit him to make the best match he could to assist his shattered income.

"Do you recollect," inquired the Countess, "that the blood of the old Normans flows uncontaminated in your veins?"

"Do you know that the lands they acquired are mortgaged to their full value, both for the Earl's life and my own?" observed the unabashed lord.

"Can a nobleman of your birth, education, and exterior, not make a suitable match from among the peerage?" asked the Countess in a more quiet manner.

"Can your ladyship introduce me to a family whose estate is unburdened, and to which there is not a multitude of existing heirs?"

"Well, then," said the Countess, "among the ancient baronetage, or even the old landed commoners, perhaps you may be more successful."

"My dear mother," said the young lord, "you know all these parties much better than I do; and you are aware that every girl of fortune among them is beset by titled suitors. It would be too long, if not a hopeless task to dislodge the crowd."

"This ought to be a pleasant topic," sighed the Countess; and yet somehow or other it is irksome and disagreeable. Have you cast your eye on any particular family?"

"On no family, certainly; the individual whom I propose to unite with our house is only a merchant's daughter," said his lordship.

"A what!" exclaimed her ladyship.

"A merchant's daughter," repeated the young lord, pretending not to see the agitation into which his mother had thrown herself.

A pause of some disagreeable length now ensued. The Countess leant back on the sofa, shut her eyes, clasped her hands, then stared into the callous countenance of her son, and made preparations for fainting away.

"I shall wait upon your ladyship when you have recovered," said his lordship; "and in the mean time, I bid you adieu, mama."

"Stay, you unfeeling, ungrateful boy!" exclaimed the Countess. You that would dishonour your father's house by contamination with a trader, can have little claim upon my sympathies. To you will shortly be confided the political influence of the family; and although it is somewhat embarrassed at present, an ambassadorial appointment for your father may shortly be expected—you will be made his attaché—and we can leave the country for a few years, when all will be well."

"What dream is this?" coolly inquired the youth. "When and from whom is this ambassadorial appointment to be received?"

"From the new ministry that will shortly be formed," replied the sanguine Countess.

"It is of no use to deceive ourselves longer on that subject, my much honoured mother," said his lordship with much warmth. "The day of the new ministry is as distant as ever; and even although our friends were in office to-morrow, there are two, perhaps three, circumstances which will prevent the accomplishment of your expectations."

"What are these?" plaintively inquired the Countess.

"Why, in the first place, there are so very many of our political friends on the look out, like ourselves, that the distribution of patronage can scarcely be expected to reach us, seeing we have no family interest in the Commons, and only one vote in the Lords, where it is not needed; and, in the second place, since that unhappy vote on the embassy to Russia, Sir Robert will be more careful of his appointments."

"You mentioned a third circumstance, what is it?" inquired the Countess.

"The manifest incapacity of the Earl," coolly replied his lordship.

"You are a cruel and heartless wretch, my lord," said her ladyship. I should not be surprised if you were to become a Whig."

"The father of the young lady of whom I spoke is a Whig," observed the noble lord, with a smile.

"What devils have tempted you to talk and act thus, Alfred?" inquired the Countess, in accents almost agonising.

"Debt, difficulty, and the desire of ease," replied his lordship with the utmost coolness.

"You distract me," said the Countess. "I am unable to the task you would impose upon me. Have you consulted the Earl on the subject?"

"I have not, nor do I think it necessary. It is your office, when satisfied yourself, to inform him of the circumstances."

"If that were your only fault, Alfred, I could overlook it easily," replied the Countess, with some degree



of complaisance; "but really there exist so many insurmountable objections to your purpose, that I hope you will not mention it to me again; nor, indeed, pursue it any further, so far as a family alliance is concerned."

"To conclude the matter with you then, my lady-mother," said his lordship, "I must observe, that as the honours of our family are now completely profitless, it is my intention to discard them altogether. With this girl's fortune I can enjoy life in its most expensive and fashionable modes. Your door may be shut against me, but not another will be closed. My replenished purse will command an entrance everywhere, while your conduct must become the topic of universal scandal, and public attention will be drawn to our family embarrassments—a misfortune which we have as yet avoided. With these prospects and intentions, considering myself no longer a member of your family, madam, I must bid you finally adieu."

"And so then," cried the Countess, starting to her feet, "presumptuous, selfish boy, you would disgrace a family of which you cannot be sufficiently proud, for the sake of a city trader's daughter?"

"No—not at all," replied his lordship.

"For the sake of whom or what, then?" enquired the Countess.

"For her fortune," replied her son, with his usual nonchalance.

"And does not the girl presume on your coronet because of her fortune? A young man of your accomplishments might honour her enough with your company, without allying yourself to her."

"Mother," said his lordship, somewhat indignantly, "I am neither villain enough nor mean enough for that. The girl is not sufficiently voluptuous to be a companion; she is also too rich to be supported; and I could not hold up my face even at Tattersall's, were it supposed that I lived upon the woman I protected. To get hold of her fortune I must be married to her. In all things else I am your humble servant."

"In God's name," said the Countess, "what is the amount of this fortune of which you talk so much?"

"I came to talk of nothing else at present, but you would talk of the girl, of whom I said nothing."

"But the fortune—the fortune," said her ladyship, somewhat impatiently.

"I expect £50,000 on the morning of the ceremony, and as much more on the death of her father."

The Countess mused a short time, calculating seemingly within herself; then looking earnestly in her son's face, while an apparent smile was seen in the perspective of her eyes, she said—"Could you not wait till the old man's death?"

"Perhaps I could, so far as I am immediately concerned; but others will not. Now that you talk of it in a business manner, I will sit by you and explain the whole affair."

So saying, his lordship threw himself upon the sofa, and gave the Countess a rambling account of his embarrassments, dwelling with particular emphasis on the fact that his bay mare was at livery at Tattersall's—that in a few weeks she would have eaten herself out of his possession—and that when he did ride out, his own groom remained behind, while one from the stables followed him in his perambulations.

"Well, then, Alfred, answer me this question truly—How do you intend to marry the girl? By an elopement to Gretna, I suppose."

"No; why should I?"

"Because it might then be given out, that you had been seduced or betrayed into it; and then I could be very angry and forbid you the house for a while; after that I would relent and forgive you, and you might then either give the girl an allowance, or recognise her, as circumstances might determine."

"There you are, impracticable again. You know as well as I do, that these moneyed merchants think themselves equal to any peer, and therefore the girl's father would be as indignant as you could pretend to be. Another thing—the marriage portion must be arranged by legal settlement, which an elopement would prevent, were the girl foolish enough to consent to such a course. But, suppose you had your own way thus far, who would believe otherwise than that it was a marriage of necessity?"

"You are a merciless, wrong-headed boy; you have no regard for your family; none even for me. But I will not submit so easily as I see you now imagine. If I must recognise the girl, I must have an equivalent. You are to receive £50,000 on the marriage day; I have a few engagements of which the Earl is not aware, and your sisters have been deprived of pocket-money for some time. Now, Alfred, bitter as I feel the degradation, I will make a bargain with you; give me a bill for £10,000, and each of your sisters £1,000, and I will give you my advice and the girl my countenance. Nay, do not interrupt me, I will also give you a *dejeuner* on the morning of your marriage in this very house."

"You are somewhat extravagant, I must say," said Alfred, laughing, "and I know you do not expect me to comply; but I shall surprise you. I will give you £5,000, and my sisters £1,000 each, and that is more than any of you deserve—aye, or even could expect."

"Say another £1,000 for the *dejeuner*, and I will accept your niggardly offer."

"One thousand pounds for a breakfast is certainly not more than you have sometimes incurred for a supper

Well, then, suppose I agree, and let me now hear your valuable advice."

"Why, my dear Alfred, as you now display a portion of your own good sense, I will tell you that I need not interfere in the marriage at present. I will obtain the Earl's consent to leave it in my hands, and send a paragraph to the *Morning Post*, which will introduce the matter to our friends. In the mean time, you may procure some opera tickets for me and your sisters. We will be present, as it were by accident, when you can introduce the girl to our notice, and I shall then be able to judge how far I can then proceed without compromising the family."

The morning after this interview, the following paragraph appeared in the fashionable morning paper:—"We understand that the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a highly respectable merchant in the City has recently made a conquest of the heir of the noble house of Foulborough. That illustrious family, in the exercise of the exalted virtue for which it is so eminently distinguished, will not, we believe, present any insuperable objection to the wishes of the noble lord, but leave the interesting affair to the dictates of the young nobleman's honour, integrity, and discretion."

### Scenes and Sketches of Military Life.

PATRICK O'NEIL—THE IRISH GRENADIER.

CHAPTER III.—THE FOURTH FLOGGING—THE KING'S BOOTS—THE FIFTH FLOGGING.

THE regiment remained but a few months in the south of Ireland. It was next ordered for England. We embarked on board a steamer, at a pleasantly-situated village called Middleton, on the banks of the Lea. The steamer took us to the transport lying in that noble basin, the Cove.

After a long and rough voyage we landed at Chatham, and went into barracks there, where we rested a few weeks—we were suddenly moved to relieve a regiment of the Guards at Windsor. The north of England at that time was pretty considerably riotous; the weavers and spinners were crying for bread, and the Guards were sent down to keep quietness.

We found Windsor capital quarters for a soldier, the people, though very shy, after some time became exceedingly obliging; the Guards were not liked by the towns people.

At Windsor private Patrick O'Neil was in his glory. The Castle was undergoing extensive alterations, and a number of Irish stone-cutters *et hoc genus* were employed, and Pat soon had "clouds of friends" amongst them. He assisted them to spend their earnings. He sung songs in capital style for them—told them droll and wild stories—recited his own many wonderful adventures and "hair breadth 'scapes" in foreign lands where he had never been, and told them news from friends in their own country whom he had never seen, and who might be mouldering in their graves for aught he knew or cared, and had always something new and strange where-with to entertain them. With these congenial spirits, and some simple-minded Englishmen, their fellow-workmen, he spent the time pleasantly when off duty, and here also he contrived to pick up a *cher amie*, whose overwhelming love led him into another of those acts of weakness and wanton outrage against order and discipline for which he had already paid so dear.

He was on the Castle guard; his post was the gate next the guard-room, and as he leaned idly against his box about 8 o'clock in the evening, the lady of his love made her appearance through the falling shades of night. She had brought her hero "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," and a small bottle of brandy to cool it. She was doubly welcome to O'Neil, for the night fell chill, and the post was lonely, besides the Castle was not a place that he could love. There was a rusty old-time look about it, and a ghostlike and charnel-house smell of the breeze that blew at night about the old towers and chapel. O'Neil felt himself more comfortable in the society of the lady fair than that of the sentry-box, so leaving his firelock to guard the Castle-gate, and forgetting in the fumes of the tea and brandy his duty, the guard-house, the impending court-martial, and all the horrors of the mangling lash, everything but the kind beauties fair before him vanished. They passed like misty shadows of other days from beneath the arch of the embattled tower, and faded away in the darkness and the distance.

The corporal on going round to relieve the sentries, was not a little astonished to find nothing of O'Neil, but his musket reclining on the wooden surmount. He called—his voice died away in the chapel vaults. He waited for a few moments, he posted the sentry, and returned to the guard, and gave in his report. The officer's report of the following morning contained the full particulars of O'Neil's disappearance.

The old sergeant imagined he had been spirited away by some of the grisly ghosts with which the Castle was said to abound, and the majority of the men of the guard held fast by the same faith. They could not for a moment venture to believe that any thing less than magic, or the powers of the invisible world, could tempt or force a soldier to desert his post under the very nose of royalty. The colonel, however, took a more material view of the subject, and instantly dispatched a patrol in search of the delinquent. They were absent until noon, and then they discovered O'Neil in a house near a piece

of waste ground called "The Acre," at the rear of the town. He was seated at breakfast with his Desdemona, as thoughtless and happy as though crime and punishment were banished altogether from the earth.

He was committed to his old quarters—the guard-house, and brought before a court-martial on the following day. When asked what could have induced him to quit his post, he replied with all the gravity imaginable, and with a face of the purest and most unsophisticated innocence—

"Why, your honours! I can't tell what came over me, good or bad, but only this. I was on duty as usual, and thinking of nothing at all, when a low moaning sort of noise came all at once from behind the sentry box, and my hair began to stand and creep all over my head, and my knees to knock against each other in the strangest way in the world, and then I knew that the noise was nothing that was good. Well, your honours, after about five minutes, I plucked up a bit of courage, and says I to myself, if you were the Devil and Doctor Foster (Faustus) I'll see who you are; so recovering my firelock, I moved quietly round the sentry box, and there your honours, if I didn't see a tall woman all in white; with a white face, and eyes of fire, come walking down the Castle wall before my face. Well, I had scarcely looked on her when the most awful flash of lightning that ever man beheld struck me your honours, knocked the firelock out of my hand, and left me senseless. I don't know how long I remained there your honours, but when I came to myself I found I was in a strange house, and people rubbing my temples, and burning feathers under my nose. They said they found me about two o'clock in the morning, lying as if I was dead, in the middle of the Acre. That's the blessed and holy truth, your honours, so you may punish an innocent man if you please."

The story was not believed. He was sentenced to and received three hundred lashes the next morning.

The duty at Windsor was rather severe; there was an officer's guard for the Castle, the barrack guard, hospital guard, the guard for the royal lodge in the park, and one for Frogmore, where the Princess Augusta then resided. These two last mentioned went on at seven o'clock in the evening, and the sentries were withdrawn, and the guards marched to barracks at seven the succeeding morning. These guards were eagerly sought after by the men, from the comparative indulgence and rest they offered.

The whole number of men for duty was paraded at 10 in the morning. The adjutant selected the cleverest and best-looking men for these guards, and they had nothing more to do until half-past six in the evening, when they were again paraded and marched to their posts. Besides this the guard at the royal lodge had always an excellent supper sent to them, with plenty of beer. O'Neil, though a desperate character, was seldom overlooked in the selection for these duties; indeed no officer with an eye for appearance could overlook him.

In about three months after the last punishment above narrated, he was selected as one for the guard on the royal lodge. His post was at a door at the back of the cottage, and where the sentinel at a certain hour was taken in and regaled with bread, beef, and beer. Unfortunately, he was on the post at this hour, and as usual, was taken in to supper with a servant to wait on him. While the latter left the room on some business, O'Neil cast his eyes about to see if there was anything which might answer his purposes lying loose about. A pair of elegant top boots met his glance—whether they struck his fancy in a particular way, or that he was led on by the *outré* choice of an Irishman, is hard to say; however, it was the work of but an instant for Pat to roll the boots tightly up and force them into his grenadier cap.

The boots were missed shortly after the guard came away; and the following day one of the royal grooms came and made a formal statement of the theft, accusing O'Neil as the only person who could have taken away the property. Patrick was at that time on the Castle guard—always undergoing punishment of one kind or another—he was then doing duty with "a night in bed," that is, guard mounting every second day. He was examined, but denied all knowledge of the affair; his person, knapsack, &c., were all searched, but no trace of the missing boots could be discovered. They were not long, however, concealed; that night a man of the company came out of hospital, and no regular bed in the room being then vacant for him, he was assigned to O'Neil's bed for that night; and, in unrolling the little mattress, out rolled the boots. Poor O'Neil had not had time to make away with them. The sergeant of the room immediately pounced on the prey, and carried them off in triumph to the orderly room. O'Neil was immediately taken off guard, and made a prisoner. A court martial was put in orders for the next day, Patrick brought before it, and convicted on the strongest circumstantial evidence, sentenced, and, for the fifth time in less than the space of one year, received three hundred lashes.

This last feat established O'Neil's reputation on a basis too firm to be shaken by any after-circumstances. His name had now become a bye-word—a matter of history in the regiment "to point a moral or adorn a tale," and the men when wishing to describe a character of extraordinary delinquency, would swear he was "as big a rogue as Paudeen O'Neil, who stole the King's boots."



## False Taste respecting the Female Form.

BEING NO. III. OF THE EXPERIENCES OF BENJAMIN TRUESTEEL, ESQ.

AMONG the charms of female childhood, the healthy glow of the cheek, and the flashing lustre of the eye, are the most delightful; not the less so because they are generally the most evanescent of womanly beauties. Why they are evanescent is a problem young ladies either cannot or will not understand; but they shall plead ignorance no longer, nor shall any mother bewail without knowledge why the vivacity and bloom so suddenly departs from her daughter's countenance. Ladies are not altogether ignorant of an article of female habiliment called stays;—that is the grand enemy, the crushing serpent, which envelops in its destructive folds the vital energies of the human frame, which insinuates a cancer on the rosebud cheek, and spreads a pallor where glorious health and animated looks have danced delighted among maiden features. The most important organs of the human body have their seat immediately beneath the rhinoceros covering, and by tight lacing\* they are so crowded and driven upon each other, that the vital functions are either suspended or disorganised, and strong and healthy girls speedily become peevish, ill-natured mortals, liable to faintness, hysterics, and hypochondriacism. We know there are a number of silly girls who consider the languishing system delightful; who think it is genteel to be weakly, and who abominate a spark of health upon their cheeks as the first, last, and worst sign of vulgarity. Women generally, however, like to be healthy, as well as to look handsome; but how to achieve these two great points of female diplomacy is a subject of much serious thought, of late and longing desires; it is—

"Their thought by day, their dream by night."

Benjamin, to the rescue! Snatch each glowing maid from consumption—restore the beams to the cold clouded eye, give vigour and elasticity to the footstep, bring back the merrily-ringing silver tone to the unimpeded laugh—make smelling bottles useless, and walking hour-glasses unfashionable!

Allow us, gentle ladies all, to introduce to you a young girl as yet guiltless of self-torture. We give you a faint outline; crossed by a diagram, of what she is to be. Her mother has resolved to place her under the tender mercies of the stay-maker, because the eldest daughter of my Lady this, and the youngest of Mrs. that, have done the same. The expanding bust of the poor girl must be "cabined, cribbed, confined," and the growing power of her little palpitating heart rudely checked, merely to make her like her neighbours. The more the pliant sides of the sweet young sacrifice can be crushed the better; the more nearly she can approach the next-to-nothing waist, then of course she will be considered the more elegant—so handsome, so charming—oh! what a delightful creature she will be! Well, there she is; laced and corded as a packing-box would be, formed like a wasp, quite as ill-natured, but neither so agile in her movements, nor so glittering in her eyes, so ready of motion in her head, or so free in the respiration of her lungs. But she is a woman now, and she must bid adieu to the fearless and joyous step with which she used to meet papa of an evening,—the skipping-rope is flung by; the heedless run, the half-giddy swing, the free and graceful bending of the back, the airy motion of the limbs, all are now impossible; she is encased in a coat of mail, swathed in buckram, and bound up with whalebone, as a falling house with props; she feels giddy in the head instead of her heels, spasms become frequent, and the druggist's shop is more frequently visited than the confectioner's. She grows pale as well as tall, and if a good constitution triumphs over all this ill-usage, she at least loses her appetite. Her father sends her to the country for the benefit of fresh air, where, not likely to meet with kindred forms, she now and then neglects her stays of a morning, inhales a portion of the blessed atmosphere, which impels an almost instant healthy action of her lungs; her bust, of course, slightly expands, and on returning home, she is welcomed by the ungracious exclamation of her mama—"La! dear, how stout you have got!"

Another course of tugging, tearing, and pinching must be gone through, and the flesh torn off the waiting-maids'

\* Husbands and fathers, who wish to arm themselves with legal weapons against this practice, will find the subject treated scientifically in No. III. of the *Polytechnic Journal*, a periodical well versed in physical science, and justly capable of arguing the question through all its intricacies.

fingers—or, in the absence of that functionary, off her own—her breath must be held in, and the free pulsation of her heart stopped, that the new stays and the new dress may be set on and off to the best advantage. With a chest as erect as that of an Egyptian mummy, and nearly as motionless, our straight-waistcoated heroine places herself at the piano, but the rapid movement of the arm is suspended; every now and then she thrusts her hand into the hollow of her opposite shoulder, to lift the strap of her stays from her arm, that a more free play may be allowed to her movements. Her face of a sudden gets wonderfully high coloured, a simper appearing on the countenances of the listeners (her mother, of course, excepted), for to them she presents the figure of a double hour-glass, fashion having made music stools provokingly like those who sit upon them. This probation over, the "prison-bound" suddenly recollects that she is under the disagreeable necessity of attending to an appointment which she almost wishes she had not made; and with this small attempt at duplicity off she glides to meet her lover.

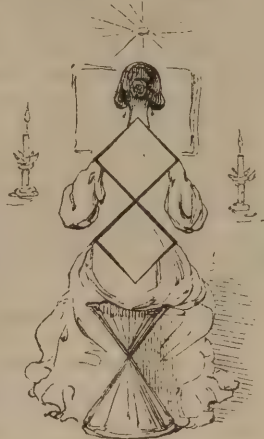
The flowing drapery of the dress certainly gives her a light and elegant appearance, yet all her movements are constrained; her spine is locked up within massy bars of steel or whalebone; and her neck is stiffened, if not discoloured, by the manner in which its arteries are fettered on her shoulders. With care because with difficulty she gently places her hand upon the arm of her companion, and struts as stately as a peacock, the wonder of every little girl still in unbonded corsets, and the admiration of those who have not yet, to their unlimited regret, succeeded in stopping their respiration by compression of the bust. Fancy, gentle ladies, that the enamoured youth may be inclined, in a moment of chaste rapture, to place his arm round that steeled and corded waist; the moment that his fingers touch the toil-worn slave-doomed stays a figure like this appears to his fancy; and if you consider that shape in the least approaching to beauty, or in the remotest manner likely to entice the grasp of a lover's arm, the idea of the female form must be changed indeed. It is an exact counterpart of the fashionable exterior which is given above. Lest, however, our fairfideles consider we have dealt unkindly with them, and have exposed to the roughish eye of man the pitiable deformities which a silly woman may have brought upon herself, we present them with copies of the female fashions as they were displayed some years ago, and as they are still portrayed, in the fashionable pictures of the day.

Very handsome, indeed, says one lady; superb, says another; but ah! thoughtless girls, man will not be satisfied with a butterfly; he must have a fair proportion of flesh and blood to grace his table and adorn his hearth. With tears we admit that there is a paltry gang of selfish unthinking men, whose minds are never ennobled by an idea of matrimony, but who buzz like moths around a fashionably-dressed female from the lowest and most degraded motive, viz. that they may be seen in her company. Is it for such miserable attempts at manhood

that woman should torture herself? In too many instances she does so, but a few smart flashes of our indignation will soon put an end to such practices. A man who really loves the sex is not easily led away by appearances; he looks a little beneath the surface, and when he sees his best beloved presenting an appearance so outrageous, he quietly figures to himself what she will be in her bridal robes. With what satisfaction could he or any man smile complacently on such a form as this, which is that of the superb lady disrobed? Answer us honestly, ladies, and at once; say whether or not, dear woman, when so compressed, deformed, and destroyed, can be an agreeable companion, or an object on which the loving eye may dwell delighted. We do not for a moment insinuate that the sweet girls of England are alone guilty of disguising themselves from their Creator, and transforming their fine forms into shapes which nature never contemplated. The French ladies are even more guilty of the absurd and cruel practice, as will be seen from the figure we have copied from a Parisian book of fashions:—

The negligée of the neck and shoulders is broad and expansive enough, sufficiently undisguised, and palpable to feeling as to sight: the demure look would tell us of innocence of thought, and a sublime ignorance of artificial formation; but look at the beautiful tapering of her stomach; was there no labour bestowed in fitting that ornament so neatly on her person? She never placed a piece of tape round her waist, and measured it with the circumference of her gown—never sighed when she found that there still remained an inch or more to compress of her already mangled body ere the folds and plaits of her gorgeous breastplate could be displayed to advantage, the more especially as her dear friend and confidante had her gown made half an inch narrower in the girth than she had. The absence of steel and whalebone from the French corset is amply compensated by the quantities of cotton wool which are suspended at opposing quarters, with the view of presenting an enlarged rotundity beneath the waist; and which, if natural, would make the lady appear exactly thus. It will be observed that the ribs protrude at almost an acute angle, which no compression can ever produce, therefore a load of cotton, nicely overlaid with buckram, is requisite, the whole surmounted by lace and ribbon;—very prettily arranged, and tastefully intermixed, but still improperly because artificially protruding. But the abdomen, how can we describe it and maintain our equanimity of temper? English ladies, we have been told (but we denounce the calumny as false) are in the habit of wearing that detestable appendage to a fashionable dress vulgarly called a bustle; it will be seen that the French females require to wear them "fore and aft," with side protuberances to match, that the swelling rotundity may be given to their figures. If our tittering readers will not, on the instant, tear the iron bars from their stays, and give the lace a little relaxation, let them fall on their knees, and swear by their own vanity never to distort and disgrace their persons with the stuffing and padding so common with the Parisians.

If our idolatrous countrywomen are so much given to worship graven images, let them at least adopt a standard more natural, more healthy, and more becoming. Among the ancients the female form was especially prized for its beauty and symmetry, and every painter and sculptor considered his fame incomplete until he had given to the world a model of some transcendent form; but not one of these artistical elaborations presents the distorted appearance of the prevailing mode; there is no compression of a single muscle, every joint is in full and

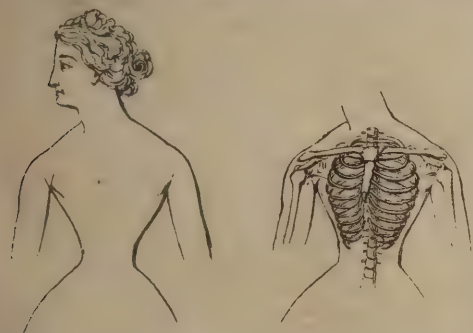




active play, and every vein at its free distension. Look, for instance, on the immortal, the breathing statue of the Venus de Medici, sculptured by the most talented of human artists, and compare it with the slender proportions of an imitative Venus of the present day; consider also how the vital organs have room for healthy action in the one, and what torture must be endured by the other. We present a view of the interior of the bust of the natural figure, where every organ has full space in which to perform its functions. The waist not being unnaturally compressed, the ribs are expanded; and the internal vitals left uninjured. The heart, unoppressed by a load which fashion crowds upon it, beats regularly, the blood flows in healthful action through all its intricate canals,



and conveys its vitality unimpeded to the entire system. Beneath is given a portrait of the Venus as she would have been had she laced herself after the manner of the silly girls of our day. If there exists a lady so lost to every idea of the beautiful and harmonious in nature as to imagine that the compressed Venus is more handsome than the other, let her be convinced, at least, of the impropriety of imitating that slenderness of appearance. Compare the space given to the lower ribs, and pause for a moment until she recollects the exact spot where an acute and gnawing pain frequently affects the side.\* Place your finger on the troubled spot, and you will at once recognise it as that where the play of the vital organs is disarranged. Inflammation, and indeed every disease resulting from injurious treatment of the blood-vessels, is a certain concomitant of tight lacing. The original of the Medicean Venus, be it recollected, is said to have lived to the good old age of eighty-four, and that, too, in a climate where womanhood is sooner ripened, and consequently more liable to premature old age. Yet amidst the sunny throng of Italy, the De Medici maintained her beauty to the last; crowds of admirers waited in her train at the age of sixty. Her majestic carriage, her commanding as well as enticing womanliness, was visible to her latest day. At the close of a long life, her noble figure faded not away like a frost-bitten flower, nor grew shrivelled like an autumn leaf; her remains were rather as those of a forest oak, felled by the axe of time. The grandeur of her port was majestic even in death, moulded and proportioned by the unhidden hand of nature. Had she, however, been led away by a taste like that now prevailing, and had presented to the sculptor's eye a figure like the following, think you he would have breathed



upon the marble the vitality of his genius, and left her fame with his own to the admiration of posterity. No; nor would the De Medici have lived in robust health to her goodly old age; she would have been one of the fashionable crowd, hurried into oblivion with millions of her sex, instead of becoming at all times a divinity to genius—the admiration of men, and an example for women.

Ladies, as you love us, and admire yourselves, lace not your waists too tightly, but give the same vent to the pulsations of the heart as you do the vibrations of your tongue. By so doing the life-blood of the system will circulate freely, oppression will be taken from the breath, the early bloom will be restored, and the quick, clear-tinkling of the eye, in which the heart of man so much delighteth, will shine like the morning star upon a happy home and a healthy family.

\* We have, in our observations, said nothing relative to the injury sustained by the spine. On this part of the subject, we shall treat in a future number, illustrating our remarks with engravings, by which the cause of distorted shoulders and crooked sides will be explained.

### The Thames Water.

As much abuse and obloquy have been cast upon the Thames, as a source of supply for London, it will be well to see how the case stands, and how far the statements which have been made with respect to the superior purity of other streams, tributary to the "father of rivers," have been borne out by admitted facts. It has been the fashion, for some years past, to decry the use of Thames water taken from the London district, as being not only totally unfit for domestic purposes, but even prejudicial to the health of those who make daily use of it as a beverage; some writers have even asserted that many of the diseases with which the inhabitants of the metropolis are afflicted, are to be attributed to the daily use of this baneful liquid, which, according to them, so far from being a blessing, is, on the contrary, one of the greatest curses that could have been inflicted on us. Thames water has been described by these alarmists as a "villanous compound," made up of all that is most nauseous and filthy in nature, in such a state of solution and chemical combination, that no process of filtration or purification can render it salubrious, or even potable. It has even been said, by some of the witnesses examined before a Committee of the House of Commons, in 1828, that the very fishes have abjured their native element, when they have arrived in the vicinity of London, and have actually been seen to leap out of the water on to pieces of floating wood, bundles of weeds, &c., or whatever happened to be most convenient, in order, no doubt, to escape from the hated element, and to breathe pure air. It has been further stated, that no part, or, if any, but a very small portion, of the impurities which pass into the Thames, is carried by the action of the tide into the sea, but that the whole is in a state of "oscillation" to and fro near the metropolis; that the impurities, in fact, are carried as far down the river as the tide will carry them, and are again, by the next tide, brought the same distance back! That this is not the case, is self-evident; for, if it were, the Thames must have become long since choked up by the quantities of animal and vegetable matter daily entering it, and its current completely stopped; and yet we find that its depth and velocity have remained the same, or nearly so, for ages.

Further, if the case were as it has been stated, we must imagine that the same body of water has flowed backwards and forwards in the Thames for ever; whereas, we know that there is a continual transmission or interchange of water received from the upper sources of the river, and from the numerous tributary rivers and streams which empty themselves into it during its progress from its sources to the sea. That the Thames must, in fact, carry with it, in its fall to the sea, all the impurities which it has collected in its course, is so self-evident, that the only wonder is how the contrary could ever have been asserted. The tide at London Bridge, under ordinary circumstances, runs upwards about five hours and a half, and downwards, or towards the ocean, about seven hours. This occurring twice in twenty-five hours, causes the difference of high water at London to be an hour later every day. The variations of spring and neap tides, of much or little upland water, from an abundance or sufficiency of rain, are to be considered—still the tide flows downwards during a longer period than it does upwards, and the stream is stronger or more rapid in its course towards the ocean; by which the impurities which it has collected in its course are conveyed away, and a volume of fresh water daily brought into the Thames at London. The result of some experiments that were made in 1834, by the Secretary and the Engineer of the Grand Junction Water Company, in order to understand the current of the flood and ebb tides of the river Thames, showed that the flood of a spring tide ascended to a distance of 10 miles 930 yards above Vauxhall Bridge; and that the ebb of the same tide descended to a distance of 12 miles 260 yards—being a difference of one mile 1,120 yards in favour of the ebb tide. The velocity in this case, each way, was nearly the same; the experiment having been made in the middle of a very dry summer, when there was much less water than usual flowing over the top of Teddington Weir, so that the flood ascended to an unusual height. It is evident, however, that this cannot be the usual course of the tides; indeed, as the tides in the Thames are affected by many extraneous and incidental causes, such as particular winds, either assisting or retarding the influx of tide from the sea on one hand, and a greater or less quantity of land-water on the other, there must be perpetual variations of greater or less amount in the strength both of spring and neap tides. It must be recollected also that, in the latitude of London, westerly and north-westerly winds prevail for at least nine months out of the twelve; and, consequently, the declination or fall of the river being in that direction, contributes powerfully towards cleansing the channel of the river. It has also been found that the drainage of London does not materially affect the middle of

the stream during the ebb, a sample of water taken at London Bridge, during the last hour of the ebb, being nearly as bright as it could have been if taken at Richmond, and it is therefore probable that for a long period of the flood, the centre of the river remains unaffected by drainage water. The commissioners appointed by his late Majesty to inquire into the state of the supply of water to the metropolis, in their report, dated April 21, 1828, give the following passage from the report of Dr. Bostock as to the state of the Thames water in the neighbourhood of London:—"It appears that the water of the Thames, when free from extraneous substances, is in a state of considerable purity, containing only a moderate quantity of saline contents, and those of a kind which cannot be supposed to render it unfit for domestic purposes, or to be injurious to health. But as it approaches the metropolis it becomes loaded with a quantity of filth, which renders it disgusting to the senses, and improper to be employed in the preparation of food. The greater part of this additional matter appears to be only mechanically suspended in it, and separates by mere rest. It requires, however, a considerable length of time to allow of the complete separation, while, on account of its peculiar texture, and comminuted state, it is disposed to be again diffused through the water by a slight degree of agitation, while the gradual accumulation of this matter in the reservoirs must obviously increase the unpleasant odour and flavour of the water, and promote its tendency to the putrid state. Regarding the greatest part of the extraneous matter in the Thames as mechanically mixed with it, we may conceive that a variety of incidental circumstances will affect its quantity in the same situation and under the same circumstances of the tide; but the observations are sufficiently uniform to warrant us in concluding that the water is in the purest state at low tide, and the most loaded with extraneous matter at half-ebb. It would appear, however, that a very considerable part, if not the whole, of this extraneous matter may be removed by filtration through sand, and still more effectually by a mixture of sand and charcoal." The commissioners, after observing on the foregoing passage of Dr. Bostock's report, appear to have arrived at the following conclusions:—"It is obvious," say they, "that water receiving so large a proportion of foreign matters, as we know find their way into the Thames, and are so far impure as to destroy fish, cannot, even when clarified by filtration, be pronounced entirely free from the suspicion of general insalubrity. In reference, also, to this question, we apprehend that there are no grounds for assuming the probability of any improvement in the state of the water drawn from the London district of the river." In 1834, however, six years after this inquiry, it appeared from evidence, taken from the report of the select committee of the House of Commons of that year, that the water of the Thames, so far from having become worse, as had been predicted by some, and contrary to the expectations of the commissioners in 1828, had actually, in that space of time, improved in quality and purity. In a letter from Dr. Bostock to the secretary of the West Middlesex Water Works Company, dated 18th June, 1834, the doctor says:—"From the experience I have had on the subject, I am disposed to think that the water of the Thames, in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, is less impure than it was six years ago. This circumstance has, I understand, been noticed by others, and has been supposed to depend upon the removal of old London Bridge, by which the water has a more free outlet, and therefore carries down a part of the impurities which it formerly retained." Sir John Rennie, also, in his evidence before the committee, given on the 27th day of June, 1834, says:—"I am clearly, however, of opinion, that between London Bridge and Putney Bridge, there is a material improvement in the purity of the water; and I have no doubt but that, as far as the drainage is concerned, the metropolis must be materially improved, and the health of the inhabitants also, in consequence of the improved drainage; and I believe that there is very considerable improvement going on now in the river below London Bridge, in consequence of the increased scour produced by the increased quantity of water passing and repassing twice in twenty-four hours, above the old bridge, more than it did before." Dr. Bostock concludes his letter to the Secretary of the West Middlesex Company as follows:—"The above remarks would lead us to the inference, that so far as the quality of the water is concerned, the Thames when purified either by subsidence or filtration, as may be found necessary or expedient, has this advantage over any smaller stream, that in consequence of its bulk, and of its waters being collected from a greater range of country, it is less liable to be affected by various incidental circumstances, and will therefore be more uniform, not only in its quantity, but likewise in its quality, than any river of less magnitude."

The preceding details have been collated from a sensibly written pamphlet, on the subject of the supply of water to the metropolis by Mr. Peppercome, the whole scope of whose observations goes to the confirmation of the opinion, that Thames water, when properly filtered, as it now is by the water companies, is, for all purposes, of a quality equal, if not superior, to any to be found elsewhere; and we believe captains of ships and their crews, who, after all, are the best judges, would, if examined, give evidence to the same effect.



## Familiar Chapters on Science.

## NO. IV.—THE ELECTRO-MAGNET AND ELECTRICAL CLOCKS.

PERHAPS our readers will laugh when we tell them that by means of electricity, all the church clocks in London might be made, not only to go exactly alike, but also to *strike* the hours at the same moment of time. Nevertheless, such is the fact; and, astonishing as it may appear, it would be quite possible to make the clock bells of the metropolis strike the hour of one all at once, and every other hour in the same way. Electricity, in such a case as this, would be the cause; but the means by which the end would be accomplished is known as the electro-magnet, of which a perfect understanding is necessary in order to be able to comprehend how the result we have mentioned is to be produced.

An electro-magnet is formed by first taking a piece of soft iron in the shape of a small bar, and then coiling round it a considerable length of insulated copper wire. In this state it has no magnetic power whatever; and, if any piece of iron were placed against it, it would fall away for want of attraction on the part of the magnet. But if, from a galvanic battery, a stream of electricity were passed along the wire coiled round the piece of iron, it would immediately become a magnet; and while in this state it would attract and firmly attach to itself any other piece of iron of corresponding weight; and this it would continue to do just so long as the current of electricity was passing through the wires, but not a moment longer; for, directly the electrical stream was cut off, it would cease to possess any attraction whatever. It is this on-and-off magnetic power in the electro-magnet which permits of its being applied towards the production of simultaneous motion in any number of clocks; and our present object is to furnish an account of the plan adopted in order to secure that most remarkable result.

The first thing done is to provide clocks or time-pieces of a peculiar form of construction, having but few "works" inside, and those of the simplest kind. As the right of solely manufacturing these pieces of mechanism belongs to Messrs. Barwise and Bain, the patentees of the invention, their leave to do this must be obtained by amateurs, or others desirous of instituting experiments on the subject, before they can legally commence operations. The electrical clocks have dial-plates similar to those in common use; but the interior arrangements are restricted to the wheels necessary to communicate motion to the hands, with one or two more connecting their action with an electro-magnet affixed to each clock as a constituent part of it. This electro-magnet does the business of a weight or spring. It is attached to the exterior part of the frame-work at the back of the clock, which frame-work also supports a small pendulum-shaped spring, not more than two inches long and three quarters of an inch broad. One end only of this spring is fixed to the frame-work; the other is left free to play backward and forward. Close to the lower end of this spring, that is, the end which is not fastened to anything, the electro-magnet is placed, the distance between the two being about half an inch. The temper of the spring is regulated to that peculiar nicety which permits the electro-magnet, when in action, to overcome its resistance, and to draw it to itself, where it remains fixed until the action of the magnet ceases; when the spring, no longer retained by any attraction in the magnet immediately returns by its own power to the place whence the magnet had drawn it.

We here beg our readers to pause, and to reflect for a minute or two upon what we have just stated. By doing so, they will not fail to discover, in the first place, that if one end of the spring we have been describing be fixed to the back part of a clock, and the other regularly moved to and fro by any power, motion may easily be communicated by its means to the works of the clock; and, in the second place, that if the pendulum-like motion of the spring be properly regulated, the movements of the clock, which depend thereon, will be properly regulated too. This is the whole secret of the matter. There are sixty seconds in a minute; and if the spring can be controlled by the electro-magnet, in such a way as to move backward and forward sixty times in a minute, correct time will be kept by the clock.

The way in which the electro-magnet controls the spring remains to be described. From what we have already said, it will be noted that, in order to produce sixty movements of the spring, it will be necessary to allow the current of electricity to proceed to the magnet sixty times, and to cut it off the same number of times. Thus, at the commencement of a second, the electro-magnet is charged with the electrical current; at the termination of the same second the supply is cut off. While the first lasts, the spring will become attracted to the magnet; when the second happens, the spring retires by its own power. A constant motion of the spring, backward and forward, similar to that of a pendulum, is thus produced: the only points necessary to be attended to being, to supply a sufficient current of elec-

tricity to the electro-magnet, and to turn it on and off sixty times in a minute. Both these things are effected in a way as simple as it is ingenious.

Let us suppose a line of railway with sixty stations, each provided with an electrical clock, and that it is desirable, for business purposes, that all these clocks should exactly correspond in time with the one placed at the terminus. In order to effect this, the clock at the terminus (which goes by the ordinary means of weights or a spring), is provided with a sufficiently powerful galvanic battery, the weekly cost of which is but trifling. From this battery a pair of wires\* is conducted to the metallic frame-work of the clock; and from the same frame-work, sixty other pairs of wires are conveyed along the line of railroad to the sixty clocks, a separate pair of wires being attached to each of the sixty electro-magnets with which they are provided. This done, the electric current is supplied and cut off from the battery to each of the magnets sixty times in a second. The supply is easily understood; because the galvanic battery generates and supplies the fluid unceasingly to the clock at the terminus, from which it is as unceasingly dispatched to the other clocks. But the cutting off the supply to the magnets, once a second, requires a little consideration. Let it be borne in mind that the fluid will only travel upon conducting substances; non-conductors will not convey it. If, then, during its transmission, a non-conducting substance should be made to cross the current at regular intervals, say once a second, it will follow as a matter of course, that the supply of electricity to the electro-magnets will be interrupted in the same ratio. Now, a non-conducting substance is made to interpose itself in the way described in actual practice. To upper part of the pendulum of the clock at the terminus would be affixed a short arm, which would oscillate with itself. As often as the pendulum moved, the arm would move, namely, sixty times in each minute. This arm, by a simple mechanical contrivance, would cut off the supply every time it crossed a certain line on the framework of the clock, and would allow of its return when the line was passed. In this way sixty pulsations per minute of electricity would be simultaneously communicated to each of the electro-magnets in the clocks on the line of road, the rate at which the fluid travels being too rapid for thought. The electro-magnets thus brought into action would communicate motion to the clocks in the way described at the commencement of the chapter; the motions of all of which would be identical with that of the master-clock at the terminus; it being self-evident that, if the vibrations of its pendulum regulate the backward and forward motion of the springs in the other clocks, which in fact they do, a perfect similarity of motion on the dial plates of all must be the result.

This is a most curious, and it promises to be a most valuable, application of the powers of electro-magnetism. To what its discovery may ultimately lead, no one can guess. Meanwhile, the facts it has already unfolded deserve the serious consideration, as much of the man of business, as of the reflective philosopher.

We have confined our description to the means of making sixty clocks "go" together. Similar means, by certain modifications, would make any greater number "go" and "strike" simultaneously.

## Utility of Geological Knowledge.

We have already alluded to the fallacious nature of general opinions, and the unphilosophical character of certain assumptions received and regarded as true. Of these, few are more prevalent, yet none are more unfounded, than the idea that geology is all very well as a merely speculative pursuit, fit to interest the philosopher in his closet, but that it is uninteresting and useless to the great mass of mankind. The reverse of this assumption is so completely the truth, that there is no single science, it may be fairly asserted, which bears so intimate and important a relation to the wants and enjoyments of the human race. It will be sufficient to select a few instances from the mass of illustrations which so extensive a study supplies, to prove the truth of our assertion. In the first place, it is self-evident that the social and commercial condition of entire communities is based upon their geological site and position. To what, as we have already observed in the course of these papers, to what do we owe our own influential position and importance as a nation, but to that peculiar and favourable condition which the varied physical geography of our island so amply supplies, and which, by giving us stores of metals, limestones, salts, and, above all, of coal, enriches us with some of the best bounties of the Creator's hand, and enables us to carry out the objects of commerce and civilization to the very ends of the earth; so as not only to enrich ourselves, but to minister essentially to the wants and enjoyments of the vast family of mankind. Regions the most distant and remote are in this way largely our debtors for much of the good which they enjoy; and on the sultry plains of India and of Arabia, as amid the frozen deserts of the north—as far distant as the Anti-

podes, and at every point between—the natives are clad in garments, and are assisted by tools and implements, which the natural advantages of our country, aided by our national energy and enterprise, enable us so abundantly to supply. Had our geological advantages been less bountifully, less amply afforded to us, not only should we have been unable thus to minister to the wants of others, and, with commercial intercourse, to extend at the same time knowledge and civilization, but we should have been unable to supply our own wants, and should have ourselves continued in a comparatively degraded and uncivilised condition. If, it has been forcibly observed, if the granite formations of Scotland had extended over the whole country, and reached to the South Downs—or if, on the other hand, the chalk of our southern shores had prevailed as far as the Scottish mountains, how different would have been our position and our relative situation as a people. Had the chalk existed throughout the entire island, we should have possessed extensive sheepwalks, and should have been a community of shepherds, grazing our flocks on the hills, and occasionally cultivating a limited and partial vegetation in the valleys and fissures of the chalk; or, on the other hand, had the granite altogether prevailed, we should have possessed a widely different soil, and an altered character of production; we should have been placed in a country, picturesque, it is true, in its general outline, abounding in the alternations of mountain and vale, and hill and glen, relieved by the bounding torrent, the waterfall, and the lake, and embellished with a profuse, though monotonous, vegetation; while the rocks beneath would have afforded occasional supplies of the precious metals, and yielded veins of tin, copper, silver, lead, and gold—but we should have wanted that rich and varied abundance of geological formations which now, by the blessing of an all-wise Providence, yields us stores of the richest and most valuable blessings. We should have been destitute of those sources of supply, which, from the chalk of our southern shores to the granitic formations of the north—from the South Downs of Sussex to the Grampian Hills, and from the clay lands of the east to the mining districts of the west—from the clays of Essex to the mines of Cornwall—yield us a variety of productions admirably calculated for the use and enjoyment of mankind. We must defer to a future number the farther illustration of the usefulness of geology; and our prescribed space will allow us only to adduce a single fact in corroboration of those already mentioned. It is a circumstance singularly illustrating the importance of geological site and position, that nineteen of the most important towns in England, extending from Exeter to Carlisle, and comprising such seats of commerce as Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Coventry, &c., &c., are all situated on one peculiar geological deposit—that deposit being the new red sandstone, which, in addition to its treasures of mineral salt, usually covers the invaluable gift of coal, and thus ministers to the energy and industry of some millions of human beings who are situated along the line of its occurrence; and whose labours and exertions in supplying the wants of their fellow-men we have thus imperfectly attempted to describe.

## Enigma.

The following clever and somewhat tantalising effusion is from the pen of a talented lady, at present engaged at one of the metropolitan theatres:—

From earth's dark mine I date my birth,  
Tho' fashioned am by man,  
Numbers now daily own my worth  
Since first my reign began.

No gaudy tints to me belong;  
Yet, when abroad I'm shown,  
Admiring crowds around me throng,  
And ask me as a loan.

My taper waist the sick admire,  
Say "I possess a charm,"  
Kindle without a smoke a fire;  
E'en frozen bosoms warm.

When I exert my powers divine,  
Tho' strangely it may seem,  
Then stars from out my head do shine—  
Gaze on them, and you'll dream.

E'en lovely ladies joy to see,  
And clasp me to their breast:  
No doubt their lovers envy me,  
And wish themselves so blest.

In various places though I'm found,  
(And claim the poet's lays),  
With vanity I ne'er abound,  
And deaf am I to praise.

The old I serve, expand my charms,  
(To me this class belong);  
They fold me in their aged arms,  
And I their lives prolong.

Let husbands watch me ever so,  
Unblushing I declare,  
Perhaps, when to their beds they go,  
They'll find that I am there.

I serve the old, infirm, and young—  
From them this boon I claim,  
To tell from whence and whom I'm sprung,  
And say, what is my name? J. C. H.

\* Our readers are referred to a chapter in a preceding number, for the reason why a pair of wires is necessary.



## Traits and Sketches of Irish Character.

## THE REBEL'S WIFE.

THE peasantry of Ireland are not more remarkable for the patient endurance of hopeless poverty than they are for conjugal fidelity, and doating, trusting, and confiding affection. Mrs. Hall, however, in her delightful wanderings through Cork, discovered a forlorn and broken-hearted victim to the perfidy and dastard cruelty of her husband. No one can accuse that gifted lady of writing against Ireland or its people; yet, but for her own high character as an authoress, many would be disposed to doubt the truth of a narrative which portrayed the brutal conduct of an Irish husband to a woman so devoted to his welfare, so worthy of his love. "We had been spending the evening with some friends, and were bidding them adieu," says Mrs. Hall, "when our attention was arrested by the tones of a female voice; it was feeble, but very sweet; the burden of the song was that of an old ballad we had heard some fishermen sing on the Shannon two years ago. There was a wail at the termination that seemed in harmony with the faint voice which gave it utterance; it was—

"And has left me all alone for to die."

We paused to listen; but the strain was not renewed. It had made us sad; our adieus were repeated in a quieter tone; and as we proceeded in the calm moonlight we spoke of the poor singer.

Suddenly the melody was recommenced; not in the same place, but nearer town, and we had lost sight of the pretty river-terrace before we overtook her. Our interest in the ballad was now changed to an interest in the woman, for her song was interrupted by heavy, yet suppressed sobs. She was leaning against the gate of a small house, trying to continue it; at length she sunk upon the steps, exclaiming, "I can't, after all, I can't." We placed a coin of trifling value in her hand.

"God bless ye—God bless ye—" she said faintly; "God bless ye, though it's little good this or anything else can do me now; God bless you for it anyhow!" It is never hard to open an Irish heart. A few kind words, almost a kind look, will do it. "And after all," she said, in reply to our inquiries, "and after all, my lady, sure I sung it all along the river for practice, that I might have strength for it when I got here; and now there isn't power in me to say a word, though I know there's one in that house whose heart would answer me, though maybe her lips wouldn't own they'd know me."

We desired the poor creature to call on us the next day. "I can't," she replied, "lady honey, I can't; I'm almost as bare of clothes as a new-born babe. Oh that my soul was as bare of sin!" It was impossible for human words or human voice to convey the idea of more acute misery than was made manifest by this sentence; it sounded like the knell of a broken heart. We managed, however, to see her again, and our interest in Mary Nolan—such was her name—was increased on finding that she was the daughter of a person who had been known to one of us in early childhood.

"I was once," said poor Mary, "not what I am now; I had a bright eye and a mighty gay heart, and I gave the light of the one and the pulse of the other to a boy of this county; and if I tell his name, you won't brathe it, for it would harm her who I thought might have heard and known the song I sung, if I'd the power to tune it rightly; but somehow music is like lead upon a bosom like mine, it crushes it down instead of lifting it up; I've not much to tell; we loved each other well in those days; so well, that when he was led astray by many things that was going on through the country at that time, when he used to be meetin' the boys by night in the Ruins of Kilcrea, or maybe away in the county Limerick, by the dancin' waters of the Shannon, why I thought it right, and many a moon-light meetin' I gave him, and many a gallon of mountain dew I brought him from the hills; and my husband (for he was my husband; and many a one besides the priest knew he was) had a fine voice, and often we sung together, and many a pleasant heart that beat its last in a far country, shook the leaves off the trees with the strength of fine music. Oh! we thought to carry all before us. And at other times the meetins would be silent as the ould graves over which we trod, until the whiskey they took would send them over the country with hot breath and burning eyes; the end came, and soon—but not the end we looked for; my husband (for he was my husband) staid on his keepin' many, many weeks, a starvin' wretched man, wild among the mountains, set by the soldiers as a dog sets a bird in a field of stubble; I have watched with a dry potato and a grain of salt for him the length of a summer day, shifting about so as to keep under the shadow of a rock to steal such as that to him, knowing he was dying of hunger all the time, and seeing his fetch-like before me, yet daren't stretch out my hand to him with a bit to eat. Oh! it was a woful time, but worse woe was after it. When men are set on to hunt each other they have wonderful patience.

"He was took at last; and three days I sate at the gate of the ould jail, though they wouldn't let me in; my trouble came upon me then, and though my heart was broke, my child lived; my husband (for he was my husband) was sentenced to die; I was in the court-house and heard it, and that I can never forget; they say I tore through the crowd, that I fell at the judge's feet and laid my child on his robe, that I asked him to kill us all, that I told him the witnesses swore false, that it was the whiskey I brought him stirred him up, and that I had earned death most; that I was mad—and I do believe that God heated my brain in his mercy, for I do not know what I did. Many weeks after, I found my poor old mother sitting by my side with my baby on her knee; I had been an unfaithful daughter to her, yet when she heard of my trouble, she left her comfortable home in the west, and came to seek her child. Oh! the love of that mother's heart

beat all! She gave me the baby to kiss; I would have asked for its father, but the darkness came over my eyes again, and no voice rose to my lips; only she knew what I meant, and 'Praise God, Mary, ma-vourneen,' she said, 'praise Him, a-vourneen, in yer heart, Mary, for he's not dead, only transported.' I spoke no word, but the tears came thick and fast; I felt my mother wiping them off, and her breath on my cheek like a blessing!"

Poor Mary covered her face with her long shadowy hands, and I saw that the memory of her mother was tugging at her heart.

"She was a good woman," she resumed after a pause—"the heavens be her bed!—She was an honest, industrious good woman—Oh, if I could but think she'd welcome me to glory, I'd die happy; she brought me up well, as far as book-reading went; but she let me grow wilful, and suffered for it in the end; oh! it's hard to suffer for love, and yet mine grew out of that. My poor mother, when I recovered, wanted to take me to her own place, but I could not content myself without my husband. I went to every one who had the knowledge and power of the country, and I asked to be let go out to him; they laughed, and said none but criminals were sent there. I had never kept back my will for any of them; I would not do it now; I forgot all my duties but the one; I became a criminal; I forced those who had jeered to send me out; and when, with my baby still at my breast (for they didn't part us, as they told me they might), I got to the end of the voyage, I found he was almost as far away from me as ever, up the country, while I was to remain near the town. I thought I should have gone mad; I wrote to him; weeks and months passed and I had no answer; I gave so much satisfaction to my master that I was left at liberty. After long slavery I used that liberty to escape to him; I took my girl with me; I roved like a wild animal through as wild a country, but I found him—my first love! the thought of my life; my heart's core, for whose sake I had become a thief—I found him, married to the daughter of one of the overseers; a free man.

"At first he pretended not to know me, but I had kept my marriage lines in my bosom, and showed them to him; he came round, and promised if I would keep quiet a little he would do me justice; he said how well he was off, took his child in his arms, and kissed and blessed it; I saw him do that much, anyhow; he brought us food, and made us rest under a shed close to where he lived; he came again that evening and laid the child on his bosom, and excused himself, as he always could, to me. And I forgot his falsity when I heard his voice and saw his face once more, though the sunshine of love had left it; he asked to look at my marriage lines; I gave them to him; in an instant he tore the paper into scraps; I fell on my knees and would have cursed him, but for my little Mary, she covered my mouth with her sweet innocent face; I could not curse then; the power left my limbs; I fell on the floor, and he stood by and offered me money, and threatened if I did not go, to send me back as a runaway convict. To this day I can hardly believe it was *himself* was in it, with his fine clothes and cowl way; he bid me good night, said he would give me till the morning to consider of it; kissed the little girl, and left us. Weak as I was I crawled after him, and saw his shadow on the grass; I wished for God to direct me and prayed for that; my child and I cried together, and before the day rightly broke, she said, 'Mother, let us go home,' and I got up, as well as I was able, and followed my little girl back to slavery.

"It was long before we reached where we had left, and I was afraid at first they'd be hard on me; but they weren't; and when my time was up they would have kept me there, but I wanted to set my foot on the sod once more, and to see my mother before she died; they would have kept the little girl but she would not leave me.

"When I got sight of ould Ireland, I felt as if my troubles war over; for a little while that lasted. I went to my old home; my mother was dead, though the grass wasn't grown on her grave. All I could do was to kneel on it with my child; what little property she had she had left me, though I was anything but worthy of it; it didn't thrive, and I feared that my poor girl would fall under her mother's ban; this thought was over me day and night; I heard that her father's sister was living near Cork (she knew that he was my husband) and I laid a case before her that I'd give up the child to her, for she had lost all her own; she agreed, on one condition—that I was never to see her more.

"Oh lady, it was hard; and I had to trap away my own child; to invent a rason for leaving her, and then she was to hear I was dead, which I will be soon, please God!—they have changed her name, and for the last four years I've been begging over the poor country, going a round betimes, and making my soul as I ought; but now, God help me, my heart fails me, I do want to see the face of my own child once more; I thought last night if she heard the song she'd know the voice! I was that heart-sore to see her that I think the last breath would have me say if I could just listen to her one word; and yet," she added, "I don't know why; God help me, I don't know why, it was good of the woman to take her, she had no reason to think well of me, or of her father; God reward her; I heard from one who knows, that my poor child would be happy if she knew anything of her mother; and for all that she wouldn't be happy to see me as I am; I oughtn't to break my promise; but sure the love of a mother breaks through stone walls! I mind when I was a girl having taken a bird's nest and put it in a cage, and I tended the young ones with the best of food, but the old birds would come with the first and with the last light—there they war feedin' and cherishin' the young, and I used to tell them their birds war better off than they could make them; but still they'd come, they'd come, and wail and murn—and wail and murn," repeated poor Mary mournfully. Her reason and affection were at variance; but I saw, as is generally the case with her countrywomen, that, if she lived, the love of parent towards child must triumph.

When we returned from Killarney, she had been dead some days; and although we knew the house in which her daughter resided, we had no means of ascertaining if she had seen her mother."

## Herculaneum and Pompeii.

AN interesting and useful addition has been made to our historic literature by the publication of two volumes of "Letters from Italy," written by Miss Catharine Taylor, which not only display much good taste and feeling, but evince the authoress to be well versed in the old histories of the scenes she describes. The following account of a visit to the remarkable cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii is invested with a peculiar charm, and carries the mind of the reader at once to the desolated spot:—"It is well known that the awful eruption of Vesuvius which overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii took place A. D. 79, in the reign of the Emperor Titus. The remembrance of these cities had entirely passed away, and their existence was known but as a tale that is told; until, in 1720, the attention of the Prince d'Elboeuf was attracted to the spot by several valuable relics of antiquity, which he purchased from workmen employed at Portici in digging a well. His curiosity being excited, he began to excavate, and was ultimately rewarded by the discovery of still more beautiful and rare antiquities, amongst which were several statues. The attention of the Government of Naples was aroused by his acquisitions, and he was commanded to desist; the excavations were afterwards carried on by Charles III. of Naples, and Herculaneum was discovered. The king, being engaged at that time in the erection of a palace at Portici, gladly availed himself of the treasures from the buried city to enrich his royal abode. The discovery of Pompeii was also the result of accident, and did not take place until 1748, when some men, at work in the vineyards on the banks of the Sarno, finding several objects of curiosity, were led to make further investigation, and the city was at length revealed.

Herculaneum and Pompeii were overwhelmed and entombed on the same day; their existence was terminated by the same cause and the same agent, an eruption of Vesuvius, which buried Pompeii under a shower of ashes, and obliterated Herculaneum by a flood of lava. The latter, lying nearer to Vesuvius, the destructive torrent, pouring down its sides, inundated every corner and filled every crevice. This has rendered the prosecution of the excavations here difficult and dangerous to the villages built over it; the lava has become as hard as stone, and is consequently worked with great labour. Pompeii on the contrary, to which the lava did not reach, was overwhelmed by ashes, burning stones, and hot water; these materials, being of a lighter nature, lay like a crust over the city, which was easily removed. Thus, while we wandered through the streets of Pompeii in the free open air, gladdened amidst the desolation around by the bright rays of the sun and the cheerful sounds of nature, we were obliged to grope our way through the dark passages of Herculaneum, realising to our imaginations the horrors of the living grave it proved to so many of our fellow-creatures.

As I cannot write you a long or learned description of these cities, I must content myself with endeavouring to relate our adventures during the day we spent there, and to give you as faithfully as I can my own impressions of what I have seen. The morning we had fixed for our excursion to Pompeii and Salerno was beautiful—the sky without a cloud, the sun shining brilliantly, and the air mild and delicious. As we drove out of the city, in the early morning light, country girls met us, throwing nosegays of violets into the carriage, still wet with dew, and filling the air with sweet perfume.

On reaching Portici, we alighted at a gate, over which was inscribed in large letters 'Scalae Ercolano.' With wax tapers in our hands, and attended by a guide, we descended the stairs cut in the lava, and presently reached the level of the ancient city. All was darkness and gloom, and as we threaded the intricate mazes a feeling of indescribable horror seized me. I endeavoured in vain to comprehend the description the guide gave us; I remember being led round the corridors of the theatre, and seeing the well, in sinking which the city was first discovered; but all else was unintelligible to me, and it was with delight that we quitted Herculaneum, and returned to the open day.

How different was Pompeii! I can never lose the impression made upon my mind as we entered the Street of Tombs. The ancients had a superstitious reverence for everything touched by the lightning of Jove; it was with a similar feeling of awe that I regarded this city, which seemed to me a sacred spot: death and ruin had swept through its streets, and the silence of desolation now reigned around. Other and mightier cities have fallen by the hand of time or the sword of barbarians: Rome, Palmyra, Babylon, the glory of them all has passed away. We can trace the causes of their decline, and watch them in their decay as in their rise; but in the dreadful fate of Pompeii their is a deeper and more startling interest. Suddenly, awfully did destruction fall upon it, as a thief in the night, crushing and burying the entire city in a few short hours; in the morning its streets were alive with the crowds eagerly pursuing their pleasure or business, heedless of the coming doom—at night it was a mighty sepulchre! Death in many cases overtook the unconscious inhabitants in the midst of their employments; here the mason's hammer was arrested in the act of striking the chisel; there the sentinel was struck while at his post of duty; one spot is pointed out where the skeleton of a poor mother was found clasping a baby to her breast, unable to shield her child from the ruin which involved them both. In the shops men were actively engaged in the business of life; the loaves were found in the baker's oven, the hot drinks stood on the marble counters of the Thermopolium, prisoners were discovered in their solitary cells, while the ministers of justice sat in the courts above. In many cases men and women, terrified at the approaching torrent, seem to have attempted to escape—some by flight—but whither could they fly? Others sought refuge in the subterranean cellars, but even there death met them. The picture is too painful to realise; everywhere traces of life and activity are visible, but activity suddenly arrested by the touch of death; and you start at the desolation and silence around. The Street of Tombs derives its name from the sepulchral monuments which line it on either side, and at its termination stands the gate of the



city. The Villa of Diomed, which is situated without the walls on this side of the town, although small, is amongst the best preserved houses.

All the private residences are built on nearly the same plan; they surround a court-yard, or, in the larger, two courts are embraced in one house: in the centre is a reservoir for water, generally of white marble; on this we saw the marks of the cords by which the buckets had been drawn up. The sleeping apartments are of such narrow dimensions as to admit of no furniture but a bed, and many of them have no windows. The reception rooms are larger; but even in the houses of the principal citizens these are small compared with modern drawing and dining rooms. In the cellars of Diomed's Villa, under the porticos which surround the garden, seventeen skeletons were found buried in ashes. One female figure had on, when discovered, bracelets, rings, and ornaments of gold; the skeleton moulded away when exposed to the air, leaving only an impression of the bust in the ashes. Another poor wretch was found grasping bags of money and keys in his hands. What reflections do these pictures call up in the mind!

We now entered the city, and at first could not be persuaded to pass a single door unentered; but our guide Saluator soon convinced us that we must confine our attention to the principal objects, as we had much to see, and our time was limited. We had first, however, visited the Thermopolium, or shop in which hot drinks had been sold—the *café*, as Saluator called it; on the marble counter were still seen the marks left by the vessels; the oil and wine shop with the till for money; a public mill and bake-house, where under the oven we saw the beautiful capillaire growing—a strange place in which to find “the plant that loves the waterdrop!” Next door to this was a soap-manufactory, and a little further on stood a house which we recognised by the serpent twined round the door-post as having been inhabited by a disciple of Esculapius.

Continuing our walk towards the Forum, we entered several private houses: on the threshold, in plain black and white mosaic, was the hospitable word “*SALVE*.” The most beautiful house which has yet been excavated is that of the Dramatic Poet: the court is paved with beautiful mosaics, and the walls are covered with frescos. When no inscription leads to the discovery of who the owner of a house was, it is named from the things found in it. Thus the “*Casa della Caccia*” is so called from a very fine fresco representing a lion-hunt; the “*Casa del Fauno*,” from a faun, etc. In the floor of the latter house was found the most beautiful existing specimen of mosaic either ancient or modern: the subject is one of the battles between Alexander and Darius, and the moment chosen is that in which victory has declared in favour of the former, who, mounted on his Bucephalus, is charging the Persians, whilst his antagonist is seen standing in his chariot, surveying with dismay the defeat of his troops. The figure of the vanquished monarch is truly noble; grief for the loss of his friends, who are falling around him mortally wounded, is strongly depicted on his countenance; he grasps convulsively the bow which remains now useless in his hand; but he still retains the dignified demeanour of a king; his fierce rival advances on him, sword in hand, dealing death around, whilst by the head (which alone remains) of his fiery steed, we recognise the indomitable Bucephalus. I can give you no idea of the beauty of this mosaic—the life, the motion, the varied expression of the figures; the wonderful power of the design can only be understood when beheld: it is a study for an artist, and seems rather a fine painting than mosaic work. How valuable is this specimen of art, as proving the wonderful perfection which design as well as sculpture had attained amongst the ancients! The man who could compose such a picture, and breathe such spirit into his figures, might well rank amongst the first artists of the world.

I have already spoken of the frescoes taken from Pompeii and placed in the Museum at Naples: some still remain on the walls where they were originally executed, and are certainly seen here with tenfold interest. I am glad to learn that the king intends to remove no more. Every house, every room is ornamented with them; in some, beautiful arabesques cover the walls, or surround the apartments in graceful cornices; in others are fine paintings, spirited in composition, and retaining a wonderful brilliancy of colour.

After lingering amongst the private houses much longer than our guide thought prudent, we at length approached the Forum. This is certainly the most beautiful part of Pompeii, yet to me it was less interesting than the narrow street we had just left. The view from the Temple of Jupiter, which stands at one end, raised on a high platform of steps, is singularly fine; it commands a sort of bird's eye view of the city, with its branching streets, rows of fallen columns, ruined houses, gates and temples: the roofs of all have given way, and every interior is laid open. We saw from this point how little way beneath the surface of the present soil the city lay buried; the vine-dressers were busily occupied in pruning their vines just above us.

The Basilica, or Court of Justice, stands in the Forum; in the prison beneath it, which we visited, two skeletons were found, with iron fetters upon their limbs—what a fate was theirs! My letter is extending to an immoderate length, and I must hasten to a conclusion, observing briefly that many of the temples which we now saw—dedicated to Isis, Venus, Mercury, Hercules, and other Pagan deities—are beautiful even in their ruin. The two theatres, one devoted to Tragedy and the other to Comedy, preserve their form and the ranges of seats entire, and on the floor of the latter is an inscription inlaid in letters of bronze. Near this spot we sat down, and, having brought our dinner from Naples, ate it beneath the shade of some vines, preferring this to entering the dirty little *locanda*. After dinner we crossed the unexcavated part of the city, to the Amphitheatre. This is a miniature Coliseum, retaining its perfect oval form, and all the seats, many of which are still covered with marble; the Vivarium too remains, and the cages for the wild beasts, in one of which the bones of a lion were discovered. We had now reached the gate at which our carriage awaited us, and, taking leave of our intelligent guide, we left Pompeii with regret.

### Salt Mines in Poland.

MAN is a soaring animal: his imagination dwells in the clouds, and his eye roves delighted through the vast immensity of space, peopling it with worlds and stars, and taxing his brain as to the beings which may them inhabit. Seldom, indeed, it is that the traveller willingly turns his eye from the sun, and descends into the deep dark cavities in the mighty breast of his own Mother Earth; and of the few who have disclosed the secret wonders of that teeming source, none have surpassed in interest the accounts by the visitors to the salt mines in Poland, which descend deeper into the earth than any excavations made by the puny yet untiring hand of man. Mr. Stephens, an active and acute observer, visited these mines a few years ago, and his description of them conveys an idea of their grandeur and extent which renders their delineation equally interesting and amusing. His visit to these wonderful excavations is thus given by him in his *Incidents of Travel*:—

The celebrated salt-mines at Weilitzka lie about twelve miles from Cracow, in the province of Galicia, in part of the kingdom of Poland, which, on the unrighteous partition of that country, fell to the share of Austria. The houses of the village are built of wood, and the first thing that struck me was the almost entire absence of men in the streets, the whole male population being employed in the mines, and then at work below. I rode to the office of the superintendent, and presented my letter, and was received with great civility of manner; but his Polish was perfectly unintelligible. A smutty-faced operative, just out of the mines, accosted me in Latin, and I exchanged a few shots with him, but hailed off on the appearance of a man whom the superintendent had sent for to act as my guide—an old soldier who had served in the campaigns of Napoleon, and, as he said, became an amateur and proficient in fighting and French. He was dressed in miner's costume, fanciful, and embroidered with gold, holding in his hand a steel axe; and having arrayed me in a long white frock, conducted me to a wooden building covering the shaft which forms the principal entrance to the mine. This shaft is ten feet square, and descends perpendicularly more than 200 feet into the bowels of the earth. We arranged ourselves in canvas seats, and several of the miners who were waiting to descend attached themselves to seats at the end of the ropes, with lamps in their hands, about eight or ten feet below us. When my seat left the brink of the shaft, I felt for a moment as if suspended over the portal of a bottomless pit; and as my head descended below the surface, the rope, winding and tapering to a thread, seemed letting me down to the realms of Pluto. But in a few moments we touched bottom. From within a short distance of the surface, the shaft is cut through a solid rock of salt; and from the bottom, passages almost innumerable are cut in every direction through the same bed. We were furnished with guides, who went before us bearing torches, and I followed through the whole labyrinth of passages, forming the largest excavations in Europe, peopled with upwards of 2,000 souls, and giving a complete idea of a subterranean world. These mines are known to have been worked upwards of 600 years, being mentioned in the Polish annals as early as 1237, under Boleslaus the Chaste, and then not as a new discovery; but how much earlier they had existed cannot now be ascertained. The tradition is, that a sister of St. Casimir, having lost a gold ring, prayed to St. Anthony, the patron saint of Cracow, and was advised in a dream, that by digging in such a place she would find a treasure far greater than that she had just lost; and within the place indicated these mines were discovered.

There are four different stories or ranges of apartments; the whole length of the excavations is more than 6,000 feet, or three quarters of an hour's walk, and the greatest breadth more than 2,000 feet; and there are so many turnings and windings that my guide told me, though I hardly think it possible, that the whole length of all the passages cut through this bed of salt amounts to more than 300 miles. Many of the chambers are of immense size. Some are supported by timber, others by vast pillars of salt; several are without any support in the middle, and of vast dimensions, perhaps 80 feet high, and so long and broad as almost to appear a boundless subterranean cavern. In one of the largest is a lake covering the whole area. When the King of Saxony visited this place in 1810, after taking possession of his moiety of the mines as Duke of Warsaw, this portion of them was brilliantly illuminated, and a band of music, floating on the lake, made the roof echo with patriotic airs. We crossed the lake in a flat boat by a rope, the dim light of torches, and the hollow sound of our voices, giving a lively idea of a passage across the Styx; and we had a scene which might have entitled us to a welcome from the prince of the infernals, for our torch bearers quarrelled, and in a scuffle that came near carrying us all with them, one was tumbled into the lake. Our Charon caught him, and without stopping to take him in, hurried across, and as soon as we landed beat them both unmercifully.

From this we entered an immense cavern, in which several hundred men were working with pickaxes and hatchets, cutting out large blocks of salt, and trimming them to suit the size of barrels. With their black faces begrimed with dust and smoke, they looked by the light of the scattered torches like the journeymen of Beelzebub, the prince of darkness, preparing for some great blow-up, or like the spirits of the damned condemned to toil without end. My guide called up a party, who disengaged with their pickaxes a large block of salt from its native bed, and in a few minutes cut and trimmed it to fit the barrels in which they are packed. All doubts to their being creatures of our upper world were removed by the eagerness with which they accepted the money I gave them; and it

will be satisfactory to the advocates of that currency to know that paper money passes readily in these lower regions.

There are more than a thousand chambers or halls, most of which have been abandoned and shut up. In one is a collection of fanciful things, such as rings, books, crosses, &c., cut in the solid rock-salt. Most of the principal chambers had some name printed over them, as the “*Archduke*,” “*Carolina*,” &c. Whenever it was necessary, my guides went ahead and stationed themselves in some conspicuous place, lighting up the dark caverns with the blaze of their torches, struck their flambeaux against the wall, and millions of sparks flashed and floated around and filled the chamber. In one place, at the end of a long dark passage, a door was thrown open, and I was ushered suddenly into a spacious ballroom lighted with torches; and directly in front at the head of the room, was a transparency with coloured lights, in the centre of which were the words “*Excelsus hospiti*,” “*To the illustrious guest*,” which I took to myself, though I believe the greeting was intended for the same royal person for whom the lake chamber was illuminated. Lights were ingeniously arranged around the room, and at the foot, about twenty feet above my head, was a large orchestra. On the occasion referred to, a splendid ball was given in this room; the roof echoed with the sound of music; the nobles and princely ladies flirted and coqueted the same as above ground; and it is said that the splendid dresses of a numerous company, and the blaze of light from the chandeliers reflected upon the surface of the rock-salt, produced an effect of inconceivable brilliancy. My chandeliers were worse than Allan M'Aulay's strapping highlanders with their pine torches, being dirty, ragged, smutty-faced rascals, who threw the light in streaks across the hall. I am always willing to believe, fanciful stories; and if my guide had thrown in a handsome young princess as part of the welcome to the “*Excelsus hospiti*,” I would have subscribed to anything he said; but, in the absence of a consideration, I refused to tax my imagination up to the point he wished. Perhaps the most interesting chamber of all, is the chapel dedicated to that Saint Anthony who brought about the discovery of these mines. It is supposed to be more than 400 years old. The columns with their ornamented capitals, the arches, the images of the Saviour, the Virgin, and saints, the altar and the pulpit, with all their decorations, and the figures of two priests represented at prayers before the shrine of the patron saint, are all carved out of the rock-salt, and to this day grand mass is regularly celebrated in the chapel once every year.

Following my guide through all the different passages and chambers, and constantly meeting miners and seeing squads of men at work, I descended by regular stairs cut in the salt, but in some places worn away and replaced by wood or stone, to the lowest gallery, which is nearly a thousand feet below the surface of the earth. I was then a rather veteran traveller, but up to this time it had been my business to move quietly on the surface of the earth, or when infected with the soaring spirit of travellers, to climb to the top of some lofty tower or loftier cathedral; and I had fulfilled one of the duties of a visitor to the eternal city by perching myself within the great hall of St. Peter's; but here I was far deeper under the earth than I had ever been above it; and at the greatest depth from which the human voice ever rose, I sat down on a lump of salt and soliloquized:—

“Through what varieties of untrod regions,

Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!”

I have since stood upon the top of the Pyramids, and admired the daring genius and industry of man, and at the same time smiled at his feebleness, when, from the mighty pile, I saw in the dark ranges of mountains, the sandy desert, the valley of the Nile, and the river of Egypt, the hand of the world's great Architect; but I never felt man's feebleness more than here; for all these immense excavations, the work of more than six hundred years, were but as the work of ants by the roadside. The whole of the immense mass above me, and around, and below, to an unknown extent was of salt; a wonderful phenomenon in the history of the globe. All the different strata have been examined by scientific men. The uppermost bed at the surface is sand; the second clay, occasionally mixed with sand and gravel, and containing a petrification of marine bodies; the third is calcareous stone; and from these circumstances it has been conjectured that this spot was formerly covered by the sea, and that the salt is a gradual deposit, formed by the evaporation of its waters. I was disappointed in some of the particulars which had fastened themselves upon my imagination. I had heard and read glowing accounts of the brilliancy and luminous splendour of the passages and chambers, compared by some to the lustre of precious stones; but the salt is of a dark grey colour, almost black, and although sometimes glittering when the light was thrown upon it, I do not believe it could ever be lighted up to shine with any extraordinary or dazzling brightness. Early travellers, too, had reported that these mines contained several villages inhabited by colonies of miners, who lived constantly below; and that many were born and died there, who never saw the light of day; but all this is entirely untrue. The miners descend every morning and return every night, and live in the village above. None of them ever sleep below. There are, however, two horses which were foaled in the mines, and have never been on the surface of the earth. I looked at these horses with great interest. They were growing old before their time; other horses had perhaps gone down, and told them stories of a world above, which they would never know. It was late in the afternoon when I was hoisted up the shaft. These mines do not need the embellishment of fiction. They are, indeed, a wonderful spectacle, and I am satisfied that no traveller ever visited them without recurring to it as a day of extraordinary interest.

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"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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### The Lost Nation.

THE historical inquiries of the learned have done much to expose the futile claims of the old nations of Asia to high antiquity, and have almost proved that they were not the originators of the arts and sciences for which they became not unjustly celebrated. It is now an admitted theory, that the Chaldeans, Egyptians, Persians, Indians, and Chinese, were all taught from one great source, every record of which is now irretrievably lost. The sameness existing in the customs of the nations mentioned is, of itself, a visible and existing proof that some early communicating power must have taught these great and distant countries the same arts—must have planted in them an equal amount of knowledge—and given them certain fixed principles and data which to guide them in the march of improvement. A few comparative remarks will amply prove the truth of this idea.

Babylon, the most learned of all the antique nations, preserved no date of its origin; two thousand and five hundred years, however, before the Christian era, the Chaldeans invaded the Babylonian territory. The conquerors incorporated themselves with the vanquished, adopting the priests, who kept themselves separate. They became the soothsayers, astrologers, and magicians of Babylon, and retained the name of Chaldeans. These men were well versed in astronomy, knew the periods of eclipses, and the migrations of comets. They were evidently the remains of a polished people, who had never been driven from their own country by violence, but stirred up by Providence to become enlighteners of the human race. But from whence did they derive their knowledge?

The Brahmins of India, the custodiers of the Indian faith, believe in the unity of God and in the immortality of the soul. Their mythology, disgraced as it is by the most childish and puny doctrines, debased too by shameful practices, and inhuman sacrifices and tortures, yet contains the germs of a pure and lofty philosophy, which must have been taught them ere the inventions of ignorant men became superadded to their faith. Man, when sublimer truths and doctrines are shown to him, will accept them, casts off the trammels of superstition, being inconsistent with his newer lessons. When beginning to decay from a previous refinement, he adopts every possible incongruous folly which may please his fancy, or minister to his prejudices. Who taught the Brahmins the same creed as the Chaldeans?

The nations named by us, in building their temples, placed them fronting the east; they all worshipped the sun, or the sun, and the first rays of the morning-light beamed into the porch of their temples as a glad messenger from the Deity. Their chronology, instead of being calculated by centuries, was regulated by a period of sixty years; they all divided the circle into three hundred and sixty degrees, and the zodiac into twelve. The week was universally divided into seven days; and the Indians, the Chinese, and the Egyptians, designated the days in precisely the same order, by the same names, and from the same planets. This could not have been the result of chance, as the order of the days is entirely arbitrary. Who taught these general and far-pervading facts?

The rods of measure used by these ancient races had one common standard. Although ignorant of many countries in their own hemisphere, as well as of each other, and totally uninformed as to the existence of the American continent, the circumference of the earth was calculated by them all at precisely the same rotundity.

Every kind of measurement, however diversified and apparently of an opposing character, can be resolved to one great original source, viz., the grand cubit which is preserved upon the Nilometer at Cairo, which explains the height and depth of the rising and falling of the Nile. This could not have been the result of separate inventions, but must have been derived from a common teacher, older and better informed than them all.

It is needless to suppose that, in remote times, an unrestricted or even partial intercourse prevailed among the nations of Asia. All history exclaims against such a hypothesis. These countries either shut themselves up from without, or went forward to destroy, not to instruct. They were without the means of long travel, knew nothing of the countries through which they would have had to pass, and were particularly deficient in the arts of ship-building and navigation. There exists even no legend by which it might be supposed that the Chaldeans, the most ancient of all, ever visited any other country than Babylon. Each of the nations must have been intruded upon by separate instructing agents, and these agents have derived their knowledge from the same fountain.

Let us suppose a case: Time in its revolutions may well be supposed to witness as many changes in futurity as it has done in by-gone years. Connecting links of nations may be swept away, records lost, and traditions changed in their application; still in Europe the soil would teem with relics of a common standard, and a discovery might be made by which the most simple articles of domestic use, as well as the most intricate points of law and jurisprudence, would be found to have been equally employed by all. Would it, then, be disbelieved that, in early times, a strong and warlike people spread their conquests throughout Europe—that they carried with them the seeds of civilization, and left a common law on which posterity might build a code of justiciary enactments? It would not. Nor should it in the instance we have attempted to elucidate, with respect to the old civilized countries of Asia. That such a people has existed, is published by the works and traditions of all the elder nations, although inquiry had long been fruitlessly exerted to discover from whence the enlightener and civilizer came. The French Institute, the most learned body of Europe, have now in their archives an elaborate document from the pen of a M. Bailly, which places the locality of that wonderful people in the 49th or 50th degree of north latitude, to the north of Tartary, and in the country now known as Siberia! A number of remarkable instances are given in proof of this startling hypothesis, of which the following are a condensed enumeration of the principal facts:—

All old historians agree as to the once populousness of that region: the Chinese admit that they came from that quarter; so do the Danes, the Scandinavians, and the Japanese. Nature is more abundant in Siberia than in any other portion of the globe; this article is producible only from animal substances—hence the population of the district must have been remarkably great. The observations of the stars, as given by Ptolemy from the ancients, must have been made in a country where the longest day was of sixteen hours—that is, in the 49th or 50th degree; in the age of Ptolemy, however, no European nation inhabited that latitude in the least acquainted with astronomy; hence it must have been an Asiatic people, and these must have resided in the southern regions of Siberia.

Zoroaster, the founder of the Persian mythology, said

that the longest day in summer is equal to that of double the shortest day in winter. This is not the case where Zoroaster lived; it applies only to a country 20 degrees to the north of Ispahan—to the same district of Siberia. The measurement of the circumference of the earth, already noticed, as given by all the old nations, is not taken from their particular latitudes, but from one where the degree is precisely of its length, in the 49th or 50th latitude.

Another question now forces itself on our attention, which is—Does the country situated in the latitude mentioned present any appearances of having been immensely populated—of having been in possession of the arts and sciences to a great extent—of its inhabitants being polished and acquainted with luxuries?

The hypothesis of M. Bailly is supported even in this, although existing witnesses could scarcely have been expected in that now desolate and neglected country. The Empress Catharine of Russia ordered a survey of Siberia, and discoveries were made which indicated that it had been inhabited by a people enjoying considerable refinement. Mines were discovered which must have been wrought, although there exists no tradition of such being the case. Mining instruments have been found in the excavations, which are of forms and materials indicating a long antiquity; huge hammers made of stone, pick-axes and wedges of copper. In the mountains there are many antique burying places, in which knives, daggers, and points of arrows, made of copper, are found. In others, ornaments of gold and copper have been discovered, some of them embossed with figures of animals, and all of exquisite workmanship. Of the antiquity of the mines they present of themselves the most incontestable evidence of a prodigious old age. The props by which they were supported are completely petrified, and encrusted with gold and copper ore. These props, therefore, have existed so long, that the wondrous earth must have gone through all its tedious operations of change; the materials of which they were made being changed and converted into a like substance with that taken from the excavations. That same operation of the earth's power has completely changed the stones and other materials of which the houses must have been built; not a vestige of stone remains; it has all gone to decay, crumbled by the action of the elements; thus again indicating a period so remote as to justify the assertion, that from the now desert wilds of Siberia sprung, perhaps, the oldest civilised nation of the earth,—that by its emigrants were succeeding kingdoms taught the first rudiments of that knowledge with which now the world is full.

Thus it is often with the noblest efforts of genius. He who discovers and improves is robbed alike of the honour and profit of his invention, while his imitators flourish in their fortunes, and give their names to the blessings of posterity. Yet a period will come when their honour shall be extinguished, as it was with the Persian magi, the Egyptian priest, and the Chaldean soothsayer. The broad domain of Asia, which once formed the world, now lies prostrate at the feet of the most insignificant quarter of the globe. Africa has not awakened from its long and heavy slumber; America is active, diligent, and eager in the race. Still that small corner of the world, washed by the northern Atlantic, bounded by the Mediterranean, and lost in its eastern confines among the tameless Turks and untutored Russians, holds the keys of power, and sways the empire of the world. Shall man ever be independent on his native clod? Shall the natural boundaries of states ever say



to the encroaching robber, "Thus and no further shalt thou go?" Will man ever be content with his own happiness, nor seek to add the glare of fire and blood to his name, that it may be read with curses when his ashes shall have been lost in a wilderness of earth, and his motives have become an enigma unsolvable except by the final trump of fate? Ere an answer can be given to these profound questions, we must travel through the mystic history of Egypt, the glory of Greece, the renown of Italy, the progress of Mahomet, and the silk-worm changes of the Goth, through all gradations, to the proud interests known as the Lion of hale Old England.

### Napoleon and his Contemporaries.

#### PART II.—THE VANQUISHED.

##### VI.

A cloud pass'd o'er the Soldier's glitt'ring path;  
The tide of vengeance heaved like ocean's swell.  
The martial child of England's gather'd wrath  
Came forth, the pride of upstart France to quell;  
Till lone in Elba did the soldier dwell.  
Yet, lo! a king for yet a hundred days,  
He sought the legions that had loved him well.  
He came, he saw, he conquered by one phrase:  
"Behold your Emperor!" Thus genius empire sways.

The Duke of Wellington, after several years of severe struggling, having succeeded in driving the French from the Peninsula, sustained his high reputation as a general at the battle of Leipsic, the result of which was the banishment of Napoleon to Elba, the restoration of the Bourbon family to the throne of France, and the proclamation of peace throughout Europe. Feastings, illuminations, and almost every possible manner of rejoicing, however, were succeeded by the startling intelligence that Napoleon had escaped, and had reached Fontainebleau, where, with that romantic daring so characteristic of the true soldier, he appeared with only a few attendants. The whole disposable army was instantly called out against him; but the magic of his presence was sufficient; the sword was only lifted to do him reverence. "Behold your Emperor!" exclaimed Napoleon, and the joyous shouts of the charmed soldiery answered him with welcoming triumph. It has since been proved that more than one assassin was hired to destroy him on his way to Paris, but although he was surrounded by soldiers, artisans, and canaille, in indescribable intermixture, no hand could nerve itself for the execution of the deed.

##### VII.

The Bourbon fled to England's friendly shore,  
While crowds beset the Soldier on his way.  
The streets of Paris saw his face once more:  
Alike bright swords and brighter eyes were gay.  
The very children sent their sires away;  
And fearless maidens bade their lovers go  
To share the honours of his battle-day.  
The Soldier had returned! But swarm'd the foe,  
Impell'd by deadly hate to crush their hero low.

The eagerness of the French people to support the Emperor in his march towards Paris cannot be better explained than by a few anecdotes of those remarkable days. On the 26th of February, Napoleon left Elba in a small brig, carrying 26 guns, and with 400 men of his guard. The other vessels contained 500 men. With this force he entered Cannes, on the 28th, where he was received with enthusiasm. Proceeding on his journey towards the capital, on the 6th of March, at St. Bonnet, the inhabitants, seeing the small number of his troops, had fears, and proposed to the Emperor to sound the tocsin to assemble the villagers, and accompany him *en masse*:—"No," said the Emperor, "your sentiments convince me that I am not deceived. They are to me a sure guarantee of the sentiments of my soldiers. Those whom I shall meet will range themselves on my side; the more there is of them the more my success will be secured. Remain, therefore, tranquil at home."

On the 7th, he was met by an advanced guard, consisting of 700 men, who came to arrest his progress. The Emperor went to the spot where they were drawn up, and said "that the first soldier who wished to kill his Emperor might do it;" a unanimous cry of *Vive l'Empereur* was their answer. This brave regiment had been under the orders of the Emperor from his first campaign in Italy. The guard and the soldiers embraced. The soldiers of the 5th immediately tore off their cockade, and requested, with enthusiasm and tears in their eyes, the tri-coloured cockade. When they were arranged in order of battle, the Emperor said to them—"I come with a handful of brave men, because I reckon on the people and on you—the throne of the Bourbons is illegitimate, because it has not been raised by the nation; it is contrary to the national will, because it is contrary to the interests of our country, and exists only for the interests of a few families. Ask your fathers, ask all the inhabitants who arrive here from the environs, and you will learn from their own mouths the true situation of affairs; they are menaced with the return of tithes, of privileges, of feudal rights, and of all the abuse from which your successes had delivered them. Is it not true, peasants?" "Yes, Sire," answered all of them with a unanimous cry, "they wish to chain us to the soil—you come as the angel of the Lord to save us!"

In the evening another regiment came over to him on his way to Grenoble, at which place he was welcomed alike by the populace and the garrison. It was remarked at a review next day, that every one of the 6,000 men were provided with a national cockade, and each with an old

and used cockade, for, in discontinuing their tri-coloured cockade, they had hidden it at the bottom of their knapsacks; not one was purchased, at least in Grenoble. It is the same, said they in passing before the Emperor, it is the same that we wore at Austerlitz. This, said others, we had at Marengo.

At Lyons the Count d'Artois had done everything to secure the troops. He was ignorant that nothing is possible in France to an agent of a foreign power, and one who is not on the side of national honour and the cause of the people. Passing in front of the 13th regiment of dragoons, he said to a brave soldier, covered with scars and decorated with three chevrons, "Let us march, comrade; shout, therefore, *Vive le Roi*!" "No, monsieur, replied this brave dragoon, "no soldier will fight against his father. I can only answer you by crying *Vive l'Empereur*!" The Count d'Artois mounted his carriage and quitted Lyons, escorted by a singlegend'arme. At nine o'clock at night the Emperor traversed the Guillotiere almost alone, but surrounded by an immense population.

On the morning of the 20th he reached Fontainebleau, where he learned that the Bourbons had fled from Paris; at nine at night he was in the palace of the Tuileries.

##### VIII.

Upon thy field, harrowing Waterloo,\*  
The soldi'r yielded to superior fate;  
The warring eagle, which so lately flew  
With prideful wing, and eye with life elate,  
To the high pinnacle of power and state,  
Lay stricken to the dust;—but not a tear  
Was shed for him by his imperial mate,  
Though the discarded yet esteem'd him dear,  
And would with him have gone to his isle-prison drear.

The generous-hearted Josephine, on the ir retrievable fall of her dear-loved hero, publicly called upon Maria Louisa to state whether she intended to accompany her husband to St. Helena, as, if not, it was her intention to claim her prior rights of wedlock, and share with him his banishment. Maria Louisa placed herself in the hands of her father, one of Napoleon's legitimate enemies; and he, with his allies, not only prevented any reply from the "animated bust" of German porcelain, but prohibited Josephine from carrying her purpose into effect. The romantic enthusiastic, however, while she regretted her disappointment, had the satisfaction of learning that the lonely tenant of Longwood thought and spoke of her with all the affection of his early life. The Parisians, too, on the return of the Emperor's remains, placed them in silence before a triumphal bust of the departed good and gentle Josephine, while the living "Austria's mournful flower" was forgotten, or remembered only to be passed over in neglect.

##### IX.

England! it shall be spoken to thy shame,  
That sent him to a baleful sea-girt rock,  
Proving thy terror at his very name;  
As if thy throne dared not abide the shock  
Of his unarm'd presence. 'Twas mean to mock  
The poor request, he in thy land might stay:  
True, thine own vaunted hero never spoke  
One word of kindness for him, or for Ney:  
Unlike great-hearted Sussex—his the spotless bay!

This hero is rich in the world's wealth, high in its honours, emblazoned in its renown; has commanded armies, led them to victory; swayed the rod of power, been listened to by applauding senates, and given law to millions. When victory sat upon his brow, and a congress of sovereigns returned him thanks—when a returned monarch accepted from him the crown which his armies had wrested from the usurper—at a moment when with them his will was law—a wife, whose husband's life awaited his nod, petitioned with tears for his intercession; and though it was written as plain as words could speak, in the convention at the capitulation of Paris that the lives of all yielding enemies should be spared, this husband was condemned to die. Because that treaty did not say in as many words that this great man

\* Night came: but it brought no respite to the shattered army of Napoleon; and the moon rose upon the "broken host" to light the victors to their prey. The British, forgetting their fatigue, pressed on the rear of the flying enemy; and the roads, covered with the dead and dying, and obstructed by broken equipages and deserted guns, became almost impassable to the fugitives—and hence the slaughter from Waterloo to Genappe was frightful. But, wearied with blood, (for the French, throwing away their arms to expedite their flight, offered no resistance), and exhausted with hunger and fatigue, the British pursuit relaxed, and between Rossomme and Genappe it ceased altogether. The infantry bivouacked for the night around the farm-houses of Caillou and Belle Alliance, and the light cavalry halted one mile further on, abandoning the work of death to their fresher and more sanguinary allies. Nothing indeed, could surpass the desperate and unrelenting animosity of the Prussians towards the French. Repose and plunder were sacrificed to revenge; the memory of former defeat, insult, and oppression, now produced a dreadful retaliation, and overpowered every feeling of humanity. The *ex vicis* was pronounced, and thousands, beside those who perished in the field, fell that night beneath the Prussian lance and sabre. In vain a feeble effort was made by the French to barricade the streets of Genappe, and interrupt the progress of the conquerors. Blucher forced the passage with his cannon; and so entirely had the defeat of Waterloo extinguished the spirit, and destroyed the discipline, of the remnant of Napoleon's army, that the wild hurrah of the pursuers, or the very blast of a Prussian trumpet, became the signal for flight and terror."—*Stories of Waterloo.*

was to be umpire of its decisions in this particular case he spurned the prayer of a kneeling wife, and left a brave and dauntless soldier to his fate. Mercy cried in vain—it was not in the bond, and he had no interest in her bereavement. He had fulfilled the duties which had been assigned him, and he would perform no more. He had paid to the uttermost all legal claims upon his services—mercy was no creditor of his. He had been honest to the letter of all his obligations, and he knew could feel, of nothing more.—Resulting from the same events, another incident arose which is more gratifying to human nature, more cordial to the feeling heart. When that mighty genius, whose name alarmed the world, became the prisoner of Britain, and the estates of Parliament were called upon to decide as to his keeping, there were found but two to protest against the proposition of sending a native of Europe to reside on an unhealthy island between the tropics. Lord Holland with his usual manliness, entered his protest against "Bonaparte's Detention Bill," and was seconded by the Duke of Sussex. Though a father, and that father a king, frowned upon him; though a brother, and that brother the governing regent of the country, forbade him his presence; though ministers and peers, and even the common people, cried aloud for the captive being chained to that unhealthy rock, and agreed to the most unfeeling and flinty-hearted of the British generals being made his keeper; the Duke of Sussex protested against this mockery of banishment, contending that it must end in the prisoner's speedy death. The result proved the truth of this protest.

##### X.

The lion fretted in his guarded cage,  
The vulture batten'd on his rusty chain,  
The hero groan'd in disappointed rage—  
He was a Soldier once; but not again  
A drop of blood his swordless hand should stain:  
His own was festering in its restless core.  
Diseased of body, cursed by sleepless brain,  
He stood upon his rock, and there would pore,  
Envyng the wild bird which stretch'd its wing from shore.

That Napoleon was subjected to the most galling mental torture at St. Helena is no longer denied; and Sir Hudson Lowe, as the instrument of that infliction, is now debarred from polite society. But why should any servant of Government be so treated? He, as a soldier, merely fulfilled his instructions. It is those who appointed him that should reap public execration; but the public, unfortunately, is a superficial thinker, and punishes or approves at first hand. Better had it been that Napoleon remained a prisoner of state in England, or been permitted to emigrate to America. In this country he would have been quite as safe as on his ocean rock; in America his ambition might have had a new and fertile opening. He might have reclaimed the warlike savages, and with them founded an empire which would have produced magnificent results, both to humanity and civilization. At the time, however, of Napoleon's expatriation, men's minds were too feverish to trust him; he had proved himself incapable of living quietly, and the elements of European society were of too combustible a nature to permit him to mix among them again.

##### XI.

At length the prisoner obtained release;  
His spirit wing'd itself away. Ah! where?  
In life he never knew the joys of peace.  
He was a prince of wrath, which hath no share  
In that pure land where men and angels wear  
Robes of eternal righteousness. Yet God  
Is merciful, and promised hath to spare!  
The Soldier did return—to earth, a clod  
Unremembered—though kings had worshipp'd at his nod.

When England first interfered with France, the national clergy, and perhaps a great majority of their dissenting brethren, were and had been long engaged in praying down the Pope, the errors of whose church they charitably declared had filled the world with abominations. The triumphs of Napoleon in Italy brought down the power of the Pope, and many single-hearted people thought that the righteous prayers of their pastors had been efficacious. But, lo! a mandate came from head-quarters, from those who have bishoprics, deaneries, and other apostolic places in their gift—to omit the Pope in their anathemas, which were all required for the national enemy of England. Even the *douce* clergymen of the church of Scotland not only forgot to denounce "black prelacy and the scarlet lady" but discovered from the prophet Daniel, that Bonaparte was one of the promised monsters who were to flourish for a season, only to be cut down and hurled to everlasting wrath. They kindly nominated him the arch-enemy of man—the man of sin—the emissary of the evil one—against whom it was their first duty to call down the choicest punishments of heaven. At the period of Napoleon's death, this rabid and unchristian spirit had greatly worn itself out—the Pope had been reinstated to his former paragonomic eminence—yet many alluded to the event as one in which the hand of the retributive angel might be traced; few evinced that Christian virtue which "covereth a multitude of sins." The rashness, the impiety, of questioning the after-fate of a fellow being is one of the iniquities of man for which the intolerant clergy are mainly responsible,—it is a sin utterly incompatible with the possession of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of Omniscience, is of great price.



## Burns Illustrated and Explained.

## CHAPTER II.—MEMORANDA IN THE LIFE OF BURNS.

The poet was born in a clay cottage, on the 5th of January, 1759, in the midst of storm and tempest. This frail tenement, built by his father's hands, was blown down on the night of the poet's birth, and the mother and her infant were with difficulty removed to a place of safety. His father, thoroughly animated by a Scotsman's desire to have his children educated, combined with four or five persons in his own humble rank of life, to engage a teacher for their sons, boarding him alternately at their houses. At fifteen, Robert was reckoned a man upon his father's little farm; and it was then his greatest pride to excel in the labours of the field. In an epistle to Mrs. Dunlop, dated March 1787, and referring to this period of his life, he says—

When first among the yellow corn,  
A man I reckoned was,  
And wi' the lave ilk merry morn  
Could rank my rig and lass.

It was the custom in Scotland in reaping the harvest to place a man and woman together, who cut down their allotted rig or strip in the field. Of course, the more expert reapers would be further a-field than the others; and those who were behind fell out of the rank or straight line of reapers. It was, therefore, a matter of pride for the man to keep his rig or strip, and his female companion, as well on in the rank as possible. It was this lass that first set his brain on fire, and kindled the muse of love and poetry; and in the same epistle to Mrs. Dunlop he goes on to say—

Even then a wish, I mind its power,  
A wish that to my latest hour,  
Shall strongly heave my breast;  
That I, for puir auld Scotland's sake,  
Some useful plan or book could make,  
Or sing a sang at least.

Whether or not this simple wish has been fulfilled, the yet uncreated millions of futurity may safely be left to determine.

At eighteen, having, to use his own words, "committed the sin of rhyme," he commenced to learn the trade of flax-dressing, but, unluckily, his little shop caught fire, amidst the festivities of a new year's morning, and sent him home again to his father's house. His farm proving utterly unproductive, old William Burns removed to another, which he possessed for seven years. No written engagement had been entered into, and a misunderstanding taking place, the matter was submitted to arbitration, which ended in the entire ruin of the family. Burns's father died in a happy moment, escaping by his death the cold horrors of a jail. Their little property was sequestered, and the widow and her children driven forth to the mercy of an un pitying world; but the stern independence of her first-born stood the widowed-mother's friend; with undaunted heart he and his brother united their little means together; every disposable article in their possession was converted into money, small indeed in amount; a farm was taken at Mossiel at a rent of £90 a-year, which became a joint-stock property in the whole family. They had no servant. Robert and his brother Gilbert did the whole work of the farm, and allowed themselves £7 per annum of wages as pocket money; and during the four years this slavery continued, the expenditure of the poet did not exceed his income. During this latter period he became acquainted with "Bonny Jean;" he saw her "lightly tripping on the dewy-green," admired and loved her; but he was poor—and they became imprudent. Her father, discovering his daughter's situation, though veiled by a supposed private marriage, (which, by the law of Scotland, legally binds man and wife together) caused the document of acknowledgment to be destroyed, forbade Burns her presence, and even encouraged his daughter with the hope that a better marriage might yet be in store for her. With feelings harrowed in the extreme, the unfortunate Burns, giving up his share of the farm to his brother Gilbert, sought and procured a situation as under-overseer on an estate in Jamaica; but he could not wait till his employers' ship was ready to sail, as two messengers, at the suit of the father of his Jean, were earnestly inquiring after him, to compel him to support or procure security for the sustenance of his child. He could not pay his passage by any trading vessel, for his funds were exhausted. With a heart almost broken, he looked abroad,—he was desolate, and nigh despair. Then it was he wrote his wild-toned "Farewell to Ayrshire."

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
Scenes that former thoughts renew;  
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
Now a sad and last adieu!  
Bonny Down, sac sweet at gloamin,  
Fare thee weel before I gang;  
Bonny Down, where early roaming,  
First I weaved the rustic sang.

His boyhood hopes, his wildly-cherished romance, that he would acquire, some time in life, an eminence—a name in his native land, had faded from his eyes—had been buried in his bosom's core. Buried, however, to

receive a glorious resurrection. For his darling hope, though apparently crushed for ever, was at that moment on the eve of accomplishment. By the advice of one or two friends, he formed the daring resolution, as a last means of escape, to publish his poems, and if possible realise the twenty pounds required to wait him from his native shore. His preparations for printing and sailing were carried on simultaneously. The first edition of his poems was printed in Kilmarnock, a small town in the west of Scotland, in the year 1786; and they were received in a manner much beyond his expectation. That poverty which prevented his immediate departure from Scotland had, indeed, been the means of preserving him to his country. He was advised by his friends to proceed to Edinburgh, where he was introduced to the most learned and eminent men of the day; who, in turn introduced him into fashionable and polite society. He became at once the fashion and wonder of the day; but the intoxication of the hour unnerved neither his hand nor his heart. He conducted himself with becoming modesty, with propriety, and with judgment. He neither obtruded himself upon the notice of the great, nor shrunk abashed from their inquisitive recognition. Subscription lists had been opened, a new edition of his poems was published, and Burns, and the story of his intended expatriation, became the city's universal talk. He received one hundred pounds for the copyright of one edition of his works, and the profits of all the copies subscribed for. This occurred in March, 1787, and in June he returned to his brother's farm at Mossiel, with a blaze of glory round him, rendered still more striking by the recollection of the adverse circumstances which had compelled him to leave it. His aged mother met him at the door, and with an exclamation of "O, Robert!" she fainted in his arms. The son of her proud aspirations had returned to his humble home another man. His family affections were the same; but his prospects were bright, his honour high; and she was his mother—he her son! And who can estimate a mother's heart that yearns upon that offspring which is commanding the admiration of the world. Could the wreck of the clay-built hut—the storm and tempest of his natal hour, be present to her foreboding eye? She had watched his infant years, had seen his manhood bloom; and she also lived to see Death take him for his own, and wept with Scotland for her son.

On his speedy return to Edinburgh he found himself proprietor of £500, and with an honest generosity, so peculiarly characteristic of him, he presented £200 to his brother to assist the family. During the summer he had been allowed to renew his intimacy with Jean; but that fatal imprudence which had made him regard her as his wife, though in her father's house, again caused a breach between him and her friends, and the object of his affection was ultimately driven forth a homeless exile by an exasperated sire. Burns was now the father of two children, with some little money, but no pursuit before him. He induced his relatives to protect his children and their mother for a little space of time, and he then began to look seriously after a settlement in life. None of those who had feasted and admired him consulted him as to his future prospects or welfare. He visited, he pleased; but that sturdy ungainly independence of spirit stooped not to ask a favour; although it was the earnest wish of his heart—his morning and evening prayer, that he could honestly and consistently procure some situation, whereby he might be enabled to live at ease and comfort, and devote himself to his poetic studies. Disappointed in this hope, the propriety that marked his former visit to Edinburgh deserted him in this; he visited the bacchanal orgies of a portion of his friends much oftener than the staid and stately society of his more elevated acquaintance. It was also at this time that he visited the grave of Fergusson, and raised a stone to his memory. Ultimately, a friend, Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, made him an offer of a choice of farms, and with the eye of a poet rather than the discretion of a farmer, he chose that of Elliesland, in the county of Dumfries, whither he repaired in May, 1788. With his own hands he assisted the labourers to build a dwelling-house, and publicly acknowledging "Jean" as his lawful wife, with joy and gladness he brought her to his home, and settled himself down as on the road to happiness and comparative independence. But Elliesland was unproductive—the improved system of agriculture, which of late years has totally changed the face of the country, had not been introduced into Scotland; and, with bitter feelings, he felt himself compelled to solicit an appointment in the excise, to which was attached a salary of thirty-five pounds a year. Yes! and the British Government, which claims to be the most liberal in the world, acceded to the request! Mr. Pitt, the heaven-born minister, who squandered millions by the hundred, and who had said of the poems of Burns, that, since the days of Shakspeare, none to him had the appearance of so sweetly coming from nature, had nothing better to offer to this poet after his own heart than the servile duties of an exciseman. The eagle heart, which soared to excellence on earth and beauty in the path of heaven, was doomed to fret and agonize its rich and warm imaginings over contraband tallow and illicitly manufactured salt! He who loved nature in her wildest moods and most romantic aspects, was not to look upon the sea with a poet's eye, but with the vigilance of a coast guard officer. Aye, and his reward was with him, £35 a year! Even yet, he

cherished the hope of procuring a treasury warrant to make him a supervisor, by which he might ultimately become a collector, and thus secure a livelihood. But he hoped in vain! The British Government was never known to confer a favour undeserved, nor to use its patronage for improper purposes, nor confer its honours on improper persons. A slight departure from this vaunted rule would have saved the poet's life for many a year, and the gift, how well it would have been repaid! The witchery of his muse, and the originality of his genius, could reasonably have been expected to make a fair return for the haven he wished when he said, that "To thee sweet Poesy, delightful maid, I might consecrate my future days."

Burns continued his duties as a gauger, as the excise officers are called in that part of the country, and occasionally corresponded with his friends, scattering his pieces as he wrote them to the winds of heaven, leaving their publication or not to the discretion of the parties receiving them. His name thus continued before the public through the medium of the newspapers and other periodicals. About this period, also, Mr. Thomson, of Edinburgh, commenced the publication of the ancient melodies of Scotland, and wrote to Burns to supply him with purer words to the old tunes, that the doggerel rhymes attached to them might be removed. He stated, "We will esteem your poetical assistance a particular favour, besides paying any reasonable price you shall please to demand for it." In his answer to this letter Burns cheerfully agreed to furnish the songs, but declared that to "talk of money, wages, fee, or hire would be downright prostitution of soul. A proof of each of the songs I compose I will receive as a favour." This was, indeed, a false spirit of independence—it was a mistaken pride, which few of his poetical successors have imitated. It was to this collection that he furnished the majority of his songs—those love-lorn, plaintive, soul-enchanting compositions, which speedily flew round the earth, and waked the sources of love and pleasure in many a homely hut, on many a distant strand—which aroused an undying echo in the deep dark woods of America, and smoothed with thoughts of home and peace the sultry shores of India's continent and Australia's distant isle.

When the first volume of the melodies was completed, Mr. Thomson sent a copy of the work, and what he called a small mark of his gratitude (£5), requesting the liberty to repeat it as he might find convenient:—"Do not return it, for heaven's sake," said he "for if you do our correspondence is at an end." Burns returned in answer, "I assure you, my dear Sir, that you truly hurt me with your pecuniary parcel. It degrades me in my own eyes. However, to return it would savour of affectation; but as to any more traffic of that debtor and creditor kind, I swear by that honour which crowns the upright statue of Robert Burns's integrity, on the least notion of it, I will indignantly spurn the by-past transaction, and from that moment commence entire stranger to you. Burns's character for generosity of sentiment and independence of mind, will, I trust, long out-live any of his wants which the cold unfeeling ore can supply; at least, I will take care that such a character he will deserve. Thank you for my copy of the publication." Sometime later, having received from Mr. Thomson a copy of a rival publication in London, he offered to return this latter, as he had promised, in a moment of forgetfulness whether he was rich or poor, a copy of Mr. Thomson's Melodies to a lady. This extreme sensitiveness is, indeed surprising, and almost inclines to the conclusion that either it was affectation or the effect of hypochondriacism, which latter, though the most charitable and nearest the truth, is also the most afflicting. Mr. Thomson sent him three copies, with an earnest request to return no books, but to ask for them freely. It may be stated that Burns was highly delighted with the engraved illustrations to this work—the lover in the "Cottager's Saturday Night" was a chance likeness of himself, and the child assiduously employed in cutting off the cat's tail while the old man is reading the Bible, was stated by him to be an exact portraiture of his second son, then such a child as in the picture, but late a Major in the East India Company's Service, and now an Inspector of Factories in Scotland.

The humiliation, death, and exhumation of the poet form a topic sufficiently interesting to supply another chapter.

## Love and the Rainbow.

As Love saw a rainbow once gloriously bending  
Its arch in a watery cloud of the skies,  
"What pleasure," he cried, "for a God to be blending  
The hue of his wings with those beautiful dyes."  
So joyfully viewing the loveliness o'er him,  
He chased it, in eagerness round it to play;  
But still the bright vision retreated before him,  
Till rainbow and cloud had both melted away!  
Then Venus said to him, "My child, do not weary  
Your wings and your feet in a project so vain,  
The hues of the rainbow, so brilliant and airy,  
But shine for a moment to vanish again.  
And thus it is ever fond Love is deluded  
To follow what's fairest but hardest to gain,  
And after he long, and in vain, hath pursued it,  
It mocks his embraces and leaves him in pain."



## Familiar Chapters on Science.

NO. V.—PHOTOGRAPHY.

In these "familiar chapters" we would, if we could, very willingly confine ourselves to a description of scientific matters, such only as might be practised, or experimented upon, in the domestic circle. But an adherence to this plan would so completely limit the sphere of our observations and instructions, that the door to a vast field of interesting inquiry would be closed, and our task end in an almost nothingless result. We shall, therefore, now and then, enter into a consideration of subjects which require for their consideration various kinds of expensive and delicate apparatus in connexion with experienced manipulation, either of which is seldom found in private life; premising, however, that we shall entertain no question the explanation of which will not be both agreeable and useful.

Our present subject is Photography, which signifies the production of pictures by the action of light. We intend, however, to confine ourselves here to that part of the process which relates to the taking portraits from the life. The merit of the discovery of this art belongs to two French gentlemen, M. Niepce and M. Daguerre; the first of whom originated the thing, and the other improved it. The vast importance of this discovery to the arts and sciences was easily foreseen, and the resources and facilities it would afford for their study were incalculable. A bill for rewarding its authors was generously proposed by Louis Philippe, and adopted by a special commission charged with its examination, on condition that the secret should be published for the benefit of the whole world. Strange, however, as it may appear, it is a fact recorded by Daguerre himself, that whilst the French minister of the interior was urging upon the Chamber of Deputies, as a reason why this extraordinary and liberal measure should be adopted by them, that, "unfortunately for the authors of this beautiful discovery, it was impossible for them to bring their labours into the market, and thus indemnify themselves for the sacrifices incurred, as the invention did not admit of being secured by patent." Daguerre himself was actually contradicting this statement of the minister by commissioning an agent in London to take out a patent for this country, the only one in which he did so. The consequences of this hateful act of the mercenary Frenchman necessarily put a stop to anything like speculation here; but such was not the case in America, to which country the honour is due of having first successfully applied the discovery to the taking of portraits from the life. The apparatus by which this is effected has been patented by Mr. Beard, an English gentleman, who has spared no expense in bringing it to its present state of perfection. The invention itself is, however, a communication from a foreigner, residing abroad, Mr. Wolcott, of New York, and it consists of very important improvements on the process of Daguerre, the particulars of which we now propose to explain.

The science of optics offers two modes, by means of which images or pictures of objects may be fixed upon a plate by the action of light. The first of these is by refraction through a lens; this is the process of M. Daguerre. The other is by direct reflection from a mirror, which is the mode adopted by Mr. Wolcott. The plates employed for the portraits are generally constructed of copper, uniformly coated with a surface of pure silver; and the effect to be produced will depend, in a very great degree, on the perfect polish the plate is capable of sustaining, as also upon the uniformity or flatness of its surface. These plates, after being polished and cleaned, are subjected to diluted nitric acid, one part of acid to sixteen of water, applied by moistening a piece of clean cotton wool, and gently rubbing the surface with it. This is then wiped off, and the plate is dried by using several pieces of cotton. In the next place it is carefully polished by means of pounce, which is shaken over its surface from a linen bag, and applied with cotton. Daguerre recommends this operation to be performed three or four times. After the above mentioned processes have been accomplished carefully, and with every attention to cleanliness, the plate is then exposed in a box to the vapour of iodine, a very volatile substance, which, uniting with the silver, forms a coating of a pale yellow or golden tinge of iodine of silver. The plate, after this process has been duly performed, is in a fit state to be introduced into a camera obscura, wherein the formation of the picture upon the plate takes place, every requisite attention having been paid during the operation to keeping it in the dark—a precaution absolutely necessary for success. An ingenious contrivance has been constructed to effect this object. It consists of a frame or narrow box, into which the prepared plate is placed, and it is provided with two doors or flaps that can readily be opened in the interior of the camera at the wish of the manipulator. This done, the camera is properly adjusted; the person whose portrait is to be taken is placed opposite the instrument, the doors are opened, and the rays of light from the object to be copied are brought to a delicate focus on the plate. After it has remained in this position for a given time, much depending on the state of the atmosphere, time of day, power of the sun, and other minutiae which practical experience alone can

decide, the plate is removed in the dark by means of the box previously mentioned, and submitted to a mercury box, the quicksilver having been previously heated to about 690° Fahr. The image is now obtained upon the plate, and the next step is to fix it there, for in its present state an exposure to the light would quickly remove the whole of it. This, however, is easily done by washing it with a weak solution of the hyposulphate of soda, which dissolves off the iodine of silver, and leaves the portrait finished, the general appearance of which is that of an exquisite engraving.

It is necessary to add, however, that Nature in this, her own process, is no flatterer, the countenance being given "exactly like life." For the information of our scientific readers, we will further state, that although the rationale of the process is still considered to be in some doubt, it is evident that the action of the light decomposes the iodine of silver, and the vapours of mercury probably penetrate between the crystals of iodine, forming an amalgam of iodine of mercury, which constitutes the white or light parts of the picture.

By the process of Daguerre, the time necessary for the production of a portrait varies from ten to fifteen minutes, a period not only much too long, but by no means at command under the most favourable circumstances. By means, of Mr. Wolcott's plan, as improved upon, last autumn by Mr. Goddard, representations of individuals are now obtained in two minutes in foggy weather, and in from five to ten seconds under other circumstances. The writer of this paper had three separate portraits of himself, in three different positions, taken in less than two minutes by Mr. Goddard, the gentleman just named. The morning is generally considered to be the best adapted for the purpose; the portraits are then done in from half to three-quarters of a minute. In the middle of the day, from five to ten seconds only will be necessary; but as the sun goes down, a much longer time will be required.

## A Natural History Ramble in June.

Come, come, let us tarry no longer or we shall lose the finest part of the day. The sun is out; and the trees as they nod their heads seem to beckon us away; the birds call us to their haunts: and the butterflies as they flit past the cottage door tempt us to follow them. Am I too sentimental? How can I help it. If we enjoy Nature's ever-changing panorama, her magnificent flower-shows, and her "right merrie" band of musicians, let us express the delight we experience without reserve; yea, let us be poetical if we can. Admire and praise Dame Nature to the full, but without mawkish flattery, and tepid to one but she will make a poet of you as she did of Bloomfield, Burns, and others too numerous to mention when one is in a hurry to be off. What, you are ready at last. "Where shall we go?" do you say. So long as our walk is a rural one no matter the direction we go in. Take an answer to thine eager enquiry from one John Nevay, an almost unknown poetical ploughman, whose "Peasant" reposes in my coat pocket ready to throw me out a line should I sink into the too profound depths of prose. Harkee, sir, what this man of unclean shoes but bright mind says unto thee:—

"Go where thou wilt in all the rural reign,  
And beauty charms the eye, music the ear,—  
Or by the stream, or in the green domain  
Of ancient wood—to contemplation dear,—  
Or on the broider'd wold,—or in the grove,—  
Or on the hill, where shepherd chaunts his song of love."

Straight onwards, till we are tired a little, and then think of "home again;" and truly "welcome" shalt thou be to it, my "royal Charlie." Let me be thy cicerone over the fields; but let it be provided always that thou shalt not blame me if I "prattle out of fashion" somewhat, that is to say do not think me insufferable merely because I touch not on church or state, and am not able to tell thee how much filthy lucre it would take to buy you a hay-stack. To begin then. In the first place you will be so good as to observe, or rather to agree with me, that the increased heat of the sun has caused many plants to burst from their seeds, strike their colours, and diffuse their choice perfumery around us; and the grass has attained a considerable height, and moved by every breeze

"The vivid verdure runs  
And swells, and deepens, to the cherished eye."

Most of the larger trees are now in the broad leaf, and their thick out-spreading boughs afford to man, and other creatures, a pleasant screen from the hot sun and a goodly shelter from the sudden shower. The hawthorn fences have become stoutish, and by the presence of a variety of intertwining and prickly plants, afford concealment and protection to the unfledged young of many a bird. The pensive traveller now often stops to admire the rich colours of the wild roses that blush amid the green hedges, and eagerly seeks for the most beautiful of all, and having found it, he plucks it, either as an ornament for his coat, in which he (unlike Shakespeare's Mister Three-Farthings), really dares "stick a rose." Give me the wild rose of the English road-side, and you may have all the infinity of roses of Chiswick and Covent Garden. Had my voice the power, I would call all the flowers out of the hotbeds to their wild homes again, and teach them to know their proper places, and to mind their proper times and seasons. By cultivating

and educating the flowers they become too proud and too extravagant to keep company with the more humble more unsophisticated, and more pleasing, darling, little "simples" that are content to live and die on the poor man's common, or by the side of his lowly hut. Educate the nettle if thou wilt, and by all means teach it not to sting; but send not that vegetable schoolmaster, called a florist, among our wild flowers. But a truce to digression,—at least until the next time, for how can a lover of nature ramble about without digressing? Impossible. See, how prettily, how elegantly (that is, negligently) these banks and dry ditches are bedecked with the drooping scarlet flowers of the fox-glove and the deadly nightshade; how the waving corn fields are richly variegated with the scarlet flowers of the poppy and the pimpernel; and how their borders sparkle with the azure shining heads of the spiny blue bottle. From his nest among the corn, up springs the light-hearted skylark, and welcomes the sun, and us too, with a gladdening song, warbled during his ascent to the airy summit of his flight. Now having gained the very height of his ambition, and given us "all the tunes that he can play," down he is falling like a stone. A parachute!—a parachute!—his kingdom for a parachute!—or he'll be "literally smashed to atoms" in the turnip field! Bravo! his wings have expanded, and he has descended safe, sound, and not at all frightened. We may now hear the songs of birds in very great perfection, and from morn till night the fields resound with them, and we recognise, occasionally, the voices of some that only sing for a short portion of the year; but this does not make us the less admire such familiar notes as are audible all the year round. Thus, we listen—at least I do,—with as much attention and delight as ever to the bold, pert, well-fed, and nearly "round" robin, whose hymn-like song is continually breaking in

"Amid the glee  
Which swells in general harmony  
Each tuneful throat."

He is a general favourite, and, from his bold and affable disposition, which permits him in the winter to hop fearlessly into the cottage or the palace (like the "boy Jones") for food and shelter, and also from his introduction into a number of pathetic poems and tales, especially that which is read by all children in the wood, though by none in the London University, he has obtained more respect than any bird in our very ornithological empire. He is, however, less social with, and trustful of, man, at this season than in the winter, for his parental duties are now so important and urgent that they engross all his time, all the warmth of his heart and body, and render him, unquestionably, rather shy and fearful; for too well he knows that oft the hand that compassionately threw him crumbs in winter, will unfeelingly mar his paternal hopes in summer. Take the song home in thine ear, but take not the nest in thine hand.

On the surface of the field which we are now approaching, rest a flock of rooks, while up in the tree close by, is perched one of the sable company to mark and announce the advance of hostile intruders. This black guard sees us coming, and sounds his harsh tocsin of alarm, which instantly induces this feathered parliament to rise lest they suffer from gunpowder, treason, and plot. They have unanimously adjourned to a distant tree, and will continue their sitting there until our disagreeable faces are far out of their sight, and then they will resume their proceedings,—regulated of course by the Diet of Worms.

Behold,—and look with a poet's or a painter's eye,—a picturesque scene. A gipsy tent, full of that curious and somewhat enviable race of wanderers. I admire them for their fine swarthy countenances, their weather-braving natures, and I envy them the scenery they have so much leisure to enjoy, while you, my companions, careless of the proverb that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, do little else than toil for gold amidst the city's noise. Gipsies may in legal phraseology be "vagabonds," and have their petty faults as other folks have, but they have a thousand merits.

"No false desires, no pride-created wants  
Disturb the peaceful current of their time,  
Nor through the restless ever-tortured maze  
Of pleasure or ambition, bid it rage."

Above the field, close at hand, the sharp-eyed kestrel, borne on his silent, waving, wings, performs his elegant evolutions. One moment he is seen moving in circles, the next

"With slow and wary course  
Gliding, or hanging like a cloudy speck,—  
Or sinking slow with gentle tremulous wing,—  
Or like an arrow rapidly darting down."

What an animated scene this flower-bordered pond presents! On its clear surface dance the whirligig-beetles, shining, as they move, like so many Lilliputian waltzers adorned with bright jewellery; the boat-flies, by means of their oar-shaped legs, are rowing themselves along on their backs, while the toads and efts are skulking about below: the net-winged dragon-fly is skimming across the water's surface with all the elegance of a swallow, and sometimes leaving the pond in order to pursue some unfortunate butterfly, who being captured after a smart chase, falls a prey to his epicurean appetite. Who knows but what a dish of splendid butterflies are better eaten than the tongues of melodious nightingales, or the green fat of the portly turtle? Give them a trial, ye entomologists, and



let us know what sort of eating "a purple emperor" or a "painted lady" is. But let us quit this pond and proceed to the hill before us. As we walk across the fields the timid grasshoppers, alarmed at our foot-steps, cease their chirping and nimbly hop out of our way; swarms of gnats follow us dancing over our heads; various moths and butterflies cross and recross our path; and the bee, burdened with delicious sweets, chides us with a loud buzz for intruding on his haunts.

After a little puffing and blowing we have climbed up to the summit of the hill, and now what a grand and extensive prospect presents itself to our sight! The country, smiling in its variegated dress, is seen extending miles and miles around us, until it seems to join the very clouds that linger at the horizon, and almost appear like mountains in the distance. The shining, silent river, with many a white sail upon it, shows itself here and there as it runs its devious course between the sandy banks, graced with ranks of silvery willows. The lordly castle of other days, now a mere ruin, partly concealed in the embrace of the climbing ivy, still holds up its proud turrets towards high heaven. Peeping above the top of yonder grove we see the spire of the village church, surmounted with a glittering weather-cock, on which a clerical rook has perched himself. In the fields, on our right-hand, the cows are quietly grazing, while in those before us they are frolicsomenly skipping about, and advancing towards the milk-maid who is carrying their warm milk to the dairy. Large flocks of sheep, now divested of their fleecy coats by the shearer, are quietly moving about in distant fields, and the gentle tinkling of their bells, heard at intervals, comes pleasantly to the ear while we are descending the hill.

This old lodge to some gentleman's house, has a pretty appearance, covered, as it is, with the jasmine and the honeysuckle, whose flowers are perfuming the air with the sweetest odours. In its little garden we see, and in flower too, the delicious-scented eglantine, sweet-williams, columbines, wall-flowers, larkspur, nasturtiums, stock-gilliflowers, candy-tuft, pinks, and many others. In the middle of the garden stands a bee-hive, and its busy inmates are issuing from it to fly once more in search of the honey-yielding flowers. On the wooden palings over which we are leaning the prowling wolf-spider is meditating the capture of a fly that has incautiously alighted a few inches before him. Observe how cunningly and gradually the hungry knave approaches his unsuspecting victim. "Fee fo fum" says the spider, "I smell the blood of an English"—fly. Now within a convenient distance for the attack, he raises his front claws, surveys his distance, and with one hearty spring he pounces plump upon his prey. He has him tight within his dreadful grasp, and unmoved by the shrill imploring cry of his vainly-struggling captive, squeezes him unpiteously, and carries him away to some favourite retreat in which he will feast on him without any interruption. I knew a tender-hearted young lady who used to employ her time in rescuing poor flies from the clutches of spiders; and she, pretty simpleton, thought these acts practical proofs of her humanity towards dumb animals. She never reflected that her kindness towards the flies was cruelty towards the spiders, who she thus left to starve for the want of a dinner. In the same spirit of inadvertent tenderness, she would pull the frogs out of the water lest they should be drowned. Thus, you see, unless we reflect upon what we are about, we may be exceedingly cruel when we mean to be very humane. But let us be moving; the sun is setting; and we must think of home.

See how plentifully this oak is hung with what are called oak-apples, or, more correctly speaking, with galls. Detach one from the tree, and open it carefully with your pen-knife, and you will find in its centre a circular cavity containing a small grub, which is the larva of a species of gall-fly. In what manner these galls are formed has not hitherto been discovered; but that they are produced by some operation performed on the plant by the insect, is certain. At this time of the year a great variety of galls may be observed upon different trees and shrubs, and many of them are very curious and beautiful. On the oak alone may often be found several sorts of galls, besides the common oak-apple. Those on the leaves of the oak resemble small globular warts; and those at the ends of its branches resemble diminutive artichokes; and those on its pendant catkins resemble bunches of small arrants.

The sun has long since set, and the shades of evening are coming o'er us; so let us resume our homeward course.

What a lovely night! Thousands of stars are glittering in the heavens; and the silvery moon diffuses a soft fulgent light on all around. The cool and gentle wind nakes sport with the leafy boughs of the trees, and bears o us now and then the sounds of distant music, and the fragrance of the new-mown hay. The nimble frogs are hopping about the dewy grass, o'er which numbers of moths are tripping, and thus affording a plenteous supply of food to the leather-winged bat; the hooting owl is bounding upon the mice that have now come forth to commit their nocturnal depredations; the nightingale is pouring forth her melody; the cuckoo is yet making his woods echo with her monotonous cry, which is sometimes heard till ten o'clock or so; the careless dorples and cockchafers are flying about in great numbers; and we have, at last, reached home. Scrape your shoes, and come in to supper.

## A Fashionable Marriage.

### CHAPTER II.—THE RECOGNITION.

HAD the Countess of Foulborough been in the habit of reflecting before she spoke, she would have been aware that for Lord Swindleton to procure a number of opera admissions was a somewhat difficult task. The family was due two years' subscription to the theatre, and had not made a visit for the present season. The demands on the purse of his Lordship always kept it at the lowest ebb, and he actually sat down with a serious mind to contemplate how the desired tickets could be best procured. The paragraph which had been supplied to the morning paper by the Countess presented the only means he could think of, and he adopted it with little compunction, well knowing that less embarrassed families than his had not scorned to avail themselves of the "Liberty of the Press." He therefore despatched a familiar note to the editor of the *Fashionable World*, soliciting his order of admission to the opera. That provided for two. He despatched another copy of the note to the *Age* and *John Bull*, fully calculating that he would be equally successful there. He was mortified, however, to learn by their answers that the manager of her Majesty's Theatre did not allow editors of weekly papers to write in their friends to the opera, or they should have been most happy, &c. &c. He applied to the *Morning Herald* with some misgiving, aware that the conductor of that journal would be chagrined at the paragraph respecting him not being sent in the first instance to his paper. "Grandmama's Gazette," as the *Herald* is irreverently called, however, readily accommodated him. Thus, the Countess, his two sisters, and their unsalaried governess were provided for. For himself and his deluded he magnanimously resolved to present purchased tickets.

The evening arrived, the Countess and her daughters were decorated with all their jewels at liberty, and looked around them as if they conferred an obligation on the theatre by their presence. Lord Swindleton and Miss Winyett had seated themselves immediately opposite. He pointed out to her various members of the nobility, who all seemed employed in a like manner; eye-glasses were in constant requisition, and haughty dames stared straight forward, unabashed by the inquiring looks which were set upon them. In the course of the evening the young lady said to her assiduous and noble attendant, "Pray, my Lord, what rude and inquisitive ladies are those in the opposite box. They have been staring alternately at me through their glasses, and talking and laughing to each other, for an hour."

"Where?" inquired his Lordship, colouring, and looking every where but to the proper quarter.

On the box being pointedly shown him, he affected great surprise, assured Miss Winyett she must have been mistaken, as these ladies were no other than his honoured mother and his sisters. Miss Winyett remained silent; she sincerely wished that she had not called the attention of his Lordship to the matter, as she felt satisfied that their observation of her had been made in a manner the reverse of kindly. Lord Swindleton had expected the young lady to make some further remarks, and felt hurt at her silence, as it left him no alternative but to propose a direct introduction, instead of having it in his power to do so casually yet agreeably. He therefore informed her, with all the happy insinuating eloquence he could throw into his conversation, that he would be most happy to introduce her to the Countess on the termination of the opera. Miss Winyett lifted up her clear blue eyes, looked thoughtfully, and almost tremblingly into his countenance. She tried, but failed, to speak; a "big round tear" glistened in the corner of each eye. The feelings of that moment were plainly apparent in her features; pride, fear, expectation and doubt, appealed eloquently to the unimpassioned lord. For an instant the titled scoundrel felt a pang of remorse. He thought upon his bay mare, and his resoluteness of purpose returned.

At the conclusion of the opera a general stir pervaded the theatre; ladies flung themselves from their seats, with a swing, into the passage, and sailed along to the lobby. The Countess rose in one of her majestic attitudes, smiled blandly to her son, and, by a gracious inclination of her head, assured Miss Winyett that she had been observed.

"We are waited upon," said his Lordship. "The Countess expects you. Allow me to present you to her."

Miss Winyett took his arm in silence, and walked on. "They met; 'twas in a crowd." A galaxy of beauty and fashion, as the newspapers describe a cluster of scandal-dealing ladies, was collected round the Countess. Her son had been observed, and they were resolved to witness the manner in which the "city girl who had entrapped young Swindleton," was received by the mother and sisters. The crowd opened, and his Lordship advanced to his mother.

"Allow me, Countess, to introduce to you Miss Winyett, the lady of whom you have frequently heard me speak."

"This is not kind," my Lord, said the Countess with a smile; "I should have had this pleasure to myself; and not, as it now is, shared by so many kind and condescending friends."

The group of ladies looked at each other. If ever unbelief was painted on the human countenance, it was strongly displayed by all present.

"Lady Clara, Miss Winyett; Miss Winyett, my sister the Lady Clara."

The Lady Clara half bowed, half curtsied, and then turned round to talk to some one else.

"Lady Louisa, Miss Winyett; Miss Winyett, my sister the Lady Louisa."

The Lady Louisa followed the example of her sister.

Miss Winyett felt a suffusion of blood upon her face; her ears tingled; her heart beat audibly to herself; and her knees cleaved to each other for support. Every eye was bent upon her, and even his Lordship began to be embarrassed.

"How unfortunate it is," said the Countess, "that this very pleasant interview should not have taken place elsewhere. My Lord, I hope you will take an early opportunity of introducing our dear friend to your family in proper form. I shall be at home to-morrow; and now I bid you good evening."

"Why, mama, you will surely remain to see the ballet," said the Lady Louisa.

"We might as well as remain here," added the Lady Clara.

"I am surprised at you, ladies," whispered the Countess. "This interesting girl has claimed our attention, and I am certain she appreciates the prospect of becoming allied to our house."

A general though suppressed titter from the crowd of listeners now brought a flush to the cheek of the Countess. For a moment her pride tempted her to resent the affront, but the dread of getting up a scene, and a desire to make Miss Winyett believe that her company was solicited by the best families, compelled her to be silent. Her temper, however, was so far ruffled as to make her forget that she came to the theatre in a hack, that her son might have the use of the carriage; and, seeing one of her two footmen near the door, she desired him to call the carriage.

After one or two profound bows to the ladies in his vicinity, Lord Swindleton proceeded to reassure the harassed girl that his mother was highly pleased with her, and that there now existed no doubt respecting the acquiescence of his family to what his heart was most fondly bent upon.

"How plain she is," said a pert young lady in the rear, in an audible whisper.

"Quite good enough for him," said another in a suppressed tone.

"Presumes on the produce of her father's till, of course," observed a third.

"And, (a hem!) attracted by its contents," added a fourth.

"Who, who?" hurriedly inquired the bevy, with a titter.

"Why any one that dares not look at us," rejoined the witty lady, with a most plebeian laugh.

Lord Swindleton, his ears burning with rage and shame, had now reached the door: the space was crowded with lacqueys escorting their employers to their carriages; he looked in vain for his attendant; every officer connected with the establishment was busily engaged in assisting the departing ladies, and he had no other alternative than to propose leaving Miss Winyett until he could have his carriage called. He looked round, every chair and sofa was occupied, and he was thus compelled to leave her in the promenade. No sooner was he gone, than every eye-glass was raised to look at the "city girl."

"Poor girl," said a fat Dowager Marchioness, "she cannot have ever been here before. They ought to get a police-constable to guard her."

"I wonder the city trumpeter don't call her carriage," said a matron, at which remark her five daughters giggled delightfully.

"Will the Lord Mayor's coach be in waiting?" said a well-dressed booby, talking in a manner intended to be playful.

"There is an omnibus, I know," replied another exquisite, "for I saw one at the corner of the building as I entered the theatre."

These and other remarks, with a general titter and continual stare from all parts, as Miss Winyett paced the room, made her stay most disagreeable. She frequently and earnestly looked towards the door. While so engaged the booby already mentioned stepped up to her with a mincing walk, and inquired if she had lost her way.

"No!" mildly replied Miss Winyett; "I am waiting on Lord Swindleton."

"Waiting on Lord Swindleton," said the heartless fop; "why I thought you had contrived to make him wait upon you."

This stupid attempt at wit being delivered in a style between a laugh and a jeer, was responded to by a titter. Miss Winyett looked in vain for a compassionate countenance. She burst into a flood of tears, which converted the giggle into a laugh. Overcome by her feelings, she swooned away, falling heavily on the floor.

A general scream then burst from the ladies: all rushed towards the door: none assayed to lift the prostrate girl. There were present many who had on claims to nobility of blood, who were even of more lowly descent than Miss Winyett; but they knew that to attend to her would betray them, and they crowded out with the rest. At that moment no attendant was in the room, nor could any enter in consequence of the hurry of those seeking egress.



Lord Swindleton at length learned that the Countess had driven off in the carriage; he, therefore, called a hack, and after waiting till it was within hail, he returned to the saloon. On his way he was met by a number of flurried ladies; one of those more elderly than the rest, seized him by the arm, and told him that his city lady had fainted, and would likely require his assistance.

Scarcely knowing whether or not to credit the intelligence, he pushed his way through the crowd, gained the scene of his irritation and her insult, and found Miss Winyett on a sofa, attended by some of the menials of the theatre. Her face was besprinkled with water, and the small current of blood might be seen gradually and faintly colouring her cheek. Her eyes were wide open, but fixed and glaring, without movement or speculation. A shock from her brain drove her eye-balls from one corner to another; she groaned bitterly and in pain. Her arms and feet were dreadfully convulsed, and told how violently the blood was acting upon her heart.

Enraged, desperate, and scarcely knowing what he did, his lordship gazed upon his victim—then at those holding her down. "Lord Swindleton's carriage!" exclaimed a burly official outside the door. He lifted her in his arms, carried her hurriedly through the lobbies, contrived to seat her in the vehicle, and told the coachman to drive to the family residence. The motion of the carriage assisted the action of the blood: her eyes became less distended; the stiffness of her limbs grew more relaxed, and with a deep and solemn moan, she opened her eyes. She instantly met the gaze of his Lordship; she became conscious of sitting on his knee, and, hiding her face in his breast, burst into tears.

His Lordship tried to soothe her. But the heart which is unwarmed by a glow of virtuous affection is incapable of that true sympathy which conveys love and assurance while in distress. Under like circumstances, an untutored mechanic, did he truly love, would have become suddenly eloquent, and spoken as if inspired—ay, even although in happier moments his teeth chattered, and his tongue refused to utter what he most desired to say. Glad was his Lordship, then, when he was set down in—Square. He assisted his trembling charge to the parlour; left her with the assurance that the Countess would wait upon her instantly, and, ascending in haste to the drawing-room, threw himself into the midst of his female relatives.

"You are mad—stupidly mad; all of you. You have nigh ruined the only prospect I have of redemption. She has fainted, in consequence of being insulted in the saloon. I have brought her here. Forget your foolish pride for an evening, and there is no sum I shall refuse you."

This hurried and emphatic declaration of his Lordship was heard coolly and listlessly until the last sentence. Then the Countess and her daughters rose with kindly haste. "You are a good boy, my lord," said his mother; "I shall explain all to you in time. Let us hasten to her relief."

However callous-hearted and immovable to the calls of charity and affection, the Countess was a consummate actress. The superficial education of the aristocracy, though it breathes no genial influence on the disposition or temper, enables them to appear in the most advantageous colours. Smooth of speech, and delicately-assiduous in manner, the Countess and her daughters appeared by their conduct to be entirely different creatures from those seen in the theatre, and the unsophisticated heart of the virtuous maiden was speedily reassured and comforted. A messenger was despatched in all haste to her father's residence, with a note in the handwriting of the Countess, conveying in kind and affectionate terms a slight hint of Miss Winyett's sudden indisposition; it also conveyed the information that the young lady would remain with her for the evening, and concluded by inviting him to breakfast in the morning. The Ladies Clara and Louisa playfully quarrelled as to which of them should have charge of the sweet girl during the night; and Lord Swindleton left them with a kinder "good night" than he had ever been known to utter.

### Scenes and Sketches of Military Life.

PATRICK O'NEIL—THE IRISH GRENADIER.

CHAP. IV.—A RECEPTACLE FOR STOLEN GOODS—THE EMBARKATION—HOW TO UPSET A SHIP AND CREW.

THE classic and elegant Canning was, at this time (1826), at the helm of the old ship Constitution. The affairs of Portugal were then in such a state as called for the interference of British men and money, and accordingly, "a little army" was ordered to make a descent upon that kingdom. The—regiment was one of the first sent to Portsmouth for embarkation.

The first day's march was from Windsor to Bagshot, which, not being able to afford accommodation for all the men, a number of them, amongst which was O'Neil, were dispersed in different villages on the route, with orders to join at a small town where the regiment was to halt for breakfast.

Here a question arises, which I should like to see reasonably replied to. Why, in Ireland, is every householder obliged to accommodate soldiers on billet, while, in England, only one portion of the inhabitants (the licensed victuallers) is compelled to bear such a troublesome burden? And why are soldiers allowed but 1s 5d per day on the march through Ireland, while, in Eng-

land, with sundry other privileges, they are allowed 2s 4d?

When the regiment fell into rank after breakfast in the street of the little town, and while the sergeants were calling over the names of the men, the landlady of the house where O'Neil had been billeted made her appearance, and complained to the captain that she had been robbed of a rich India shawl, and that she could accuse no person but the soldier.

O'Neil, fully accoutred, instantly "fell out," and was taken by two sergeants to a private room, where he was stripped, the captain superintending the search. His knapsack, pouch, cap, boots, and clothes, were all subjected to the strictest scrutiny, but no trace of the missing property could be discovered. He denied all knowledge of such an affair, and loudly asserting his innocence, complained of the wrong and injury inflicted on his character in the face of the whole regiment.

"My good woman," said the captain on his return, "we have searched him in the closest and strictest manner, but without success; and I can assure you if he has taken the shawl, he has not got it about him."

"He had no one to give it to since he left my house," replied the woman, "for I never took my eyes off him since."

"I could not ask you to be present at the search," said the captain again, "but I pledge you my honour he was examined to the very skin, and I was present myself, so that if he had it, it could not have escaped me."

"Well, then," said she, "all I can say is, that it was either the devil or the souldier as took the shawl, and I suppose I must leave it atween them."

"Never mind her, your honour," said O'Neil; "poor woman, she is not in her proper senses this mornin'; she was saying her prayers in the bar at rather an early hour, and piety that way is bad for the memory. Go home, dear; you'll find your shawl when you're not looking for it. Go home and say your prayers again."

Before the men dispersed to their billets that evening, the captain desired O'Neil to follow him to the hotel, where the officers took up their quarters. He took him into a room, and turning round, he locked the door. O'Neil eyed these preparations with a furtive and jealous eye, but made no remark.

"Now, O'Neil," said the captain, "you took the woman's shawl, and you have it; that I am certain of; but pay attention. You have excited my curiosity; I pledge you my word that I shall never mention a word of this matter to injure you; but show me where you have hid it."

"Me have it, your honour!" replied O'Neil, rather surprised. "Oh Lord! your honour, how can you say such a thing after this mornin'!"

"O'Neil," said the captain again, I know you too well; it's no use to sham Abraham with me. I again pledge my word that if you confide in me your secret, you shall come to no hurt through me. Satisfy my curiosity; where have you concealed the article?"

"Why, your honour," reiterated Pat, with the most provoking simplicity, "now, barring you imagined I was a witch or a fairy, how could you think I could have an inch of such a thing after the severe rummaging that the sergeant gave my kit and myself before your face?"

"I see you are determined not to trust my honour," said the captain in an angry and disappointed tone. "I have pledged my word; you refuse to gratify me; but now I fairly warn you, I shall set a watch on you, and if you are caught you must suffer."

O'Neil paused; the threat had more effect than the captain's plighted honour.

"I know your honour," he began, "is a true gentleman, and not like some that"—the captain waved his hand—"and I know your honour's word is as good as some of their oaths, and I have your honour's word and honour."

"I pledge both word and honour," replied the captain, "I was determined, if I detected you this morning, to hand you over for punishment. You have completely baffled me; you have excited my curiosity very much; gratify it so far, and you have nothing to fear from me. Take care of yourself."

"Leave that to me, your honour," said Pat, drawing his turn-screw from his pouch and the ramrod from his musket; and taking the "worm" used for drawing the ball from a piece when loaded, he screwed it on the end of his ramrod, and inserting the latter into the barrel of his musket, after a few turns he drew forth slowly before the eyes of the astonished officer, fold after fold, volume after volume, a large, beautiful, and valuable India shawl.

"That will do, O'Neil," said the captain with a smile; "I am satisfied; go away; but I advise you, as a friend, to take care of yourself. And, as I may know where to search next time, let this act as a warning."

The shawl was in an instant once more invisible—O'Neil touched his cap and vanished.

Though O'Neil loved marching through England very well, it was never his intention to proceed with the regiment on foreign service. So, before we arrived at Portsmouth, he had to be consigned to the baggage waggon—an old sore leg having very conveniently swelled to a most enormous size in one night, rendering him almost unable to move; and, while the troops embarked, O'Neil was comfortably reclining in the general

hospital, where he remained until his leg got well. He then joined the depot of the regiment stationed at Chatham.

The regiment was about six months in Portugal when, a number of the men dying from fever and dysentery, caused by long and harassing marches under a burning sun, and through a woody country, and excess in drinking new wine and eating unripe fruit, a detachment was ordered out to join from the depot.

In the letters sent by the men in Portugal to their companions at home, they gave the most extraordinary description of the country. It was a paradise to the Irish portion of it; spirituous liquors were so cheap, and wine so plenty. A short extract from one of these precious epistles may amuse.

"DEAR JEM,—I suppose because I kem out with the reegmint to these furrin parts, you thought we were all transported—and, faith, so we are, and with joy too—for if this be war, that we never have peace, I pray. I wish you were here for half an hour, until you'd see the counthry, and go back agen to die with vexation. Its the finest place ever myself set my fut in—it bates Con-naught all to nothing. Did you ever see raisins growing on the bushes in Connemara? They grow here for all the world like blackberries. Did you ever dbrink wine in the county Mayo, barrin' the docther orthered you a sup when you war sick? Faix you might swim in it here; and the gin, and rum, and brandy as plenty as butter-milk; and then they call their whiskey *Aquardint* by way of being grand. The apples, oranges, lemons, and melons, and them sort of vegetables, are as thick and as cheap as praties; and the sun is so hot that it splits the pavin' stones.

"But the quarest thing of all is the langedge they talk—neither English, or Irish, or good Latin—and the little yellow devils in the streets gabble away at it like a parcel of geese; and it often makes me wonder how a big fellow like me can't speak a word of it. We have but one parade in the day, and that's before sun-rise; the duty is nothing, and we have a pint of wine a man every day, and live like princes; for any reasonable man could get as blind as a piper for tuppence."

The men's minds were so excited by such descriptions, that, with the exception of a few who were recommended by the doctor, the draft entirely consisted of volunteers, amongst the foremost of which was Patrick O'Neil.

As we have before remarked, O'Neil was seldom without a *cher amie*, and on the occasion of his embarkation, the boat which conveyed him from Chatham to the transport, lying off Sheerness, was accompanied on its voyage by another, in which was seated the sorrowing love of Patrick, and a fair bevy of sympathising companions. Gin and rum were smuggled on board the soldiers' boat, and they drank toasts by signal, telegraphed their fond farewells so often, and with such good will, that by the time they gained the deck of the transport, O'Neil and some of his comrades were fully half-seas over. The lady lingered in the boat mauldin with love and liquor, and loath to wave her last adieu. O'Neil peered over the bulwarks, and busy Memory before his mind's eye unrolled her fairy panorama of past enjoyments—happy hours now, perhaps, never to be recalled—bye-gone pleasures vanished for ever. It was at this moment that a scene on the deck of the vessel caught his eye. One of his fellow soldiers, a thin, meagre, sickly being, whom the doctor recommended for the voyage, was seated on the deck beside his wife enjoying his evening repast, both apparently happy with each other. O'Neil looked a moment in half drunken surprise, and the sight of their comfort was too much for his overcharged and desolate heart—his outraged affections; he felt he was an injured man. He staggered up to the officer commanding the party, and drawing up his tall figure to its full height, with great gravity and steadiness he saluted him.

"Well, O'Neil, what's the matter?—what do you want?" enquired the officer.

"Lieutenant St. A—b—n," hiccuped O'Neil, "I don't come to ask a favour of your honour, but, as I've always considered myself as good a soldier as any in the regiment for a private soldier, or, for the matter of that, for a non-commissioned officer either, I only want the same rights as another man."

"Indeed, O Neil, if you could conduct yourself something better, you might pass muster with most of your comrades," replied the lieutenant, a simple-minded quiet young man.

"Have I ever skulked from my duty or imposed on my comrades, unless when I couldn't help it?" still demanded O'Neil.

"You're an unfortunate vagabond, O'Neil, but against your soldieryship I have nothing to say. You have only injured yourself."

"Well, your honour, myself suffered for it. I never threw my crimes on the shoulders of a comrade."

"Then why don't you leave off your d—d habits and live quietly?" said the lieutenant.

"Because I never get fair play," said O'Neil "I never get justice. Other men are indulged; I never am; I am a marked man in the regiment. Now, Lieutenant St. A—b—n, look at that fellow," pointing to the man and his wife on deck; "there's a sneaking, half-dead-and-alive, good-for-nothing humbug—in hospital a month and out a week, leaving his comrades to do his duty, and scheming on the service. Now, that fellow



never mounted a half dozen guards since he first handled a firelock. Yet, look at him, there he is with his wife, snug and easy, while my poor woman is breaking her heart outside there, and daren't come near me. That's the sort of fair play for good men in the — regiment."

"You must be aware, O'Neil," replied the quiet officer, "that the woman won her lot to accompany the detachment."

"That's easily managed, we all know," said O'Neil again; "but I have one request to ask, Lieutenant St. A-b-n :—will you allow my wife on board?"

"Against orders—no such thing—go away, O'Neil; I begin to think you have been drinking, sir."

"You won't, won't you?" said the drunken ruffian. "Now, just mind what you say—I don't come to ask it as a favour—will you let my wife on board, or will you not? Just say yes or no."

"No, sir—get about your business; here, sergeant—!"

"Then, by the powers of powder, you won't have O'Neil!" and seizing the bulwarks, he vaulted overboard. He sunk, but on his again rising to the surface, he was seized by some men in a boat—a rope was lowered and lashed around his body, the tackle manned, and Pat was hauled, all dripping, like a captured triton, from the briny flood. He kicked and plunged manfully, and as he swung in mid air, between sea and sky, he grappled the rope with both hands, and, placing his feet firmly against the side of the vessel, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Won't you let in my wife? By the powers of powder, if you don't, I'll upset every mother's sowl of you into the middle of the ocean!"

The screams of the women were terrifying, until Patrick was hauled on board, where he was placed in confinement until the vessel sailed for Lisbon.

### Anecdotes of Wolves.

THESE destructive animals, which at one time spread their ravages over Europe, are now nearly confined to the northern regions. In Russia, we learn from a recent traveller, they still greatly abound, and every means are adopted to assist in their destruction. The following anecdotes contain, in a small space, a great variety of adventure, much incident, and create not a little interest in the dangers arising from wolf hunting :—

I was presented, the other day, with the skin of a large wolf, which was killed last winter in rather a curious way, in a neighbouring gentleman's house. The house, which is small, is situated in a retired spot on the outskirts of a large wood, which extends up to the very door. There were some puppies about, which must have attracted the wolf, and, emboldened by famine, he followed one of them into the house, a step which eventually proved as fatal to himself as to his prey; but he at least had the satisfaction of one more feast before he died. The house-door opened into a small ante-room, on one side of which was the kitchen, and on the other a room, in which the cook's wife either lived or was in some way employed. This woman came in, and calling to her husband in the kitchen to say that she had seen a strange dog follow one of the puppies into the house, she went into her own room; as it was dusk the mistake of the woman was easily made. The cook, upon his wife's information, looked out of the kitchen, and saw that there was a wolf worrying the puppy: he therefore called to the people in the yard, who pulled to the outer door, so that the animal could not escape, and who then fetched a gun which they handed in through the window to the cook. The wolf was now alarmed; and when the man opened the door cautiously, and thrust forward the gun to shoot, the beast rushed at him, and seizing the barrel of the gun in his teeth, almost pulled it out of the cook's hands. He, however, recovered it, and retreating, shut the door upon the animal. The latter, after a few minutes, lay down, and when the cook looked forth again, he saw the wolf crouched against his wife's door. He called to her to make a noise inside, upon which the beast got up, and moving a little on one side, received a shot in the head, which the cook followed up by beating out his brains with the butt-end of the gun. The unfortunate puppy was found half eaten in the corner of the room.

Wolves are exceedingly fond of dog's flesh, and they sometimes make use of a very cunning stratagem to obtain it. A wolf or two will approach a village in the day-time, upon which all the dogs run out and begin to bark at them; the wolves then pretend to be frightened, and retire, upon which the dogs take courage and advance; at length, by alternately stopping and running away, the wolves entice a few of the more adventurous curs to a considerable distance from the village, when they suddenly turn round upon their foremost pursuers and carry them off.

Most parts of Russia are sadly infested by these animals, which commit great depredations among the cattle. They are, generally speaking, afraid of human beings, but they occasionally pick up a child in the woods, and instances are by no means wanting of their attacking even grown-up men when the weather is very severe. These misfortunes occasionally happen in the neighbourhood of Petersburg, where the wolves are extremely numerous and very daring. At the country-house of a near relation of M—'s, about twelve miles from Petersburg, a man was, a year or two ago, attacked in the garden by a single wolf and severely wounded, escaping with difficulty with his life. The same place was the scene of another curious wolf-adventure. A disturbance was heard at night outside the house (I suppose among the dogs); however, several people went out to see what was the matter, but they discovered nothing, and though they supposed that a wolf had been there, they came back into the house. Presently, however, they missed one of the servants, a lad of eighteen,

who had been one of the first to sally forth. As he did not return, they became alarmed, and went out again with lanterns to search for him: they were not long before they found him stretched on the ground, apparently dead, with a wolf lying dead by his side; the man, however, was only in a swoon, and soon recovered on being raised up. As soon as he was able to give an account of himself, it appeared, that on the first alarm he had run out of the house with a large stick in his hand, and had been immediately attacked by the wolf, which so terrified him, that aiming one instinctive blow at his enemy, he had fallen down in the senseless state in which he was found; the single blow of his heavy stick had, however, by an extraordinary accident, hit the wolf on the head and killed him.

When seven or eight of these animals are collected together in the winter, they are often sufficiently dangerous, and it is said that a single wolf, on meeting with a man in a lonely place, will sometimes commence howling, until his friends around assemble as at the sound of a dinner bell in sufficient numbers to venture on the attack. They will sometimes even assail travellers on the high road. A friend of mine told me that once, between Moscow and Petersburg, he was journeying in an open sledge, it being excessively cold, and he was pursued for some miles by a pack of wolves who ran by the side of the sledge, jumping up at it, and so close, that his valet, who was sitting by his side, stabbed at the brutes with a dagger and wounded some of them; but the wolves did not give up the pursuit till they met a long string of sledges, which alarmed them.

The wolf prefers living in small brushwood covers near a village, to inhabiting large forests; these, however, are the fastnesses of his race, and the existence of these immense tracts of wood and desert in Russia would perhaps defeat any attempt to rid the country of those ferocious beasts. It is, however, difficult to believe, that such a pest might not in some measure be put down if exertion were systematically made; without combination, however, the thing is impossible, and in most parts of the country the wolves are rarely molested; indeed, the peasants often have a prejudice against so doing, as they think it only exasperates the animals and makes them more fierce and dangerous: I need not say that this is a most absurd notion, and where it prevails, the beasts become only more daring by impunity. They often show themselves in broad daylight, but I have never seen one since I have been in the country.

There are various ways of destroying wolves; sometimes this is done by poison, the best being nux vomica, since it does not, like arsenic, injure the fur, which is some consideration, for a wolf's skin raw is worth from eight to ten shillings. A calf, or some other dead animal, is well impregnated with nux vomica, and laid in a retired spot in a wood; the wolves find it, and feast on it, and the effect of the poison is very rapid. I have heard of six wolves being destroyed in this manner in one night; four were found dead on the spot, and two others were discovered afterwards at a little distance.

Every one has heard of the mode of catching these animals in pitfalls, by placing a lamb or a pig as a bait, on the top of a post rising out of the pit: they have in Russia a kind of trap, which is exceedingly simple, but which I never heard of before I came into the country. A small circle is inclosed with a palisade or some other fence, too high for a wolf to leap or climb over; this fence is again surrounded by another of the same kind, leaving a narrow space between the two: the outer fence has a door, which opens inwards, so as to fill up the space between the two palisades when it is set open. A lamb or a pig is placed at night in the inner circle, and being alone and cold, it naturally bleats, or grunts and squeals; the noise attracts the wolf, who enters the door which is open, and finding the inner fence still between him and his prey, prowls round it in hopes of discovering an opening. When he arrives at the door, having made the circuit of the place, he pushes against it, and thus shuts it to, and imprisons himself; for the space in which he is, being narrow, and his back bone very inflexible, he cannot turn, and the door is of course so hung as to shut from a very light pressure.

You have heard of the plan of shooting wolves on a moonlight night in winter, when two or three sportsmen place themselves, well-armed, in a sledge, and are driven through the roads and tracks in the woods. As they go along, they pull the ears of a young pig which they take with them, and make it squeal, while behind the sledge trails a long rope, with a wisp of straw at the end of it. The wolf hears the pig squeal, and seeing the bundle of straw dancing along over the snow in the moonlight, make a dash at it, mistaking it for his prey, and thus presents a fair mark to the guns in the sledge. This sport, like all others, has its vicissitudes; sometimes the disappointment is incurred of a blank night, and sometimes, on the other hand, too much game is started, and the amusement becomes somewhat dangerous. If the sportsmen have not time to pick up the wolves they kill, the others tear the bodies of their dead companions, and, becoming furious, will attack the sledges. A gentleman who lives near here, and whom we often see, met with an adventure of this kind some time ago, and after making his pig squeal for some hours in vain, at length unexpectedly attracted such a troop of wolves that he was obliged to fly for safety, and trust to his horses' heels, and he was pursued by twelve or fourteen of the beasts even into the village.

The peasants sometimes build a hut in a wood, and throw the carcasses of dead horses, and other animals, near the spot, to attract the wolves: they then go before night, and ensconce themselves in the hut, in hopes of getting a shot at a wolf, through loop-holes which they leave in the walls of their sheltering place. Unless, however, they make the hut very firm and strong, they occasionally run some risk. I have been told a story of a man, whose baits drew around him one night an unusual number of wolves: he kept firing away from his lurking place, sometimes killing, sometimes wounding, and sometimes missing, till at last he had expended all his ammunition—still he was surrounded by enemies, who, becoming infuriated, attacked his fortress, and tried to make their way in. The garrison was defenceless, but the building was strong and resisted the assault, nor did the wolves succeed better by attempting to mine

and work a way under the walls; strong stakes, which had been providently driven in on every side, frustrated their endeavours: the besiegers, therefore, changed their tactics, and converted the assault into a close blockade, hoping to starve out the enemy. Through whichever of his loop-holes the poor man looked out, his eyes encountered those of a wolf seated like a dog on his haunches, and keeping patient watch. When morning came he expected these sentinels to depart; but, no, they were far too inveterate, and though some went away some still remained, and kept close guard all day. All that night he was imprisoned, and it was not till the following day that he was released; whether the wolves got tired of waiting, or whether his friends, knowing the expedition on which he had set out, came in search of him, I do not remember.

### Practical Application of Geology.

WE are indebted for the following ample summary of illustrative facts, in relation to the uses of Geology, to the *British Queen*, a newspaper which, in addition to its general news, always contains an able article on science :—"So numerous and important are the uses of this science, that there is, in fact, scarcely a want or necessity of human life to which it does not bear an intimate and important relation. It will, therefore, be requisite to select from the mass of instances a few which will be sufficient to prove the utility of this instructive department of knowledge. The miner is, perhaps, the first in the list of those who are benefited by the instruction which geology affords, and which teaches him not only that rocks, apparently barren and unproductive, contain mines and veins of wealth and value, but further informs him of the precise nature of the mineral substances which each distinct geological deposit is likely to contain. It unfolds the fact that granite is the usual deposit of tin, while copper is to be sought in the slaty rocks which overlie the granitic deposits; it teaches that the carboniferous limestone is the accustomed abode of lead; and that these and other metallic substances usually exist in veins and filaments, interspersed amid the fissures of the rocks in which they are discovered. Geology next solves a problem more important and more valuable than these, and teaches the all-important lesson as to where coal is and is not to be found. It is a well-known fact, that the coal fields of the British isles are more productive and more conducive to the happiness of mankind than the mines of Peru; and our stores of fuel richer and more valuable than veins of silver and of gold. So peculiar, however, is this deposit, so delicate in its nature, and so fraught with disappointment and uncertainty as to its occurrence, that its existence or non-existence in a certain locality constitutes a question as difficult as it is important. This question geology enables us to solve on a few simple but important principles; and so certain, and, it may be said, so infallible, is the information which the science supplies on the subject, that where researches after coal have been undertaken in defiance of geological principles, and in opposition to the expressed opinion of geologists, such undertakings have issued in disappointment, and not unfrequently in ruin; the fact being, that the occurrence of coal is limited to those few deposits with which it is found in juxtaposition, and that it is in vain to look for it elsewhere. The civil engineer, and constructor of roads and railways, is alike instructed by the information which this study supplies; and many of the stupendous cuttings and tunnels in our great national undertakings of this nature it is well known, could never have been achieved and perfected without that insight into the structure of the earth, and the nature of its deposits, which geology reveals to the student. In the very instance of mending roads, a knowledge of this science, and its associate study mineralogy, has produced a considerable improvement in the mode of operation. Formerly, it was thought sufficient to throw down so many stones upon a road, without reference to their nature or power of durability, or resistance to pressure. Subsequently, granite was preferred, as affording, it was conceived, the strongest material. Experience, however, speedily showed that granite, owing to its compound nature, being made up of mica, quartz, and felspar, was much less firm, and yielding far more easily to pressure, than a rock of more homogeneous and simple structure; and consequently stone of this latter description has recently been employed on our roads. The farmer and cultivator of the soil derives much instructive information from the light which geology affords on the nature of the underlying soils, and the character of the soil which in many instances results from the decomposition of the rocks beneath. In many cases it enables the agriculturist to discover stores of lime and mineral manure where they were not conceived to exist; and in the single instance of Artesian wells, it blesses a whole district with the invaluable boon of water. The nature of this operation is now so generally known, that a brief outline of its nature will be all that is required to convey an idea of its benefits. Where deposits of a light and porous nature occur in hollows and depressions of firmer and older rocks, accumulations of water flow into the most porous of these beds, and reservoirs of water are formed, which are prevented from rising to the top by the pressure of the strata lying above. In this emergency, the geologist or engineer, by boring through the upper deposits, releases the water which is forced by its own impetus to the surface, and affords a grateful and highly beneficial supply. This method having first been tried in the province of Artois in France, the name of Artesian was applied to these operations; they have subsequently been tried in this country with the most gratifying success, and the latest and most important proof of the value of the discovery has been afforded in the plain of Grenelle, near Paris, where borings of prodigious depth have been effected, and have produced a copious supply of excellent and pure water."



### Deference to Public Opinion.

THE following elaborate summary of historical events is from the pen of a talented author, in America, whose works on Political Ethics have created no small sensation among the inquiring inhabitants of the Western hemisphere. The anecdotes, instructive and amusing in themselves, are so intimately blended with correct opinion, and brought so harmoniously to bear upon the one great topic—the power of public opinion—that even in less republican countries than America their recital cannot fail to teach men to think and act for themselves. The author, Francis Lieber, is an expatriated German, who left the country of the Old Allemanni in consequence of the despotism of the Austrian Government. He studied the English language in America, and produced the works we have mentioned in that acquired tongue to the satisfaction of some of the most learned judges of the land. Thus are the best treasures of countries driven into foreign lands by the folly of those who ought to cherish and protect, instead of sending them forth like wild beasts of the field, to seek shelter in solitude or among strangers!

Public opinion had abolished torture long ago in Denmark, yet but lately it was abolished by written law. The code of Charles V., still the penal law of several parts of Germany, prescribes most severe and frequently cruel punishments, entirely at variance with the spirit of the age, which is but a different name for public opinion, applied to a larger society and considered as to a given period. The consequence has been, that all manuals of German penal law give the respective punishments fixed by the code of Charles, and those which are awarded according to "practice." Yet this "practice" has never been legislatively enacted. No one, according to law, shall be present at the debates of the British parliament, except members. This is the positive law. There are galleries built for the public, and convenient places for reporters: this is the public opinion. Let any one, let the ministers, let the monarch, dare to insist upon that law. The British constitution, that is, the law, says, that the king may veto any bill that has passed through both houses: British public opinion prevents the monarch from making direct use of the privilege, at least he has not withheld his approval for now nearly two centuries. A law banishes all members of the Bonaparte family from France. Lately one of them visited the King of the French, at the Tuilleries; all the papers mentioned it. Why are so many things absolutely impossible, in spite of all the law that might be cited in favour of it? Because public opinion decides thus, that is, in many cases, common sense, which must always decide on the application of rules, whether they be furnished by grammar, architecture, or politics.

When Queen Victoria went, on December 23d, 1837, to the lords, to give assent to various bills, the clerk called out after the title of one had been read, *le Roi le veut* (the king wills it), instead of *la Reine le veut* (the queen, &c.). The clerk, according to the papers, did not correct himself. Now suppose a lawyer were to build an argument upon this bill's never having become a law, because it had never received the royal assent, there being at the time no king in England. He might bring most powerful arguments in favour of the necessity of observing strict forms, the more urgent the more important the respective spheres of action are; he might quote innumerable precedents of mere violated forms having defeated otherwise legal measures; he might bring powerful analogy within a hair's-breadth of his case, and yet would he be able to move his case one step? Every one would laugh; or if not, so much the worse for the state of public opinion.

There is to this day a law on the statute-book of South Carolina, unrepealed by the authority which made it, to the effect that every male of age shall go to church well armed. The dangerous state of the country at the time required it against the Indians. Suppose a conscientious citizen were to appear in church with a brace of pistols, cutlass, and rifle. The whole community with one voice would set him down as deranged; he would lose all public confidence, and would most materially injure his family, besides that he would disturb public worship. Suppose, on the other hand, any public officer were to take it into his head to fine a citizen for not having appeared well armed in church, according to the old law. Would he not be scouted by judge, jury, people—by every one? And the law does stand repealed by the irresistible sense and sentiment of the community. This does by no means preclude cases of strict adherence to an obsolete law, for the very purpose of drawing public attention to it, and effecting a final implicit expression of repeal by public authority. For laws, though obsolete, and universally acknowledged to be so, may still be of a character which renders them either dangerous or inconvenient in special cases. Or they may, in their character, be iniquitous, and the public morality may demand their erasure merely on the score of public propriety, decorum, or morality.

We are apt to believe that from the want of publicity, absolute states are not ruled by public opinion. It is true, that public opinion does not act upon so many subjects, but it is in Asia as powerful as in Europe, on those subjects on which it acts at all. Let an Eastern monarch attempt anything against the opinion of his people at large; for instance, attempt public irreverence against the Prophet. The King of Denmark was, by the fundamental law of 1660, absolute in every way. The fancy of a man brought up in a constitutional country, cannot invent a law which provides, in so detailed a manner, for the monarch's being above all law, and that nothing whatsoever shall ever be binding for him, or limit his power, not even he himself. So far the theory or the letter; but was the Danish King really at liberty to do what he liked? Suppose he had attempted so mean a thing as the prohibition of the Danish national dish called *grit*, would his absolute power have supported him? Theoretically, the King of Prussia was absolute when he ordered his minister, by cabinet order of July 13, 1798, to lay certain proposals of a union between Lutherans and Calvinists, before the public, and report to him, "when public opinion has decided upon their expediency," &c. March 25, 1813, the emperor of Russia and king of Prussia issued a proclamation, which contains this pas-

sage: "Their majesties expect a faithful and complete co-operation of every German prince, and they are pleased to suppose, that none will be found among them ready to be and remain a traitor to the cause of Germany, so that thereby he should deserve to be annihilated by the power of public opinion and the force of arms, which have been taken up" (against Napoleon).

At times, we see a man apparently act directly against public opinion. Richelieu saw the enormous extent to which duels were then carried in broad daylight. He dared to execute according to law two noblemen (Bouteville and Chappelles) for this offence. The whole society seemed vehemently opposed to him, but would he have been able to carry his point, had it not, after all, in a still larger society been felt that he was right?—It is one of the greatest traits of a noble citizen to be able to see one layer of public opinion through another; or, if he does not see it, to trust in God that it must be there, and act accordingly.

Napoleon, a good authority as to the practical operation of public opinion, said, "Public opinion is an invisible, mysterious power, which nothing can resist; nothing is more moveable, more vague, more powerful; and capricious as it is, it is nevertheless true, reasonable, just, far more frequently than one is apt to think."

When one of the blackest crimes that soil the pages of history, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, had been perpetrated with unexampled treachery, cruelty and disgusting vice and villany, by Catharine of Medici and Charles IX., on August 24, 1572, the king, after a long and cold-blooded consultation between his wicked mother and Anjou, as to the invention of the best means of justifying themselves, proceeded, on August 26th, to parliament, and there added to this stupendous wrong the solemn lie, after having heard high-mass, that all had been done to save themselves from a vast, yet timely discovered conspiracy of the Huguenots. Their bodies were weltering in blood and could not gainsay the falsehood, but on August 24, the day of carnage itself, the king and queen sent a declaration into all the provinces, that the whole had been done against their will by the Guises. Nay, though Philip II of Spain, celebrated this event by the performance of a drama, representing the Triumph of the Church Militant, and Pope Gregory XIII. ordered a solemn Te Deum to be performed in the church of St. Louis, Charles IX. or his wily mother, found it necessary to order, even two months after the bloody deed, the torturing and execution of an old nobleman, Briquemant, and of Cavannes, one of the royal councillors, as having been accessories; so that the appearance of truth as to a Huguenot conspiracy might be kept up.

The most striking instance of the pressing necessity of justifying public acts is perhaps offered by Louis XIV., who used to handle fraud like algebraic letters. He, who had a clerk of the department of foreign affairs hung, for having betrayed state secrets, and at the same moment sent money to the privy secretary of the Spanish prime minister to buy his secrets; he, whose minister de Lionne wrote to chevalier de Gremouville, French ambassador at Vienna, "The king finds that you are the most impudent minister on earth. But in this piece his majesty bestows upon you the highest possible praise you can wish for;" this same king, who broke treaties while almost in the act of concluding them, who never hesitated at cruelty or falsehood, if expedient, still was obliged to pay his tribute, in the cloak of hypocrisy, to political morality.

All the endeavours of this monarch in foreign politics were directed to this sole object, to place a branch of his house upon the throne of Spain, after the extinction of the Austrian-Spanish branch should have taken place. Neither time nor money, patience, cunning, treachery, deceit, and fraud, nor corruption of any kind, were spared. The road to this great object was opened as early as in the treaty of the Pyrenees, for even then all possible precautions were resorted to in order to nullify at the proper time all the renunciations which Maria Theresa, a Spanish infant, and wife to Louis XIV., had been obliged to make with regard to the Spanish succession at the time when her marriage contract was formed. The French cabinet proceeded systematically to collect all sorts of pretences, to use them at the desired period. Why did not the French cabinet quietly wait until the death of the Spanish monarch, and then strive to place a French prince on the Spanish throne by mere force of arms, without alleging one lawful reason? Because there is that mighty voice in every man's bosom which tells him that there is such a thing as right and wrong, and that, though it may be in our way, though the individual may have made up his mind to disregard this difference, he knows the world will not; nay more, that by openly proclaiming this disregard, he would take away the only ground upon which a claim could be made: for a claim pre-supposes a right; a right pre-supposes the ethic ground upon which it must rest.

The Indians of South America appeared to the conquering Spaniards to be possessed of but very inferior claims when compared with their own. Not even the common laws of humanity were considered sacred toward the aborigines, and yet did the Spaniard feel the necessity of some justification before his own conscience; even his cruel conquest he wished to found upon some right, some moral basis. From the time of Alonzo de Ojeda a manifesto in Spanish was read to every newly-discovered tribe, in which, at great length, the rights of the Pope, as viceregent of God, were exhibited; how he had presented the Spanish crown with all the Americas, and how the Indians, therefore, owed allegiance to it, and a refusal of which would be visited by extirpation. The manifesto had been drawn up with great care by the united effort of divines and lawyers.

Frederic the Great found it necessary to justify himself respecting the part he had taken in the unhallowed partition of Poland. When provinces or colonies rise against their mother countries, they issue justificatory manifestos; the sultan, some years ago, published an elaborate justification of the conduct of his government toward the Greeks. And it is to be remarked here again, that the more civilised the nations, the more they acknowledge the necessity of vindicating their acts on ethic grounds. The rude alone make their sword the tongue of the balance of justice, or bow without murmur to the stronger.

### Varieties.

**LENGTH OF DAYS.**—At Berlin and London, the longest day has sixteen and a half hours; at Stockholm and Upsal, the longest has eighteen and a half hours; and the shortest five and a half; at Hamburg, and Dantzic, and Stettin the longest has seventeen hours, and the shortest seven; at St. Petersburg and Tobolsk, the longest has nineteen, and the shortest five hours; at Torneo, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two and a half; at Waderbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22nd of July, without interruption; and in Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half.

**FEMALE DUELLING.**—The most celebrated female duellist was the actor Maudin, one of the performers at the Opera. Lerone, the famous fencing master, was one of her lovers, and from him she received many valuable lessons. Being insulted one day by an actor of the name of Dumény, she called him out: but as he refused to give her satisfaction, she carried away his watch and his snuff-box as trophies of her victory. Another performer having presumed to offend her, on his declining a meeting, was obliged to kneel down before her and implore forgiveness. One evening at a ball, having behaved in a very rude manner to a lady, she was requested to leave the room, which she did on condition that those gentlemen who had warmly espoused the offended lady's cause should accompany her. To this proposal they agreed—when, after a hard combat, she killed them all, and quietly returned to the ball room. Louis XIV. granted her a pardon and she withdrew to Brussels, where she became the Mistress of the Elector of Bavaria. However, she soon returned to the Parisian opera and died in 1707, at the age of 37. Under the regency a pistol meeting took place between the Marquise de Nesle and the Countess Polignac for the possession of the Duc de Richelieu—and in more modern times, so late indeed as 1827, a Madame B—, at St. Rambert, received a challenge to fight with pistols—and about the same period, a lady of Caateauroux, whose husband had received a slap in the face without resenting the insult, called out the offender, and fighting him with swords, severely wounded him.—*Millingen's History of Duelling.*

**BESSARABIA.**—This country has been for 30 years under the Russian dominion, but the province has still a special administration. All sort of vagabonds, all the runaway serfs, and deserters, &c., endeavour to reach the Dniester as speedily as possible, and think themselves safe as soon as they have that river behind them. The country, therefore, swarms with foreigners, whose presence is not very agreeable nor advantageous to the native inhabitants. The authorities, however, receive their visitors, if not with open arms, at least without any scruple, as they wish to increase the population, and create new interests in the province. Some towns are occasionally made places of refuge; Akerman is, for instance, an asylum for the raggamuffins of every kind who may choose to arrive without passports and incorporate themselves among the regular inhabitants. The number of vagabonds are promptly transformed into respectable citizens. This explains the extraordinary augmentation of the population of the towns, and also the interesting phenomenon, that in the several very densely populated districts of Bessarabia not a single death has for many years occurred. A statistical economist, who knows nothing of the internal arrangements of the province, must be sadly puzzled to account for the extraordinary tenacity and vigour of the vital powers, the healthful influence of the climate, and the astonishing greatness of the average duration of human life in Bessarabia. The problem is, however, easily solved, when the contrivance of the civic authorities to increase the numbers within their municipal jurisdiction is understood. A refugee appears and prays to be enrolled as a Mesnehanin—that is, a citizen of the town. He is at first told, "That is a matter of course, friend: you have no passport, too; but wait awhile, and we will see what can be done for you." The refugee waits until one of the civic community dies, and then he is summoned to appear again before the Red Table, in the magisterial office. Now the business proceeds thus: "What is your name?" "Ivan Gritshow." "What age?"—"25." "Well young man, attend to what I am going to say—"Mitrophan Kalenko died yesterday aged 50; if you wish to be a citizen, you must take upon yourself his name and his age; then we will allow you to be substituted for him, and will give you his certificate and other documents." Ivan Gritshow joyfully consents, and becomes all at once a respectable citizen of a very respectable age. The departed Mitrophan still lives under this metamorphosis on the civic register, and, probably after two or three other renewals of his existence, dies at the patriarchal age of 150. We need, therefore, no longer marvel at the frequent accounts of deaths in Russia of persons exceeding 100 years of age.

**A HEROD DEFEATED BY THE SEA.**—The Emperor Justinian II., remembering that hostilities had been practised against him by the natives of the Bosphorus, sent an army into their country for the purpose of destroying them. Some were slain by the sword; some were thrown into the sea; and a vast number burnt alive. When Justinian heard, however, that his soldiers had spared the children, out of regard to their tender age, such was the excess of his rage, that he ordered them to be brought to Constantinople, that he might enjoy the superlative delight of seeing them all massacred. Ships were despatched; 73,000 children were forcibly embarked; and they would all, assuredly, have perished by the sword, under the walls of the tyrant's palace, had not a storm arisen, soon after the ships had left the various ports, and drowned them. When this accident was reported to Justinian, he broke out into the most violent expressions of rage, that his thirst for revenge should have been so imperfectly gratified!

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"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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## The Price of Labour and the Price of Bread.

It has long been a favourite axiom with one class in Great Britain, that every country should supply itself, at whatever cost, with the necessities of life, and trust to foreigners for those commodities only which might be dispensed with in cases of necessity. The reason given to induce the adoption of this maxim was, that a self-feeding country was more independent than any other, and that, in the event of war, it had resources within itself beyond the power of the enemy to curtail or destroy. These dogmas obtained, at one time, an unfortunate credence among a large portion of the community, and hence the party most interested in their success became the leading power in the State. Inquiry, however, although it may be stifled for a time, can never be wholly destroyed. Some men, more daring than others, began to consider what luxuries really were, and whether the articles deemed superfluities in this country were such in the place from which they had been exported. Wine, for instance, has ever been a luxury in England to the industrial classes, while in Portugal it is as common as our beer. It then became a question whether other articles, almost as great luxuries to the poor, but plentiful enough in other countries, should not also be exported for our use. Wheat, for example, is frequently plentiful in Poland that it is given to swine, whilst the labouring population of England, Ireland, and Scotland, with difficulty procure potatoes or rye-bread. To suppose an invasion this fact was likely to make upon the common prejudice at home, it became necessary to add some new lacy to the old doctrines, by which the dominants might retain their high position in society and the State. The glorious independence of our country," the "disgrace depending upon foreigners for a supply of food," and their magniloquent expressions, had lost their hold upon the public mind, and a cunningly-devised fable was advanced to their stead. This was no other than the bold and false assertion, that the wages of the labouring population must fall in proportion to the reduction in the price of bread! The propounders of this theory are at no loss for predictions and prophecies; but, although the whole civilised world teems with alterations in the price of bread, and with fluctuations in the price of labour, they have hitherto made no appeal to facts. It is the duty, therefore, of the impartial journalist, to marshal such an array of facts as will enable those more immediately interested in the question to think and act for themselves.

At this moment, in London, the labouring population are buying bread at one price, although they are suffering under various degrees of non-employment. Carpenters and the building trades are in their zenith for the season: compositors are at their further distance from the meridian of prosperity. Tailors are on the wane; engineers maintain their firmness; shoemakers live in hopes of improvement; the silk-weavers have become acquainted with despair. If the labourers in one handicraft are somewhat prosperous, others are equally depressed; and all this is without the smallest relation to a dependence on the price of bread. The employment of our artisans depends alone on the demand for their articles of manufacture; and the amount of their wages is controlled only by the quantity of employment to be given them, compared with the number of applicants demanding that employment. If there are more candidates for work than there is work to give them, their own competition for labour will reduce wages. If there are fewer artisans to be procured than is necessary to complete the work in a given time, the competition of employers to procure labourers will induce a higher rate of wages. This is the whole round of the rise and fall in the price of labour: where employment is steady, wages will be high; where it is precarious, so will be the remuneration. The price of bread has, therefore, no effect whatever upon the profits of the manufacturer, nor upon the wages of his workmen.

But, say the theorists, if you lower the price of wheat, you will ruin the home market, which is the manufacturer's best customer. Now, in this assertion there is a

double duplicity. By the home market, the grasping party mean the landed interest, the county gentlemen, who gain by the high price of bread; whereas, in fact, the home market includes all classes and grades of the people in the country, for they all live by and upon each other; and the only topic to be considered is, do they so live by and upon each other honestly, or the reverse.

For every gentleman profitably interested in the high price of bread, there are at least a hundred artisans equally interested in its reduction. This computation of those in the adverse interest, though manifestly too low, will sufficiently illustrate the fallacy of the home market and the best customer. By the high price of bread, we are told, the one will be able to expend more for the benefit of those around him. Well; will he eat more bread, or wear more clothes? No; he has sufficient of those already; but he will drink more wine, keep more horses, and perhaps clear off a portion of the incumbrances which eat up the profits of his estate. On the other hand, the hundred, by saving a little of their expenditure while bread is cheap, will get a hundred new coats, a hundred hats, and a hundred pair of shoes; their wives will get a hundred new gowns, with an unmentionable quantity of cotton and flannel; their children—who shall attempt to number them!—will be better fed, better clad, and sent to school. Little girls will once more be seen with ribbons round their waists, and their mothers will be adorned with a shawl of lace. The operatives of Coventry and Nottingham will be astonished with an order to go back to their looms; for of this all classes may be assured, that the mechanics of the kingdom will support home manufactures as far as they can, although others prefer foreign articles—on no other account than because, in polite society, Brussels sounds more genteel than Nottingham. Additional articles of household furniture would be required; for every mechanic's wife lives in the perpetual hope of improving the appearance of her parlour, and of making it at least as respectable as that of Mrs. So-and-so. Let us, therefore, ask the tailors of Great Britain and Ireland, the most numerous operative brotherhood in the country, this one question—If every ninety-nine men out of a hundred in the realm were to order a new coat, would not the quantity of your employment be increased, and the price for that quantity be enhanced? That would be one result of cheap bread. Other handicrafts may follow out this speculation as far as they choose; for the further it proceeds, the more good will it effect through all the ramifications of the "home market."

A great outcry is also made that, to lower the price of corn in this country to that paid on the Continent, would infallibly lead to a like equalisation of wages. Now, what is the fact? The wages of artisans on the Continent are kept low, not because bread is cheap, but on account of the newness of manufactures—of their want of skill and energy, and by the want of capital among the speculating manufacturers whereby to push their trade. Year after year, however, the wages of these artisans have been raised as trade progresses; and should our corn enactments continue to prevent us from meeting the continental producer in the markets—should they go on, as they have, in pushing us from the two Americas—the dreaded equalisation of wages will assuredly take place. It is only by a fair opening being granted to the superior skill of the British artisan, that he will be enabled to keep up his wages, and compel the foreign manufacturer to raise the remuneration of his labourers, as an incentive to their industry.

The man who could take a load of Sheffield cutlery to Poland, if he would only condescend to take wheat in return, might not only fix his own prices, but be received as a public benefactor. The hedges there are left unploughed, the soil is improperly tilled, and great wooden spades prevent a due amount of labour being expended on draining and other necessary occupations. A knife and fork would be luxury to a serf, and a pair of scissors a prize of surpassing magnitude to his helpmate. The

Americans, who are now and then inclined to rebel against paying in hard cash for all the printed goods they receive from England, would feel obliged to the manufacturers of these goods if they would accept in return a few millions of casks of flour. Were this flour taken to Liverpool and Manchester, instead of dishonoured bills, as is frequently the case, we wonder if it would have the effect of stopping the mills, or reducing the wages! It would be a wonder indeed did it not act exactly in the reverse. Instances of this kind might be adduced as relating to every portion of the globe. British enterprise has only to obtain a fair field and no favour, and new markets will spring up, to the advantage of the commercial, manufacturing, and labouring interests.

Again, insinuate the exclusives, if you reduce the price of bread, you will throw land out of cultivation; and the agricultural population will remove into the towns, and snatch employment from the hands of its present possessors. What did these same exclusives say when they partially adopted Mr. Huskisson's plans, and admitted foreign silks, by which the weavers of Spitalfields were thrown out of employment to a man? They said this: "It is a pity, but matters will soon find their level!" Have these weavers thrown themselves upon any other operative profession? No; they cling with the tenacity of a fond existence to the only employment for which they have been trained; they patiently endure the sufferings which a partial law has inflicted on them, and wait only for that justice which should have been accorded them at the outset—to be placed on an equality with their competitors, upon which British skill and industry would speedily reassert its pre-eminence. They also complain, and justly, that the very parties who keep up the price of bread, who call themselves the home market, are those who patronise foreign in preference to British silks; who drink foreign wines, but will not allow the poor to eat foreign bread.

Respecting the agricultural population, however, let us inquire how they are treated by their privileged masters or protectors. It is admitted on all hands, as a matter of course, that when a plentiful harvest blesses the soil of Britain, bread is comparatively cheap. Well, does this fall in the price of bread reduce the wages of agricultural labour? So far from that being the case, this very cheapness increases the income of the labourer, as well as enables him to expend it more profitably. A good harvest merely implies more and longer employment; there is more reaping, binding, thrashing, and winnowing; there is also more grinding, baking, and eating! The wages of the agricultural labourer, therefore, rise in a plentiful harvest; and the "double duplicity" exists in this, that during a bad harvest, which makes bread dear, there is less agricultural labour, and, consequently, lower wages: thus practically proving a fact, the reverse of what is stated, that cheap bread reduces wages.

How they could be thrown out of employment by the prosperity of the great majority of their labouring brethren, or how they could affect in any way the expanding market of manufacturing industry, has not yet been explained, and most likely never will; for this reason, that its taking place is not consistent either with political economy or common sense. Be it remembered, the very parties who now call out "Remember the agricultural labourers," drove them from their fields, when they thought it would be more profitable to convert the tillage into sheep-walks, and sent them off in shoals—uncomforted, unblest—to Canada or Australia.

Should the expanded trade of Britain bring to our shores so great a quantity of corn, that the produce of the poorer lands will not be able to compete with it in price, then these lands must revert to their natural state, be laid out in pasture, and the price of meat be reduced. This is the great anticipated fear by which it is supposed "myriads of agricultural labourers will be thrown idle!" Let us for a moment take the alarmists at their word; how great is the advantage enjoyed by the unemployed agriculturist over



the idle mechanic! By the politic conduct of Lord John Russell, one of the finest territories in the world is opened for agricultural exertion—the prolific soil of New Zealand pants for labourers to drag its riches forth, and a wealthy colony already demands more assistance from home. There the plough is wanted, not the sword. Safety combines with full employment to render life a pleasure even to those who, in their native land, considered it a burden. New Zealand could employ, at tenfold wages, every agricultural labourer in England; but it is yet too young for an unlimited supply of artisans, except, perhaps, those of the building professions. Its own young population may gradually supply it with mechanics; but its broad fields and bold acclivities demand instant labour. An outlet is there presented of which no nation, in any period of time, could ever boast, or of which it could avail itself so promptly and so profitably.

There never was such a circumstance as a universal bad harvest: if in England the crops were deficient, they were more abundant elsewhere: the earth will bring forth her fruits, although man may not stretch forth his hand to take them. Unrestricted intercourse among nations is the great panacea for partial failures. It is the only remedy for glutted markets; it is the best enlightener of the human mind; it is the only effectual destroyer of national prejudice; and he or they who assist towards the universal recognition of the great principle it involves, will be as great benefactors to the human race, as heroes and warriors have been destructive to their species, injurious to their country, and reprehensible in the sight of Him who gave the earth and the fulness thereof to all his creatures.

#### Old Girard of Philadelphia.

OLD Stephen Girard of Philadelphia, was a remarkable man; as yet no one has filled a larger space in the mercantile history of the United States, few have displayed a character more original and striking, or passed a life coloured by events of deeper interest and importance.

He was born about 1750, at Bourdeaux; without education, friendless and penniless, he commenced life a cabin boy in a West Indian vessel. In that service his temper was soured by the ridicule of his associates in consequence of the loss of an eye. From the West Indies he found his way to New York, and procured the command of a coasting vessel between that place and New Orleans: his frugality quickly made him the owner of the ship and cargo. In 1769, he was found an obscure and petty trader in Water-street, Philadelphia, where he was regarded as a thrifty and quiet man, of odd habits, dirty person, and disagreeable manners.

In that city he became attached to a servant girl familiarly called Polly Lunn, but so humble were his circumstances then, that her friends opposed their union. This difficulty was, however, encountered with success, and Polly became his wife. Girard's austere and morose temper was not likely to produce domestic bliss. Polly was careless and wilful; the marriage was therefore unhappy. Girard's worldly substance, however, increased; he became in a small way a sea captain, a ship owner, and a store keeper. He entered into a partnership with a Mr. Hazlehurst, and they commenced a trade with St. Domingo. Their two brigs were taken by the English and sent to Jamaica. Misfortune never damped Girard's determination to obtain wealth; he dissolved the partnership and commenced the world anew.

The war of independence suspended Girard's nautical ventures; and he became a great bottler of claret and cider. On the approach of the British to Philadelphia, he retired to Mount Holly, and increased his funds by supplying the American troops. On the evacuation of the city he returned to Water-street, opened larger stores, and continued his former penurious course of life, unmoved by the ridicule caused by his personal appearance. Coarse, ungainly, and rough, his low but sturdy form presented a vulgar aspect, which was heightened by the dingy and dark colour of his skin, unchangeable by the play of a single passion; and the loss of his eye added to his forbidden aspect. Shabbily attired and mean in habits, he trudged the streets, and was known to his fellow-citizens as "Old Girard."

In 1780 he again entered into the New Orleans and St. Domingo trade, and quickly increased his gains to such an extent that he was enabled to extend his enterprises greatly. Ten years passed away and Girard was one of the richest citizens of Philadelphia.

The domestic unhappiness of old Girard and his wife had been increasing for years. In 1790 he was relieved of his burthen—Mary Girard was admitted as an insane patient into the Pennsylvania hospital. There she remained until 1815, when she died.

On receiving information of her death her husband selected the place of interment, and requested that as soon as all the arrangements for the funeral had been completed, he should be called. At the close of the day, her coffin was seen moving along the avenue to the grave, and was there deposited after the manner of the Quakers. Among the attendants was her husband, whose countenance remained unchanged as monumental bronze, while the body was being interred. He shed no tears, and after bending over the remains of his wife, as if to take a last look, he departed, exclaiming in the voice of a stoic, "It is very well!"

One of those circumstances now occurred in Girard's life which prove that truth is stranger than fiction. Two of his vessels were in the principal port of St. Domingo, when the well-known insurrection in that island broke out. On that sudden and fearful outbreak of negro revenge, the planters rushed to the docks and deposited their treasures in the ships they found there, and returned for their families and remaining disposable wealth. How the planters were massacred is notorious; the depositors never again appeared; the vessels of Girard were laden with property of immense value, whose owners could not be found. The planters and their families were swept away amid that pillage and devastation from which St. Domingo has not yet recovered. Fifty thousand dollars were thus added to Girard's fortune.

With this addition, Girard, in 1791, commenced the building of those beautiful vessels, which are still the pride of Philadelphia, and which have engaged so largely in trade with Calcutta and China. The names of these vessels, while they indicate the national prepossessions of their owner, show also the political and religious bent of his mind; they were called *Montesquieu*, *Helvetius*, *Voltaire*, and *Rousseau*.

In 1793, Philadelphia was ravaged with the yellow fever, and converted into a charnel-house. Whole streets were left tenantless, except by dead bodies, forsaken by the living. The hearse was the only vehicle to be seen traversing them. The obsequies of an ordinary funeral were now deemed unnecessary to those whose interment would previously have attracted crowds. Friends deserted friends; physicians ceased to visit the sick; attendants could not be bribed to nurse the sufferers; despair, fear, and death, reigned supreme. While the pestilence was at its height, an individual of low and square stature was seen alighting from a coach at the door of the hospital, where the most loathsome victims of the disease had been huddled together. The man entered this living tomb, and soon returned, bearing in his arms a form that appeared to be suffering in the last stage of fever—a being whose countenance was suffused with that saffron colour which was the harbinger of death. The body was carefully and tenderly placed in the coach, and the carriage drove away. That man was *Old Stephen Girard*. During the prevalence of the pestilence, he continued a constant attendant in the hospital, performing all those offices which hire or reward could not then purchase. Girard was a selfish and unfeeling man, but his conduct at this period was worthy of a Howard.

In May, 1812, Girard took advantage of the ill-feeling that then prevailed against the then Bank of the United States, and commenced the banking operations of the *Old Girard Bank*, with a capital of one million and two hundred thousand dollars. The bulk of the business of the Bank of the United States, the charter of which was subsequently withdrawn, was transferred to the new institution. The Girard Bank conferred extensive and solid benefits upon the community. It was Girard's policy to grant accommodation to small traders, and to encourage beginners; while his bank being instituted at a time when the state banks were suspended, it neutralised the temporary inconvenience which would otherwise have arisen from a withdrawal of the paper circulation, and diffused abroad the benefit of a sound currency. Girard, however, granted no undue accommodation; he discounted no fictitious paper; he renewed no bills. Girard did more than private good; he supported public credit, and aided the state in a great and pressing emergency. While public credit was shaken to the centre by the dissolution of the old bank, the country was involved in difficulties springing from its exhausted finances and the expenses of a war with Great Britain. In this stress Old Girard advanced large sums to the Government, and, in fact, supplied to it the place of state banks. In the midst of general discredit, Old Girard's resources were never doubted—and, during the suspension of specie payments, in 1817, not a single note of the Old Girard Bank was depreciated; he redeemed them all with hard cash, and thus effectually contributed to the restoration of specie payments.

Shortly after the establishment of his bank, an interesting circumstance occurred, which enabled him to accomplish an enterprise which was of great importance to Philadelphia. His own vessel, the *Montesquieu*, was captured at the mouth of the Delaware by a British frigate, and, as this ship had a cargo of 200,000 dollars—consisting of teas, nankeens, and silks from Canton—it was determined by the captors, in preference to the hazard of being re-captured by an American ship, in the attempt to carry the prize to a British port, to send a flag of truce to Girard, in order to give him the offer of a ransom. The old banker accepted the offer, and drew from his well-stored vaults the sum of ninety-three thousand dollars in doubloons, which were transmitted to the British commander, and his well-stored argosy was soon seen coming into port with her rich cargo; which, notwithstanding the price of the ransom, is supposed, by the advance in the price of the teas, &c., to have added half a million of dollars to his fortune.

In 1816 the Bank of the United States was chartered; old Girard had no jealousy of a rival establishment in Philadelphia; he was an active promoter of the new national establishment, and was chosen one of its original directors. The early prosperity of the institution has been greatly attributed, not only to the clear-

sighted, far-seeing, and sagacious views of management which Girard impressed on the direction, but to his generous forbearance and liberality as a creditor.

Public spirit was indeed one of the characteristics of the old man. At one time he freely subscribed 110,000 dollars for the navigation of the Schuylkill; at another he lent the same company twice that sum. When the state of Pennsylvania became embarrassed by an injudicious system of public improvements, he made a voluntary loan to it of 100,000 dollars. And when, in 1831, the country generally laboured under embarrassment from a scarcity of specie, he drew upon Barings, of London, bills for £22,000, which he disposed of to the Bank of the United States. This act reduced the value of bills, and the rate of exchange suddenly fell and relieved the country materially. He erected new and handsome blocks of buildings in his adopted city, and beautified and adorned its streets and squares. He subscribed 200,000 dollars to a railway in its vicinity, and gave 10,000 dollars towards the erection of the Philadelphia Exchange.

Old Girard had commenced life with a determination to become rich; he was so now "beyond the visions of human avarice." In his arduous and toilsome struggle after wealth, he had been at first contented with the minute gains of an obscure retail trader; he had been willing to perform any labour to secure and increase those gains; he had practised the most rigid economy; he had shut his heart to all the pleasures and blandishments of life; he had demanded the last farthing of every one, if that farthing was his due; he had barred out all those impulses which might in small objects take money from his purse; he had used men as mere tools to accomplish his great end; he had paid what the law awarded, no more, however just the demand; he deserted "in his utmost need," his long-tried and faithful cashier, who had been the cause of much of his good fortune; he manifested the utmost indifference to his death, made not the least provision for his family, expressed no sentiment of regret at his loss, or gratitude for the solid services which he had performed.

"Like monumental bronze, unchanged his look;  
A soul which pity never touched or shook—  
Trained from his lowly cradle to his bier  
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook;  
Unchanging, fearing but the charge of fear—  
A stoic of the mart, a man without a tear."

But the man who could thus violate the ordinary impulse of nature was, when large objects connected with his commercial views were to be obtained, foremost in the liberal aids which were granted for their accomplishment. He who would haggle and chaffer for a penny, would bestow thousands for the pecuniary relief of fiscal pressure; and while he curtailed the watchman of his bank of his customary Christmas present, he would freely give large sums for the local improvements of his adopted city and state. The leading feature of his character was ambition. Denied by the scantiness of his education the means of reaching distinction by his mental qualifications, and by the vulgarity of his frame by personal qualifications, he sought it through the application of money. Money was to him power; through it he attained that eminence which he coveted.

In political sentiment Girard was a Republican; he fostered and encouraged those institutions of his adopted country, which had not only afforded him a home, but had given him the most ample means of realising a great fortune. His religious opinions he borrowed from his native country; they were of the school of Rousseau and Voltaire, and so deeply did he venerate the character of these teachers, that their marble busts were the only works of art that adorned his narrow chamber, and a complete set of the writings of the latter, together with a few practical works on gardening, the business of his otherwise unemployed hours, constituted the library of his mansion. His respect for these authors he was unwilling to disguise, and it was evinced by the names of those fine vessels which were the pride of Philadelphia. His opinions were, however, merely speculative; he derived no practical lessons from them. Indeed, his life displayed the utmost extremes of character. A total disbeliever in Christianity, he bestowed, even during his life-time, large sums upon different Christian societies; and although he would grant large aids to great objects, he withheld all assistance from personal objects of benevolence, however deserving. No beggar sought his alms—no hunger was satisfied at his door.

His habits were active to the last. He rose before the lark, and soundly rated his workmen who allowed him to gain precedence of them in time. When one of the Barings was in Philadelphia, a few years before his death, he supposed that he might excite an agreeable surprise to Mr. Girard by informing him of the safe arrival of his ship, *Voltaire*, from Calcutta. Accordingly, he proceeded to the banker's farm in Passyunk, and immediately sought for Girard. "Where is Mr. Girard?" enquired his friend. "In the hay-loft," he was told. The banker was sent for, and came to his visitor, with his coat off and his shirt sleeves rolled up, and his person covered with hay seeds. "I came to inform you," said the Englishman, "that your ship, *Voltaire*, has safely arrived." "I knew that she would reach port safely," replied Girard; "my ships always arrive safely; she is a good ship. Mr. Baring, you must excuse me—I am much engaged in my hay!" and he again mounted to his loft.



In 1829, Girard was eighty years of age; his course of unceasing and severe labour was almost run. In 1830, he nearly lost the use of his remaining eye, and was frequently seen groping in the vestibule of his bank, disregarding the assistance of others. This temerity shortened his life. Crossing one day a street, a waggon rapidly drove close past him, and nearly carried off one of his ears, and severely bruised his face; he was struck down by the force of the concussion, and dreadfully shaken. By this accident the whole of his right ear was nearly lost, and his eye was completely closed; from the time of its occurrence his flesh gradually wasted away, and his health rapidly declined. Girard professed to regard death with the utmost indifference. In December 1832 he was attacked with influenza; the disease gradually undermined his remaining strength, and on the 26th of that month he expired in a small back room of the third story of his house in Water-street, Philadelphia.

The annual income of "Old Girard," at the time of his decease, is said to have exceeded £200,000, a sum, we may venture to assert, no private merchant in England has at his disposal.

Girard left his millions—the savings and accumulations of his years of toil—to that community, in the midst of which he had gathered them, and amongst whom he had gained a name. In his will he styled himself "mariner and merchant;" by it he gave a few individual legacies, and those principally to the masters of his vessels, and his apprentices. He bequeathed large sums to almost all the charitable institutions of Philadelphia, and gave an estate in Louisiana to the city of New Orleans. To the "Commonwealth of Pennsylvania" he bestowed 300,000 dollars for the purposes of internal improvement; and, as much as was deemed necessary, of the sum of two millions of dollars, he devised for the erection of an orphan college, a foundation of a peculiar and original structure, besides other bounties of a like nature.

An ancient Greek attempted to send his name down to immortality by setting fire to the Temple of Apollo; in like manner Girard endeavoured to render his name imperishable, in the recollection of his country, by his charitable bequests. He wrote his epitaph in those extensive and handsome squares which adorn his adopted city, in the public works and eleemosynary establishments of his adopted state; and erected his monument in a marble-roofed palace for the education of the orphan poor. He may have succeeded in his intention, and good may, doubtless, spring from the application of his bequests; but his life, even at its close, offers no example to be followed; and it may be doubted whether the charity of Old Girard is of that description which the apostle has declared "covereth a multitude of sins."

### BURNS Illustrated and Explained.

#### CHAPTER III.—THE HUMILIATION, DEATH, AND EXHUMATION OF THE POET.

In the course of the correspondence with Mr. Thomson, the French revolution burst upon the world with its wild and whirling vehemence, and Burns, though an officer under Government, warmly, and somewhat imprudently, advocated the cause and supported the measures of the Directory. His salary had by this time been raised to £70 per annum, and, through the instrumentality of a friend of some note, Mr. Graham of Fintry, his name was on the list for promotion to a superintendence. In an engagement with a smuggling vessel, in which he assisted, he is said by Mr. Lockhart to have captured two brass cannon, which, with a complimentary letter, he sent to the new French Government. This indiscretion was speedily reported to headquarters. An inquiry was instituted into his conduct; and though there was a talk as to his dismissal, he to the last vehemently denied that he had solicited to be retained. His name, however, was struck from the promotion list. He was ordered to be reprimanded, and was told by a sub-official that it was his duty to act and not to think!

Great God of nature and of man, who imparted thy lustrous image to all human kind—who gave the powers of thought and utterance to man whereby to assert his lordship over brutes! what daring impiety—what profound mockery of thy goodness, to prevent the workings of thy free and glorious gift, by the excess of which alone a man may rise above his fellows—can elevate his kind, improve his country, and illuminate the world! Not on the rich, the titled, nor the proud, are Nature's noblest gifts bestowed. No!—nor by these high and haughty ones are they discerned, encouraged, or appreciated in others. Genius may descend to flatter power and worship wealth, and power and wealth may reward the parasite according to his talent; but it has ever been, and ever will be, that the truly independent man—he who, confident of his own powers, and satisfied in his mental resources, seeks no adventitious aid, ever finds the mean in soul prepared to traduce his labours, and, in the adverse hour, to blacken and destroy his reputation. And such it was with Burns. He whose soft and heart-thrilling melodies were moving all Scotland into a delirium of delight, was sickened to the core by the ignoble challenge of some Mr. Worldlywiseman. He who, by his invocation of ethereal fire, had animated duller minds to the beauties and perfections of all nature, as contrasted with the trashy and maudlin attempts of anile art; he whose heroic heart had ever battled with misfortune

and smiled at disappointment, now sighed from its keen recesses at the contumely thus cast upon him; and well might he have inquired of himself, in an agony of impassioned bitterness:—

"If I'm design'd von lordling's slave,  
By nature's law design'd,  
Why was an independent wish  
E'er planted in my mind?"

In the discharge of his duties, in the excise he shortly after caught a severe cold which brought on rheumatism and fever; these, with depression of spirits, broke up the man, but the poet lived exuberant as ever. He continued transmitting songs to Mr. Thomson till his malady overpowered him. In April 1796, after a silence of two months, he wrote to that gentleman as follows:—

"Alas! my dear Thomson, I fear it will be some time before I tune my lyre again. By Babel's streams I have sat and wept, almost ever since I wrote you last. I have only known existence by the pressure of the heavy hand of sickness, and have counted time by the repercussions of pain! Rheumatism, cold, and fever have formed to me a terrible combination. I close my eyes in misery and open them without hope. I look on the vernal day, and say with poor Ferguson—

'Say wherefore has an all-indulgent heaven  
Light to the comfortless and wretched given?'"

Two more letters reached Mr. Thomson in May and June, and on the 12th July he received the following:—

"After all my boasted independence, cursed necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds. A cruel haberdasher [a draper] to whom I owe an account, taking it into his head I am dying, has commenced a process, and will infallibly put me into jail. Do, for God's sake, send me that sum, and that by return of post. Forgive me this earnestness, but the horrors of a jail have made me half-distracted. I do not ask all this gratuitously—for, upon returning health, I hereby promise and engage to furnish you with £5 worth of the neatest song genius you have seen. Forgive me—forgive me."

The money was sent on the instant; but, alas! health returned no more. Burns had too many friends in Dumfries to make the catastrophe of a jail at all possible; but his extreme sensitiveness prevented his application to any of them. He had been removed to the Solway for the benefit of sea-bathing, which he imagined would be beneficial to him. A fortnight's trial brought no relief, and he returned to his humble hearth to leave it no more alive. On the 18th he was welcomed home again by his wife and children; but his dull and clouded eye—that luminous organ, which long had sparkled love to her and all mankind—forbade the warm flushings of hope to kindle to a smile. While thus prostrated with disease, he wrote some of his most beautiful and tender effusions. Among these may be mentioned his tribute to a young girl whose solicitude for his health induced her to watch his couch alternately with his wife. That song, the last he composed, contains two lines, a description of the heroine, than which no language possesses a more delicate or rapturous encomium upon love and beauty:—

"Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,  
And soft as their parting tear, Jessie."

This was Jessie Lewars, a girl of fifteen, and the kind spirit which dictated her small attentions to the dying bard shall be remembered and appreciated with the existence of the poet himself. On the 22d of July, 1796, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, he breathed his last, and that spirit, which yearned with the mighty workings of his genius returned to Him who gave it.

The intelligence of the death of Burns flew like wild-fire through the land. He was buried with military honours by the Dumfriesshire Volunteers, of which corps he had been a member, and all ranks throughout the country strove to do honour to his memory. Like other benefits and blessings, his value was only appreciated when it was lost; but the heartfelt sorrow which was awakened by his death ceased not with the gratuitous tear.

Mrs. Burns, whose widowed pangs were checked before her husband's funeral by the pains of maternity, and who gave birth to a son ere the echo of the farewell shot over his grave had died away, was speedily and specially attended to. Subscriptions were poured in from all quarters of Scotland—London and Liverpool generously aiding in the holy task. The works of the bard, which had been flung from his pen with prodigal extravagance, were collected and published, and the produce speedily enabled Mrs. Burns to decline all further voluntary assistance. For thirty-eight years she continued to reside in Dumfries, living an unostentatious life of quiet benevolence; by her conduct and her conversation, she jealously and carefully attended to the reputation of her name and of her husband's honour. On her death, in 1834, the mausoleum was opened, and the light of day again saw the remnant of the poet. He was seen lying in his coffin, shrouded as of yesterday; his face was entire, and the texture of his features could not only be recognised, but the hue of a skin once animated was declared to be visible. This might have been fancy in the fond worshippers who gazed upon his relics; but the impatient ardour of one of them at once and for ever dispelled the illusion. A living finger was applied to the remains, and the form and features instantly vanished—a handful of shapeless dust alone remaining of what appeared a perfect corpse. A cast was secretly taken of the unmoistened portion of his skull, and the phrenological inquirers intimated to the world that Burns must have been a man of genius. He and his Jean now rest quietly together. May their ashes never be again dis-

turbed—and the memory of their loves and lives be green in the hearts of those who admire the impassioned writings of the bard—and these are not a few!

There are many interesting episodes in his life which have not been here alluded to, but they will fall to be noticed in the succeeding notices of his various pieces. There are two subjects, however, for noticing which a better opportunity may not present itself, and which may be here briefly alluded to. The first is, an assertion, which was conveyed after his death, that he was imprudent and given to dissipation. This has been positively contradicted by those who knew him best, although it was always admitted that he was hilarious in company, and enjoyed to the life an evening's entertainment. Every stranger of note passing through Dumfries must of necessity call upon Burns and enjoy his company; for his spirits were in one continual flow, and his conversation engaging in the extreme. This not only trenchanted on his time, but overreached his income, at all times slender; but though he died poor, he was not in debt, the obdurate draper having the unenviable honour of being almost his only creditor, and the family prospect of Mrs. Burns at the time will at once account for the incumbrance of that solitary item of debt which has been recorded against him.

The second assertion against his honour arises almost entirely as a consequence from the first—that he neglected his children. This is positively untrue. If there was one object dearer to his heart than another it was the welfare of his children. If there was one thing in which he delighted more than woman's smile, and which he loved more than her kindness of heart and sweetness of temper (for these he admired much more than personal beauty), it was the society and prattle of his offspring. He not only personally instructed them, but most carefully abstained from any observation in their hearing which might awaken too hastily one loose idea in their minds; and, much as he was addicted to company, and much as he was seduced into bacchanalian revels, he at all times avoided being seen by his children otherwise than as the serious thinking, properly acting father, whose example they were to follow. It might be said of him from Rogers:—

"He lived a model in his life to show.

That, when he died, and through the world they go,  
Some men might pause and say, while some admire,  
They are his sons, and worthy of their sire!"

To re-awaken or improve the knowledge of his works among those who have read and admired them in their native land; to explain and illustrate them to those who can with difficulty comprehend the idiom in which they are written, is the object of the illustrations intended to be given of the principal poems of Burns, portraying subjects at once intricate and interesting; beautifully diversified with glorious imagery, and animated with the highest, truest, and most ennobling passion—or accompanied with a free and homely humour, as innocent as natural—as happy as it is rational—as instructive as it is correct.

#### ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THE PEASANT POET.

Nature bath her Nobility,  
And thou of them wert one,  
Though her loved daughter, Poesy,  
Had claim'd thee not a son.  
But Nature would take back the gift  
That she to earth had given,  
For thou hadst taught mankind to lift  
Their homes some nearer heaven.

But as the flowers with love retain  
The tints that life hath lent;  
And as the wild bee sucks again  
The sweetness with them blent;  
So shall thy strains of love and mirth  
Their truthful notes prolong,  
And trying thee and cottage hearth  
Delight to hear thy song.

The voice that sighed by Bonny Doune,  
And sung of lovely Jean,  
Though hush'd before its manhood-noon  
As it had never been,  
The music of its tones shall wake  
Through many lands and years,  
In woman's heart, for man's dear sake,  
Love's rainbow hopes and fears.

The minnow sported in the brook,  
Temptation's bait it eyed;  
His little prize the angler took—  
It quiver'd, quietly died.  
So thou, when welcom'd first to fame,  
In fashion's vortex whirl'd;  
It gave thee, much indeed,—a name,  
But left thee to the world.

The lion roll'd his eyes of flame,  
He 'gainst his hunters stood,  
And met his death as well became  
The monarch of the wood.  
So thou, by adverse fortune cross'd,  
Bore up against her frown;  
Though high on ruin's breakers toss'd  
Thou undismayed look'd down.

The imprison'd eagle burst the bars  
Which curb'd his daring wing;  
He sought the region of the stars,  
Air's still unconquer'd king.  
So thou, victorious over fate,  
Destroy'd her poison'd quiver,  
Unbent her bow, subdued her hate,  
The Poor Man's Poet ever.



# Traits and Sketches of Irish Character.

## THE SISTER LOVERS.

It has been said that only a woman can read the female mind—that only she can tell of its inward beatings, and show the virtuous resolves and high-souled emotions of a bursting bosom or a disappointed heart. Mrs. Hall, of all others, has proved that her pen can well elicit that "one touch" which "makes the whole world kin;" which makes us almost forget the country for the creature, and compels us to admire the heroines of humble life she pictures to us with that fondness and devotion to which alone "the tried, the tempted, but the virtuous still," have claim. In the following story all the exquisite qualities of the Irish character are portrayed with an ease and truthfulness unmatched by any author of the day:—

"We stood, in the month of June, on the Quay of Cork to see some emigrants embark in one of the steamers for Falmouth, on their way to Australia. The band of exiles amounted to two hundred, and an immense crowd had assembled to bid them a long and last adieu. The scene was touching to a degree; it was impossible to witness it without heart-pain and tears. Mothers hung upon the necks of their athletic sons; young girls clung to elder sisters; fathers—old white-headed men—fell upon their knees, with arms uplifted to heaven, imploring the protecting care of the Almighty on their departing children. "Och," exclaimed one aged woman, "all's gone from me in the wide world when you're gone! Sure you were all I had left!—of seven sons—but you! Oh Dennis, Dennis, never forget your mother—your mother!—don't avourneen—your poor old mother, Dennis!" and Dennis, a young man—though the sun was shining on his grey hair—supported "his mother" in his arms until she fainted, and then he lifted her into a small car that had conveyed his baggage to the vessel, and kissing a weeping young woman who leaned against the horse, he said, "I'll send home for you both, Peggy, in the rise of next year; and ye'll be a child to her from this out, till then, and then avourneen you'll be my own." When we looked again the young man was gone, and "Peggy" had wound her arms round the old woman, while another girl held a broken cup of water to her lips. Amid the din, the noise, the turmoil, the people pressing and rolling in vast masses towards the place of embarkation like the waves of the troubled sea, there were many such sad episodes. Men, old men too, embracing each other and crying like children. Several passed, bearing most carefully little relics of their homes—the branch of a favorite hawthorn tree, whose sweet blossoms and green leaves were already withered, or a bunch of meadow-sweet. Many had a long switch of the "witch hazel," doubtless to encircle the ground whereon they slept in a foreign land, so as, according to the universal superstition, to prevent the approach of any venomous reptile or poisonous insect. One girl we saw with a gay little goldfinch in a cage—she and her sister were town-bred, and told us they had learned "lace-work" from the good ladies at the convent, "that looked so beautiful on the banks of the Cork river," and then they burst out weeping again, and clung together as if to assure each other that, sad as it was to leave their country, they would be together in exile.

On the deck of the steamer there was less confusion than might have been expected. The hour of departure was at hand—the police had torn asunder several who at the last would not be separated—and as many as could find room were leaning over the side speechless, yet eloquent in gesture, expressing their adieus to their friends and relatives on shore. In the midst of the agitation, a fair-headed boy and girl were sitting tranquilly, yet sadly, watching over a very white Angora cat that was carefully packed in a basket. "We are going out to papa and mama with nurse," they said, in an unmitigated brogue; "but we are sorry to leave dear Ireland for all that." Their father had, we imagine, been a prosperous settler. "Oh, Ireland, mavourneen—oh, my own dear country—and is it myself that's for leaving you after giving ye the sweat of my brow and the love of my heart for forty years!" said a strong man, whose features were convulsed with emotion while he grasped his children tightly to his bosom. "And remember your promise, Mogue, remember your promise; not to let my bones rest in the strange country, Mogue," said his wife; "but to send me home when I'm dead to my own people in Kilreia—that's my consolation."

It is impossible to describe the final parting. Shrieks and prayer, blessings and lamentations, mingled in "one great cry" from those on the quay, and those on shipboard, until a band stationed in the fore-castle struck up St. Patrick's day. "Bate the brains out of the big drum, or ye'll not stifle the women's cries," said one of the sailors to the drummer. We left the vessel and her crowd of clean well-dressed, and perfectly sober emigrants with deep regret, that, while there are in Ireland so many miles of unreclaimed land, such a freight should be conveyed from her shores. The communicating plank was withdrawn; the steamer moved forward majestically on its way. Some, overcome with emotion, fell down on the deck; others waved hats, handkerchiefs, and hands, to their friends; the band played louder; and the crowds on shore rushed forward simultaneously, determined to see the last of those they loved. We heard a voice exclaim, "Dennis, Dennis, don't forget your mother—your poor old mother!"

The evening that succeeded this agitating morning was calm and balmy. We desired to examine the scene of the morning's turmoil, and drove along the quay; it was lonely and deserted save by a few stragglers. We continued our drive until the signs of immediate traffic were widely scattered. We passed through the village of Douglas, once famous for its sail-cloth manufactory, and proceeded onward until the Cork river widened into a mimic sea, called Lough Mahon. We drove slowly, enjoying the rare and exquisitely varied landscape, until our attention was attracted by a woman standing by the water's brink, whose eyes were looking towards the sea-path where it leads to

the broad Atlantic. There was something firm and statue-like in her figure, and her face had an earnest intense expression, that accorded with her high Spanish features and dark hair; a large shawl enveloped her head and draped her shoulders; her legs and feet were bare. We drove on about a mile further, and when we returned she was there still, on the same spot, with the same fixed and earnest gaze over the waters. This excited our curiosity, and the information we received was a very striking and gratifying illustration of the devotedness of woman's love.

"I have known her," said an old fisherman, "for four-and-twenty years—almost ever since she was born, and I must say—'Ay! there ye stand, Grace Connell, and a better woman never looked with a tearful eye, or a batin heart, along the waters.' And what do you think her distress is now? an troth—like all tender people—the trouble is seldom altogether away from her; she could only look to herself, the kind have a pulse for all the world. Grace Connell doesn't to say belong to Cork, but her father came here soon after she was born, a widow-man with only her; he settled down in the Cove, and it wasn't long till he married again. And Grace's stepmother was kinder, I believe, than most of her like; anyhow when she died—which she did after being a wife about two years—Grace, and she little more than a slip of a child, took wonderfully to the baby the stepmother left, and every one wondered how one so young managed an infant so well. Grace would mend her father's nets and things, keep all clean and comfortable, and yet find time to be with her little sister in summer shade and winter sunshine; finding out what best she'd like, what best would do her good, and learning her all she knew—not much to be sure—but her all. Nell grew up the contrary to Grace in all things, a giddy goose of a puss of a girl, yet the purtiest ever seen in Cove; and the hand of God was heavy over them, for while they were both young, the father died. But Grace Connell kept herself and her sister well, for she's wonderful handy and industrious; and as was natural, in Ireland anyhow, Grace got a sweetheart, a fine handsome steady boy as you'd meet in a day's walk, and a clever hand at his trade. Now if Grace was steady, John Casey was steadier ten times over, and every one said they were just made for each other. And they took on at the 'courting' different to most, because they agreed to wait till John was out of his time before they got married. Weeks and months passed, and Nell grew up beautiful, a wild half-sailor sort of a girl, who could furl a sail or scull a boat, and sing *say* songs, and, all the while, was as shy and as proud as Barry Oge himself. Grace sometimes had a misgiving in her own mind that John was not as fond of her as he used to be; but then he had a quiet English sort of dry way with him, that led her off the notion again. One Sunday evening in particular, they, that is Grace and Nelly and John, were down nearly opposite where you saw Grace standing. Grace was sitting on the strand, and John by her side. While Nell was amusing herself climbing among the cliffs, and singing like a wild bird, two or three times they warned her not to be so venturesome, but she'd only laugh at them and be the more fearless; and soon Grace saw that John was watching Nell instead of listening to her, and a heavy cloud came over her, and both remained silent. All of a sudden, as Nell was reaching over the edge to pull some sea-pinks, she fell in; the rocks were sharp just there, and the water deep—and when Grace got to the spot, Nell was floating out with the tide, and the water red with her blood. John was a fine swimmer, and with a word, which even then Grace felt, he jumped in and brought her to shore in his arms in a few minutes; but before the sun set that had shone upon those three, Grace saw by him in his madness as he hung over her still senseless sister, that it was Nell he loved now—as he once said he had loved Grace. 'I don't wonder at it,' said Grace Connell to my wife, who was her mother's own first cousin, 'I didn't wonder at his changing, for that night when I caught sight of myself in the glass, after looking at that fair young creature as she lay like a bruised water-lily on our little bed—I thought how much there was in the differ; and sure I couldn't be angry that she twined round poor John's heart, when I knew how she had twined round mine; didn't we both help to rear her as I may say, and the only dread in life I shall have, I know, when I get over the disappointment, will be that she won't love John as long and as steadily as I have done.' "My wife," added the old man, "is any thing but tender-hearted, yet she cried like a child to hear Grace talk that way; so steady in herself, and all the time a breaking heart painted in every feature of her face. The next day she gave back all promises to John; and what made her stronger in her resolution than anything else, was, finding that Nelly had a childish fancy for him unbenownst to herself; it was no wonder that she should, for John certainly was as handsome a boy as ever crossed a chapel-green; but he must have been as blind as a star-fish to prefer her to Grace; it was a queer thing—I always think it as wonderful a thing as ever I heard tell of—that creature watching and tending the restless tiresome girl, nursing her and improving her as well as she knew how—and for what? to make her a fit wife for the man she had looked upon as her husband for more than five years, and loving him all the time. My wife spoke to her once about it: 'Let me alone,' she says, 'every one knows what's right if they ask their own heart, and loving them both, sure I've nothing left me in the world to seek for or pray for, but just the happiness of them two.' Well, after a good deal of tacking about, it was laid out a year and a half ago that John was to go off to Australia, and when he had got settled a bit, send home for Nelly, and that she was to go out with his own sister; and they were to be married there; it was a wonderful thing to see how Grace bore it, and how she slaved to keep up everything for Nelly; and when the letter came at last from John, for Nell and his sister to go out in the next ship, I never shall forget the face of poor Grace, all flushed as it was, coming to my wife, and the letter open in her hand—and she read every word of it; how everything had prospered that he took in hand, and how John prayed her to go out with Nell, and called her 'sister,' and how Grace almost choked at the word, and—'No,' says she, 'never! I will do all I can to make

them happy to the end of my days, as I have done, but I stay there, with them; God forgive me," she said, "I could not do that." "Now," continued the old man, "what look to it is this, from the time Grace got that letter until this blessed morning, all her thought was what she could make out to send that sister away in the best manner I am sure, as I am of the light of heaven, that since she was born she never did think of herself—no; you saw her every bit of finery, every stitch that could serve her sister has she deprived herself of—for what? to make that sister better in the eyes of him who ought to have been her husband. To see them two girls as I saw them this morning, Nelly dressed like any lady, and those that had time whispering of her beauty—and poor Grace—as she is now with nothing but the downright love of every heart that knows her to keep her from being alone in the world; to see her with her fine spirit and high-up thoughts that are as pure as God's breath in the heavens—to see her dressed like a beggar, without even shoes on her feet, stripped, as one may say, for the sake of them that wracked her happiness. And then the parting—how she kept up her own sister's and his sister's hearts to the last minute; and how she followed the steamer further than any of the people; and stood, when it left her sight, on that spot, looking out for hours, as if to see, poor girl, what she will never see again. 'Let me alone,' says she, and I reasoning with her, 'let me alone; after to-day I'll be as I always was.' Ah, then, it would be a heavy lead and a long line that would get to the bottom of her heart's love," added the old fisherman, "and if any of us could have the satisfaction of hearing her complain—but no, not she, not a murmur—only all cheerful, patient, loving, sweetness; yet I'm afraid that all this time there's a canker in her own heart. And there's my son, who would kiss the print of her bare foot in a dirty road. She won't look at him," said the old man pettishly; "but I don't care whether she does or not, Grace Connell shall never want a FATHER."

## Application of Geology to Architecture.

THE talented writer upon Geology in the *British Queen* thus proves the value and necessity of a practical acquaintance with that interesting science to many branches of art; and to none more than that of architecture, the professors of which have too long neglected the quality and enduring character of the material of which their fabrics are composed:—

Having pointed out the usefulness of this science to the miner, the engineer, and the agriculturist, we shall find it no less useful in other pursuits. Architecture is a science alike interested in this study; and the attention of our leading architects has recently been drawn to its importance, on account of the defective quality of many of the building-stones employed in our public edifices, and the necessity which is felt of procuring a better material. Many of our modern structures, owing to this cause, are in a state of premature decay; where ancient edifices have become dilapidated, the new material employed to restore them has frequently proved so defective, that the whole has speedily formed one ruin; and, in short, the evil has proved one of so much magnitude, that when it became necessary to rebuild the Houses of Parliament, government, grown wiser by experience, appointed a commission consisting of geologists and practical men. Mr. Barry, the distinguished architect, Mr. Delabèche, and Dr. Smith, geologists, and Mr. Smith, mason, who were instructed to visit the stone-producing districts, and select that material which should appear best adapted for the construction of the future senate house of our country. Their choice, after long and patient investigation, fell, it is well known, on a variety of magnesian limestone; a kind of stone little known or employed previously beyond the limited sphere of its natural occurrence, but which, when thus recommended, contributes a valuable and additional supply for the purpose of the builder's art. The circumstance of the appointment of such a commission affords, in itself, a convincing proof of the importance of this science, and its utility as regards one of the most valuable and beautiful of the arts. The same observation would apply to sculpture; for it is known that many of the most beautiful statues of ancient or modern ages have alike been disfigured by the stained and unsightly appearance of the stone; or frequently have crumbled and mouldered away, to the injury or defacement of their finest features, or most delicate lineaments, owing to the like unworthy nature of the material. The artist and the painter would alike be benefited by an acquaintance with, at least, the general principles of a science which constitutes the physical geography of a country, and determines the character of its scenery and aspect. It is a well-known fact, that several paintings, highly valuable in other respects, are spoiled to the eye of taste by their representing absolute impossibilities, and depicting scenes which could never exist in the localities assigned to them; the natural conditions of the district being utterly at variance with such appearances. To render this illustration as familiar as possible, let us imagine that a painter, called on to depict some event in our native annals, occurring in the northern district of our isle, suppose the hills of Derbyshire, or the mountains of Cumberland, were to attribute to this northern region all the softer features which characterise our southern scenery; or, on the other hand, that if called on to represent some event which happened in our southern district, and he were to give to the gentle, undulating features of such a country all the abrupt, precipitous features of mountain scenery—how absurd and untrue to nature would his delineations in either case appear. Yet it is a fact, that the productions of several of our most celebrated artists are irreparably injured to the mind and eye of taste, by faults as gross as these. Indeed, so essential is a knowledge of at least an outline of the earth, and the laws which regulate its external configuration, now found to be, that an acquaintance with these subjects is made to form a part of professional education; and a painter now studies the anatomy of the earth as he does that of the human frame.



## Phenomena of Climate.

THE following rather curious detail is a translated extract from a letter of the German traveller, Russeger, who, since his return from Egypt, has visited Norway, and, we believe, about to publish a work on the geological and natural phenomena of that interesting country:—"The coast of Norway, as regards climate and atmospheric phenomena, is undoubtedly one of the most striking regions in the world. We were at this moment precisely in the same degree of latitude as the northernmost part of Iceland, and still corn grows here. Nay, more, this is the case as far as 70 deg. latitude. At Alten, which lies higher than the most northern colonies of Greenland, one sees corn cultivated, and thick woods of larch. How is it with the other parts of the earth lying in these latitudes? with Asia and America? They are congealed with eternal frost and snow, and uninhabitable by the human race. In Norway, in the 71st degree of lat. stands a town of 600 inhabitants, Hammerfest, being the most northerly town on the face of the globe. Again, in the 70th degree, lie the extensive copper-works of Kaafford, which, excepting the coal mines of Spitzbergen, are the northernmost underground works in existence. Even at the North Cape human beings are found residing. Whilst Russia, in the winter, possesses not a single haven that is not blocked up, while the Baltic and Cattegat are frozen over, and Iceland completely girt in with ice, in not a single port of Norway, on the contrary, is ice to be seen; at Roeraas, in the winter, the quicksilver often freezes, whilst in the Alps it is often at — 24 deg. R.; in the African deserts, as I have myself experienced, it stands frequently in the morning at zero; here in Norway, at Tromsø, between latitudes 69 deg. and 70 deg., the thermometer rarely falls during the winter lower than 12 R.; and even within the Arctic circle the temperature is seldom lower than + 2 deg. or + 1 deg. R." Having stated these singular facts, our traveller essays to explain the cause of the Scandinavian coast being thus apparently exempted from the general law of nature, "that warmth decreases in proportion as we approach the poles." "Is it," he says, "from the fact of the coast being sheltered from the winds?—this is certainly not the case, as not unfrequently it lies open to nearly all the winds from the northern hemisphere—or is it to be attributed to a warm current of air flowing from the equator to the pole, as some have supposed? No; all observations that have hitherto been made are against such a supposition. A continual elevation-process in the earth, such as can be proved to exist in Sweden, is also unquestionably at work along the coasts of Norway. A marine alluvial stratum is perceptible along the coast from Finland to the North Cape, and extraordinary old water-marks are visible 500 feet above the present sea level, both at Drontheim and elsewhere. It is obvious, therefore, that these points must formerly have been covered by the sea. An elevation-process, I say, of this nature, together with the necessarily concomitant development of subterranean heat, is nearly the only solution of this important phenomenon."

## Russian Bears.

BEARS, although they abound in the forests of Russia, are not to be met with, like wolves, in every part of the country; there are numerous districts in which they are never heard of, for they shun cultivation and human dwellings, and are only to be found in deep and extensive forests. In some of those places where bears abound, there are men who make it their business in the winter to go in pursuit of them alone, and armed only with a strong knife and a spear, with which implements, by courage and dexterity, they succeed in destroying them. Many years ago an English, or rather, I believe, a Scotch gentleman, who was settled in this country, and who was a great sportsman, was shooting small game in the woods in the north of Russia, when he heard the snoring of an animal, and looking round, after a little while, discovered the head of an enormous bear sleeping. Having only small shot in his gun, he retreated quietly, breaking the twigs as he went, in order that he might be able to find the spot again. He then made the best of his way to his temporary residence, a small cottage not far off, and proceeded immediately to cast a dozen balls; as soon as he was ready, he with some difficulty induced a peasant to accompany him with an axe and a dog to the spot where he had seen the bear, and which he easily found again. The noise which he made in approaching roused the animal, but as it raised its head, the sportsman fired and killed it at one shot; he called in triumph to his attendant, who had kept a respectful distance, but in the middle of his exultation, a second bear came forth from behind the first. He was somewhat taken by surprise; however, he fired the second barrel and broke the animal's leg, when, lo! from the same prolific lair, a third bear appeared on the scene. The dog, however, came up and attracted its attention, while our hero took to his heels and ran away; his only object, however, was to gain time for reloading his gun, and as soon as he had accomplished this necessary operation, he gallantly returned to the charge, and killed with his first barrel the third bear, which was still engaged with the dog, and with his second the wounded animal; having thus killed three bears single-handed in four shots. The peasant, as soon as he saw that they were all prostrate, ventured forward for the first time, and began most valiantly to hack away with his axe at the vanquished foe. The large bear was the dam, and, as I am assured, an enormous beast, and the two others were cubs of a year old, quite grown enough to be dangerous. In the Government of Novogorod, which abounds in forests, and is much infested by these animals, the peasants have, I am told, a most singular method of ridding themselves of their disagreeable neighbours. They find the young ones in the spring, and watching their opportunity, carry them off in the absence of their parents. They then fasten them on a raft by nailing their feet to it, and set them afloat on the river. The old bears hear their cries, and follow the raft down the stream; at length the young ones die, and their parents become furious, and attack whatever they meet; but they are now at a considerable distance from their original haunts, so that those who were the authors of their misfortune are not those who suffer from their vengeance. I was told this story by a

lady, who assured me she had herself seen a raft floating with the young bears dead upon it. The Russians have some singular notions about bears; among other stories they say that a fashionable pair of bears relieve themselves from the troubles of education by employing a preceptor for their young ones, a bear of inferior rank, who is weak and requires protection, and who takes charge of the young family while their parents go out to catch food. The bear leader, who is called in Russ, *Pestoon*, or pedagogue, takes his charge to play in the sun, on the outskirts of the wood, keeping watch himself, and warning them by a cry, if any danger approaches. This sensible custom appears not to have been as yet introduced among the Novogorod bears, since it would otherwise prove a great protection to their progeny against the cruelties practised upon them in that part of the country.—*Travels in Russia.*

## Song Birds in Cages.

KEEPING birds in cages seems to be a practice having some cruelty about it—a sort of imprisonment, hence the very phrase of putting a man into a cage. Yet the practice of keeping song birds in cages is always traceable to a kindly feeling towards these interesting creatures, and also to a natural, though selfish desire. It is the custom with man to take to himself, to bring into closer and more frequent fellowship, whatever can charm and solace him. Hence we find that he takes unto himself a wife; he brings the beautiful and fragrant flowers from their native fields to his home, and catches the feathered songsters of the distant groves, that their songs may enliven his domestic hearth. He admires the bird's song and plumage, and would not imprison it if he could help it; but, unfortunately, the wild birds would, otherwise, soon entice it away: therefore, a cage or prison is absolutely necessary. A fair lady of our acquaintance calls her mother's bird-cage, the Marshalsea,—a wicked pun on *Ma, shall see*. But, if cages are prisons, the little birds know they are innocent little captives, and we may get over all compunction about the matter by calling to mind the lines of the elegant Lovelace,—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage."

Shakspeare reconciles one to the notion that a bird in a cage can be happy and amuse itself—perhaps have a *lark*. In his play of *Cymbeline* he makes Arviragus, dwelling in the rocky cave, say—

"Our cage  
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,  
And sing our boncage freely."

Poor old Lear, resigned to anything, says to Cordelia—

"Come, let's away to prison,  
We two alone will sing like birds i'th'cage."

Still more to the point is Henry the Sixth's parting speech to the Lieutenant of the Tower of London—

"Nay, be thou care, I'll well requite thy kindness;  
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:  
Ay, such a pleasure as in-caged birds  
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,  
At last, by notes of household harmony,  
They quite forget the loss of liberty."

But if we keep birds in cages, let us, in common gratitude for their songs, make the little captives as comfortable as we possibly can, so that they shall have little cause to repeat the imploring words of Sterne's stalling, "Let me out! let me out!" Never let a caged bird have to sing for its supper in vain.

To the student of ornithology, a collection of caged birds is not only pleasing but useful, for he is thus better enabled to learn their different notes, the distinguishing burdens of their songs, and their peculiar attitudes, antipathies, articles of food, and many other facts which will at once indicate to him the exact species of whatever birds he may meet with in their native haunts. By this means, also, the ornithologist can ascertain what species are injurious to our crops and plantations, and what kinds there are which, on the contrary, prove a protection to them by killing the destructive insects; and, surely, no one will censure an ornithologist for keeping caged birds with a view to acquire such knowledge, if it be remembered how often and how extensively the produce of our orchards, gardens, and fields, suffers from the ravages of particular species of birds, and also from insects. After a few days, moreover, most wild birds become reconciled to confinement, and so accustomed to their new quarters, and so much attached to their owners that, in some instances, they will not avail themselves of any opportunities for escape. Your contented bird considers himself as one of the family. He is a minstrel in your service, and he sings his merry songs with all his power of voice to prove to you that he is a jolly cock. Having said this much on the debatable question of their being any excuse for keeping birds in cages, let us draw your attention to a few matters which relate exclusively to the condition and welfare of this class of prisoners. With regard to such as are not in solitary confinement, but are shut up with companions, it has been remarked by the Rev. W. Herbert, "that many birds which are quite kindly disposed to other birds, will not tolerate the presence of another of their own sex and species. The redstart fights with his brother nestling in the same cage, as he is full-grown; he will not tolerate the presence of a stone-chat, or whin-chat, whose habits are very similar to his own; but he does not attack a nightingale, and behaves decently in a cage full of seed-eating birds. A nightingale, which had lived two years in a cage full of birds, in perfect amity with them, and which even suffered the brown wrens to jump and rub themselves upon its back, instantly made a violent attack upon another nightingale which was put into the cage. Two robins will never live peaceably together, but will fight until the weaker is killed or removed."

It is a curious fact, that hen-birds, when they become aged, not only assume the male plumage, but begin to sing. Did nature intend by this that the old hens should be able to soothe their aged partners with some retrospective

song—a sort of "John Anderson, my Joe, John?" Perhaps so. However, some hens strike up even before they reach their teens. Thus, Mr. Sweet kept a hen nightingale four years without her ever attempting to sing; but on the fifth year she took to music, and frequently sang a pretty soft note. He had also a hen willow-wren that sang while quite a young one. In April 1833, a hen blackcap was observed perched near her nest, and singing with as much energy as a cock. In another instance, a hen song-thrush was so very excellent a singer, that it had been thought to be a cock, until it was two years old, when it began to lay eggs, and so revealed the deception it had practised. But both sexes of some species, as of the bulfinch, and probably of the redbreast, sing naturally.

The mandibles of caged birds, especially of those which are over-fed, are apt to grow across each other, or to become unnaturally lengthened. In the redbreast, redstart, and some others, the lower mandible of the beak is more apt to reach an unnatural extent than the upper one, and many instances of this fact have been observed in those birds. The lower mandible of a pied wagtail grew so rapidly that it was necessary to cut off nearly a quarter of an inch of it every three or four weeks. The lower mandible of a twite, or mountain linnet, continued growing even more rapidly for upwards of a year. In the bulfinch and ox-eye, the upper mandible has been observed to grow in this way. Both mandibles of the goldfinch and of the siskin are apt to grow very unequally; but in one of the former species the lower mandible continued to protrude for eight months before the upper one began. The mandibles of a caged siskin have been known to cross each other, so as to greatly inconvenience it. The bill of the tree-sparrow also, has been known to extend beyond its proper length. As the bill of a full-grown bird, when once it begins to grow beyond its natural length, is sure to continue growing, and will, if permitted, become so awkwardly long, as to prevent the bird feeding, it is absolutely necessary, in such cases, to cut the beak; but this operation must be performed very carefully, for if the bill be cut within its natural length the bird may bleed to death—a fate which happened, from a neglect of this caution, to the siskin above mentioned.

German paste is an article so much used to feed song-birds on, that it may be well to mention that a much better sort than any to be purchased, can be made by following the receipt about to be mentioned. Take four fresh eggs, boiled very hard; a quarter of a pound of white peasmeal, and about a table spoonful of salad oil, which must be quite good and not in the least rancid. Having grated the eggs very fine, and then mixed them with the meal and salad oil, press the whole composition through a cullander, whereby it will fall into small grains. Put these grains into a frying-pan placed over a gentle fire, and stir them carefully with a broad knife until they are partially roasted, that is, until they have assumed a fine yellowish brown colour.

The Rev. W. Herbert remarks that "it is a very curious natural provision that the dung of all nestlings is enclosed in a thin membrane, which enables the old birds to carry it away in their bills, which they do regularly each time they bring food to the nest. The young, even before they can see, instinctively protrude their hind quarters to eject the dung from the nest; but if the parent did not carry it away, there would be a congeries of dirt under the nest, which would not only be uncleanly, but would attract attention, and discover their retreat. So long as young birds are kept to their nest in a basket or box, this membrane covering continues; if they are let out to perch it ceases; but if they are shut down again in the nest or basket, it re-appears. The warmth and quiescence of the nest certainly occasions it, but principally the quiescence; yet how it should have that effect I cannot understand." As further evidence of this membrane covering depending, in its formation on a state of quiescence, it may be mentioned that it has been observed round the dung of an adult cock hawfinch, which was obliged to rest quiet, owing to his having nearly lost the use of his limbs. Any one who breeds canaries, or other birds in cages, may readily observe this really curious envelope, which, doubtless, was intended by the Creator as a bag for the removal of excrement from the nest.

As yet we have spoken particularly of birds kept in ordinary cages, one or two together. But if we would be thoroughly entertained with captive birds we must have them in a large aviary, where they can have plenty of room, not only to fly about and to sing,—but room enough, as the proverb says, to swing a cat, if she should show her frightful face inside it. Mr. Edward Blyth, who kept almost all our blithe songster at Tooting, in Surrey, assures us that "an aviary containing twenty birds requires no more attention than a cage containing only one," and he very properly recommends that it be daily cleaned and replenished with fresh food and water. Of aviaries we will speak more at large on a future occasion, but just now a sparrow-pudding demands our immediate attention.

WOULD YOU GAIN SUCH A PRIZE?—In Salency, a small village in Picardy, there still remains an interesting custom. It is called "the festival of the rose." On a certain day of every year the young women of the village assemble. After a solemn trial before competent judges, that young woman who has conducted herself most discreetly, and gives the most affecting proofs of the general innocence and simplicity of her character, is decorated with a crown, which thenceforward becomes an object of pride to all her family. The crown is a hat covered with roses. It frequently constitutes the whole wealth of the wearer; but instances are far from being unfrequent, in which it has been esteemed the most honourable recommendation to a wealthy suitor. This custom was instituted by St. Medard, in the fifteenth century. He was the sole proprietor of the village; and his sister the fortunate winner of the original prize. The Samites, too, had a fine custom among them. It was that of convening the youth in one place every year, where they underwent a trial of virtue; and the one who was declared to have the most merit, had the privilege of selecting the most virtuous maiden from among the entire republic, for a wife.



## Scenes and Sketches of Military Life.

PATRICK O'NEIL—THE IRISH GRENADEER.

CHAP. V.—THE MURDER—MAKING MONEY—THE REVENGE.

It is rather to be deplored than wondered at that the morals of our soldiery are at so very low an ebb; but while the present system of military government remains unaltered, we may in vain look for a change for the better. The men composing the great bulk of the British army are mostly drawn from the unemployed and the uneducated portion of our countrymen—men frequently driven into the army to escape the consequences of a guilty career, or raw inexperienced youths, fresh from the plough-tail or the harvest-field. They enter one of the very worst schools in the world—a school where the sole virtue inculcated is the successful escape from deserved punishment. The idea of talking of the school-room and schoolmaster-serjeant of the regiment, is a complete folly. Some old and useless serjeant, some pursy favourite unfit for anything else, if he can scrawl his name on paper, is the person chosen. To his room in the day-time straggle a few pert and idle children, who are made to sit in a row and repeat some questions and answers from a catechism. No trouble is taken to induce an attendance, and no care or attention is bestowed on those who do attend. Good and bad are mingled in the barrack-room—live and associate together—and that is the school that forms the man. There they see that the bad and vicious man, so that he has expertness and cunning to keep himself free from punishment, is looked upon with a more favourable eye than even the sober and well-conducted. Add to this, the custom prevalent in most regiments of attaching the recruits as comrades to the old soldiers, for the alleged purpose of having them taught the management of their accoutrements, and a ready method of clearing up their appointments, the best recommendation in the eye of your officer being a plentiful use of pipeclay, rottenstone, and blacking.

When O'Neil joined, the regiment was quartered at Belem, in a barracks, in the street leading from the church of San Jeronimo, at the side of the Tagus, to the Adjuda Palace. Here he had a recruit, who joined on the same detachment, placed with him as his comrade; for notwithstanding the evil report attendant on Pat's name, he was still considered one of the most eligible soldiers in the regiment—that is, he was smart and clean, and his fitness for the character of a mentor was never once taken into consideration in such an appointment. Pat was to teach him the use of blacking, pipeclay, and rottenstone; how to pack his knapsack and fold his great coat, and for which services he, by the right of old usage, held himself entitled to the privileges of spending his disciple's "mess-coppers," and directing and regulating his amusements.

There was a *casa d'vinha* (wine-house) nearly opposite the barrack-gate, and it was much frequented for some time by the soldiers in the evening, for here they could sit carousing till the last roll of the *reveille* before moving for the barracks. Here, one evening, about two months after his arrival in Portugal, Pat and his protegee, with some half-dozen of the greatest scapegallows in the regiment, were seated at their wine and rum. They had just begun to feel its true inspiration, and to luxuriate in its glories; to glow into friendship, mirth, and music, when the chilling discovery that not a man in company had another farthing in his possession cast a gloom like that of midnight on the horizon of their enjoyment.

"That's a bad job," exclaimed O'Neil, "and we have a full hour yet to the beat off. What's to be done?—are you all cleaned out?"

"I haven't a single vint," cried one. "Nor I." "Nor I," exclaimed all.

"We can't go in so soon," said another. "Come, O'Neil, think of something."

"Well," said O'Neil, "as you are determined to have a jolly booze, if you have the spirit to stand a tug, and the stuff not to 'peach after, I'll put you up to a plan for flaming theould Portugee negur of a landlord."

They were in the mood for mischief, and they swore by wholesale to stick to him to the last, and to suffer death sooner than budge after.

"Oh!" said Pat, with the usual carelessness "as for the matter of that, its only a trifle of an old trick—let us have a bottle a man, one after another, and when all is finished, kick up a row amongst ourselves and bolt for the barracks; and, of course, as we are not to pay for it, we may as well have the best and do it genteel."

"The best he has of course, they repeated"—"the best"—"the best," and the proposition was carried without a dissentient voice.

The *Padrone* was ordered to bring in "an *ungraffe d'vinha branca*" (a bottle of the pale wine, as distinguished from the *vinho tinta*, or black strap); and one bottle was called for after another until the call went the round of the table, and the drums were heard beating off in the barracks.

"Come, boys," said O'Neil, starting to his feet as the last bottle waned low; "it's time to begin; here's for the devilment—ho!" and with a wild yell, he struck the man opposite to him a blow on the nose, that made the blood fly about over the table. A general *mellée* ensued—they struck at each other with a hearty good will, and shouted and swore, and tore away like fiends, still managing to urge the tide of battle towards the doorway. The Portuguese was afraid to mix amongst them.

His tables and seats were knocked about, his bottles and glasses broken, and the whole house in uproar and confusion. Still, as the soldiers fought and shouted like madmen, they were warily attaining their object—keeping together, and clinging in a knot, they urged forward.

"Now for a rush, boys," said O'Neil. "Away, and the devil take the hindmost;" and, with a loud scream of exultation, he dashed through the doorway. The others rushed after him; the passage was rather narrow, and they jammed and jolted each other for an instant—that instant showed the ruse to the astonished Portuguese, who, with an execration and a scream, bared his knife, and plunged after them into the passage. The soldiers had just cleared the doorway—the recruit, O'Neil's comrade, was the last; he had one foot outside the threshold, when the revengeful knife of the *Padrone* entered his body, and he fell with a terrific cry head-long into the street.

A crowd of soldiers and civilians gathered about the writhing soldier—the manslayer had vanished. The wounded man was carried to the hospital, but he died before morning.

An investigation was held, but nothing could be elicited; no one could be found to acknowledge having been in the house—no one saw the man stabbed—no one could tell who were with him; and the Portuguese were silent as to the occasion, lest it should lead to the detection of their countryman. So between the confusion of languages, and the prevarication and contradiction of witnesses, nothing tangible or satisfactory could be ascertained on the subject of the murder.

In a week or two the unlucky affair was forgotten by all except O'Neil, who was heard frequently to mutter threats of deadly revenge against "the Portugee that kilt his comrade," and deeply he swore never to leave the country until he exacted a full satisfaction from "the butcher."

He, however, kept himself very quiet for a few months, and seldom went outside the barrack gate, and his comrades frequently taunted him with being afraid to venture on his old haunts since the death of his comrade. On these occasions his brow would lour and darken, his eyes flash, and his lips move with suppressed curses; and clenching his hand, he would vehemently hit the table and cry "You'll drive me mad;—let's be quiet, will you, or I must do what I don't wish—be still ye hell hounds; I'm bad enough as I am."

O'Neil, as we have remarked, being always in debt, had never a halfpenny to spend among his comrades; this kept him necessarily within the barracks, and retarded a plan which he had projected to gratify his thirst of vengeance, but even for this he found a remedy. His quick eye soon discovered that the rinf (a copper coin about the value of a halfpenny) was exactly the size of and nearly similar in its impressions to the *crusado nova* (new cross, value two shillings and two pence, and named from a large cross displayed on one side), and upon this similarity he laid his scheme for procuring money.

He took some quicksilver from a piece of broken looking glass, and with it soon turned the vint into a pure silver coloured coin;—the deception was almost perfect, few even in open day could distinguish any difference between it and the *crusado nova*. Having furnished himself with three or four of these counterfeits, O'Neil would leave the barracks in the evening, and walking into some not much frequented quarter, there look out for a customer; and when he saw one whose appearance he liked, he would beckon him on one side, and producing a shirt or trousers out of his cap, would enquire in a whisper—for he began to jabber the words of the Portuguese, picked up by the men in their intercourse with the people. "*Cares de chemisa, Senhor?*" (do you want a shirt, sir).

"*Sim, Senhor, que cares!*" (yes, sir, how much do you want for it?) was the ready reply.

"*Une crusado nova*," was the invariable price.

The article being worth three times the amount, there was little higgling about the bargain, and O'Neil, transferring the chemisa to the Portuguese, received the *crusado nova*.

While the buyer was congratulating himself on acquiring so cheap a prize, Pat allowed, but a momentary enjoyment; but, making after him, as if repenting of his bargain, he demanded back the goods, and tendered the buyer his money again; taking care to slip him one of the counterfeits, instead of the sterling coin.

In this way he collected a few *crusadoes*, and when he thought he had sufficient for his purpose, he set about putting his concerted plan of revenge into execution.

He invited seven or eight of the most quarrelsome and drunken characters in the regiment to be his companions for the evening, and they set out together from the barracks determined on having a substantial drinking-match. They at first strayed to some wine-houses down about the water's side, but as the hour of return drew nigh, O'Neil led them from house to house, drinking in each until they reached the *Casa d'vinho* where the young Englishman received his death blow. Some of his companions objected to going in, alleging that, since the murder of their comrade, the soldiers had avoided the house.

"Pshaw," cried O'Neil, who, though to appearance the most inebriated of the crew, had dexterously passed the glass and was really quite sober. "Pshaw, do you think I am as big a fool or a coward as the rest of you?"

—come along—we wont stop over an hour, and then the barracks are just at hand—come in."

They were soon seated, and O'Neil called for a bottle of wine. The landlord—the manslayer—brought it in himself, and refused to draw the cork until he was paid for the wine, for, since the fatal night referred to, he had never allowed soldiers to drink without being first paid for the liquor. This roused the indignation of the soldiers, who swore they would not drink in the house where such a beggarly custom prevailed.

"Sit down you fools," cried O'Neil; "you might go farther and speed worse; 'tis capital wine," he added, smacking his lips, having paid the landlord and filled out a measure, "'tis all the same I imagine to pay first as last, only the same money spent; but I think the wine in this country could be greatly improved if they brewed it a little stronger; 'tis but weak stuff after all."

It was voted *nem. con.* that the Portuguese would considerably improve the quality of their wine "if they'd only brew it a little stronger."

Pat proposed, by way of amendment—"What do you think of mixing it, boys," he said, "I know they keep special fine spirits in this house, and to my thinking good wine and good spirits must be rare drinking."

To this they all eagerly assented. Pat's word was law. He had money and was spending it freely, and he had a right to be indulged in any harmless whim. If he came by the money badly, it was no concern of theirs, and surely they could not interfere.

*Meia Canada d'Agrna ardente*\* was added to the wine and the mixture pronounced excellent; and they laughed and sang as boon companions ever do over their cups.

"Now watch me, lads," cried Pat; "see how I'll fix this Portugee negur for making us pay beforehand."

The bottle containing the wine is of more value than the wine itself; and Pat let loose the laughing devil in his eye at the landlord, as he entered with the "tother bottle." The landlord stretched over his hand for the empty bottle, which Pat reached towards him, but just as his fingers touched it—crash it went on the flagged floor, and O'Neil jumping up, cursed and swore at the *Padrone* as if it had all been his fault; and the soldiers laughed loud at the punishment inflicted by O'Neil, and affirmed it was a famous joke.

But this was not the game O'Neil had in view. He plied his comrades with the potent mixture, and when he observed signs of ill-temper arising amongst them, as their rude natures became excited, and their brains confused, he smiled exultingly. He soon easily fomented a quarrel, and in a very short time a most uproarious scene of riot raged through the apartment. Tables and benches were upset and broken—blood drawn—wine spilled—bottles and glasses smashed, while O'Neil, like the master spirit of evil, stood looking on quite composedly.

At length the *Padrone* made his appearance, and with wild gesticulations and loud exclamations lamenting his loss, he endeavoured to part the combatants. A gleam of demoniac joy flashed over the countenance of O'Neil when he saw him enter. His teeth became firmly set, and his lips white and compressed over them. Bayonets were already in the hands of some of the men who struggled with others more inclined to see fair fighting, while good knock-down-blows were rapidly exchanged amongst the others. All the ups and downs of a real Donnybrook fight were exhibited, and the shouts and oaths were frightful and stunning. The *Padrone* was hustled about, unheeded as the confusion rolled towards the corner in which O'Neil stood enjoying the scene. As the Portuguese approached him, he cowered beneath the table and bared his bayonet, crouching like a tiger in his lair. He waited for the doomed man to come within his fatal spring;—and he did come. He was jolted against the table, and before he could recover his equilibrium, the glittering weapon of O'Neil passed from side to side through his body. A thrilling scream escaped the wretched man as he staggered forward amongst the infuriated soldiers, beneath whose feet he fell weltering, while O'Neil, still calm and firm, resumed his erect position behind the table, with his bayonet in its sheath.

"Ho! ye hell hounds!" he roared out high above all the noise, "which of ye done that? He's done for. Work for the hangman ye have made. No less than murder. Fly, devils; fly!"

The men had ceased fighting, and stood gaping at the writhing and gory wretch at their feet; but, roused by O'Neil, and seeing him spring over the table and dash through the doorway, they rushed after him, and succeeded in gaining the street, and the barracks, without being pursued.

In a few minutes, however, a crowd of wild-looking, yelling Portuguese were collected about the arena, and the intelligence of the murder was immediately conveyed to the orderly room. "Turn out the whole," was shouted, the men fell in, in line; their names were hastily called over, and as the officer went down the front, O'Neil looked as self-possessed and as sober as any member of Parliament; while those who had been along with him were drunken and bloody. A number of these men, with others who came in late and drunk, were placed in confinement, but not the slightest suspicion attached to O'Neil.

A court of inquiry was held. The Portuguese were examined through an interpreter, but they differed so in their statements, and pitched so entirely upon the wrong

\* *Canada*—a measure about a quart. *Meia Canada*, half a *Canada*.



men as the perpetrators—that they only served to render the affair a complete gordian knot. No clue could be found to the truth. If a Portuguese swore he saw one man engaged in the affray, a dozen soldiers were ready to swear the man never left his barrack-room during the evening, or was at least a mile distant from the place. O'Neil was never pointed at as being one of the party. His name was never even whispered in conjunction with the murder. The combatants of the evening, believing it was one of themselves who did the deed, were fearful to speak, lest, as he was only a looker on, he could point out the actual man. Nothing was done. No one was tried, and the affair died away like the former one. No individual could be rightly accused of the crime, and where suspicion might be inclined to rest, proof was wanting.

### Innovations of Fashion.

In a former article we gave a sketch of the rise and progress of the fashions from the earliest date to the commencement of the 12th century; the Protean metamorphoses which they have undergone since that period will form the subject of the following observations. The rage for wigs which prevailed in France at the last mentioned epoch, was of short duration; it then became the fashion for ladies to wear large veils, which descended from the head over the shoulders, almost entirely concealing the hair; queens and princesses added a diadem on the top of the veil. Widows wore a band, which covered the forehead, encircled the face, and concealed the neck and bosom. Young females left the face, neck, and hair more exposed, and wore sometimes a species of ear-rings (*clagues oreilles*), of large dimensions, and somewhat overloaded with pearls and precious stones.

Under Philip-le-Bel and his successors, ladies adopted a head-dress in the form of a sugar-loaf, of incredible height, and from which hung a gauze veil. The hair was more seen, and may in fact be compared to the coiffure of the Cauchos of the present day. Isabeau de Baviere, wife of Charles VI., wore a two-cocked bonnet, much elevated above the head, and ornamented with long strips of fringed crepe. Jean Juvenal mentions as one of the causes of her imprisonment at Tours, the obstinacy with which (notwithstanding the miseries of war) she continued to wear those high cocked bonnets and two large ears (*oreilles*), one at each side, instead of ear-rings.

In 1430, bonnets no longer exhibited more than one point; but to compensate for the loss, they were overladen with monstrous borders. In the reign of Charles VII., head-dresses lost a considerable extent of their elevation. Under Louis XII., the entire edifice disappeared; the only covering for the head then in vogue amongst ladies was a chaperon or capuchot, ornamented with pearls and precious stones, both sides of which descended on the shoulders; under this capuchot a coiffe of fine linen was worn. This head-dress much resembled that worn by the Sisters of Mercy (*Sœurs de la Miséricorde*).

When Francis I. came to the throne, ladies began to adopt the fashion of having their hair curled, and wore a small toque a l'Espagnole.

Under Henry II. the curling system progressed; the hair was then arranged in small ringlets at each side of the forehead, or turned up in one large curl (*en toupet bouclé*), extending from one ear to the other; elegant *laques* were also worn at the same period.

In the time of Charles IX., the curls were interspersed with pearls and precious stones.

Under the reign of Henry III., fashion decided in favour of a small bonnet, inclining to one side, over the left ear, and ornamented at the top with an *aigrette*, or plume of feathers.

It was in the reign of Henry IV. that white powder first came into use. Lesfolies cites as an extraordinary circumstance the fact of his having seen, in 1593, some nuns (*religieuses*) walking with their hair curled, and powdered with white powder. It was the fashion, also, at that period to wear coiffures à la Gabrielle.

Dating from the reign of Louis XIV., a great variety was observable in head-dresses. The origin of one of them, the coiffure à la Fontanges, was somewhat singular. It appears that, during a hunting-party at Vincennes, Mlle. de Fontanges had her head-dress put out of order by a sudden gust of wind: in order to prevent further derangement of her locks, the fair Amazon took care of her garments and tied it round her forehead. Louis XIV. thought her so handsome in this novel species of coiffure, that he requested her to wear it all day. Next morning, all the ladies appeared at court with a ribbon tied across the forehead, and which was named the Fontange band.

In 1784, when the new political ideas had already begun to ferment, the ladies took a share in the effervescence, and adopted what were called *discount bank* (*aisse d'escompte*) bonnets; which, similar to the establishment just named, had nothing at bottom, or, in other words, were open at both ends.

During the Republic, and under the Empire, the hair underwent all the Grecian fashions; and the head was covered with a hat or bonnet, made of silk or other material, similar to what is worn at the present day,

excepting the difference of form or size, which the change of season dictates.

The coiffures à la giraffe, at one time, not only invaded but disfigured the heads of the fair sex; now-a-days, the hair is tied behind, and each individual selects the coiffure which she thinks most becoming.

The various Protean changes of coiffure having thus at length been detailed, the description will now turn upon the modifications which have been introduced from time immemorial for protecting and ornamenting the other extremity, namely, the feet, which fashion had also subjected to its despotic, and, in many instances, severe decrees.

It is the opinion of ancient writers upon this subject, that females had continued for a long time to walk barefooted; the Egyptians insisted on their wives' observance of this custom, in order to make them understand that they were destined to remain within doors, and occupy themselves with internal affairs. They, however, by degrees, succeeded in adopting the same kind of shoes worn by their husbands, and which were made of papyrus. The Greeks and Romans wore sandals made of leather, the bark of trees, of iron, gold, silver, and brass; in Spain, plants were plaited or woven into a sort of tissue, and made into shoes; the Indians and Chinese employed *jouc* (reeds), silk, and wood, for the same purpose.

Rome lays claim to the honour of having given origin to shoes with heels; the Emperor Augustus adopted this fashion in order to lengthen his short stature. The priests wore heeled shoes on the days of sacrifice, and they were in fashion with ladies of distinction, who appeared in them on fete-days. Amongst the Romans, shoes were either red or white.

In France the ladies have almost invariably used the same kind of shoes (*une chaussure uniforme*); their long training-gowns prevented them from adopting the ridiculous fashions introduced with respect to men's shoes, particularly the *souliers à la poulaine*.

In the reign of Philip-le-Bel, citizens' wives wore grey shoes, the same colour as their dresses; and on this account they were named *grisettes*—an appellation now given to a different class of females.

Pope Zacharia prohibited dancing, under pain of excommunication; and one of his successors granted plenary indulgence to all young females who wore shoes with such thick soles and high heels that it would be impossible to dance in them.

Under Francis I., the fashion of high-heeled shoes was introduced from Spain; it spread rapidly and was in special vogue during the succeeding reigns, and until the revolution. It was to relieve the feet from this fatiguing kind of chaussure (shoeing) that slippers and pantofles were invented so as to be worn at home.

The Turkish women wore *babouches*, a sort of shoe made quite open, lined with satin, and ornamented with precious stones and gold embroidery.

The Chinese adopted the strange custom of compressing their daughters' feet with bandages; this plan was put in practice whilst they were of tender age, so that the toes were forced under the foot, so that they could not increase in growth. In consequence of this unnatural system, the Chinese women cannot walk without stumbling, and are fatigued after a few steps.

The shoes worn by ladies in France at the present day, are, in general, of nearly the same form: and from the fineness and suppleness of the leather used in their manufacture, a most convenient, and at the same time, elegant, mode of chaussure, has acquired almost universal approbation. But it is essential to observe, that the same shoe should never be used for both feet indifferently: the shoemaker ought to take the exact measure of the sole of the foot placed flat upon the ground, taking care in all cases to make the shoe somewhat longer than the measurement indicated; thus the shoe will not only appear more elegant but be more conveniently worn. In rainy weather, ladies put on a second shoe of light but firm material; they are called *clagues*, and are worn over the others. This is an excellent precaution, as it preserves the feet perfectly dry and warm in moist and cold seasons. The clogs (*socles*), with their wooden soles, formerly in use, were less liable to allow the wet to penetrate, but were much more fatiguing. From the height and narrowness of clog heels, sprains were of frequent occurrence; and the hinge part of the clog was subject to break, from any sudden movement of the foot. The *clagues*, or second shoe, can be made as perfect as possible, by rendering the leather impermeable by processes now generally known, and by covering the first sole with several layers of a thick solution of India rubber in the oil of petroleum.

For some years back, ladies have also been in the habit of wearing half boots (*bottines*), laced in front or at the side. There can be no objection to their use, if not drawn too tight at the upper part—a practice which causes painful numbness of the foot. Ladies desirous of avoiding colds, in returning from the opera or balls, in winter, would do well to put on, the moment they retire, a pair of large boots or buskins lined with padded satin, fur, or other warm material. By this simple method, many serious diseases may be prevented.

For a long period, females had no other covering on their legs than the bands of tapes fastening their sandals, and which crossed for several turns over the leg. But as soon as the art of knitting was discovered, the wife

made stockings for her husband and herself, or purchased them at the hosiers'; but only in rare instances, as they were sold at an enormous price when first manufactured.

Henry II. was the first person in France who wore silk stockings, and it was upon the occasion of the marriage of his sister with Emanuel Philibert of Savoy.

In the reign of Louis XIV., ladies wore green stockings, with pink clocks. During the following reign, women's stockings were the same colour as their dresses. It is only since the invention of machinery for weaving stockings that they have come into general use.

With respect to this invention, it appears that a journeyman locksmith belonging to Lower Normandy forwarded to Colbert a pair of silk stockings made in a loom, requesting that they might be presented to Louis XIV., by whom they were much admired. The hosiers of Paris, alarmed at this discovery, bribed his Majesty's valet-de-chambre: the latter, having provided himself with a pair of scissors, made several small clips in the stocking, and, when the king put them on the next time, he perceived that they had gone into holes in several places: he consequently rejected the invention. The workman, outraged at this treatment, repaired to England, where he was received in the most satisfactory manner.

From England, stockings thus manufactured were imported into France; and, subsequently, the machine for weaving them was also brought over. The first manufactory of stockings by machinery was established in France in 1656, at the Chateau de Madrid, at the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris.

The use of rings, it appears, is of most ancient date; for we find it mentioned in the Bible that Jacob made a present of a ring to Tamar, his daughter-in-law.

The Greeks always wore the conjugal ring on the fourth finger of the left hand, as they believe that it contained a nerve which went direct to the heart; it was for this reason that the fourth was named the *annular* finger. At a later period, rings were worn on all the fingers.

When Rome became mistress of the world, the rage for costly rings was most excessive; and no expense which luxury could tolerate was spared: rings were made of gold and precious stones, and engraved with various devices and emblems, so as to be used as seals.

In France, in former times, lovers "who were forced to marry," submitted to the ceremony in the church of Sainte-Marine, Paris; the priest placed on their finger a ring composed of reed or straw.

The Turkish women wear rings on all their toes. This custom was in fashion at Rome, in the time of Augustus.

In America, the women belonging to the Aborigines wear rings in their noses, lips, and ears.

Magnetised rings were formerly sold for the cure of headaches; an imposture which ought only to have deceived the ignorant, as it is impossible to magnetise a ring; and if such rings had ever any effect, it must be attributed to the imagination, and not to magnetism.

The use of stays (corsets) is of very ancient date; the Greeks and Romans rendered the waist tight by means of small bands, which passed under the bosom, to prevent their excessive development. But the *Bayaderes* excel all other women in the universe in the convenient method they have adopted for giving a proper shape to their waists, being at the same time suitable to their general health, and to the beauty of the figure. Their waist is supported by a belt or *ceinture*, and their bosoms are covered by a kind of elastic tissue, transparent, and of a light pink colour; it confines the bosom in an exact manner, and is fastened behind the back. They hardly ever take off this portion of their dress, not even at night; and by this means they preserve the delicacy of the form until an advanced age.

Montague relates that the ladies in his time tightened the waist by means of wooden pins, but which had the effect of making the skin rough and callous. Shortly after that period, stays became regular cuirasses, armed with whalebone and steel plates. This fashion spread to all parts of Europe. It was at the same period that the Emperor Joseph II. issued a wise law, by which he forbade the use of stays with whalebone and iron plates in all houses devoted to the education of girls, and commanded that every woman condemned to a degrading punishment, should in future wear stays of the above description, and hoops. This law, however rigorous, was ineffectual in removing the evil—the fashion continued; and what all the power of the Emperor failed to effect, is obtained at the present day by the efforts of reason alone. Stays, as now constructed, and when not too tightly laced, are not likely to prove injurious to health; but young girls should never be allowed to wear them. There is no necessity to form their shape—nature, if let alone, will do that better than any stays; moreover, one of the most frequent causes of distortion of the spine in young females, is the premature compression exercised by the stays on parts not yet sufficiently developed. The uneasiness resulting from its unnatural pressure makes girls always elevate the right shoulder, in order to relieve it from so uncomfortable a position. Stays should only support the figure, but never press upon the chest. Too slender a figure is ungraceful; and those who have the misfortune to be thus formed, should wear their clothes extremely loose, and take much exercise in the open air, so that the internal organs and the limbs may be sufficiently developed for the preservation of health.



### A Visit to the Coliseum.

THIS remarkable building, an outline of which is given in our illustrated title, immediately to the right of the Pyramids, is thus described by Miss Catharine Taylor:—"We climbed by a flight of wooden stairs to the first and second tiers of seats, and followed the spacious corridors, until the broken arches beneath stopped our further progress; originally there were six of these corridors, rising one above the other, but only four remain, and the upper one of these is inaccessible. In the lowest circle, called the Podium, seats were reserved for the emperor and his nobles. The three galleries above were occupied by the senators, the fifth by the people, and the sixth was set apart for the Roman women. The view from the highest point is very striking; we looked down on the grass-grown arena, and then on its circling arches, as they stood out against the clear blue sky, while streams of golden light fell through them on the crumbling walls and broken columns. The mighty city lay before us in its silent desolation; on one side, the arches of Nero's 'Golden House,' behind them, the dark ruins of the Baths of Titus, the Palace of the Cæsars with its long lines of tottering walls, and the arches of Titus and Constantine. There was something almost sublime in the scene; I stood lost in thought, picturing to myself this mighty building as it existed centuries ago, and peopling its walls with assembled multitudes. The scene seemed to transport me in thought back to the days when Rome was in all her greatness. But my eye was caught by the large black cross in the centre of the arena, at the foot of which knelt a peasant-girl and a mendicant friar; the dream vanished, and I turned to gather the wild-flowers which spring among the ruins.

The Flavian Amphitheatre, as this building was originally called, was erected by Vespasian and his son Titus, soon after their return from the conquest of Jerusalem. It is a singular fact that to Vespasian, a man of avaricious disposition, Rome was indebted for the erection of this Amphitheatre and the Temple of Peace, the magnificence of which was almost unrivalled. The unfortunate Jews who had been brought captives to Rome were employed in the erection of the Coliseum, which was completed in four years. At the feasts given at its dedication, during the reign of Titus, it is said that five thousand wild beasts were slaughtered in the games. The form of the Amphitheatre is oval, and its size so stupendous, that it was capable of containing a hundred thousand spectators. The walls were encrusted with costly marbles, and enriched with ornaments of gold and amber. The network which enclosed the Podium, to protect those who sat there from the fury of the wild beasts, was of gold wire; an awning, sometimes of silk, was stretched across the immense building; the air was scented with oriental perfumes, and fountains sprinkled around their cool, refreshing waters; everything in short that tended to luxury, or to the gratification of the senses, was collected here.

The games to which this Amphitheatre was appropriated were of the most cruel and sanguinary character. Combats of gladiators and wild beasts, which generally terminated in death, were frequent. Men were regularly trained for these games; some fought for hire, but these were few in number, compared with the captives and slaves who were forcibly compelled to enter the lists.\*

As vice and profligacy increased under the imperial sway, it was found necessary, in order to silence the clamours of the people, to feed their passion for amusements; every succeeding emperor invented new and exciting pleasures, and the giant tenants of the eastern deserts were brought into the amphitheatre. The blood-thirsty love of novelty was gratified by strange and unheard-of encounters; the harmless but unwieldy hippopotamus was opposed to the fury of the tiger, and the trembling deer fell an easy prey to the hyena. The arena was sometimes filled with water, and a mimic warfare was carried on; these mock-fights were called *Naumachia*. But the fiercer sports of the Amphitheatre were more welcome to the people; and so great was their eagerness to witness them, that the Romans hastened there in crowds, before daylight, to secure seats. All pity, all feelings of humanity, were lost in the excitement of the moment; even a woman forgot her sex, to share the absorbing interest of these sanguinary sports. The signal for the commencement of the games was generally given by one of the Vestal Virgins, for whom seats were reserved in the Podium.

But enough of these cruel pastimes; they were one of the many causes which tended to the degradation of the

\* The indignant remarks of Byron on these inhuman pastimes force themselves on our imagination. After describing the ruin as it appears, he thus moralises:—

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,  
In murmur'd pity, or loud-voiced applause,  
As man was slaughter'd by his fellow man.  
And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but because  
Such was the bloody Circus' genial laws,  
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?  
What matters where we fall to fill the maws  
Of worms—on battle-places or listed spots?  
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

Then the gladiator, and the agony of his dying hour!  
The fearful shout of brutal applause, which rejoiced the  
victor and sickened the fallen!

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far away;  
He reek'd not of the life he lost nor prize,  
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay—  
There were his young barbarians all at play,  
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday!—  
All this rush'd with his blood,—shall he expire  
And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

Yes! the Goth came, and laid Italy and Rome beneath  
their barbarian feet, spreading like locusts on the land,  
and crushing, with all the foul iniquities of voluptuous life,  
the liberty, the learning, which had adorned the victim-  
country for centuries.

Roman character. Constantine in vain endeavoured to suppress them; and the world was indebted for their abolition to Telemachus, a benevolent and courageous monk, who, regardless of danger, stepped into the arena to separate two gladiators. The people, infuriated at this interruption of their pleasure, overwhelmed him with a shower of stones. The Emperor Honorius interposed, but too late to save his life. This tragical event, however, led to the prohibition of the games, and Papal Rome soon after venerated Telemachus as a saint.

In the civil warfare which was carried on in Rome during the Middle Ages, this amphitheatre—which, in spite of the ravages of the barbarian armies, remained entire, though stripped of its marbles and precious ornaments—was converted by some of the powerful nobles into a fortress. It was successively occupied by the Frangipani and Savelli families, and suffered much injury during that period. But it was yet more wantonly devoted to destruction by the Popes, many of whom, in their eagerness to enrich themselves and their families, cared little by what means their object was obtained. Paul the Third yielded an unwilling consent to the entreaty of his nephew, Cardinal Farnese, to be allowed to supply themselves with materials for a palace from the ruins. The permission to plunder was limited to the space of twelve hours; but the ruthless Cardinal turned four thousand men into the amphitheatre, and the work of devastation went on so rapidly, that stones sufficient to build the Farnese Palace were obtained. It is not very creditable to Michael Angelo that he was its architect—thus sanctioning the demolition of one of the noblest monuments of antiquity.

Other families share in the disgrace of despoiling the Coliseum, and amongst them the Barberini; and it was not until the middle of the last century that its destruction was arrested by Benedict the Fourteenth, who, regarding the spot as sanctified by the blood of the Christian martyrs who had perished there, consecrated it, and erected on the highest point of its walls a cross. This now stands in the arena, around which are also placed at intervals fourteen small shrines, each containing a picture which represents some traditional circumstance attending the progress of our Saviour to Golgotha. These shrines, which are called the 'Via Crucis,' are found in all Catholic countries, and are regarded with much veneration. I have often observed people passing from one to another, uttering a short prayer at each. To visit them is often imposed as a duty or a penance. One man alone, the custode, or keeper, inhabits the ruins during the day; at night a Papal guard patrols them; a capuchin friar is sometimes to be seen in the enclosure, with his box for 'elemosine per le anime in purgatorio!' These, with the birds which make their nests amongst the crumbling fragments of the corridors, are now the only tenants of this mighty building. Truly, as Forsyth says, the Coliseum, 'as it now stands, is a striking image of Rome itself: decayed, vacant, serious, yet grand—half grey and half green, erect on one side, and fallen on the other—with consecrated ground in its bosom, inhabited by a headman, visited by every caste; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here, to meditate, to examine, to draw to measure and to pray.'

### Gleanings.

**A BOY HERO.**—Simple occurrences and fine sentiments frequently survive the memory of great battles. Vellore has been a theatre for every species of military outrage; yet the following instance of manly fortitude in a boy will be remembered when all those outrages are entirely forgotten. The son of Colonel Lang, Governor of Vellore, having been taken prisoner by Hyder Ali, he was ordered into the presence of the despot, who desired him to sit down and write a letter to his father, offering him a splendid establishment if he would surrender the city, of which he was governor; but, in case he refused, the son should be sacrificed. The boy coolly rejected the service; and upon Hyder's pressing him with many threats, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "If you consider me base enough to write such a letter, on what ground can you think so meanly of my father? You may cut me to a thousand pieces; but you cannot make him a traitor?"

**AN AMERICAN IN GREECE.**—In Europe, and even in England, I had often found extreme ignorance of my own country; but here I was astonished to find, among men so familiar with all parts of the Old World, such total lack of information about the New. A gentleman opposite me, wearing the uniform of the King of Bavaria, asked me if I had ever been in America. I told him that I was born, and, as they say in Kentucky, "raised" there. He begged my pardon, but doubtfully suggested, "You are not black?" and I was obliged to explain to him that in our section of America the Indian had almost entirely disappeared, and that his place was occupied by the descendants of the Gaul and the Briton. I was forthwith received into the fraternity, for my home was farther away than any of them had ever been; my friend opposite considered me a bijou, asked me innumerable questions, and seemed to be constantly watching for the breaking out of the cannibal spirit, as if expecting to see me bite my neighbour. At first I had felt myself rather a small affair; but, before separating, "l'American," or "le sauvage," or, finally "le cannibal," found himself something of a "lion."—*Stephens.*

**MODERN DANCING.**—We go to a ball. Mercy upon us! is this what you call dancing? A man of thirty years of age, and with legs as thick as a gate post, stands up in the middle of the room, and gapes and fumbles with his gloves, looking all the time as if he were burying his grandmother. At a given signal the unwieldy animal puts himself into motion; he throws out his arms, crouches up his shoulders, and without moving a muscle of his face, kicks out his legs, to the manifest risk of the bystanders, and then goes back to his place, puffing and blowing like an otter after a half hour's burst. And this is dancing!

I know one who is wiser than Voltaire, and has more understanding than Napoleon himself, and all ministers who ever were, are, or will be, and this one is public opinion.—*Talleyrand.*

**SUPERSTITION AN ENEMY TO ART.**—Tacitus gives a curious account of a proposition, that was made in the Roman Senate, to divert the course of those rivers and lakes which emptied themselves into the Tiber; and which, at certain seasons of the year, causing that river to overflow its banks, occasioned great loss to those citizens of Rome, who possessed houses and lands in its immediate neighbourhood. Petitions being presented from the Florentines, the Interamnates, and the Rheatinæ, against the proposition, it was abandoned. One of the causes of this abandonment arose out of an argument, employed by the Rheatinæ: "Nature," they observed, "having made the best provision for the conveniences of mankind in directing the course of rivers, it would be highly unbecoming in the Romans to alter their direction; and the more so, since their allies had long been in the habit of consecrating woods, altars, and priests to the river of their country." This curious and effective argument was naturally call to recollection a singular anecdote, which was related by Signor Hypolito de Vinci, who afterwards honourably distinguished himself in the service of his country, and who fell, covered with wounds and glory, in the battle of Vimere, a martyr to his enthusiasm, and an honour to the human race. A celebrated engineer, some years previous to the compulsory resignation of the late Ferdinand of Spain, proposed to the Spanish Government a plan, which had for its object the rendering of the Tagus navigable to Madrid. After mature deliberation, the ingenuity of the engineer, and the advantages derivable from his project, were acknowledged by the ministry; but the execution they thought proper to decline. On the engineer's inquiring the cause of so extraordinary a refusal, they returned for answer, that if it had been the intention of Nature, that the Tagus should be navigable so high into Spain as Madrid, she would have rendered it so herself; to presume to improve what Nature had left imperfect would be scandalous and impious! The plan was, however, afterwards adopted; as was that of M. le Maur for forming a canal from the mountains of Guadarama to the Tagus, and from that river to the Guadina and the Guadalquivir, thus opening a ready communication between Madrid, Toledo, Cordova, and Seville.—*Bucke.*

**A LEGEND OF CHIOFF.**—The origin of this city is involved in obscurity. Its name is said to be derived from Kiovi, a Sarmatian word signifying heights or mountains; and its inhabitants, a Sarmatian tribe, were denominated Kivi, or mountaineers. It is known to have been a place of consequence in the fifth century, when the Suevi, driven from their settlements on the Danube, established themselves there and at Novogorod. In the beginning of the tenth century it was the capital, and the most celebrated city in Russia or in that part of Europe. Boleslaus the Terrible notched upon its "golden gate" his "miraculous sword," called by the monks "the sword of God," and the Poles entered and plundered it of its riches. In the latter part of the same century, the capital of Russia again fell before the conquering arms of the Poles. Kieve was at that time the foster-child of Constantinople and the Eastern empire. The voluptuous Greeks had stored it with all the luxuries of Asia; the noble architecture of Athens was festooned with the gaudy tapestry of Lydia, and the rough metal of Russian swords embossed with the polished gold of Ophir and Persia. Boleslaus II., shut up within the 'golden gate' of this city of voluptuousness, quaffed the bowl of pleasure till its intoxicating draught degraded all the nobler energies of his nature. His army of warriors followed his example, and slept away month after month on the soft couches of Kieve; and in the language of the historian, as if they had eaten of the fabled fruit of the lotus-tree, at length forgot that their houses were without masters, their wives without husbands, and their children without parents. But these tender relations were not in like manner oblivious; and after seven years' absence, the Poles were roused from their trance of pleasure by the tidings of a revolt among the women at home, who, tired of waiting their return, in revenge gave themselves up to the embraces of their slaves. Burning under the disgrace, the Poles hurried home to wreak their vengeance on wives and paramours; but they met at Warsaw a bloody resistance; the women, maddened by despair, urged on their lovers, many of them fighting in person, and seeking out on the battle-field their faithless husbands—an awful warning to married men!

### The Love of Woman.

A woman's love, deep in the heart,  
Is like the violet flower,  
Which lifts its modest head apart  
In some sequester'd bower.  
And blest is he on whom that bloom  
Reflects its gentle sweets;  
He heeds not life's oppressive gloom,  
Nor all the care he meets.

A woman's love is like a spring  
Amid the wild alone—  
A burning wild, o'er which the wing  
Of cloud is seldom thrown;—  
And blest is he who meets that fount  
Beneath the sultry day;  
How gladly should his spirits mount,  
How pleasant be his way!

A woman's love is like a rock,  
Which every tempest braves,  
And stands secure amidst the shock  
Of ocean's wildest waves.  
And blest is he to whom repose  
Beneath its shade is given;  
The world, with all its cares and woes,  
Seems less like earth than heaven.

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# CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL



"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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## The Fabled Continent.

THROUGH a far remote antiquity there existed an imperfect idea that a large portion of the earth had been suddenly submerged in the ocean, and the most renowned of the early philosophers strove to give the lost continent a real habitation and a name. That this idea might with any have been no other than a legendary account of the fuge may, in our days, be generally inferred; but in some of the eastern countries the opinion of a lost continent long retained its ground after a knowledge of the world had been acquired, and its occurrence fixed at an earlier date than that of the submersion of a vast tract of country beneath the wild waves of the Atlantic.

Among the places fixed upon by the Greek poets as the locality of the famed Hesperian Gardens, where Hercules plucked a golden fruit—(now, alas! supposed to have been only oranges)—those of Cape de Verd were fixed upon, though others placed them in Andalusia, some in India, some in Ethiopia, and some in Siberia. The Cape de Verds were also known in later times by the name of the Fortunate Islands, and are described by Plutarch as being so in number, separated only by a narrow channel, at the distance of ten thousand furlongs from the African coast. The air fell seldom, and always moderately; soft breezes filled the air, which scattered the rich dews, so that the soil was not only prepared for sowing and planting, but it simultaneously produced the richest fruits, and that in such abundance, that the inhabitants had only to indulge themselves in the enjoyment of luxurious ease. The air, as the historian, is so pleasant, that even the barbarians give them to be the Elysian fields described by Homer. Virgil also alluded to them as a happy land, where the tilled earth yielded splendid fruit, the vines flourished abundantly, where honey flowed from the trees, and the murmuring streams rolled pleasantly down the mountains. Other poets, not content with this description, added shores of coral, adorned with pearls and gorgeous shells. In connexion with these islands Plato states that they were supposed to be the remains of the lost Atlantis, and which he estimated to have been as large as Syria and Asia Minor. He also informs us that in the splendour of its architecture, in the richness of its minerals, and the beauty of its flowers and diversified landscapes, as well as in the proficiency there attained in the arts and sciences, it was surpassed by no country in the world. This information also derived from Socrates, who learned it from a philosopher named Critias; the latter had been told so by his grandfather, who derived his information from Solon, the traveller of Athens, and who was indebted for his knowledge of the Atlantis to the Egyptian priests! This direct testimony is of little value as to the existence of the continent, but it proves the general prevalence of the idea of its loss, and also informs us to whom the world is indebted for so much of its fabulous as well as actual history.

It is related of the Ethiopians that they were acquainted with seven islands in the Atlantic, the inhabitants of which cherished a tradition that there once existed an island much larger than the others, and on which the smaller were dependent. Some speculative theorists supposed that the fabled continent existed from Ireland or the Azores to America; and Buffon, limiting his belief to an *if*, considers that all the islands in that part of the ocean are the summit of its mountains.

The Carthaginians knew of the Fortunate Islands, and were so impressed with the glowing description they received of them from their adventurous countrymen, that great numbers desired to visit or to emigrate to these fair islands of the blest. The Senate were, however, friends to emigration, and considered that their countrymen were better at home than they could be anywhere else. They accordingly enacted a law, by which it was declared that any one landing on these islands should suffer death.

Aristotle, the most learned philosopher of his day, divided the idea of the habitable globe being formed of

islands and continents; he declared the whole earth to form but one island, surrounded by the Atlantic sea. He considered that there might be other islands in opposite directions from the portion of the earth known to him, but all these were invisible.

These eastern philosophers, it will be seen, always cast their learned eyes to the west when talking of the sea, although they were not ignorant of the existence of India, and the broad countries around it. All of them appeared to have heard that another continent had been seen in times long antecedent to their existence, but no known navigators having proceeded further west than the islands spoken of, a somewhat large poetical license was taken with the geography of the earth, and the sea was declared to have swallowed the solid land, which, with its numerous inhabitants, went down into the mighty deep in a single night. So wonderful a story could not fail in acquiring listeners, and the invention of every voyager from the wonderful regions would no doubt be taxed to supply his eager inquirers with information. When men set out in search of a particular object, they generally discover something like it, or some of its remains, or the place where it must have existed. But here the continent was not to be discovered; a single island was sufficient for the purpose. This was once a towering mountain, high in air ascending, green in its slopes, and misty on its summit; now it is a rocky plain, immersed in the ocean's bed, with its base beyond the depth of plummet's sound!

This conclusion being arrived at, it required only a slight stretch of fancy to discover some remains of the continent itself. The Carthaginians, undoubtedly the greatest seamen of their day, proceeded along the coast of Africa, as far as Teneriffe, and certainly made the most of its description. Not that they wilfully led the vulgar astray as to its appearance, but having themselves looked on it with wondering and awe-struck eyes, their inflated account appears in our day approaching too near the marvellous. They describe it as an immense mountain, its head lost in the clouds, and yet from its summit they observed flames burst forth, which illuminated the sea to an incalculable distance. Proceeding westward, some degrees south of the Canary Islands, the Carthaginians found the sea impassable in consequence of an immense congregation of weeds. This could, therefore, be no other than the plants of the submerged continent, and the legend became more and more impressed in the belief of the ancients. Between the parallels of 18 and 33 degrees of north latitude, there exists a large assemblage of marine plants, which stretch in a bush-like appearance over an extent of water calculated at not less than fifty thousand square leagues, appearing on the surface of the ocean like a vast meadow under water, while here and there a more ambitious branch rises above the level shroud, like a solitary furze upon a moorland waste. This is called the Grassy Sea, and to this day attests the fact of its having been visited by the Carthaginians. That nation is gone, swept from the face of the earth, yet the plant remains a marvel to all who visit it. Among the weeds are frequently caught small sea insects and animals, which incline spectators to the belief that the water must be shallow. It is unfathomable! Still even in our day there are learned men, with more of poetry than philosophy in their composition certainly, who dwell on the idea of a continent having sunk in the abyss.\*

\* Combining this idea with the prominent changes on the earth's surface, and the rise and decline in fortune of the human race, Beattie, in his celebrated poem of "The Minstrel," says—

"Of chance or change, oh! let not man complain,  
Else shall he never, never, cease to wail.  
For from the imperial dome, to where the swain  
Rears his lone cottage in the silent dale,  
All feel the force of Fortune's fickle gale.  
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd;  
Earthquakes to heaven have raised the humble vale,  
And gulphs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,  
And where the Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloom'd."

Columbus, to whom alone pertains the unapproachable honour of the being first in mind, as well as person, who traversed the vast Atlantic, and convinced himself that land existed beyond its shores, looked upon the Grassy Sea with terror and dismay. To a person willing to believe that a large tract of land had sunk into the deep, the marine phenomena at first view presents apparent evidence of the idea not being altogether a fable; and it was not then surprising that Columbus might for a moment tremble for the success of his project. He knew so far had the navigators of antiquity proceeded—that there they had been satisfied of the truth of the most wonderful legend to which the world listened—that there they had turned the prow of their venturous bark, and sought their home again. Still to the west stretched out a world of water; far as the eye could see the ocean waste extended. The outline of geographical science which the great discoverer had figured to himself, however, was not satisfied. He knew that to the far East which he had left an ocean must sit its limits; and he was confident that to that East he would come did he proceed round directly westward. He considered, with Aristotle, that the Atlantic bordered the great island of the earth, and that stretching across its vast expanse he would come, in all probability, to the most eastern confines of India, to which by land no known human being had yet proceeded. How greatly was he deceived! The continent or which the old world dreamed lay between him and his fancied result, and beyond that continent, another, a broader, and more trackless ocean lay, ere the shores of India could be reached.

Whether or not some ship had visited America, and, losing its reckoning in the wild desert of the Atlantic waves, had, on its return, fixed the position of the continent so much too near its eastern verge, is an idea as far remote from proof as the existence of the Atlantis itself; but it is at least more consonant with the character of the earth and man. Even these islands, although made the fabled abode of the gods, crowned with beauty, and full of enjoyments, became lost to the middle ages. Homer was supposed to have used them as a fable, as an unapproachable locality, to which the gods alone could waft themselves, so distant were they from the habitations of human kind. When the kingdoms of the world were shattered by the destruction of the Roman Empire, and the dark ages spread their mantle upon the mental energies of nations—when countries confined themselves to their territories, and sought neither friendship nor commerce with their neighbours, all knowledge respecting what were afterwards called the Fortunate Islands was lost. It was not until the Genoese proceeded in search of new climates that they were again discovered. The Pope, as Emperor of the World, bestowed them on a Spanish noble, who thus obtained the title of "Prince of the Fortunate Islands." It is not, therefore, too great a stretch of fancy, especially when placed in opposition with the romance of a submerged continent, to suppose that some wanderers on the deep had traversed, to some extent, the shores of the Western hemisphere ere Egypt became a marvel to the world, or Homer a tutor to the poetic tribe.

That the earth has been subjected to mighty changes is undoubted; that continents and seas on the deluge changed positions may be true; and that every record of the antediluvian world became covered by the mass of waters, may not be altogether fabulous. These imaginations carry us, however, further back than even the idea of the Atlantis, for its loss, if lost it was, took place when the other portions of the world stood still and felt no change. It has been calculated, that were the earth to stay one moment in its swift career round the sun, that the Atlantic would be thrown into the Pacific, covering America in the twinkling of an eye; while the Pacific, with a wing swifter than light or thought, would hurl its destructive way across our hemisphere, and fall into the bed of the Atlantic. From what a wild and destructive change are we preserved by the order and intelligence of Omnipotence!

As a small excavation filled with powder will, shake a



rock to pieces, so a subterranean fire of small extent will cause the earth to quake, and prostrate its artificial erections to the ground. As a pebble thrown into a vessel filled with water will cause its overflow—(see the good old story of the crow that wished to drink out of a half-filled jar)—so the ocean has its limits, fixed by a greater and more powerful hand than the potter controlling his clay; and into it no continent could fall without its shores spreading out on all sides upon the resisting land. Such an event could not take place without shaking and disturbing the whole earth, to such an extent, that not a stone would be left upon another, nor a human being be able to breathe in the agitated atmosphere. A bow has been set in the firmament. "I will not again destroy the earth for man's sake," saith the Lord.

### Burns Illustrated and Explained.

#### CHAPTER IV.—TAM O'SHANTER.

THE days of witchcraft have departed, and the wild belief which disturbed the village quiet has given place to milder superstitions if not to positive improvement. The rustic intellect is no longer distracted by the terrors of supernatural visitation, and though in some less cultivated districts a dim belief may exist as to the midnight wanderings of disembodied spirits, and the churchyard be still invested with its grisly horrors, the general faith in Satanic agency and necromantic charms is numbered with the things that were. Poor old women are suffered to live and die in peace, provided always that they keep their poverty to themselves, and urge not too frequently their claim for existence upon their generous and charitable relations. Time was, however, when no accident befel the meanest hind but it was considered the potent workings of the Evil One, conveyed by his purchased instruments of mortal clay. If an ox was stolen, or a sheep had strayed, it must have been wafted away by the spell of witchcraft to grace a supper of the unhallowed host; if a field of corn was destroyed by mildew, or a fruit tree became barren, it was nothing else than the spell of devilry; and he was a daring man indeed who presumed to rise up against the legion of enemies by which he was surrounded: ruin was inevitable, death was sure. Therefore a timorous discretion became at all times the better part of valour, and soft words and fair gifts were presented to the feared and hated one—the suspected witch—that the charm might be removed. Nay, it was no uncommon circumstance, if a bridegroom had been twelve months a husband without becoming a father, to impute the failure, not to natural causes, but to the interference of some slighted lover, who had purchased the offices of the village witch—for every hamlet was honoured with the presence of a direct ambassador from Satan;—there was no other resource, therefore, than to bribe with a higher price the good services of the charmer; and a stricter obedience was at all times given to the orders of the so-called witch than to the mandates of reason, or the less ludicrous dictates of common sense. It is not to be wondered at, then, that many when they found themselves dubbed warlocks and witches by the common herd, and suffered all the penalties of such election—spurned in public and all acknowledged intercourse denied them—that they at once accepted the proffered price of their services, and enriched themselves from the credulity of their neighbours.

Witches were supposed to be women who had sold their existence in the life to come to the Old Enemy of Mankind for the privilege of working their will in this world,—of wreaking their malice and revenge on their neighbours. Warlocks were men of the same character; for, of course, it could never be supposed that women would retire from mundane society without a portion of the other sex accompanying them. But warlocks were at all times comparatively few, the reason assigned by the believers in witchcraft for which was, that Satan was more partial to the softer sex, and delighted in the company of the ugly and the old, whom the world had thrown off from mixing in its pleasures. The true reason, however, may be found in the fact, that old men generally are less helpless than friendless, solitary, decayed women, and consequently less guilty of encroaching on the charity of the selfish—less likely to become a burden, and of course less spoken of in terms of unkindness and reproach.

But witches, though living apparently alone and poor, surrounded by wretchedness, and pressed down by want, were at all times supposed to be a social, high-living, deep-drinking community. Their poverty was considered but a flimsy veil to cover their gluttonous enormities;—the staff which supported their tottering frame was to the vulgar more powerful than the rod of Moses, which became a serpent—and the solitary cat, the only living thing that held open communion with them, was none other than a special and protecting messenger from the nether world. Even ladies of high quality were suspected of an unholy intercourse with the Prince of Darkness, especially if they could read books in an unknown tongue; and female children who had the witch-glamour in their eyes were a doomed race;—they were hooted on the village-green—shunned in the school—avoided during all the sweet courting time; were without a helpmate—were soon old and sooner poor—they were the witches of the next generation. This uncomfortable and distressing belief, however, had its accommodations,

Did a man desire to part with his wife, he had only to accuse her of witchcraft, and adduce some instances of her intimacy with the foul fiend, and she was speedily sent to fulfil her supposed engagement in the darkened regions. Did a shepherd fail to give a due account of his flock—was a corner of a corn-field stripped, or a barn-yard desolated of its poultry—it was witchcraft! And who more earnest in denouncing that unhallowed crime than those whose duty it was to have protected the stolen property? Nay, a man could not get intoxicated over night, but his wife was harrowed next morning by a fearful tale of his having been waylaid by witches, who took his money, tore his clothes, and left him insensible in the mire. Thus, then, if witchcraft was a general curse, it was also a general excuse, of both of which the present generation are deprived. Our old women are disarmed of their terrors, they wield the spell of power no more. They have ceased to be consulted by inquisitive damsels as to the colour of their future husbands' hair; they receive no bribes to plant the seeds of love in a saucy maiden's heart, and the despised and rejected lover must plead his cause alone. Let us wish therefore that the true and honest hearted, however awkward in their speech, may never plead in vain—and that every girl who desires a partner through the maze of life may procure one according to her wish.

The admirable poem of "Tam o'Shanter" is the only tale of witchcraft written by Burns. He had more faith in the native witchery of woman than in any foreign power she could call to her aid. He delighted not in the degrading superstitions of the untaught, in the grovelling mysteries of those who neither thought nor reasoned, but took their faith from the prevailing ignorance of the time. The tale was written to illustrate an account of the ruins of Alloway Kirk, a venerable building adjoining the place where the poet spent his youth. The poem was the labour of a single day, written long after he had left the scene which it describes; it was a gift from memory to the chequered enjoyments of his boyhood, flung from his muse with the strength and energy of old acquaintanceship. It embodies the popular belief respecting the fate of those who dare to gaze upon the revels of the Satanic corps; and, in addition to its mixture of the horrible and humorous, it combines the mellifluous poetry of life with the harsher prose of human existence—it shadows forth the gross pleasures of man, and the petulant temper of woman, subliming even these topics by the loftiest reflections on the evanescent enjoyments of the human race.

It was an old Scottish custom, on market days, for the vendors of all commodities (called chapmen) to expose their wares on the public street, for the accommodation of their country customers; bales of cloth and muslins, shoes and hardware, were heaped in loving intermixture in each booth, while its front was gaily adorned with the best specimens of the articles to be had within. It is on the afternoon of such a market day that the tale of Tam o'Shanter commences. The huckster brotherhood begin to leave the street, the business of the day being concluded. The ever dry dram-drinker salutes his companion, while the more sober "take the gate"—take the road home, to enjoy the evening at their own fireside. The jovial marketer, however, has farther business of importance to transact; the cold has to be shaken from his bones, and an interrupted acquaintanceship is about to be renewed. The wife and home are alike forgotten, and the dark and lonesome way, with its dangerous interruptions, laid aside for future reflection.

When chapman billies leave the street,  
And drouty neighbours neebors meet;  
As market days are wearing late,  
And folk begin to take the gate;  
While we sit bousing at the nappy,  
And getting fou [drunk] and unco happy,  
We think na of the lang Scots miles,  
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles  
That lie between us and our hame,  
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,  
Gatherin' her brows like gatherin' storm,  
Nursin' her wrath to keep it warm.

This sulky sullen dame, with a few others, has likely been willing away the afternoon in a neighbour's house; talking of the merits of their respective husbands; this one never said an unkind word to her; that one never had been contradicted; one had never seen her husband the worse of liquor; another was not against him enjoying himself, especially at home; and Kate, much as she has abused her husband to his face, feels herself constrained to add a good word in his favour, declaring that he is the most attentive and docile creature in the world. One by one they are called away by their respective spouses, and Kate is at last compelled to leave, not by the arrival of her own but of each associate's husband, and she retires alone, the only wife among them that has not welcomed home her liege lord. She looks on her vacant fireside, and thinks how her neighbours are enjoying themselves. The cat is driven off a chair with an unkind interjection, and she mutters to herself something about dying and having nobody to care for her. Nine o'clock strikes, and then ten; she has been to the door twice, and would go again but a storm has commenced, and she half-audibly wishes that she may never see him more. The cat has gone to sleep on the hob; the fire gets somewhat low, but she will rather endure the cold than put some coal on it. She recollects that it is only a fortnight since he was out so late, and that a week before that, and a fortnight before that again, he came home in not the most

dignified manner. One neighbour had bought his wife a shawl, and another a new gown, each of the times he was out so late, but he brought her nothing, and she will therefore submit to it no longer; she will leave his house the moment he comes home. Then again she thinks he may have fallen from his horse and been killed, or he may have been waylaid and murdered, and though he is a worthless fellow, "a gude-for-naething ne'er-do-weel," he is still her husband, and the only stay she has in the world. Then the rain comes battering on the window, the wind moans, and a dog barks a cheerless death-howl in the barn yard. Therefore she puts on a good fire, lest some strangers may bring him home, and they might think she was not attentive to him. But—yes, that fearful but—but let him come home alive and well, and she will burst upon him like a fury—he will not stay at market again so late, she will warrant.

This truth fand honest Tam o'Shanter,  
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter  
(Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses  
For honest men and bonny lasses!)

And this truth, no doubt, have many others discovered who have forgot their serious promise to be early home, and who, in the potent pride of practical inspiration, have dared to walk in with an independent strut, as if they were sole master of the domicile.

O! Tam hadst thou but been sae wise  
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice;  
She'd tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,  
A bleatherin', blustering, drunken biellum;  
That frae November till October,  
Ae market-day thou wastna sober,  
That ilka melder wi' the miller  
Thou sat as lang as thou hadst siller;  
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,  
Thou and the smith gart roaring fou on;  
That at the Lord's house e'en on Sunday  
Thou drank wi' Kirtan Jean till Monday.  
She prophesied that, late or soon,  
Thou wad be found deep drowned in Doon,  
Or cast wi' warlocks in the mirk,  
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Now Tam could not have forgotten all this train of his frailties, for it had been told him late and early—had embodied the music of his scolding dame's voice at every meal, and been the accompaniment to every one of his indulgencies—and yet on this, as on every other occasion, he came not home, and the reason is somewhat obvious. Recrimination never improved a man, nor is threatening spleen the best inducement to return to the scene of strife. It is of no use to tell a man that his conduct generates ill-nature, and that the said ill-nature will have vent. Man is as stubborn and headstrong as a mule in the hands of an uncomfortable wife;—it only she, who, all gentleness herself, speaks kindly at all times and seasons, that can command the obedient and attentive conduct of her spouse. The high-toned curtain-lecture may spoil a night's sleep, but it will never induce him to retire more early to that desecrated place of rest.

Ah gentle dames! it gars me greet  
To think how many counsels sweet;  
How many lengthened sage advices  
The husband frae the wife despises.

The irony of these few lines is most acute. We are to suppose an outrageous virago, addressed by the soothing appellation of "gentle dame," and a disagreeable rehearsal of her husband's faults, with a running commentary thereon, as sweet counsel; and because it is despised it makes the poet cry;—him, who cared as little for the lengthened sage advice of a woman who forgot her place as he admired and cherished and dearly loved the kindness and attention of her who was his wife indeed—who excused his faults on account of his better qualities—who dwelt longest on the most pleasant portion of their lives, and never recurred to that which ought to be forgotten;—him, who, while he has sung in the sweetest and most tender strains the priceless value and enduring worth of "rapture-giving woman," has also left a record of his disapprobation of female conduct when departing from its sphere in the following lines:—

Cursed be that man, the poorest wretch in life,  
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife;  
Who has no will but in her high permission;  
Who has no sixpence but in her possession;  
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;  
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell.  
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,  
I'd break her spirit or I'd break her heart;  
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch;  
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse —

There is scarcely a more degrading position in which man—vain, lordly man—can be placed than to be compelled against his will to listen to a despotic female lawgiver. Nay, even though his behaviour be not what it should be, he only adds to the meanness of his character by having his rule of conduct laid down by her whose highest pride it should be to listen to his will, and strive to his pleasure. It is men like these who degrade the high and ennobled attributes of the masculine creation, who drag down to their own mean level the generous efforts of kindly woman, and derange the whole economy of conjugal life. The highest place for woman is to walk by her husband's side—her greatest merit to cling with fondness there. The lowest place for man is to be second at home—his greatest shame that his own conduct has made him so. It is, indeed, too true that when man forgets his dignity, woman neglects her honour.



for both are in his keeping, and both will remain secure only so long as the lord of the creation bears himself as such—not in heartless tyranny, not in prideful sway, but in the discreet assumption of his natural station, his first duty in which is kindness unto gentle woman, for she was sent to make his sojourn on the earth more pleasant by her smile.

But to our tale:—Ae market night  
Tam had got planted unco right,  
Fast by an ingle bleezing finely,  
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;  
And at his elbow Souter Johnny,  
His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronie;  
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither,  
They had been fou for weeks thegither.  
The night dave on wi' sange and clatter,  
And ay the yill was growing better.  
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
Wi' favours secret, sweet and precious;  
The Souter tauld his queerest stories,  
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;  
The storm without might rair and rustle,  
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.  
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
E'en drowned himself among the nappy;  
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure.  
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

Tam was determined to enjoy himself—to have a hearty and jovial carousal with his old companion, and he had taken good care that a certain lady should not be a cause of interruption. He is far from home, and it is impossible for her to introduce an extemporaneous scene, as described in Macneil's exquisite ballad of "Watty and Meg." Watty, a wife-managed husband, somehow or other had contrived to retain a fourpenny piece in his breeches-pocket, unknown to his domestic governess. Instead of coming quietly home at six o'clock from his labour, to hold the child by particular desire, or make himself otherwise generally useful, he dropped in like a spectre to a roadside public-house, and magnanimously resolved to be a man even if it were for that night only. But, unfortunately, he had reckoned without his host, for ere he has been long seated, an inward consternation tells him that a well-known voice is inquiring for him outside, and ere he can depart another way, like a car with a coward tail, the kind and generous partner of his lot bursts in upon him with this kindly greeting:—

O ye drunken beast o' Bethel,  
Drink's your night and day's desire;  
Rise this precious hour, or faith I'll  
Fling the whisky in the fire.  
Watty heard her tongue unhalloved,  
Paid his groat wi' little din;  
Left the house, while Maggie followed,  
Flying [scolding] a' the road behind.\*

Against such interruptions as these Tam was secure. "Souter Johnny,"—[Anglice, "Shoemaker John,"]—was a rare jocund fellow, whose song and story kept the table, and all that it contained, in motion. The reaming swats—the ale with a flowing cream—rich, thick, and substantial to the palate, and generous to the brain, drank divinely. The cronies sought not the expensive liquors of the wealthy; such spiritless potations suited not their stomachs—it required the home-brewed, unmix'd blood of strengthening malt to warm their imaginations—to kindle into its former flame the recollection of their friendship. All the exquisite delights of former meetings rose upon their memory, as each foamy tankard went its downward way, till at length the sparkling love of ancient fellowship merged in a spirituous glow of social brotherhood; they shook each other by the hand so fiercely, and looked so peeringly into each other's faces, that they at length wondered how they should have been so long separated—they, who had been "fou for weeks thegither." The song went round, and every song had a chorus, and uproarious ones they were. The ale, most wonderful of all, grew better instead of worse, and Tam, in the pride of his heated brain, fancied that the landlady had taken a peculiar notion to him. Of course, "as lang as he had sillar," the landlady scorned not to encourage his delusion, while her obsequious mate gave his ready laugh to all that was said and done. His snuff-box, a sheep's horn rimmed with silver, and a pebble on the lid, is in one hand, and a tankard in the other. Tam has just asked him to taste, and he is waiting to see whether it will be necessary to laugh at the Souter's wit, which is something about the next landlord, and he having no reckoning to pay. The storm is enjoying itself outside, alternating its chill sighing moan with its angry howl, telling them, but to no purpose, that it is waiting on their departure, and will be glad to accompany them home. Even "Care," that merciless creditor, who duns all mankind with his unasked visitations, has lost his hold

\* Another scene of this description is alluded to in the song "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen," where the rencontre is thus described:—

"She gat him ance at Willie Sharp's;  
And at what we maist did laugh at,  
She brake the bicker, scait the drink,  
And tightly cuff'd his haffet."

That is, she broke the wooden cap containing the liquor, spilt the precious beverage, and exerted her muscular energies on the temples of him she had promised to love, honour, and obey.

on them, and in a fit of desperation commits suicide in the tasteful liquor. How worthy of a higher occasion are the lines which follow:—

As bees flee hame wi' lades of treasure,  
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure.

It is a pleasant sound, upon the silent hill's rough sunny side, to hear the song of triumph from the laden bee; he went forth a fierce marauder, muttering sourly to himself his hatred to all nature; he sullenly disported among the flowers, drinking with greedy lips the nectar from their bosoms; he becomes intoxicated however, with repeated sippings; even to him the ale is growing better, and he latterly returns at peace with himself and all the world, shouting with stentorian lungs some favourite ditty, and calling on his less elevated associates as he passes along to help him with the chorus; he is, indeed, a drunken man, but he goes home undaunted by no fear of a sulky dame, for he brings a portion of his earnings to the common store. This is the only difference between him and honest Tam; but Tam has forgotten that such a difference exists, and is as independent as social glee can make him. To him, there is neither care nor sorrow upon earth; bright and sunny pictures open up before him; he treads with a conqueror's heel on the animosities of man, he drowns in a flowing cup the wrath of woman, and esteems himself blessed indeed. No ill can reach him—no pain come near; his swimming eyes behold nothing but happiness—his untuned ear is struck with nought but joy.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower—it's bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow-falls in the river,  
A moment white, then melts for ever;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That fit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,  
Evanishing amid the storm.  
Nae man can tether time nor tide—  
The hour approaches—Tam maun ride;  
That hour o' night's black arch the key stane,  
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;  
An' sic a night he taks the road in,  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

There could not be a more apt illustration of the pleasures of our bacchanals than the first the poet has given. Pleasures are spread like poppies. It looks a substantial flower—its deep, dark red colour seems of a lasting hue—its leaves are gaily spread like a venal wanton prodigal of her beauties. It hangs gracefully on its stem; elegance and splendour of dress, depth and richness of colour, luxurious ease, and pleasure even to wantonness, are its characteristics; but put forth your hand and you pluck a worthless flower. The veins of the leaf dry up and shrivel on the instant; the deep hue has already faded, and the gracefully spreading bud becomes shapeless; nothing is left but a strong odour, the effluvia of the intoxicating drug manufactured from the plant, which is only to be compared to the nauseating reminiscences which follow a deep debauch. More tender are the illustrations which follow. It is more than beautiful, it is intellectually and spiritually moral, to witness the graceful fall of the snow-flake, its rapid undulations in the air, and its momentary sparkle on the breast of the darkened water, with which it commingles, and of which it becomes a portion for ever! How different, and yet how equally true is the likeness of pleasure to the gleams of the Northern Lights, those restless streams of light that flood along the sky, illuminating the dark expanse with morning's brilliancy, yet cold and cheerless as the ice from which they are reflected. The pleasures of the carousal must, therefore, have as cold an end. The smile of the landlady accompanies them no farther than the door; the landlord's laugh has already died away. That hour of night's black arch the keystone, twelve o'clock, a dreadfully late hour in the country, has summoned Tam to mount his good grey mare, and the angry storm greets him with a boisterous welcome, as if to bring to his remembrance the tempest which awaited him at home.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last,  
The rattling showers rose on the blast,  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed,  
Loud, deep, and laag the thunder bellowed.

Amidst all which Tam rode homeward, but what befel him by the way must not be told till the next chapter.

### The Evening Cloud.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun:  
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow.  
Long had I watched the glory moving on  
O'er the soft radiance of the lake below.  
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow:  
E'en in its very motion there was rest;  
While every breath of eve, that chanced to blow,  
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.  
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,  
To whose white robe the gleam of light is given;  
And, by the breath of mercy, made to roll  
Right onward to the golden gates of Heaven,  
Where to the eye of Faith its peaceful lies,  
And tells to Man his glorious destinies.

### Automata.

THE following account of the most celebrated automata will be read with interest, and not the less so when it is known that the secret springs which regulate the motions of "Punch and Judah" were the earliest of all mechanical attempts, and that from them have been derived all the wonderful engines which superseded manual labour.

**Drawing and Writing Automata.**—Various pieces of mechanism of wonderful ingenuity have been constructed for the purposes of drawing and writing. One of these, invented by M. Le Droz, the son of the celebrated Droz of Chaux le Fonds, has been described by Mr. Collinson. The figure was the size of life. It held in its hand a metallic style, and when a spring was touched so as to release a detent, the figure immediately began to draw upon a card of Dutch vellum previously laid under its hand. After the drawing was executed on the first card, the figure rested. Other five cards were then put in in succession, and upon these it delineated in the same manner different subjects. On the first card it drew 'elegant portraits and likenesses of the king and queen facing each other,' and Mr. Collinson remarks that it was curious to observe with what precision the figure lifted up its pencil in its transition from one point of the drawing to another without making the slightest mistake.

**Maillardet's conjurer.**—M. Maillardet has executed an automaton which both writes and draws. The figure of a boy kneeling on one knee holds a pencil in his hand. When the figure begins to work, an attendant dips the pencil in ink, and adjusts the drawing-paper upon a brass tablet. Upon touching a spring, the figure proceeds to write, and when the line is finished its hand returns to dot and stroke the letters when necessary. In this manner it executes four beautiful pieces of writing in French and English, and three landscapes, all of which occupy about one hour. One of the most popular pieces of mechanism we have seen is the magician constructed by M. Maillardet for the purpose of answering certain given questions. A figure, dressed like a magician, appears seated at the bottom of a wall, holding a wand in one hand, and a book in the other. A number of questions ready prepared are inscribed on oval medallions, and the spectator takes any of these which he chooses, and to which he wishes an answer, and having placed it in a drawer ready to receive it, the drawer shuts with a spring till the answer is returned. The magician then rises from his seat, bows his head, describes circles with his wand, and consulting the book as if in deep thought, he lifts it towards his face. Having thus appeared to ponder over the proposed question, he raises his wand, and striking with it the wall above his head, two folding-doors fly open, and display an appropriate answer to the question. The doors again close, the magician resumes his original position, and the drawer opens to return the medallion. There are twenty of these medallions, all containing different questions, to which the magician returns the most suitable and striking answers. The medallions are thin plates of brass of an elliptical form, exactly resembling each other. Some of the medallions have a question inscribed on each side, both of which the magician answers in succession. If the drawer is shut without a medallion being put into it, the magician rises, consults his book, shakes his head, and resumes his seat. The folding-doors remain shut, and the drawer is returned empty. If two medallions are put into the drawer together, an answer is returned only to the lower one. When the machinery is wound up, the movements continue about an hour, during which time about fifty questions may be answered. The inventor stated that the means by which the different medallions acted upon the machinery, so as to produce the proper answers to the questions which they contained, were extremely simple. The same artist has constructed various other automata, representing insects and other animals. One of these was a spider entirely made of steel, which exhibited all the movements of the animal. It ran on the surface of a table during three minutes, and, to prevent it from running off, its course always tended towards the centre of the table. He constructed likewise a caterpillar, a lizard, a mouse, and a serpent. The serpent crawls about in every direction, opens its mouth, hisses, and darts out its tongue.

**Benefits derived from the Passion for Automata.**—Ingenuous and beautiful as all these pieces of mechanism are, and surprising as their effects appear even to scientific spectators, the principal object of their inventors was to astonish and amuse the public. We should form an erroneous judgment, however, if we supposed that this was the only result of the ingenuity which they displayed. The passion for automatic exhibitions which characterised the 18th century, gave rise to the most ingenious mechanical devices, and introduced among the higher orders of artists habits of nice and accurate execution in the formation of the most delicate pieces of machinery. The same combination of the mechanical powers which made the spider crawl, or which waved the tiny rod of the magician, contributed, in future years, to purposes of higher import. Those wheels and pinions, which almost eluded our senses by their minuteness, re-appeared in the stupendous mechanism of our spinning-machines and our steam-engines. The elements of the tumbling puppet were revived in the chronometer, which now conducts navies through the ocean; and the shapeless wheel which directed the hand of the drawing automaton, has served in the present age to guide the movements of the tannour engine. Those mechanical wonders which in one century enriched only the conjurer who used them, contributed in another to augment the wealth of the nation; and those automatic toys which once amused the vulgar, are now employed in extending the power and promoting the civilisation of our species. In whatever way, indeed, the power of genius may invent or combine, and to whatever low or even ludicrous purposes that invention or combination may be originally applied, society receives a gift which it can never lose; and though the value of the seed may not be at once recognised, and though it may lie long unproductive in the ungenial till of human knowledge, it will, some time or other, evolve its germ, and yield to mankind its natural and abundant harvest.



### To the Unforgotten.

WHEN my wild youth was in its prime,  
Ere this dark world had stained my soul,  
When golden hopes and dreams sublime  
For ever o'er my fancy stole,  
Then glorious visions came of one,  
With lip of love and heart of truth,  
And since, through woe and bliss, alone  
I've worshipp'd this bright dream of youth.

I made a vision'd paradise,  
Where I would rove with one like thee,  
Ere the bright day-star's golden rise,  
Till night's dark pall hung o'er the sea.  
An angel with an eye of pride,  
Bright flashing with a spirit high,  
Hast words to gentle tones allied,  
And music from her own pure sky!

'Twas but a dream—yet still the form  
Lived in my heart—walked by my side—  
And still I deemed some seraph warm  
Had left her crowning sphere of pride  
To bless my visions!—but I woke  
With aching heart and burning brow;  
The shadow fled!—my altar broke;  
Another hath my idol now.

Yes! all I've ever dreamt or felt,  
Or hoped or wished of soul's delight,  
For whom at morn I've praying knelt,  
For whom I've sighed and wept at night;  
For whom I've sought mid clouds of care,  
O'er earth and ocean tempest toss'd;  
Whose image blest me mid despair,  
Is now another's—to me lost.

Why should I speak of this to thee?  
Why talk of dreams and visions past?  
Why prate of present misery?—  
It is the first time and the last.  
Yet could I bare my heart and show  
Its every pulse thro' wild for thee,  
Though love thou may'st not give, I know  
Thou canst not cease to think of me.

### Wood Pavement.

THE substitution of wood for stone, as a pavement for streets, appears to be now so generally desired by the resident householders and shopkeepers of the principal thoroughfares of London, that a few observations on an ingenious plan, which has but recently been brought before the public, may prove interesting to our readers.

The plan we allude to is the invention of Mr. Benjamin Rankin; and the manufacture of the pavement is carried on by Messrs. Esdailes and Margrave, at their saw-mills in the City-road; the latter firm being also proprietors of the patent, or rather licences, for the metropolitan districts.

The grand advantage possessed by this new wood pavement over any other yet laid down, is the secure foothold for the horse which it unquestionably provides; this primary quality being an inevitable consequence of its peculiar mechanical construction. That the nature of this construction may be fully understood we have introduced some diagrams, as well of the individual parts of the pavement, as of its general appearance when finished and laid down.

The blocks of which Mr. Rankin's pavement is composed are all cut from one length of timber, each side of which is four inches across. There are two classes of blocks: one set is used for the foundation of the pavement, and the other for its surface, the latter only being subject to wear and tear, as the under tier of blocks can never by any chance be brought into contact with what passes over the surface. Before being cut into blocks, each length of timber is grooved and tongued, and both the upper and lower blocks are cut from the same piece. An examination of the subjoined drawings will fully explain the way in which these various operations are conducted.

Fig. 1.



Figure 1 represents the piece of timber after it has been grooved, the shaded part describing the grooves. Figure 2 represents the same piece of timber after it has been tongued, the white parts indicating the situation of the tongues. The grooves are made on one side, and the tongues on the side immediately opposite; both operations being conducted with great rapidity by steam machinery at the saw mills. The other two sides of the piece of timber are plain. The length thus prepared is ready to be cut into blocks, a process which is also rapidly effected by the saw, and the previous arrangement of which will best be understood by an examination of the

Fig. 2.

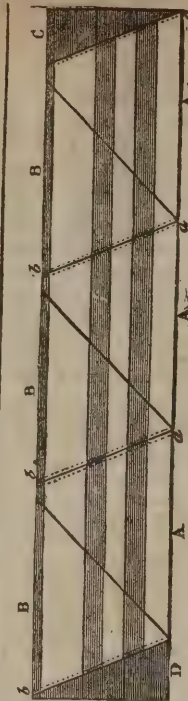
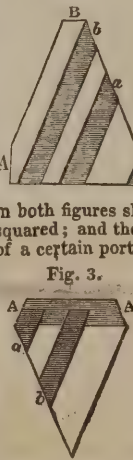


Fig. 3.



annexed diagram. A small piece is first removed from each end of the length. These two pieces are cut to waste, but this is the only waste that takes place; and whether the piece of timber be a short or long one, there is exactly the same waste in both. If short lengths are used, the waste will become an item of consideration in the calculation of prime cost; if long lengths are introduced, it will hardly be worth any consideration. The two shaded parts in the figure, c and d, indicate the shape of the pieces cut to waste.

It will be observed that there are six blocks sectionally described in the engraving, the intersecting marks indicating the direction of the saw. Of these six blocks, three belong to the upper set, and three to the under. These are separately known as key blocks and base blocks, the key blocks forming the surface of the pavement. Those particularised as A A A are base blocks; the others B B B are key blocks. The dotted lines between a and b point out the bases of the lower tier of blocks, which are placed upon the ground; also the bases of the upper set, which are placed upon the lower blocks contrarily to their position, the wedge part of the upper blocks being

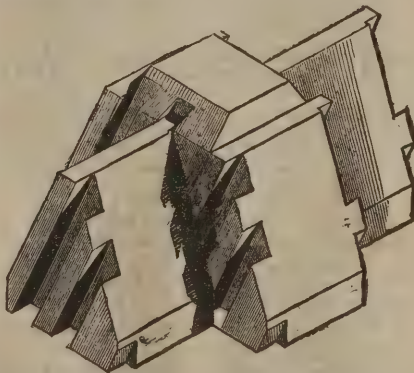
directed downward, and their bases forming the surface of the pavement. After the blocks are thus cut from the length of timber, some further operations are necessary to prepare them for pavement. In the case of the base blocks, and for a reason we shall presently explain, three of its edges are chamfered or squared. In order that the nature and extent of that chamfering may be seen, we here

introduce two diagrams of a base block. Fig. 1 presents the grooved side, a and b describing the grooves; and Fig. 2 the tongued side, a and b A indicating the tongues. The letters A A A in both figures show where and how the blocks have been squared; and the letter B in each, points out the removal of a certain portion of the apex.

In like manner the annexed engravings of the upper block exhibit its shape when finished. Figure 3 is its grooved side, a and b being the grooves; and in Fig. 4, a indicates the position of the tongue. It will be observed, that no portion of the extreme end of this block has been removed, but that the base (forming the surface of the pavement as before stated) has been chamfered to some extent, and at a certain angle. We invite particular attention to this chamfering, because the secure foothold for the horse depends altogether upon it. The letters A A in each block describe the extent and position of the chamfer.

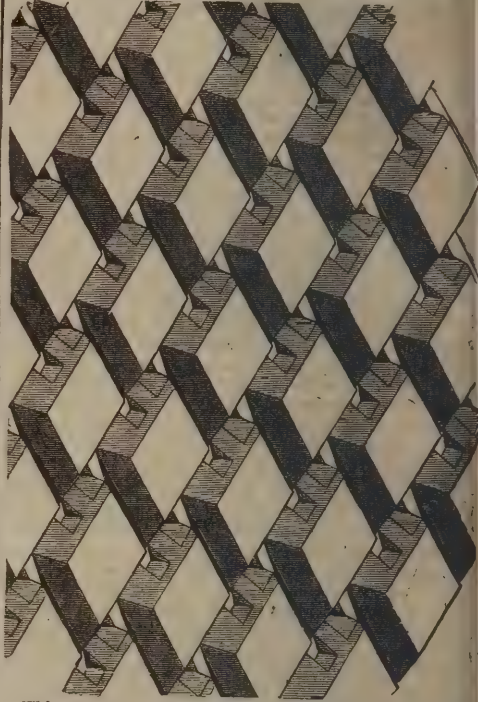
Every block of both sets is, therefore, identically alike; and the tonguing and grooving we have explained, permit of their being locked together in such a way, that although the pavement may be easily taken to pieces, and relaid as often as occasion may require, the same blocks serving; when once properly laid down, it is immovable, no matter whether the foundation beneath be good or bad.

The way in which the separate blocks are put together, is explained in the following representation of five blocks interlocked.



As the piece of timber from which the blocks are cut is grooved on one side, and tongued on the side opposite, it follows, as a matter of fact, that every block of both sets must also have the grooves on one of its sides, and tongues on the other. The position of grooves and tongues we have already shown in the preceding illustrations. The

tongue of one block fits into the groove of another in such a way that when joined together the second stands in advance of the first half its width. By uniting a third block to the first, on the side opposite to that where the second is placed, a like result is produced; and by adding a fourth between the second and third, it will be found that a wedge-shaped hollow exists in the surface of the blocks, although the base is uniform. Into this hollow a upper or key block is driven, its tongue and grooves corresponding with those of the base blocks. By this process it becomes firmly united with each of the four lower blocks, the whole of which it also binds together by its interlocking parts already mentioned. The diagram in the preceding column, represents five blocks so united; and every part of the pavement is constructed exactly in the same way, the general appearance of which, when laid down, is well represented in the annexed drawing, which is looked at from the column-rule.



This pavement possesses many valuable qualities. Its mechanical construction secures durability, and a firm and unchanging position, solely in consequence of the arrangement of its individual parts. If examined in detail, it will be found that no sinking can possibly take place, even if the foundation beneath it should altogether give way, because the principle of the arch has been adhered to in its design. Let a treble row of the base blocks be interlocked between two abutments, such as the kerbs of a street, their chamfered sides being placed together, as they are in fact; and afterwards let the upper blocks be driven home into their proper places. This done, whatever foundation was used to construct it upon, may be entirely removed without interfering with the pavement, the surface of which will remain as unbroken as before; nor will any weight passing over it have power to disarrange its parts. In fact, pressure does but consolidate the mass, a proof of which may be seen at the Royal Polytechnic Institution, where an experimental piece is laid down without any foundation at all; nevertheless, it is immovable. Durability, a primary recommendation in the case of a wood pavement, is the result of that arrangement of the blocks, which first of all secures the fibre of the wood being placed nearly perpendicular, the best position for strength and resistance, and afterwards permits repairs to be conducted by the removal and replacement of the upper blocks solely, the under ones never needing any repair, because no part of the foundation or supporting tier can ever come into contact with wheels or the feet of horses, the upper blocks alone constituting the surface. The saving of expense by this plan must be extensive.

The removal of part of the pavement for the purpose of admitting gas or water pipes underneath is effected without any other charge than that for labour, because all that is wanted is a small lever with which to lift up one or two of the key blocks; the rest may be taken to pieces by the hand. The replacement is managed with equal facility; the blocks are returned to their original places, and the pavement completed again with a hammer; and, however insecure or unsound the ground which was disturbed may have been left by the workmen, the surface of the pavement will remain unaffected for the reason we have just stated.

A wood pavement which unites durability, unchangeableness of position, and great facility of laying down and taking up, with the provision of a secure foothold for the horse, is entitled to serious consideration on the part of all those who are interested in its introduction. The advantages of wood over stone are manifest, if slipperiness can be obviated. Mr. Rankin's pavement does obviate slipperiness; effectually too; and the means by which this grand end is secured, instead of involving a sacrifice of some or any of the other necessary qualities in a pavement of wood, are absolutely those which create them. Let this be remembered.

The Corporation of London will, we understand, shortly make trial of this new wood pavement in a locality and upon a scale which shall leave no doubt as to the result of the experiment. This is the right way to do the thing. Experience is the only real index in matters of this kind; but that it will add the weight of its testimony in favour of the plan we have no doubt whatever. Government ought to permit this experiment to be made with duty-free timber.



## Christmas-day in St. Peter's.

IN the admirable Letters from Italy, by Miss Catharine Taylor, there are a great variety of graphic descriptions, well-arranged anecdotes, and apt reflections, connected with the buildings and scenes in Rome and other Italian cities. Her account of the High Festival at St. Peter's, in celebration of the nativity, affords a fair estimate of the varied powers of writing possessed by the fair authoress.

"We were in St. Peter's yesterday before eight o'clock, and were I think the first party that arrived. Congratulating ourselves on our good fortune in having the choice of places, we took our station on the raised seats appropriated to the ladies near the high altar, which was separated from the rest of the church by a high screen covered with crimson cloth. Two thrones were erected within this inclosure for the Pope; one opposite to the altar, raised on steps, the other at the side. Around were the seats destined for the cardinals, foreign princes, and ambassadors. We had just time to see all this, when a body of Swiss Guards, in their harlequin dresses of red, yellow, and black, came towards the spot where we were sitting, and we were speedily made to understand, by gesture more than speech (for these Guards know scarcely a word of Italian), that we must quit our comfortable places. We obeyed reluctantly, and were thinking very disconsolately on the possibility of standing two hours in a crowd of ladies now assembled round the entrance to the inclosure, when our servant came to tell us that he had spoken to a sacristan, who had promised to admit us into one of the small galleries, of which there are four beneath the dome. Nothing could be better than this situation; here we were quietly seated, without any bustle, looking down on the expecting crowd of ladies, who were not admitted to their places until long afterwards. Permission being once granted them to enter, in they rushed, each one struggling and pushing her way, in no very ladylike manner; the guard, in vain attempting to moderate their eagerness, was completely overpowered by them. I felt ashamed, for they were most of them, our countrywomen.

We had still an hour and a half to wait; but there was so much to amuse and interest us in the novel scene, that time flew without our knowing it. Every moment offered something new and strange. Now a cardinal, with his long train of servants, crossed the aisle in his bright scarlet robes—or returned, having exchanged them for a more sumptuous dress of white satin and gold. Now an ambassador, with his suit, was ushered through the crowd with all imaginable pomp. Here a priest, returning from a side altar, appeared from one of the arches, bearing the Host in his hand—there, a group of peasants in their bright festal garments, or a solitary friar pacing slowly along the aisle. In a confessional opposite to us sat a Dominican friar, listening amidst all this gorgeous array to the tale of penitence which a woman was pouring into his ear. Presently the Guarda Nobile arrived; this is the body-guard of his Holiness, and consists of the sons of noble Roman families; their dress is splendid,—scarlet and silver, with graceful plumes of drooping feathers. They took their station near the altar, at the top of the avenue of soldiers, which now reached to the great western door.

At ten o'clock the cannon of Sant' Angelo announced the approach of the procession: the wide portals were thrown open, and from the far end of the noble aisle we saw it slowly advancing, at first like a moving mass of satin and feathers. By degrees, however, we discerned the figures of which it was composed: first came attendants, bearing on crimson velvet cushions the various Papal mitres and tiaras, the gold staff and cross, and the insignia of the temporal power of the Pope. Bishops and cardinals followed, each with his train of priests and servants. Two men next appeared, with large fans of white peacocks' feathers, immediately preceding the Santo Padre; these fans are carried before the Pope, and the eyes on the feathers are considered emblematical of those of the whole human race, which are directed to him as the vicergerent of God on earth. His Holiness was seated in a chair of crimson and gold, borne on the shoulders of twelve men in sumptuous liveries; over his head floated a canopy of white satin, supported on lances carried by the Palferieri, as the persons selected for this office are called. He was dressed in magnificent robes of white satin embroidered with gold, and on his head was the triple crown: bestowing his benediction on the people, by making the sign of the cross in the air, he passed on to the high altar, where, descending from his aerial throne, he knelt for a minute at a splendid Prie-Dieu, and was then conducted to his chair of state. At this moment the mass began, the choristers chanting a glorious Kyrie Eleison. The cardinals each knelt in turn before the footstool of the Pope, and kissed his hand; the bishops followed, and kneeling pressed their lips to his knee, while all their attendant priests saluted the cross embroidered on his slipper. Each, as he retired, bowed first to the Pope, as the representative of God on earth, and then to the right and left, as to the Son and Holy Ghost. Then the cardinals, receiving from the priests at the altar various parts of the Pope's dress, proceeded to divest him of his original robes. Ten were employed in this ceremony, who, stripping him of all his gay attire, left him sitting in a plain dress of white linen. I could not help smiling to see the grave old cardinals acting the part of valets, as they now unrobed, and again dressed up, their master like a puppet in satin and gold. At length the weighty task was accomplished, and the Mass proceeded.

I cannot follow the Mass through all the accompanying genuflections, the walking to and from the altar, the crowning and uncrowning of the Pope. Wearing out at last, I sat with my eyes closed, listening to the beautiful music; there was no organ, but the voices were rich and melodious, as they poured forth strains of delicious harmony. At last the Pope arose, and supported by two cardinals approached the altar; clouds of incense ascended from the fuming censers as he elevated the Host. That was a moment never to be forgotten: the whole multitude was prostrate, every head was bent in adoration; the arms of the soldiers fell to the ground with a clanging sound,

and a deathlike silence followed. I scarcely dared to breathe; when from the far end of the long aisle the full and silvery notes of a trumpet stole upon my ear like sounds from heaven. Amidst assembled thousands the Pope alone was standing; three times he raised the cup, while a stream of glowing sunshine, falling on his uncovered head, seemed to light up the altar: then he replaced the chalice; the people rose, and loud hosannas resounded through the mighty dome. There was a power in the scene at that moment which even my heretic heart acknowledged; I forgot the weak emblem which was the object of adoration, and my thoughts rose to Him who is the sole fountain of light, and life, and all things."

## The Zoology of July.

"From bright'ning fields of ether fair disclosed,  
Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes;  
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth;  
He comes, attended by the sultry hours  
And ever-fanning breezes on his way."—Thomson.

JULY is generally the warmest month in the year. Rain usually falls about the middle of the month, and continues for some time, thus inducing many old ladies and gentlemen to respect the popular superstition concerning Saint Swithin christening the apples ere they arrive at their future state of dumplings. They say that, if it rains on the fourteenth day, the pluvial powers will play to the tune of "Long to reign over us" for forty days, for "the rain it raineth every day." But what has all this to do with the Zoology of July?—some one asks. Why, equally as much to do with it as "malt has to do with beer." Were it not for the effects produced by heat and rain many things which animals do at this season would not be done by them, and several pleasures as well as inconveniences which they experience would not be felt at all. In noticing what now takes place among animals we shall proceed systematically, beginning with civilised man, a species distinguished from all others by his habit of wearing a shirt.

It is in this month, then, that man begins to suffer from the heat, and accordingly he acquires, in the course of nature, a lighter coat, and frequently it is the case that a pair of white ducks form an attachment to his legs, an ornithological mystery very well known to the students of *Taylor's Classics*. Gentlemen's black hats change to white in this month, and the gentle delicate hands of the policemen obtain snow white integuments, vulgarly called gloves. In this month fluids evaporate so provokingly quick that our poor bodies are all a-thirst, and the tee-totalers, gin-drinkers, wine-bibbers, and other savage tribes, do nothing but drink from morning till night. We, more enlightened and temperate, adopt the advice given in Shaw's Memoirs, that is to say, we take a quantity of very fresh butter with our bread at breakfast, as the best thing to prevent the occurrence of thirst during the hotter part of the day; we drink as little as possible of anything, and do not yield to the first sensation of thirst, and avoid drinking water as we would castor oil.

Cows, during the intense heat, enter pools to cool themselves, and also to escape from the attack of bot-flies and other annoying insects. Pigs and foxes also do the same. The common squirrel loses the furry tufts, or brushes, on its ears, and acquires its summer dress, which is much coarser and more uniformly red than that of winter.

The grampus, *Phocæna orca*, according to Dr. Fleming, goes nearly as far up the Frith of Tay as the salt water reaches, almost every tide at flood, during this month and August, in pursuit of salmon, of which it devours great numbers. This cetacean has been regarded not only as the most formidable enemy of the larger whales, attacking them in numerous bands with the utmost fury, and worrying them even to death; but it has been accused of pursuing the common whale, and harassing this huge creature till, in its terrors and agony, it opens its mouth, when the fell grampus seizes its tongue, and devours that precious morsel. Professor Bell remarks that "the truth appears to be, as far as creditable testimony can be obtained, that the grampus is extremely voracious, following the shoals of various species of fish, and devouring great numbers of them; and from its great size, and the astonishing rapidity of its course, pursuing and preying even upon the smallest cetaceans,—for John Hunter found a portion of a porpoise in the stomach of one which he examined. Grampus associate at times in small companies of six or eight, but are less gregarious than most other dolphins."

The titlark and the duncock cease to sing about the middle of the month; and the blackbird, blackcap, babillard, and grasshopper-warbler cease about the end of the month. Most of the skylarks, song-thrushes, and nightingales, redbreasts, garden-warblers, linnets, green-finches, and goldfinches, also become silent in the course of this month; and those few individuals of these species which continue to sing are such as are late in moulting. All their earlier broods, however, begin to warble softly, or to record, as the bird-catchers term it; and continue to do so even during their moulting, if their health be unaffected at that time. Woodlarks and yellow-hammers are still singing; and the golden-crested wren, the house-martin, the bittern, the quail, and the stone-curvelet utter their peculiar notes. White, or barn owls, sparrow-hawks, flushers, goldfinches, and reed warblers (*Salicaria arundinacea*) hatch their young. The first of these, the barn owl, hatches them towards the end of the month. She has also been known to have young ones in September, and even so late as December. This appears to be owing to the fact that she sometimes begins to sit upon only two eggs, and then, after having hatched these, laying two more, and then laying again after hatching these, instead of sitting on the whole lot, from three to five, at once. Eggs and young birds are, therefore, frequently found together in her nest. Mr. Blyth records the rather singular fact of one individual being observed to lay her eggs at three separate periods, till at last her nest contained six young ones of different ages, and all of which were reared. They remain in the nest a long time, and are covered at first with a thick white down, and assume very slowly their first set of feathers, which they do not moult until the second autumn.

Gilbert White observed that this species brought a mouse to the young nestlings about every five minutes, beginning at sunset; and this fact alone should plead in favour of so useful a bird. The young reed-warblers leave their nest very soon after they are hatched, hanging and climbing with perfect security among the reeds by their very sharp claws. Young swifts leave their nests about the middle or latter end of the month. The common whitethroat and its young ones frequent gardens to feed upon the smaller fruits and berries, as well as upon soft insects. The chaffinch (*Trochilus rufa*) haunts cherry orchards and gardens, and eats the fruit; starlings congregate during this and next month, and loiter about sheep pastures in search of worms and insects; and hundreds of wheatears, in daily succession, visit the extensive downs between Eastbourne and Beechy-head, more particularly from the end of this month to the middle of September. The black-headed gull begins to moult. Adult cuckoos migrate from the country towards the end of this month, or the beginning of next.

Shoals of small young coal-whiting appear on the Yorkshire coast at the beginning of the month, and shoals of pilchards appear on the Cornish coast at about the middle. The bonito, or striped-bellied tunney, is sometimes, but very rarely, found on that coast in July. The black bream becomes most abundant on the Kentish, Sussex, and Cornish coasts during this and next month. Young coal-fish also appear on the Cornish coast. Bleak become numerous in the Severn, near Gloucester.

Whitebait appear in immense numbers in the Thames, about Blackwall and Greenwich. The thornback (*Raja clavata*) brings forth its young; and about the second week in the month, the Twaite shad (*Alosa finta*) deposits its spawn in the Thames "when," according to that excellent authority, Mr. Yarrell, "numbers may be seen and heard frisking at or near the surface. In the language of fishermen, the shad are said to thrash the water with their tails—they appear to disencumber themselves of the natural roe by violent muscular action; and on a calm still evening or night the noise they make may be heard at some distance." Having spawned in the freshwater, this species returns to the sea by the end of the month. Herrings are in full roe, and continue to be so until the winter. The fry of the *Hemiramphus Europæus* appears in the harbour of Polperro, Cornwall.

The trout, the chub, and the grayling are now seen to dart at insects flying over the water.

The toad and the edible frog (*Rana esculenta*) lie in wait at the side of ponds to catch insects.

The fresh-looking specimens of the *brimstone-butterfly*, which are seen in this month, are supposed to be the first brood; and those which are observed in the earlier months are such as have survived the winter. That beautiful little butterfly, the *Polyommatus Artaxerxes*, may be found in some localities, and the best time to capture specimens is early in the morning, when they are found resting on the culms of the grass. The lead-boring beetle (*Cerambyx bájulus*) does much damage now by boring through the lead-work on house-tops to make its exit through the roof. Mr. J. H. Fennell noticed that this beetle, when held by the body, rubs its head and thorax together, and so, like the wasp-beetle (*Clytus arietis*), produces a noise similar to that of a barking-toy, and loud enough to be heard from one end to the other of a large room. A species of scale-insect (*Coccus*), whose eggs are of a beautiful pink, and enveloped in a mass of brown cotton-like web, now commits great ravages on currant bushes, hawthorns, &c. The golden-tailed moth and the brown-tailed moth deposit their eggs in this and the next month. To protect her eggs from the summer heat the female of either species covers them over with down which she pulls off the extremity of her abdomen. The wheat-fly now deposits her eggs in the glumes of the florets of wheat. The grub of the grey dock weevil constructs its reticulated and globular cocoon on the seed-spikes of docks. The caterpillars of various moths and butterflies may be found. Great quantities of living specimens of the mollusk, called *bulthorns* (*Ianthus fragilis*), and of another species (*I. erigua*) are now and then driven by the waves of the sea and a south-west wind into the small coves about the Land's End, Cornwall.

Much more might be said on animals in this month, but the above remarks will suffice to show that there are numerous interesting objects and phenomena just now to engage the attention of any one who wishes to extend his acquaintance with the natural history of our island.

## Coral.

THE notions which are commonly entertained on the subject of zoophytes, and their mode of organisation and growth, are extremely inaccurate and erroneous. Persons speak of coral insects building their cells, as if these erections were constructed in the same manner as the bee erects her edifice of wax, constituting places of abode in the animal itself. The fact is, that the substance usually termed the coral is the support of the fleshy or gelatinous substance which constitutes the animal portion, affording pores in which the polypi reside, and from which they protrude for the purpose of obtaining food by preying on the animalculæ existing in the waters. The coral is in fact the skeleton of the creature, fulfilling the same office as the bones of our own frame, secreted and formed in the same manner; varied in form, and, in the case of the stony corals, from the same elementary substance—lime. Occasionally the axis or support is of the nature of wood, occasionally of horn, resembling the nails in the human frame; while the form is alike diversified, and is flexible, bending, jointed, or articulated. The essential conditions, however, remain in all instances the same; and we universally observe a skeleton or solid support, and a fleshy or jelly-like covering, the abode of polypi and small worms. The smaller and less important varieties abound in the British ocean and other seas of Europe; becoming more frequent and abundant in the Mediterranean, and increasing in proportion as we approach towards the south. The large stony corals are chiefly restricted to the vicinity of the equator, and within thirty degrees north and south of the line they exist in such numbers and extent, as to modify, to a very considerable



degree, the physical geography of those regions. The history of their operations is briefly this:—The animal substance, after a due period of existence, dies and passes away, but leaves its stony base or skeleton behind. During life, however, it gives birth to creatures of like nature with itself, which, accumulating on the stony mass, leave behind in turn their calcareous skeleton; and the process goes on until, by successive accumulations of this nature, coral reefs are formed, which, rising above the water, constitute new islands and fresh abodes for the use of man. Some of the largest islands in the Southern Pacific Ocean are no more than coral reefs; and so extensive and incessant are the operations of this apparently trivial creature, as to constitute one of the most powerful agencies in the circle of geological phenomena. The investigation into the early formations show that creatures of the same class have been in active operation from the earliest periods of the physical history of our earth; and we find that the hills of Devon and the mountains of Derbyshire are, for the most part, only fossil reefs of coral—the operation of animalculæ similar to those now employed in constructing the reefs and islands of the southern hemisphere, and in modifying the geography of those regions, as they have already changed that of our own island.—*British Queen.*

### Scenes and Sketches of Military Life.

PATRICK O'NEIL—THE IRISH GRENADEER.

THE PROVOST MARSHAL—REASON AND INSTINCT—THE SIXTH FLOGGING.

WITH the exception of a little "scrimmage," as he called it, with the Provost Marshal, O'Neil had no other affair worthy of notice in this impartial detail while the troops remained in Portugal. The "scrimmage," trifling as he deemed it, was nearly bringing him once more within the embraces of the triangles.

Some readers, perhaps, may wish to know what the duties of a Provost Marshal are. He is the police general of the camp and quarters while troops are on foreign service; he is the chief constable of the army; the commissioned Jack Ketch of the division. If any of the men are found straying beyond a certain distance from the quarters, or encampment, or caught disorderly in the vicinity, it is his business to inflict summary chastisement on the offender, and return him to his regiment. He is constantly prowling about, with a guard in attendance, to seize on those who may be found transgressing; and if a criminal is to suffer capital punishment he has the arranging of the scene, and the carrying of the sentence (if it is hanging) into execution, if he cannot find any one to act under him.

The man who filled this very important situation in Portugal had been a drum-major in either the 10th or 11th Regiment of Foot, and obtained the post and a commission in Gibraltar when those regiments were ordered to join the expedition at Lisbon.

There was a narrow lonely lane that ran round the rear of the barracks, where a sentinel was posted to prevent the men from scaling the wall, and getting into the town at night. This was O'Neil's post one day. Near the sentry box was a wretched looking cabin, over the door of which a bush was displayed by way of invitation to thirsty mortals, and answering all the purposes of the red, white, yellow, and black lions over the doors of our alehouses. The Provost Marshal, in riding past the end of the lane, unattended by his usual guard, looked down and saw the post deserted. He pulled up, and kept watch with much attention, and in the course of a few moments he saw a large grenadier cap peer out from the door, and quickly disappear again. He did not stir; in a minute or two the hairy cap was again protruded and rapidly drawn back; then the bare head of an old hag peered forth, took a glance and disappeared. He stood still, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing O'Neil step out, shoulder his musket, and walk up and down in front of his sentry-box with the greatest gravity, and the most soldier-like regularity. He now rode up—

"What's your name, sir?" said he, addressing O'Neil.

"What's that to you?" said O'Neil, gruffly.

"Why have you left your post to go into a wine-house?" he demanded.

"It's agin orders for a man to hold discourse while on sentry," said O'Neil. "Go about your business, or you may get me into trouble."

"Why, I again ask you, sir, have you left your post to go into that wine-house?" he demanded, his choleric rising at the impudent coolness of O'Neil.

"You're a liar," said Pat with the greatest effrontery; "I was in no wine-house."

"Do you call me a liar, sir?" he shouted, almost choked with rage.

"Aye, indeed," said O'Neil, "a most impudent lying fellow; and only I think you're a little the worse for liquor, I might lose my temper with you; but it's useless getting vexed with a man so far gone as you seem to be, so go away like a decent gentleman."

"Do you know who you're talking to? Do you know who I am, you scoundrel?" he again shouted, rising a foot from the saddle with wrath extreme.

"Did you come to annoy me in my duty, with your drunken capers?" demanded Pat in his turn, and eyeing the Provost Marshal with the most provoking calmness. "If you did, I tell you, as a friend, not to carry it too far, or you'll find yourself in the wrong box."

"Do you know who I am, you scamp?" he again asked with an oath and a roar. "I will have the flesh cut from your bones—I will you rascal. Do you know

me, sir?" with a double emphasis on the word me—all the dignity and terror of his office concentrated to give it effect.

"Know you!" said Pat, scrutinizing him with a scornful glance from head to foot—beginning with the stirrup leather and slowly going up to the top of his hat. "Know you! now how should you and I ever become acquainted? No, no; I keep good company. Evil communication, you know, my little gentleman. Yet now that I take a closer squint at you, I think I have seen you before—that is, you were pointed out to me at a distance—are you not the chap that hung a man at Thomas once?"

"You ruffian, I will have you flayed alive," he foamed out, his face bursting almost with passion. "I'll report you this instant—I'll have you shot, you dog—I'll have you hanged, you scoundrel—I'll hang you myself—I'll—I'll—" and unable to utter another word he turned round his horse to ride off, but Pat seized the bridle and wheeled the horse back again. "Easy, easy, my gay little chap," he said, "Pon my soul, as I told you, you're carrying the joke too far, and if you came here to amuse yourself, abusing a decent man and good soldier, upon his post, too, I'll just keep you here awhile to amuse me now. Come down, my little man—come down off your little horse—come down quietly, or I'll lift you off with the bayonet. You're such pleasant company entirely, that I must keep you until the relief comes round."

The Provost Marshal stormed, and swore, and threatened, but it was of no use. Pat dragged him off his horse, and chucked him into the sentry-box.

"Now, not another word out of your head," said he, as he fastened the bridle to a nail; "be just as mute as a mouse with that dirty tongue of yours, or I'll skewer it to the sentry-box with this bit of steel; and if you attempt to run away, it's little I'd think of sending a leaden messenger after you, that would put an end to your race for ever. You're as safe as if the old gentleman below had you by the hair of the head, until the corporal takes you in charge."

O'Neil held him prisoner until the corporal came round with the relief; he then delivered him, with a long and serious charge about how he came up drunk, and began abusing him "without rhyme or reason," and how he made sundry attempts to ride him down, &c.; "but I let him know," added Pat, "that if he didn't know his duty, I knew mine. O, Lord! but he was mighty tidy when he came up, but he's a good deal better now, though not quite sober yet."

As soon as they came to the barracks the colonel was made acquainted with the affair, and he sent for both to the orderly-room. The Provost Marshal, burning with shame and rage, told his story with a rapid voice and violent gesture. O'Neil, with the greatest coolness, made his charge, insisting that the tale of the Provost Marshal was all a revengeful invention, in order to escape degradation; and have him punished for spite, "and all for only doing his duty." The people of the little wine-house were sent for, and interrogated—but they knew nothing of the affair, only that they heard a noise, and on looking out saw the official in a great passion, and the soldado in no passion at all; and then that they saw the soldado put the official into the sentry-box as a prisoner—they knew no more. On being asked was the soldier in their house during his two hours on duty, they shrugged their shoulders and shook their heads, and unanimously answered "noa, noa." Did they give him anything to drink during the day?

"Noa, noa natha," (No, nothing.)

"And a very good reason, too," said O'Neil; "I had no money to pay for it."

O'Neil's story was quite as good as that of the Provost Marshal, both being unsupported by evidence; the officer was Pat's prisoner, and his charge should be first taken into consideration, and he was ready at any moment to swear to the truth of what he asserted. Nothing could be done; the official could make nothing of the affair, as he took the wrong method of proceeding, for instead of coming into personal collision with O'Neil, he should have gone directly and reported him; while O'Neil from the first saw his advantage, and was determined to seize on it; but, like the cat with its prey, he played with him before he put his fangs upon him. The officer was released, and O'Neil sent to his duty; but his "scrimmage" with the Provost Marshal, and his manner of relating it, often made the barrack-room ring with laughter for a long time after.

Patrick O'Neil, as our readers must have understood before this, was an Irishman. He possessed, in a very high degree, all the ease, good humour, quickness, and drollery of his countrymen. In the deepest of his troubles he was ever gay and careless, and he bore all his misfortunes, as he called them, with a light-hearted heroism that would have been exceedingly commendable in any other man, or under other circumstances. He had a rude ready wit, a smartness of repartee, and a flow of badinage rarely equalled; to these he added a grotesqueness of fancy, and an originality of expression, which gave a strange richness to his style, and that rendered his conversation racy in the extreme, and infinitely entertaining; but with these were mixed up all the vices ascribed to

\* The melancholy story here alluded to has already appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine*, being furnished by our contributor, and which we shall take occasion to repeat.

his country, for he was fickle, reckless, and revengeful, combining a most fearless daring, with an almost fiendish cunning. Amongst his companions he was hated but by few, for while he was good tempered and pleasant, all dreaded to incur his displeasure.

The following guard-room story is highly characteristic of the man. "You may all consave, boys, the sort of gaffer I was when I was young, seeing the fine, sensible, steady, good charactered sort of a man I am now that I am old;—but we'll not disturb the dead, for I buried my character some time ago under the walls of the old castle at C—k—r. Well, you see, when I was about fifteen or sixteen years of age, I was murderin' fond of game-cocks and cock-fighting all out. I had the finest breed that could be found in the whole country, and real beauties they were to look at, and real devils to fighting. You may talk of your parrots and parraquets, and gold-finches and birds of paradise, but to my mind the purtiest bird that ever shook a feather is a handsome game cock. Just to look at them, with breast and wing as black as a raven, a hackle as red as thunder and lightning, and a beak and claws as yellow and as crooked as a hawk. Now, my poor old mother never liked that I should follow the cockfighting life at all, because she said it was likely to lead me into bad company, so she never encouraged the birds about the house, good or bad; but that was nothing to the scheming tricks of a villainous pair of magpies that built their nest, year after year, in a tree not far from our house. They were the greatest thieves that ever hopped a twig, the very wool and hair that fresh lined their nest every summer, they stole from other birds; and they were unnathural brutes besides, for though they were very industrious when their young wanted nursing, and plundered far and near for them, yet the moment they could fly, they beat them off like savage Turks, and wouldn't let one of them come near the place again. If ever the devil had chickens of his own rearing, these magpies belonged to the clutch. Now my mother, poor woman, wouldn't let any person disturb these vagabonds, for she said they were old neighbours of hers, and that she knew them, and they knew her, and that they never touched her chickens or young ducks, or goslings, and true enough it was; they knew her ducks and goslings as well as she did herself, and never harmed one of them; but, the moment mine made their appearance, they had them whipt up like winking; they wouldn't leave me a feather out of twelve or thirteen in a week. One of them would come before the hen, and give a skreech and flutter as if he was going to eat her up, while the other would hide behind a stump or a stone. The hen, having the right drop in her, would make a dash at her enemy and then the other villain behind her back would hop out and whip up one of the chickens, and away they'd both fly, cackling to one another, as if they were laughing at the success of their roguery. These tricks used to put me mad, and I came to a determination to have revenge, and may be you think I hadn't? By the blessed fire that burns before me, as cunning as they were, I took them in. You see, when I knew they were near hatching, I climbed up into the nest one morning when they were plundering through the country, and took down the eggs without cracking one of them. I slipped them nicely into a little saucepan of water, and put them down on the fire, and boiled them until they were as hard as marbles. I then took them back to the nest. The old hen magpie was a fine big fat bird when she began to hatch her eggs, and she was hatching all the summer till she wasn't the size of a tom-tit (the titmouse) and she died in the beginning of winter, and the other old thief took himself away, and never came back again."

After the murder of the Portuguese, O'Neil seemed to take breath for a while. He behaved with much more caution than was his wont: he seldom went out, and shunned mixing in the follies of his old companions. He also knew that the Provost-Marshal was on the watch to catch him, and that he would strain a point to bring him within his power, and that he could expect no mercy if once caught; and he felt a sort of gratified semi-revenge in disappointing him.

The troops were ordered home in the spring of 1828, and our regiment came on shore at Deal, where it remained about a fortnight, and was then removed to Chatham again. The very first night we were in barracks at Chatham, O'Neil, in the most systematic manner, packed up every spare article of clothing and necessities he had, and took them to a well-known spot, called Duck's Paddle, and sold them. It was thought he had deserted, and he was entered so on the books of the regiment. There was nothing heard of him for four days; but on the evening of the fourth day he walked quite deliberately into the guard-house and laid himself down, and in five minutes was fast asleep. He was tried the day following for absenting himself from his quarters without leave, and making away with his clothing and necessities; found guilty, as a matter of course; sentenced, and, for the sixth time, received three hundred lashes.

Whether his constitution was sinking beneath the effects of the severe punishment he had endured, or that he was more than usually weakened and enervated by his recent debauch, it is difficult to say; perhaps both combined to render him an unfit subject for the lash this time; but it was plainly observable that his former strength and firmness had forsaken him under this infliction. He yielded and quivered to the stroke, and



once or twice his head fell forward and hung heavily on his breast; but still not a groan, not a murmur escaped his lips; and he would drag up his head again, and the muscles of his arms would swell out like strained cords, as he braced up his sinking energies, and manned his heart to suffer to the extremity. Water was offered him, but he refused it. It became evident O'Neil was no longer able to brave and despise the lacerations of the military knot. On being untied he was scarcely able to stand—he staggered forward, as if he had lost his sight, and his features were fixed and death-like. He gained strength as he proceeded, and cast off the proffered arm of the guard that conducted him to the hospital. The doctor followed. He was a meagre, sneering, heartless, old wretch, whom the men nick-named "Old Bones." O'Neil caught his leer, and he stopped short, and fixed his dark eye upon him.

"Doctor," said he, in a composed though hollow tone, "why didn't you order me to be taken down before I got all? You saw I was not able to bear it as I used. If I was, I would not have expected it. You didn't, doctor, and you ought;—but if you saw my liver through my bare ribs you wouldn't. I know you, doctor, and I'd advise you to take care of me."

"Move on, men," said the doctor. "Get along, sir; how dare you speak to me?"

"I only advised you to take care of yourself, doctor," said O'Neil, resuming his way; "and you had need."

He was marched to his ward, and the doctor came to dress his back. O'Neil never looked up during the operation; but when the "wrestling jacket" was tied on, he asked was all right?

"All right—lie down," said the doctor.

The words had scarcely passed his lips when O'Neil jumped from the bed, and with one blow felled him senseless to the other side of the room. He then made a rush to leap on him, but was seized by the orderly and hospital-sergeant; and while "Old Bones" was carried off insensible, the ruffian-soldier was tied down on his bed by ropes that strained his legs and arms tightly in opposite directions, and which were fastened securely to the bed-posts.

## Progress of Suicide among the Ancients.

### SECTION I.

EVERY act by which a man voluntarily causes his own death is not criminal. All such acts are, however, suicides. Whether a man produces his own death by swallowing a cup of poison, or by mounting a breach supposing death to be in both cases foreseen, as the inevitable consequence of the act, it is evident that in both cases he equally kills himself. But it is obvious that there are circumstances in which it is a duty to do acts of which a man's own death is the necessary result. This is no uncommon dictate of military obedience. In all operations of war it is a duty to hazard life, and a greater degree of the same obligation may require its sacrifice. If it were constantly criminal to cause the destruction of one's life, there must be a criminality of the same kind, though of an inferior degree, in risking it. It is vain to say, that a volunteer on a forlorn hope has a chance of escape; for it may be said with equal truth that there is also a chance of the failure of the deadliest poison. The agent, in both cases, expects his own death, and in that of the soldier the moral approbation is highest, and the fame is most brilliant, where death is the most certain.

Besides these suicides of duty there are other cases of the hazard or sacrifice of life, which, not being positively prescribed by the rules of conduct, are considered as acts of virtue of the most arduous nature, requiring singular magnanimity, and justly distinguished by the most splendid reputations. Codrus and Decius present themselves to the recollection of every reader. When a Scotch Highland gentleman personated Charles Stuart—when Mde. Elizabeth presented herself to the furious rabble as Marie Antoinette—every human heart acknowledged the generous virtue which made the first sacrifice, and the second expose life, in order to preserve the life of others. But these suicides of patriotism or loyalty are acts done in a conspicuous place, by those who are bred from their infancy to consider honour and disgrace as the first objects of human pursuit and avoidance. Innumerable instances, however, of the same sort, in totally different circumstances, show the power of human nature to do the same acts without the bribe of fame. Backwardness in mounting a breach or boarding a ship is a rare occurrence. Volunteers for service of the most desperate danger are easily found. Mere compassion renders the lowest of the mob, for a moment, capable of the most sublime sacrifices.

There are other suicides which, without being demanded by duty, or performed for the preservation of a community or an individual, are yet generally considered as acts which, whether they be strictly moral or not, can only be performed by minds of the most magnanimous virtue. The suicide of Cato is of this class. It arose from his horror of tyranny, and the feelings of intolerable shame at the prospect of life under an arbitrary master; and it is to be justified by the tendency of the

example to save the world from future tyrannies, and to contribute throughout all ages to diffuse the love of liberty among mankind.

Every case where a man prefers death to guilt is a suicide of duty. Of this nature is all martyrdom, where life is to be saved only by false professions, or by compliances which the conscience of the martyr deems still more criminal. Among the early Christians, as, indeed amongst most persecuted bodies of men, there prevailed a sort of ambition of martyrdom, which the Fathers of the Church condemned as the fruit of misguided zeal, but which was considered by the people with reverence, as an honourable proof of a more sincere attachment to religion than that which was shown by the cautious prudence of lukewarm brethren.

Another sort of suicide was allowed by the most illustrious of the early doctors of Christianity. Led, probably, by that fanatical and ascetic spirit which tainted their moral doctrines respecting the intercourse between the sexes, they allowed a woman to kill herself in order to prevent an involuntary, and, therefore, imaginary, pollution of the body, where the mind was to remain perfectly spotless.

The case of a virtuous man discredited by calumnies, of which refutation does not repair the injurious effect, must be owned to be attended with considerable perplexity; but the more sound casuistry must forbid him to take refuge in voluntary death. The possibility of escaping dishonour is a temptation to undervalue honour. A good man ought not to murmur at that necessity which compels him to refute calumny by his life. But though it be not a justifiable case of suicide, it seems to be one of the most excusable that can be imagined; and though the action must be blamed as a deviation from the most elevated morality, yet the man may be pitied, and even loved, for a purity and even ardour of moral feeling, of which the rigorous censors of his conduct are probably incapable.

According to all principles of morality, it is evident that it is never praiseworthy, or even lawful, to sacrifice life, but in the observance of duty or in the practice of virtue; that suicide, to be moral, must be for others; and that if there be a few beings so eminently useless as well as miserable, that their case approaches to an exception, they are to be viewed with that mercy which is the first virtue of frail creatures, and without which we are unable to contemplate perfection.

When a man is so insulated that his duties become faint and general, all selfish suicide argues at least the vicious purpose of withdrawing from the practice of virtue, and destroying the power of rendering service to mankind. For these purposes life is to be endured where it is miserable, as well as sacrificed when it is most happy; and though the speculator may assign the boundaries of the obligation, they will not be discovered by a generous man when he is called upon to make the effort.

The opinion which represents suicide to be a proof of cowardice is a mere vulgar commonplace. To suffer well is a proof of patience, of fortitude, or of firmness; but boldly to seek the means of deliverance from suffering is the office of courage. Patience endures the gangrened limb—courage encounters the terrors of the amputation. It is a distortion of words from their natural sense to call that man a coward who has completely conquered the fear of death. "He is certainly not destitute of courage," says Voltaire, "who can tranquilly prepare for a voluntary death; some force must be necessary to master the most powerful instinct of nature; and such an action, at all events, rather implies ferocity than weakness. When a patient is in a frenzy, we must not say that he is not strong, but that his strength is that of a madman."

There seems to have existed through all ages, in those extensive regions of the East which have followed the doctrines of Bramah, a strong propensity towards a religious or enthusiastic kind of suicide. No antiquity seems too high to be ascribed to the Gentoo nation, which has invariably preserved its ancient manners and customs. The priests of Bramah have always, at least so far back as human records can carry us, lived in the constant practice of abstinence, and mortification, and contempt of death. They deemed it a mark of weakness, below the dignity of a philosophical mind, to await the approaches of death, and to suffer themselves to be overtaken by it. "They are so disposed," says Porphyry, "towards death, that they would willingly cut short the whole period of life, and thus hasten to the emancipation of the soul from the body. For the most part, they depart out of life, when in good health and free from misfortune. They throw themselves on the fire, that thus the soul may be separated in greater purity from the body, and that they may gain a high commendation. Their friends found it easier to impel them to this voluntary death, than men in other places can be persuaded to take a long journey. They bewail them, as long as they continue in life, but they proclaim them gainers of immortality as soon as they have freed themselves from its incumbrance."

Calanus, an Indian sage, was prevailed on to follow the camp of Alexander the Great in his Indian expedition. He was, however, soon attacked by severe sickness, and obtained leave to ascend the funeral pile in the presence of the whole army. He took a cheerful leave of his friends, whom he entreated to spend the day merrily, and to feast and carouse with Alexander, and endured

the scorching flames to the amazement of surrounding spectators. Greek opinion was much divided as to the propriety of the action. Some applauded the hero, more pitied the madman, but wisdom was for once with the multitude, they deemed the action an ostentatious parade. Alexander afforded an opportunity to Calanus's friends to follow his dying advice; he gave them an entertainment, and offered a prize to him whose potatoes should be the deepest. Unfortunately for the popularity of this ancient contest for the "Whistle,"

"No bard was selected to witness the fray,  
And tell future ages the feats of the day."

Prose has, however, informed us that it was more fatal than that held at the board of Glenriddel, "so noted for drowning of sorrow and care." Between thirty and forty competitors expired in their struggles for victory, which at last declared for Promachus, after he had swallowed twenty-eight pints of wine; but whether that champion of drunkenness, afterwards, took "one bottle more—and had all the sublime!" we are in darkness.

Plutarch in his life of Alexander, adds, "the same thing was done a long time after by another Indian, who came with Cæsar to Athens, where they still show you the Indian's monument." This Braman's name was Zamatrus. He came ambassador from India to Augustus in Greece; and in order to gain glory to his nation and to himself, for firmness and fortitude, he, according to the rights of his country, voluntarily ascended a burning pile in the presence of Augustus, and was consumed to ashes.

The custom of suicide, as practised by the Hindoos, is remarkably opposed to their physical, and, in many points, to their mental structure. This curious feature in the history of humanity has been the source of much controversy, and its solution has greatly perplexed the learned. Montesquieu has, perhaps, reconciled the apparent inconsistency. "Nature," says the President, "having framed the Indians of so weak a texture, as to render them timid, has formed them at the same time of an imagination so lively, that every object makes the strongest impression upon them. The delicacy of organs, which renders them apprehensive of death, contributes likewise to make them dread a thousand things worse than death. The same sensibility makes them fly and dare all danger."

The practice of suicide appears to have been equally ancient among the several other Asiatic nations as among the Hindoos. The Siamese, for as far back as our accounts of them go, not only have thought it lawful to kill themselves, but that it was a sacrifice advantageous to their souls, and productive of great future felicity. An high contempt of life and applause of self-murder has no where been more meritorious than in the Japanese empire. Kamper, in his history of Japan, in treating of the doctrine and way of life of their moralists and wise men, says—"These philosophers do not only admit of self-murder, but look upon it as an heroic and commendable action." The way in which the Japanese have immemorably committed suicide is by ripping open their bellies.

A notion seems to have prevailed in ancient times among all the Scythian tribes, that it was neither expedient nor becoming to wear out the days of existence in prolonging life to the utmost. "They esteem it," says Strabo, in describing the Massagetae, "the most desirable kind of death, if, when worn out with age, they are killed by their friends, cut in pieces and devoured, together with the flesh of other animals slain for the purpose." The Gothic, or Scythian tribes, brought with them into Europe many usages of their Asiatic ancestors; and, among the rest, the high honours that were paid to suicide. Immediately previous to the introduction of Christianity into the kingdoms of Scandinavia, suicide was a religious rite, and entitled its perpetrator to high distinction in the famous hall of the Scandinavian deity, Odia or Wodin.

CATERPILLAR WEAVERS.—A number of years ago, M. Habenstreet, of Munich, an old officer, amused himself by directing the labour of caterpillars, and succeeded in producing an entirely new and curious fabric. These caterpillars are the larvæ of a butterfly known by the name of *finea punctata*, or, according to other naturalists, *finea padilla*. Their instinct leads them to construct above themselves a covering of extreme fineness; but, nevertheless, firm enough to be impenetrable by air, which covering can be easily detached from them. The inventor made these insects work on a suspended paper model, to which he gave exactly the form and size which he required. He thus obtained, at pleasure, among other articles square shawls, of the dimensions of an ell; shawls, two ells in length and one in width; an aerostatic balloon, four feet high by two in horizontal diameter; a lady's entire dress, with sleeves, but without seam. When he wished to give to the fabric any prescribed shape, all that he found necessary was to touch the limits which ought not to be passed with oil, for which the caterpillars have natural repugnance so strong that they will not come in contact with it. The fabric, although perfectly consistent, surpassed the finest cambric in lightness. The balloon which we have mentioned weighed less than five grains. The warmth of the hand was sufficient instantly to inflate it; and the flame of a single match, held under it for a few seconds, was enough to raise it for a considerable height, whence it would not descend for half an hour. When a shawl of the size of a square ell had been well stretched, it was blown into the air by means of a small pair of bellows, and then resembled a light smoke, subject to the slightest agitation of the atmosphere.—*Boston Mercantile Journal*.

\* A square napkin, so called by the soldiers, which is laid over the lacerated back, and tied round the neck and waist. It is kept constantly wet with a solution of sugar of lead, and on this the patient is obliged to lie without turning until all signs of inflammation disappear.



### A Ramble among the Planets.

AMONG the gifted authors of our day to whom the public have failed in doing justice is Mr. Charles Bucke, author of "The Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature," and other excellent works and compilations. His position in the world of literature, though most respectable, is not that to which his talents and great acquirements entitle him; and we trust, in this matter-of-fact age, that the author of so many volumes, combining the beautiful, the useful, and the true, will yet be considered worthy of a higher and nobler niche in the temple of literary fame. The following description of the solar system, equally elaborate, amusing, and instructive, might be taken as a lesson by the most learned of our descriptive astronomers—

Were we in the planet Mercury, the solar spots would appear seven times larger to us than they do here; the sun would rise and set with an unimaginable splendour; while, by night Venus, the Earth, and its "fair attendant" satellite, would exhibit themselves, each many times larger than Mercury does to us. The moon, too, would be often seen to transit the earth; and, every now and then, to glide into and emerge from its shadow.

Were we transplanted to Venus, Mercury would present to our eyes phenomena similar to those which Venus presents here: sometimes full, sometimes gibbous; at other times a crescent; now a morning star, and now an evening one: while the Earth and Moon would shed a light more brilliant than that which is communicated or received by night by any other planet of the solar system.

Towards the extreme south of our horizon some stars are visible only for a short period of the night; others for a longer period; till the eye rests on those which rise exactly east. Then directing our vision to the polar circle, our eye rests on stars which never set; presenting, therefore, no aspect of change, but that arising from an apparent alteration of position.

The Moon! When the sky is clear in the south and west, and the moon rises in "clouded majesty" in the east, exhibiting her "freckled face" at a distance of not more than 240,000 miles, what a magnificent body does she appear! What a splendid appearance, too, does the earth present to her! It seems the largest body of the universe; with a surface thirteen times larger than the moon appears to us; immovably settled in the sky, while the fixed stars are seen to pass slowly, both beside and behind.

We have four seasons: but the moon's axis being nearly perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, she has scarcely any change: perhaps no clouds, no snow, no rain, no air; having no atmosphere. Those who live on her surface, therefore, can neither have the face, figure, nor faculties of man. Whether inferior, or superior, who shall determine!

They behold our seas,—smooth, and apparently destitute of storm; but they have no seas themselves; no rivers. They behold our Teneriffe, Olympus, Andes, and Himalayas;—we, in return, see their Ida, Horeb, Athos, and Berosus; some of which rise to the altitude of from three to five miles; with caverns sinking to the depth of more than 18,000 feet; wearing an appearance similar to those which would present themselves were our seas and oceans to lose their waters, and disclose their beds.

There are no phenomena more calculated to excite wonder, in respect to order and precision, than eclipses and returns of comets;—nothing more indicative of design; and nothing more eloquent of an universal predominating intelligence. We gaze upon the zodiac, the starry firmaments on each side, and the galaxy, forming "a broad and ample road," as it were, "ad Regalem domum," and reflect on the "Densa stellarum corona," which they present; till we feel as much lost

As the poor Indian, whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind.

When we gaze on the Moon in her second quarter, through a good reflector, the shadows of her mountains are not only to be seen; but they are observed to move; and specks of light on some of her mountain tops. They cannot be mistaken. The surface of her orb resembles burnished gold: but I think she cannot be of the same substance as the earth. So beautiful, so calm—who would not desire to be transported to her surface? And this desire changes the scene to a remembrance of Bishop Wilkins's idea in respect to a voyage to the lunar regions; to Lord Bacon's and John Hunter's opinion in regard to the influence of the moon on the body; and that part of Dante's Paradiso, wherein he describes the lunar sphere, with Beatrice and himself gazing on its inhabitants.

As the moon appears next, in lustre and utility, to the sun, there can be little doubt that she obtained a very early share of veneration. Indeed, we find, from historical record, that, in most countries she had been worshipped as a deity, under various names. Some lines of Orpheus represent the moon as an earth; having cities on its surface. Xenophanes held the same opinion; and also, did Macrobius, and Achilles Tatius. Pythagoras went farther. He believed it to have not only mountains, valleys, woods, rivers, and seas; but animals fifteen times larger than ours; plants of rarer beauty; and men superior not only in size, but in energy and virtue.

Some philosophers—or rather poets—have believed the moon to be the abode of dreams; and some that thither the souls of men are carried after death. Some have even supposed the upper lunarian regions to have been the Elysian fields, inhabited by genii, who descended to earth to the assistance of just men, and the punishment of the wicked. Even Christians—amongst whom we may instance Vitalis—have regarded its surface as the paradise wherein our first parents were created; and whence they were thrust for their unfortunate transgression.

That large stones have fallen from the air has been known from the earliest period of history. They have even fallen in our own times. One, for instance, at Sienna, in Tuscany; a second at Wold Cottage, in the county of York; a third at Villa Franca; a fourth at Smolensko; a fifth in Moravia; a sixth in Catalonia; a seventh in La Vendee; an eighth at Adare; and a ninth at Agen, among the Pyrenees.

Aerolites, on being analysed, are found to consist of silice, lime, sulphur, oxide of iron, magnesia, and oxide of nickel. Whence have these bodies come? Are they formed in the air? are they vomited by volcanoes? or are they projected from the moon, or a comet? Have they fallen upon the earth at all? Is not the whole an imposition? There can exist no doubt. Their being formed in the atmosphere is scarcely to be credited. That they have issued from volcanoes is equally improbable, since no volcanoes have been in the neighbourhood where they have fallen, nor within hundreds of miles. Besides, if I mistake not, there has been found no union of the same materials on the face of the globe, nor even in the interior of it. The moon and a comet must, therefore, for the present, divide the opinions of mankind. That a comet may project such objects is rendered, in some degree, credible, from the circumstance that visiting, as they do, regions of intense heat, and of equal intensity of cold, they may be subject, in their passing, to chemical changes of a very violent nature. It is more probable, however, I think, that aerolites should come from the moon. For on the lunar surface volcanoes have been actually detected. Portions, therefore, may have been projected at times, when that body has been in opposition to the sun. These portions may have passed the moon's sphere of attraction; entered that of the nearest body to it (the earth); and there excite our wonder by displaying a combination totally different from any other known upon its surface.

Fusiniere throws some light upon this mysterious subject. We all know that the earth is surrounded by magnetic currents. He has discovered that lightning carries with it iron, carbon, and sulphur; that it deposits those substances on every thing which it strikes; and not only this, but that it carries from these fresh materials of transport. In rain, too, there are found iron, manganese, and nitrous salts; and sulphuret of iron in hail-stones. Can we not then easily imagine these and other substances to be combined with the force of a metallic current? We may certainly imagine such a thing: during a thunder-storm those substances may be ignited, fused, and amalgamated; but I nevertheless think we must wait a little longer for an entirely convincing hypothesis.

To the inhabitants of Mars, Venus and the earth appear, in most respects, as Mercury and Venus appear to us; exhibiting similar phases, with this exception—they never present themselves in full. Sometimes our moon is seen by them on one side of the earth; sometimes on the other. Sometimes they are observed to pass over the disc of the sun, in the shape of two unequal black spots, at no greater distance from each other than one-third of a degree. The fixed stars are beheld much as we behold them: while the Asteroids, with Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, present surfaces somewhat larger than they do to us.

The Asteroids are supposed by some to have been originally formed out of one large planet. I cannot accord with this hypothesis. They have, doubtless, existed from the creation and adjustment of the system, as well as Jupiter and other planets. All these planets enjoy a view of each other: also of the earth (but not of the moon), and Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus; all their satellites; and the stupendous rings of Saturn. This is not all. Their diameters are so small, that every star of their firmament, from pole to pole, may be seen by the mere travel of a few hours. Their diameters have been thus estimated:—Juno, 1,425 miles; Vesta, 238; Ceres, 163; Pallas, 80! The diameters of their three external neighbours, however, are—Uranus, 35,112 miles; Saturn, 79,042; and Jupiter, 89,170. What stupendous disproportions!

Now let us suppose ourselves on the surface of Jupiter. The stars rise to our vision; and, in course of three or four hours, set. They move, as it were, not in a gradual course, as with us; but with a precipitation that would dazzle our eyes and bewilder our senses: for the entire heavens appear to the inhabitants in a state of almost mercurial activity. The day, however, is not so splendid as ours; being so much farther from the sun. The eclipses on Jupiter are of three kinds:—solar, lunar, and satellital; and the tints of the satellites have an extremely beautiful effect; for two are white; a third blue; and the fourth orange: and, when all of them are above the horizon, the shadows of objects are cast in four different directions.

Transport ourselves now to the first Satellite of Jupiter. What a scene presents itself! Three moons rise, instead of one, as with us:—with all their diversified phases; one a crescent; one gibbous; one at the full!—and the nearest with twice the diameter of our moon to us; while Jupiter himself hangs like a huge ball, turning rapidly on his axis, now rising, now waxing, now waning; now a crescent, and now a full and ample shield, as it were, covering a vast space of the firmament; and all this in the short space of forty-two hours and a half. Having, it is presumed, no atmosphere, the heavens present a field as black as ebony; and each star shines with a brilliancy more intense than that arising from the concentration of ten thousand diamonds. In 1770 a comet swept through these satellites, without, in the smallest degree, deranging their motions. The Biela and Encke comets, too, ranging through the solar system, between Jupiter and the earth, their aphelion and perihelion are equally harmless.

Saturn, when beheld from our globe with his attendants through a telescope, appears to occupy a space of the heavens not larger than a Spanish dollar. Instead of one moon he has seven, all presenting varied appearances, and casting seven shadows upon his surface. Sometimes they are beheld eclipsing each other, or appearing, disappearing, and reappearing from between and behind two stupendous rings that surround his orb, and which frequently eclipse a great part of it; and those eclipses varying from a minute to the whole length of a day; and coming on with a suddenness that would appal the mind, did not their frequency take from the wonder. The day of Saturn, too, occupying only a little more than ten of our hours, the whole phenomena of the firmament above him pass with a rapidity more than double that presented in our own hemispheres. The rings, too, sometimes cast shadows upon him; and sometimes shine with even greater splendour than the planet itself. Above, below, and between

these vast arches, if we may so call them, the stars are seen; and, possibly, many planets of which we have no knowledge. These rings are not perceptible at the poles of Saturn—nor within several degrees of them; but where they are visible, nothing that we know in nature presents so noble, or so wonderful, and astounding an appearance: illuminating the nights with a splendour more than equal to that of several thousand moons like ours. Indeed, Saturn knows no darkness, except when these rings eclipse the sun.

Pass, now, into the regions of Uranus. The sun appears of a size not larger than Venus. Six satellites, however, rise in his horizon; and what is still more wonderful, they are observed to move in orbits perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, and in a direction contrary to that of all other secondaries, as well as primaries; indicating, perhaps, an approach, if not an actual beginning, of another province of the solar empire. Uranus, however, sees only one of the planets that we behold—Saturn. To make up for this, his inhabitants, doubtless, see many other worlds beyond their own orbit, we, from distance, are unable to behold.

The comet of 1811 emerged suddenly, as may be well remembered, from the sphere of the sun's rays, and became visible in one day. It remained several months, and at length disappeared in the Great Bear. We watched it night by night at the bottom of the garden; hailing it as a herald, as it were, sent from the bosom of space, to confirm the truth, that a sublime Power exists beyond the reach and thought of man.

This was the most splendid comet that had yet appeared within the memory of any living person. Its tail, when at its greatest apparent height, reached more than 120 millions of miles. Its envelope was supposed to have been 30,000 miles in thickness; and the centre of its head was separated from its interior surface by a space of 36,000 miles. Its size was calculated to be 527.3 times smaller than that of the sun; but 17 times larger than that of Jupiter; 25,104 times larger than that of the Earth; 1,255,000 times larger than that of the Moon; and of an orbit exceeding those of all the planets of our system added together; while its period of revolution is supposed to be not less than that of 3,380 years! At the end of that period, therefore, it may be expected to return, and become visible again. For Nature is

A solemn institute  
Of laws eternal, whose unaltered page  
No time can change.

When this comet is nearest to the sun's centre, the sun appears to its inhabitants about four times larger than it does to us; when at its greatest distance, it cannot appear larger than a star of the first magnitude.

Now, let us suppose ourselves upon the surface of a comet. If comets are self-luminous, as in numerous instances I am disposed to think they are, we shall see nothing beyond our own globe; our eyes being partly blinded with excess of light. If, however, they are dark spheres, illuminated by other bodies, we for ages behold nebulae, systems of stars, suns, and comets, unseen by mortal eyes. We enter, at length, the solar regions. We behold Uranus and his satellites moving in a course contrary to all other analogies; we pass the empire of Saturn, encircled by his seven moons and double ring: we come within the orbit of Jupiter and his four companions; we pass the Asteroids, and gaze with delight on their diminutive masses, as we had before with amazement on the immensity of others. We invade the orbit of the Earth—we dart through it to those of Venus and Mercury; and then, navigating the more immediate regions of the sun, we pass over on the other side, and commence our return to our secret aphelium in the bosom of space.

DO YOU BELIEVE IT?—A strong instance of resolution has recently come to light at Menilmanger, in the Calvaire. A justice of the peace, whilst proceeding to put the seals on the goods of a deceased lady as protection to the interest of an only daughter, said to be insane, was much surprised by the sudden appearance of the daughter, who declared that she opposed the seals being put on, intending not to be charged with the expense of the operation adding, "I am not mad, as it has been reported; two-and-twenty years ago my mother prevented me from marrying according to my liking, and locked me up in my room. I then made a vow never to speak to any one again, as long as my mother should live; I have kept to it, and here I am to look after my own concerns." The lady appears in no way affected mentally by her long confinement, but her person is much altered, and she is now in her 40th year.

MEASUREMENT OF TIME BY SHADOWS.—The people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, then, looking where his shadow terminates, he measures his length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil, says "How long my shadow is in coming!" "Why did you not come sooner?"—"Because I waited for my shadow." In the 7th chapter of Job we find it written, "As a servant earnestly desireth his shadow."—*Robert's Illustrations.*

WHO SENT THE BIRD?—The Chewayan Indians of North America believe, that the globe was originally one great mass of water, with no inhabitants. A bird, however, soon appeared upon the waves, whose wings clapped thunder, and the flame of whose eye made lightning. Upon touching the waters, the earth sprang up like an exhalation. When the earth appeared, the bird called every species of animals out of it. They came at her word; and this they believed to have been the original creation of the world.

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"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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### America—Whence was it Peopled

The popular but improbable tradition of the descendants of Noah and his sons having scattered themselves over the hemisphere on which the ark rested, (viz., Shem in Asia, Ham in Africa, and Japheth in Europe, while the Patriarch himself proceeded to China)—having, as it were, thus accounted for the population of the world, it became a common question, on the discovery of America, Whence was it Peopled? Some philosophers contended that the inhabitants of the Western hemisphere were a separate race from those of the Eastern; that they must have had an Adam of their own, with birds, beasts, and fishes, to keep them company. The Spaniards adopted the opinion that they were not human beings, but, ungifted with immortal souls, that their destruction was as justifiable as that of the prowlers of the forest. The Pope, however, was pleased to admit them within the pale of his authority, and granted license to the robber bands to convert them to the true faith by such arguments as they were best fitted to understand. Fire and sword are weapons which no logic can gainsay, and such as refused to be converted were destroyed as heretics and defyers of the law. With respect to the idea that the aborigines of America were a distinct and differently-created race, it may be stated that their conformation is more allied to that of the Asiatic tribes, the eldest on the earth, than are some of those in Africa, which common consent had allowed to be descended from Ham, on whom the curse of slavery rested.

The sons of Japheth, if they were, as we have been told, the most active of the others, could not have confined themselves to the smallest portion of the globe. The idea of a division of the globe is altogether unreasonable; nor is it likely that the replenishers of the earth would separate further than their necessities required. The building of the Tower of Babel by the descendants of Noah proves their fear of being scattered, their desire to cling to the society of each other, lest evil should befall them. On the confusion of tongues, it is not likely that the close intermixture of the races which must have taken place would be disturbed; because, if those of one blood were gifted with one tongue, the same principle of association, the same desire to remain together, would the more actively exert itself, and the covering of the earth with man and his works be delayed. All idea of their progenitors and kindred must have been lost among the scattered, and the smaller bands, prevented by the larger from locating in the vicinity of their then dwellings, would be driven forth to distant and unknown countries.

All of them, however, must, in a greater or less degree, have been acquainted with ship-building. The very fear which made them cling to each other would impel them to provide means by which to float on the water; and all great marine architects have admitted that the shape of the ark, as explained in the book of Genesis, presents the best and safest model by which a vessel of its dimensions could be constructed. The tribes who seated themselves in the ample plains of Asia might easily be supposed to forget this knowledge, having no occasion to exert it, while the architecture of Babel was mimicked in the towers of Nineveh and the walls of Babylon. Those, however, who were driven to a distance would cherish their acquirements respecting the building of floating craft; and, although the rudeness of their implements might prevent them erecting gigantic vessels, the ingenuity and perseverance of man could easily arrive at the completion of a canoe. Hence the universality of all savage tribes dwelling by the sea being possessed of these conveyances, and hence the comparative proof of islands being peopled by adventurers on the wave. In the South Seas, even now, the natives voyage from island to island, in precisely the same manner as the Arab of the desert pitches and strikes his tent on the equally trackless and profitless land. Thus would seas and lakes be crossed, and from the crowded soil of Asia would emigrants issue forth, seeking land, like Noah's dove, on which to rest the sole of their

foot. The current might come from Asia into Europe and Africa without crossing the Mediterranean; yet even that sea would present no great obstacle to men flying from the exterminating knife of the oppressor, or driven by hunger to seek a more fruitful shore.

This, surely, is a much more plausible supposition than that Shem, Ham, and Japheth, after having driven off their papa to the far East, divided the earth between them, shook hands, and parted, never to meet again. Is it at all likely that the patriarchal trio, who had seen the world in its grandeur of a crowded population—who had witnessed the opening of the windows of heaven, and felt their mighty ark rise upon the rushing flood—who had heard the cries of drowning animals, the screeching of birds—whose ears had been pierced by the wail of children, the frantic scream of women, and the blaspheming howl of men, all crowding on the mountain tops—is it likely that the only survivors of this great disaster would separate? Is it probable that their immediate descendants, bound to each other not more by family ties than by a belief in what their fathers had beheld, would break up their locations, and leave the first spot of earth on which the redeemed set foot? The younger and the weaker branches, those more distant from their great progenitor, those who deemed the deluge a legend, and an antediluvian existence a fable, were the most likely to be sent forth, as beasts of the field and birds of the air drive away their young when sufficiently reared.

But the three great continents of the inhabited globe were girdled by two vast oceans, which led, in the vulgar belief, to the immensity of space; yet even across the broad Atlantic it is not impossible that an oarless boat, or even an armada of emigrating tribes, may have been safely wafted.\* The savages of Africa, as well as America, when pressed by danger, seek refuge in their canoes, and put off to sea.

The aborigines of America are apparently of two distinct races. The Red Indian of the Canadas and the original Mexican present not only different structures, but their manners and habits were altogether dissimilar. The Indians of North America, by their customs, formation, and hardy endurance, proclaim a Tartar origin. Those of the South, by their acquaintance with architecture, their knowledge of metals and their uses, their delight in luxuries and pomp, and their almost effeminate appearance, gave token of a totally different derivation—of having sprung from a comparatively civilised race, who, possessing a considerable knowledge of the arts, built temples instead of huts, and wore embroidered linen instead of furs and skins.

The geographical position of Northern Asia with North America presents no obstacle to the emigration of the rude inhabitants. At one point the two continents are separated by a sea only thirty-nine miles in breadth; and elk, foxes, wolves, and bears, common in both countries, have been known to float across on masses of ice. The Scandinavians, or Northern Tartars, were an adventurous people, and greatly given to fishing as a means of livelihood. It is no great stretch of the credible to suppose that crews of fishermen may have been drifted across the channel, and remained in what they found a better country.†

\* Before Columbus startled Europe with his theories, two dead bodies, indicating a different race of men, unknown trees, and bamboos were picked up on the coast of the Azores. Cocoa nuts are sometimes found on the shores of the North Sea; and on the Orkney and Shetland Isles fruits and seeds belonging to the torrid zones of America have been gathered. Jamaica seeds are not unfrequently washed ashore among the Hebrides; while on the Faro Isles are found plants indigenous to St. Domingo.

† A work lately published—"The Discovery of America by the Northmen in the Tenth Century,"—contains a detailed account of the visits of these hyperborean wanderers to the new continent, which may thus be briefly stated:—In the year 983, a chief, named Erik the Red, having got himself into trouble with his neighbours, set

Although these Scandinavian adventurers can lay no claim to having discovered a continent, they are not to be deprived, in conjunction with the Esquimaux, of having thickly peopled the northern districts of America. The Scandinavians were of much later Asiatic descent than the Esquimaux, who, perhaps, centuries before had been driven north from the expanding families of the south.

These warlike tribes of America—those noble savages to whom danger was an honour, and death a glory; in whom were planted not only all the poetic imagery of speech common to the elder Asiatics, but who preserved among them a knowledge of the Great Spirit—a dim idea of the immortality of the soul, and of a place of glory and of rest—where are they now? A few still linger round their watch-fires, in the woods of Canada, or in the far unexplored Massachusetts. But the great body of them has been destroyed—shot like carrion, and hunted down as wolves. They perished by the graves of their fathers—to them the holiest ground, the securest refuge. Oh! England!—what blood is on thy head? Tribes which existed in the wildness of nature for a thousand years fall before thy "barbarous civilisation."

The Mexicans and Peruvians, however, were a totally different race. These people Pizarro and his brother robbers found in the midst of enjoyments, amassing wealth, obeying laws, and pursuing traffic. It will be recollected that, in an article entitled the "Lost Nation," we alluded to the current of civilisation having proceeded from Siberia, by which, among others, the Egyptians were made acquainted with the geography of the earth, as was instanced by the circumference of the globe being given, as it is, in the latitude supposed to have been the home of the primal teachers of man. In an article on the "Fabled Continent" we also instanced the circumstance of the Greeks having derived their belief of the Atlantis from the Egyptians. A people so well learned as the "Lost Nation" could not be ignorant of the Pacific Ocean, nor of the continent which might be reached by the narrow neck of land lying northward of them. The conviction of the earth being round, added to their travel through Asia westward, and their progress to Egypt on the Mediterranean, must have led them to the conception that the continent they had left on the east would be met on the west. The Egyptians were well acquainted with the Straits of Hercules (Gibraltar), and must have traversed the Atlantic to some extent. Had a colony of the early Egyptians located in Mexico, as the conformation of the people, the architecture, the weaving, and all the pomp and circumstance of government proclaim as most likely, not only is the population of the country accounted for, but the tradition of the lost continent explained. As the Egyptian priesthood died away, or grew less active, (for they never instructed the people in their mysteries), the distance of Atlantis would cease to be known, and ignorant navigators might believe that they had sailed sufficiently far, and found no track of country. The desire for the marvellous among a decaying

sail from the western coast of Iceland, and having discovered Greenland, settled there. The son of one of his companions being absent in Norway at the time, left Iceland in search of them. Driven by tempests out of his reckoning, he discovered land, somewhat elevated, and covered with wood. This being widely different from the accounts he had received of Greenland, he again stood out to sea, and in two days more he came in sight of land. Again he left the wooded country, and ultimately reached the settlement of his friends. Leif, the son of Eric, set out in the year 1,000, to explore the unknown territory; he visited and landed at several places; found fish abundant, and even at one spot grapes growing. On his return, the report he made excited the ambition of the settlement. Leif and his brother again set out. They spent the winter in fishing, and during spring explored the country to the southward. Another expedition followed, which encountered some Esquimaux, the first inhabitants seen, and who were the same as those residing in Greenland. In the lapse of time a rough commerce sprung up between the parties, which, though often interrupted, has never been wholly broken off.



nation, half-learned in science or other improvements, would readily accept the invention of its destruction, and the existence of another continent, in after ages, become doubted, denied, and forgotten.

Should this hypothesis be rejected; should it be denied that a people more deeply versed in the practical sciences than even we are at the present day—(and what a stride has been during the past half century)—fitted out fleets and sailed across the ocean; should it be said that, although they built the Pyramids and raised Pompey's Pillar, that they were ignorant of navigation;—be it recollected that the maritime Phœnicians were the intimate allies of Egypt, that from thence Argos set sail to colonise Greece, and the peopling of Ireland and Scotland is attributed to a prince who left Egypt during the troubles of the Israelites, Carthage acquired its learning from the same country; and it in Africa, and Greece in Europe, were famed for their naval armaments. Inquiry, therefore, must be satisfied that to the exotic teachers and priests of the Pharaohs science owes its dissemination—art its origin, continents their inhabitants; islands their animals;—the sea its ships, and the earth its edifices.

Whether or not the discoveries making among the antiquities of Thebes, and the ruins of Memphis, will yet irrefragably prove these speculations to be correct is a question which even a day or an hour may finally resolve. The wonders of these remarkable cities we may expect shortly to see in process of being rendered intelligible; then the veil of mystery will be lifted up, and that which was hidden for ages added to the living history of man; the broken links of his destiny will be restored, and his progress or retrogression in improvement made apparent to the present race. So soon as the Eastern difficulties shall have been arranged, and the acute and inquiring ruler of Egypt fixed within his boundaries, an opportunity will be afforded to explore more fully the historic treasures of his country, to examine its monuments more closely, and to trace with greater minuteness its painted history on the walls of the Pyramids and other stupendous tombs. Turned from war, to what more noble or lofty design could the Pacha give the influence of his name than to a scientific and properly conducted inquiry into the records of the past, with which his land abounds?

### Napoleon and his Contemporaries.

#### PART III.—THE TRIUMPHAL RETURN.

##### XII.

Year followed year, yet France with wistful eye  
Look'd o'er the main to that bare rocky isle  
Where the lone relics of the Soldier lie;  
Without a speaking stone, or earthen pile  
By which a mourner might an hour beguile,  
And, with uncover'd head and smitten breast,  
Pray that increase of years might reconcile  
His vanquisher to Gallia's fond request,  
To waft his priceless dust from the ungenerous West.

It was a portion of the fatal policy of the Bourbons to keep the martial spirits of France chafing and fretting respecting the untrophied grave of their chief. They conceived that distance would lessen effect upon thought, and that memory would forget the man because his bones were laid far from the Seine. Instead of this having the desired effect, it only added one more item to the discords of France, and enabled the Bonaparte faction to appeal to the sympathies and prejudices of their countrymen, and keep themselves together as a party, after the son of Napoleon died, and his nephew, Louis, had proved himself a mad-cap. The meanness of England, however, in allowing his tomb to be neglected, and yet permitting strangers to visit it, added no honours to her name on the Continent. Even the Germans admired Napoleon Bonaparte, for no other reason than that he humbled their own paltry potentates; and they therefore felt as if the haughty islanders were inclined to gratify the Princes of Germany by a studied neglect of his remains. Asses are ever inclined to kick the dead lion, but it is to be regretted that they should do so through the medium of the "Conquerors of the Conqueror of the World."

##### XIII.

One morning Paris waken'd with the roar  
Of death-discharging cannon in the street;  
The coward Bourbon fled in fear once more,  
And once again did friendly England greet;  
But not for him would launch her gallant fleet;  
Nor her proud army his assistant be.  
Legitimacy fled in mad retreat;  
The Julian heroes made their country free,  
And law now rules the throne by popular decree.

The Three Days of Paris were a speedy and fearful reparation of the battle of Waterloo. Exile could not teach, nor distress bring low, the tyrannic spirit of the Bourbon dynasty. Unapproachable to reason, the same man who fled from Lyons on the approach of Napoleon, after he directed his soldiers to fire upon his people *en masse*, fled like a coward from the scene which his despotism had called forth. He who, deaf to entreaty, refused long and oft, "from the nettle danger to pluck the flower safety"—who would give his subjects no voice in the law, nor admit the responsibility of his advisers, deserted his throne, his friends, his country, when a maddened populace braved his bayonets, and planted the tri-colour on his palace. Whether or not the present King of the French shared in the secret agency by which that revolution was brought about is now a question of little moment; if he had, it ought certainly to teach him wisdom in his councils, liberality in his laws, and mercy in his acts. Of the latter quality, as well as

personal courage, he is certainly not deficient: no monarch has so often escaped the assassin's fire; and it is admitted that he has ever besought his Ministers to spare the lives of the culprits. It is, indeed, a fearful thing to "wade through slaughter to a throne." The refusal of Great Britain to interfere in the domestic broils of France was a triumph of surpassing value to liberty, to reason, and to humanity. Had our Government espoused the cause of the tyrant, blood would again have run through the streets of Paris, and recriminatory executions become as common as in the first French Revolution. By no interference taking place, not one abettor of Charles X. was condemned to die. His advisers were imprisoned for a time, until the enormity of their counsels were forgotten, and then permitted to retire into private life. It will be a great day for the world when the stubborn and incapable of all Governments shall descend from their stools, and become common men.

##### XIV.

Still France,—forgetful not to him who shed  
Undying rays of glory round her name,—  
When Peace her mantle over triumph spread,  
And Revolution's frequent rage grew tame—  
Besought his dust from England's queenly dame;  
To which her liberal mind gave kind reply,  
While all her millions shouted with acclaim,  
"The Soldier shall return!" Sport of destiny,  
This was thy last, thy greatest, surest victory!

The conventional delicacy of diplomacy has not stated how often the request was made to the Government of England, that the remains of Napoleon might be transported to France. There exists, however, an impression that the request was first made to the Duke of Wellington for his friendly aid, soon after the Three Days of Paris—that it was repeated to Earl Grey in 1833, and again to Lord Melbourne previous to the death of William IV. That monarch had a narrow mind, certainly, but he was not ungenerous, much less vindictive; and it would be therefore unjust to charge his memory with this unkindness. Whether these refusals arose from the personal dislike of the monarch, the antipathy of the ministers, or the apathy of those by whom the request was made, will never, in all probability, be explained. More important circumstances, involving deeper interests, have occurred, without the impelling causes being made known. It is perhaps sufficient for us, that the liberal acquiescence was made by a young queen, whose mind could not have been contaminated by the myriads of fallacies instilled during the war into the royal family of England. It was a somewhat remarkable feature, however, in the party politics of this country, that not one newspaper objected to the return of the ashes of Napoleon. Although there is scarcely a conceivable subject, foreign or domestic, on which the press will not disturb the public mind—lashing it into a fury, or blinding it as to the truth—the "Soldier's Return" was allowed to take place without an appeal to prejudice. This unanimity was witnessed and appreciated by the people of France, and had more effect in stemming the warlike movement contemplated by M. Thiers, than all the philosophy of Guizot, or the gallantry of Soult. That the English were a brave nation was admitted by our Gallic neighbours long ago; to prove to them that we were generous took them at an advantage, and they sat down conquered; their animosities cooed away, and pride told them to imitate or surpass us. As there were many in England who thought with France respecting Mehmet Ali, so there were numbers in France who thought with England that the peace of Europe, and the interests of the Sultan and the Egyptian chief, could be better preserved by reasonable arrangement, than by the massacre of millions, the sacking of towns, the burning of harvest fields, or any other of the accompaniments of glorious war.

##### XV.

In his own France at length the Soldier sleeps,  
Himself a monument of human power,  
O'er which decay, though slow, incessant creeps,  
As on some prostrate fane or shattered tower.  
The trophies of his sword have had their hour;  
Yet to this latest triumph Peace shall cling;  
Our sympathy will be a vernal shower;  
Their gratitude a garden, whence shall spring  
The olive and the bay, perpetual blossoming.

The restless wishes of the old soldiers by which France is crowded are now gratified; the exhumation and triumphal return are already forgotten. We shall now only hear of it annually, when a cumbrous ceremony will recall to the recollection of a thoughtless populace something that occurred "a many years ago." That same decay which shall gradually erase the glitter from his tomb will nullify the glory of his conquests, and cause even martial France to believe him something less than a demi-god of fame. When the uses of war are forgotten, the deeds of heroes become inglorious. The stain of blood becomes more visible as the green fades

\* In the eventful life of Napoleon, the number eighteen was associated with so many important events, that you will scarce deny something more than casualty. Such were the engagement from which he assumed the consulate, that of Torina on the river Beresina, the battles of Leipsic and of Waterloo, which were all fought on the 18th of the month. On that day also his corpse was landed on St. Helena, and on the 18th also the Belle Poule sailed with his remains for France.—Dendy's Philosophy of Mystery.

from their laurel, and the arts of peace, and the interchange of good will, progress to the advantage of the world, not alone in keeping down restless and aspiring men, but in educating and elevating the entire mass of the people. Towards the accomplishment of this arduous object England has done more, in promptly yielding up the ashes of a warrior, than she would have done had she trained all her youth to arms, covered the seas with her fleets, and made her name terrible among nations.

##### XVI.

To conquer prejudice, and nations' hate,  
Like gates of brass by giant power to sever,  
More glorious is than lands to desolate,  
Than foeman's force to break, or spears to shiver.  
Twin streams that flow into Truth's mighty river  
(Watering the arid soils of ignorance)  
Be these two countries to the world for ever,  
That knowledge still may spread, and arts advance,  
Through many a festal age, in England and in France.

To the more than patriotic, to the truly religious aspiration of this stanza, we shall make no weakening remark. It is a prayer to which all good men must devoutly add—Amen!

### Scenes and Sketches of Military Life

PATRICK O'NEIL—THE IRISH GRENADEER.

#### CHAPTER VII.—DRUMMED OUT.

O'NEIL was able to walk about the wards of the hospital before the doctor could leave his room. As soon as the latter was pronounced convalescent a garrison committal was put in orders by the commandant, Colonel Christie (a natural son, it is said, of George the Third) and O'Neil was to be tried for that highest of all military offences, striking a superior officer. It was rumoured that his crime would receive the most exemplary punishment, nothing less than the extreme sentence. Many of the officers laid wagers on the subject, and some even stake large odds on the event.

The trial occupied nearly the whole day, and the proceedings and sentence were transmitted to the Horse Guards. On the following day an order came down that O'Neil should be "drummed out" of the regiment in the presence of the garrison.

No one anticipated such a sentence but Colonel Christie who was a humane man, and it is thought sent a sketch of O'Neil's career, recommending the measure, and so it was ordered.

The ceremony of "drumming out" is one that occasions considerable excitement in the army, as it is one of frequent occurrence. In consequence of the disgrace attached to such a proceeding, every means is resorted to before it is recommended—a commanding officer preferring even to have the man transported. It was a terrible sentence to O'Neil—he was now unfit for almost anything—broken down in constitution—without any character except that of being an irreclaimable vagabond—unfitted, by long residence in a barrack-room and the habits forced upon him, and now become almost part of his system during his military career, for civil society; without a friend—even an acquaintance—means or ways, he was cast loose in a strange country sent adrift on the sea of the world like a rotten spar to seek, at the mercy of the winds and waves, a strand from whence he might be picked up, and cast into the fire.

About noon all the men in the garrison, except those on duty, were on the parade ground, and were there formed into a hollow square. O'Neil was marched from the guard room into the centre, and the proceedings of the court martial read—the sentence being that the prisoner should be transported for life to a condemned regiment in one of the African settlements, but which we have intimated, was changed by the commander-in-chief to drumming out. The drum-major and his corps of drums and fifes then surrounded O'Neil, and commenced cutting off the facings and the regimental buttons from his jacket, and the number of the regiment from his cap. A short address was spoken by the Colonel, and the troops were wheeled into line extending the whole length of the barrack square. O'Neil, now trimmed on like a game cock for the pit, was led to the head of the line with a large placard on his back, signifying that he was drummed out, as an "incorrigible character." The drums and fifes struck up the well-known tune called "The Rogue's March;"—the word was given, and the condemned one was led the whole length of the line in front, between a file of men with naked bayonets in their hands, and the drum-major following with his discharge. When he came to the end, the line was brought to the right about, and he was then led up the other side, and without pausing, marched, to the aforesaid consolatory music, right out on the barrack gate. Here a crowd of all degrees and denominations was in waiting to see the degraded soldier turned forth from his fellows, and the people gazed in silent wonder on him as he passed along. Beyond the extreme limits of the ramparts the drum-major called the halt, and presenting O'Neil with his discharge and one shilling, he left him to provide for himself as best he might. Such is the ceremony of drumming out.

The old generous British spirit, oftenest exhibited by the working classes, evinced itself in the case of O'Neil. The mob, pitying the helpless and stigmatised wretch, made up a small collection for his present relief, and on the following morning O'Neil presented himself



at the barrack-gate, clad in a decent suit of second-hand clothes, with a large bludgeon in his hand, deliberately marching backwards and forwards like a soldier on his post; nor did he quit it until a very late hour. A rumour was spread that he was watching to murder the doctor, or any other officer against whom he entertained a grudge; and his desperate mood, now supposed to be raised almost to madness, was warranty sufficient to stamp with credit the most fearful conjectures. An application was made to the magistrates, and on O'Neil's appearance at the gate next morning he was taken by two constables, and brought before the civil authorities.

The serjeant of his former company and the drum-major were instructed to prosecute him, but the law dealt mildly with the criminal; it would not punish him for he supposed meditation of a crime, but to prevent the possibility of its commission, he was ordered to quit the town in twenty-four hours, and if after that time he was found within the precincts, he would be treated as a vagrant and an evil-disposed person.

With this chapter the career of O'Neil, as connected with the military profession, ought properly to have ended, but as the after circumstances of his short and miserable life hang, in some measure, "like fringe upon petticoat," on his military adventures, I will, I am sure, be pardoned if to wind up the existence of Patrick O'Neil, I extend these chapters beyond the mark originally set as their boundary, in order to bring my story to "the last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history."

For about six months nothing was heard at the regiment of the fate of O'Neil. His name and fame were beginning to die away, and he was seldom spoken of in the barrack-room, save when a second-hand retailer of jests and odd sayings applied some of his well-remembered and quaint jokes to a passing event. At the end of that period the colonel received a letter from a magistrate residing at Swaffham, in Norfolk, describing the well-remembered person of O'Neil, and stating that he had been taken up at a fair there for rioting; that he had confessed being a soldier and belonging to the regiment, but denied being a deserter, and that he was detained in prison until it was ascertained whether such was the fact or not. A letter setting forth the truth was despatched in reply.

In the autumn of 182— the — regiment was put under orders for New South Wales; it was to proceed in detachments as guards on board convict ships. I had seen enough of the life of a soldier to render me heartily tired and disgusted with it; and although my lot was cast in comparative ease and freedom, still, there were more of privations, insults, and contumelies than I well could bear. Thinking the service in far off land would in no way improve my situation, I wrote home, requesting my friends to purchase my discharge, and directing them how to apply.

The usual application being made, it was referred from the Horse Guards to our Lieutenant-Colonel for his decision, and he refused to give his sanction to the proceeding; alleging that I was a useful man. He was at the time negotiating an exchange, and not being certain of effecting his object, did not wish to part with one whom he had been so long used to vent his petty spleen, and who, he thought, knew so much of his disposition and temper, as to render him more likely to quarrel with both, and consequently be more useful than a stranger.

He continued to negotiate the exchange for four or five months without effect, and sooner than undergo the long voyage to Australia, and the effects of an Indian climate, after being some time in that country, he prepared to retire. I then applied again for my discharge; again it was referred to him; and now having no motive to detain me, he gave his consent, and to my little satisfaction, I received my discharge from the British army on payment of twenty pounds.

Shortly after my return to my native village, one cold winter morning, I observed a tall and gaunt form walking down the street—his long limbs warping and bending beneath him. As he approached, I recognised at a glance the sadly-altered features of my former fellow-soldier, Patrick O'Neil;—but what a change! The very colour of his skin was turned into a green, dark, and yellow mixture; but there was no mistaking the deep-seated black eye, and the still-lingering gait of the strutting grenadier. A low cap, such as is worn by little boys, was on his head; his body was scantily and most miserably covered by a short dirty smock-frock—an article of dress abhorrent to the Irish—with fustian trousers, and soleless shoes without stockings. His voice was weak and hollow, diminishing at times to a hissing pipe; and his shoulders had taken a premature curve and brought the upper part of his body so forward, that he looked like a very tall man with a hump on his back.

That night he was as happy as good cheer and whisky-unch could make any unfortunate Irishman. His spirits revived for a moment, and he talked and laughed with as much vivacity and humour as if he had never shaken hands with misfortune. He told the story of his adventures, from the time of his being drummed out to that moment with all his former richness and originality. I wish it was in my power to imitate his style successfully; however, I will take an opportunity of giving his adventures as nearly as I can recollect in his own words.

## Progress of Suicide among the Ancients.

### SECTION II.

Pythagoras, who is thought to have gathered much of his knowledge and philosophy from India, seems to have converted what he acquired to a different and more rational purpose than those sages of the East, who approved of self-murder. Pythagoras considered the soul, whilst it was united to the body, to be in a state inferior to that to which, by its proper powers and faculties, it belonged; and consequently to be in a state of probation. "The short remnant of life," says Cicero de Senectute, "that appertains to old men is neither to be greedily coveted or deserted without cause; since Pythagoras forbids any one to depart from his guard or station without the command or authority of his general, that is of God." The opinion of Socrates on suicide may be gathered from Plato. The venerable philosopher affirms that wise men may, on certain occasions, wish for and eagerly desire death rather than life. But to the question—why, then, is he not at liberty to pursue what would conduce to his happiness by killing himself? Socrates demurs. A man, he replied, is situated in this life, as it were, on a post or station, which he must not quit without leave; the gods exert a providential care over us, on which account we are a part of their property and possessions; and we should think it unjust and punishable, in any slave of our own to kill himself without our leave. Thus two of the brightest lights of antiquity are to be found arguing on the same just grounds with respect to the impiety of suicide, that it is an offence against the authority and moral government of the deity.

The opinions of Plato, on this subject, were more lax than those of his venerable master. It is true, that in his Republic he has made laws for the degradation of the remains of suicides; but, from a passage in the 9th book of laws, it appears that, in Plato's estimation, a man should commit suicide when he finds he cannot overcome his evil propensities, rather than run the hazard of being impious and sacrilegious to the gods, or dangerous to the country. Aristotle condemns the distinctions set up by Plato, and ranks under timidity and effeminacy of mind the suicide which proceeds from adverse fortune, or conflicts of labour and pain. The philosophy of Epicurus, which released men from all the hopes and fears of futurity, led in their practical application, although not by the example of their author, to suicide. Various passages in the writings of Cicero prove, that at least in the writer's opinion, the sentiments of Epicurus were favourable to self-murder; and his well-known sophism, quoted by Diogenes Laertius, that, "death, the most dreaded of all evils, was nothing to us, for, while we are present, death is absent, and when death comes we are gone," is strongly confirmatory of Tully's assertions.

Our knowledge of the philosophical system of Epicurus we owe chiefly to the immortal poem of Lucretius. In the seventh century of the Eternal City's existence, this great poet was sent to Athens to study, under the guidance of Phædrus and Zeno, the Epicurean philosophy. The Garden had at this period experienced a sudden and brilliant revival; and it is impossible to reflect on the names of the students, whom we know to have been contemporary, without being astonished at the constellation of real genius and learning they exhibited in the aggregate. Cicero and his brothers Quintus, Titus Pomponius, from his critical knowledge of the Greek tongue, surnamed Atticus; the poet Lucretius Carus, his family and bosom friend Caius Memmius Gemellus, to whom he afterwards dedicated his poem; Lucretius Vespellus, whom Cicero has enumerated among the orators of his day; Marcus Junius Brutus, Caius Cassius, and Caius Velleius, each of whom immortalised himself by preferring the freedom of his country to the friendship of Cæsar; all these were contemporary students, imbibing in the Garden at Athens the doctrines of pleasure. The friendship of these illustrious men only terminated in their death; and that with a success unworthy of their lives. Pomponius Atticus, and Lucretius Vespellus, were the only persons, among the whole of these virtuous and patriotic party, who were, in the common sense of the word, fortunate. Marcus and Quintus Cicero fell victims to the infamous convention between Lepidus, Octavius, and Antony. The warm and sympathetic soul of Lucretius was unable to sustain the misfortunes of his friend Memmius. The shock threw him into a fever, affected his intellects, and, in a paroxysm of delirium, he destroyed himself. Memmius was banished by the intrigues of Pompey into Greece, and died in exile. Brutus and Cassius, in the last convulsions of Roman liberty, unable to survive the death blow the republic had received at Philippi, fell by their own swords. Caius Velleius, upon the final triumph of Octavius at Porsia, fled into Sicily, and in the same manner destroyed himself.

It is remarkable that no sect of philosophers ever so dogmatically prescribed, or so frequently committed suicide, as the stoics, who taught that the pains and sufferings which they strove to end by this act of rebellion against providence were no evils. They professed in suicide to follow the divine will. But even supposing

sufferings to be evils, they are no proof of a signal from God to abandon life; and supposing them not to be evils, they afford not so much as the shadow of a proof. Having once established the principle of self-murder, the Stoics refined on its practice in a manner peculiar to themselves. They determined life or death to be mere externals, and to be matters of perfect indifference, when stripped of concomitant circumstances. Thus it was not only lawful, but frequently a duty incumbent on the Stoic not to wait for death, but to anticipate its natural approach. "A wise man," says Diogenes Laertius in his life of Zeno, "will quit life, when oppressed with very severe pain, or when deprived of any of his senses, or when labouring under desperate diseases." Zeno, the founder of the Stoic philosophy, and his immediate successor Chianthes, contributed to increase not a little the reputation of their school by their deaths. As the former was one day going out of his school, at the age of 98, he fell down, hurt his finger, went home, and hanged himself. The latter having, to aid the cure of an ailment, used abstinence for two days by the advice of his physicians, though the disorder was thereby removed, and leave given him to resume his former diet, refused all sustenance, saying that "he was now so far on his journey towards death, it was not worth retreating;" and accordingly starved himself to death.

The doctrine of the immortality of the soul, says Montesquieu, falsely understood, has almost throughout all nations, and in every age, engaged women, slaves, subjects, friends, to murder themselves, that they might go and serve in the other world the object of their respect and love in this. This custom does not, he adds, so directly proceed from the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, as from that of the resurrection of the body; from whence they have drawn this consequence, that after death the same individual will have the same wants, the same sentiments, the same passions. In this point of view, the doctrine of the immortality of the soul has a prodigious effect on mankind, because the idea of only a simple change of habitation is more within the reach of the human understanding, and more adapted to flatter the heart, than the idea of a new modification.

Plutarch describes the rage for suicide, or to write more accurately, the epidemic rage for suicide, at Miletus, a city of Ionia, and the mode by which it was cured. "The Miletian virgins," says he, "were at one time possessed with an uncommon rage for suicide. All desire of life seemed suddenly to leave them, and they rushed on death, by the help of the halter, with an impetuous fury. The tears and entreaties of parents and friends, for they were unmarried women, were of no avail: and if they were prevented by force for a while, they evaded all the attention and vigilance of their observers, and found means to perpetrate the horrid deed. Some ascribed this extraordinary species of desperation and phrenzy to certain occult and maddening qualities of the air at that season, somehow or other peculiarly injurious to the female frame and texture, both of body and mind, (since the men were not visibly affected by it,) while the superstitious considered it as a calamity sent from the gods, and, therefore, beyond the power of human remedy." This dreadful practice, Plutarch adds, was put an end to by the fear of shame and ignominy; for the government issued a decree, that the body of every young woman who killed herself, should be dragged naked through the streets by the same rope with which she had committed the deed. The author of the "Historical Essay on Old Maids" humorously suggests, that "they must have been a set of 'antiquated virgins' only who were driven to final despair."

A most bloody scene of mixed murder and suicide took place in the palace of Nicles, King of Paphos, in Cyprus, on the approach of King Ptolemy's officers, who came to dispossess him of his throne and life. The unhappy prince, finding himself destitute of defence, became his own executioner. But neither the entreaties nor the kind treatment of Ptolemy's agents could prevail on his Queen Axitha to survive her deceased lord. She first slew her daughters with her own hand, and, after having prevailed on the princesses, sisters of Nicles, to despatch themselves, Axitha plunged the dagger into her own bosom. Moved at the sight of so much horror and bloodshed, the husbands of the deceased princesses soon agreed to follow their example, and, having first set fire to the four corners of the palace, fell on their own swords. A horrid scene to be acted in the favourite abode of the Cyprian goddess, where the loves and the graces alone should have sported and played.

Ancient Cyprus furnishes another extraordinary instance of suicide, in the person of that King Ptolemy to whom Cato was sent by the Romans to demand his kingdom and his treasures. He knew resistance would be vain; and ill brooking either to descend from the sovereign dignity into a private station, or to deliver up those treasures which were dearer to him than his life, he took the resolution of sinking, together with his riches!!! to the bottom of the sea; and for this purpose had them conveyed on ship-board, meaning to have hales bored through the bottom of the ship, that all might sink together. But, though he continued firm in his resolution of dying, he could not find in his heart to murder, as it were, his beloved treasures; and therefore he returned on shore again, and immediately after swallowed poison.



### Marriages in Russia.

We had a wedding here a few days ago, and we went into the gallery of the church to witness the ceremony, which began at half-past seven in the evening, and lasted nearly three quarters of an hour. The bridegroom was a peasant of rather a superior class, and in good circumstances, but still a serf; and the bride was the daughter of a Tamboff tradesman. In a case like this the wife becomes a slave, but she regains her liberty at her husband's death, if she survives him. The church was of course lighted up, and a small altar was placed in the middle; in front of the altar a carpet is always stretched, on which the couple stand, each holding a lighted taper during the ceremony: they walk up to it side by side, and it is supposed that whichever first sets foot on it, will hereafter have the upper hand in the household. Towards the latter part of the ceremony, after a number of prayers and hymns, two crowns of gilt metal were brought to the priest, and he placed them, after making the sign of the cross and pronouncing a short blessing, on the heads of the pair whom he was marrying; he then joined their hands and led them three times round the altar. A cup filled with wine and water was then brought, of which the bride and bridegroom tasted each three times. After this a homily was read on the mutual duties of husband and wife, but this was no necessary part of the ceremony. At the conclusion, the priest desired the newly-married couple to kiss one another, and when they had done so, their friends all crowded round them with kisses and congratulations. The crowns, which had been taken off their heads, were now put on again, and they walked out of church preceded by the priest and deacon bearing the cross, and by a boy carrying a consecrated image to be placed in their bed-room. The bride, who was rather a pretty girl, and only seventeen, looked sadly worn out, which was not surprising, as she had come from Tamboff that morning, a journey of six or seven hours, over a bad road; and had, according to the custom of her class on the occasion of their marriage, tasted no food all that day.

The priest was to join the bridal supper, and I was told that there would be further prayers and ceremonies in the house, and that the happy couple would sit all the evening with the crowns on their heads. The poorer peasants do not take the crowns out of the church, as they have to pay an extra fee to the priest for the permission. At weddings in a higher sphere, the crowns are never actually worn, but are held over the heads of the bride and bridegroom during the ceremony by their friends. No marriage can take place in the Greek church during any of the fasts, nor at other times on a Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday. The lawful periods are therefore limited to four days in the week, during less than half the year. Among the upper classes the ceremony generally takes place at night, and the married couple, instead of setting off immediately together into retirement for a while, according to the sensible English fashion, are expected to remain for some time with the parents of the lady. Both are required by rigorous etiquette to write beforehand to announce their approaching union to every relation they possess, and to take the earliest opportunity after their marriage of paying them a visit uninvited. This last is, indeed, an attention which is expected not only by relations, but also by friends, and often even by mere acquaintances. A lady at Moscow told me that she was taken in this manner, as a bride, into about seventy houses, the greater part of which she had never entered since. All general rules have exceptions; but it appears to me, from all that I have heard and can ascertain, that a very great proportion of Russian marriages are mere matters of business and calculation, in which family interests are alone considered, and the feelings and inclinations of the parties most concerned are utterly disregarded. A union between two persons is arranged by their respective parents, and they are expected submissively to acquiesce. In the upper classes this is one necessary and natural consequence of the restraint which is placed upon the social intercourse of the two sexes, so that the young men and young ladies have rarely the opportunity of becoming well acquainted with one another. Another important reason for the frequency of marriages of convenience, and one which pervades all classes, may be found in the exaggerated notions of parental authority which prevail in this country, where a person at the age of thirty is often considered as incapable of judging and acting for himself as he was at the age of ten. The results of this system are of course anything but favourable to the natural attachment of children to their fathers and mothers, since sincere affection, and a voluntary desire to please, soon vanish where unreasonable sacrifices are exacted.

Parental tyranny is carried to its highest pitch among the tradesmen and the peasants, and therefore interested marriages, where the affections are no way concerned, or rather where they are often outraged, are as common among these classes as among the higher orders. Peasants, however, cannot marry without the consent of their master, and he, therefore, has it in his power to a considerable extent to check the evil. If he wishes to do so, whenever his consent is asked, he sends for the young couple, and speaks to each in private, encouraging them to tell him the truth, and endeavouring to ascertain whether they really wish to be married, or whether the matter has been arranged between their families without their desire. If in this manner the master discovers that they are repugnant to the union, or that their affections are fixed elsewhere, he can easily find a plausible excuse for refusing his consent to the marriage, without betraying to the parents the confidence reposed in him.

I am assured that the following anecdote is true; and it seems characteristic of the Russian tradesman, whose propensities to cheat and over-reach are sometimes rather too strongly developed:—

A marriage had been arranged between two families in the trading class at Moscow. The father of the young lady was rich, and it was agreed that he should provide her with a handsome trousseau, and that he should pay his son-in-law her fortune of two hundred thousand roubles, about eight thousand pounds, on the morning of the wedding. The happy day at length arrived, the trousseau or

bridal gift, according to custom, packed in handsome chests, placed on cars, and paraded through the street to the bridegroom's house, to display the wealth of the family; it having been already, with the same laudable object, exhibited as usual in the bride's apartments to all who chose to come, either to criticise or admire.

Before the wedding, the father of the lady presented her intended husband with the promised dowry of his daughter; as, however, it was now time to proceed to church, he remarked to the young man, "You can't carry such a sum of money as this about you, so you had better leave it with me, and you can take it home with you at night." To this proposal the other readily assented; the wedding was duly solemnized, and was as usual celebrated afterwards by a vast deal of eating and drinking; and when the happy couple went home at night, the bridegroom, unsuspecting from wine and love, was easily persuaded to leave his money in his father-in-law's care till the following morning.

The next day, he was hardly dressed when he was told there were some men enquiring for him; he at first refused to see them, saying, "it was not a moment for business, and he would attend to none that day;" the people, however, persisted in their demand for admission, and were at length let in. On seeing the bridegroom, the immediately told him they were come for the chests. What chests? was the reply. Why the *bridal gift*, to be sure. "Pooh!" said the young man, who supposed that the ornamented chests had been hired for the occasion. "You shall have your boxes, but you are in a great hurry, my wife has not had time yet to unpack the things, and put them in their proper places." The lady, who was standing by, looked extremely foolish at this, while the men replied, that they must have not only the chests, but also their contents. Upon this, the bridegroom got in a rage, and asked if they meant to carry off his wife's wardrobe. "Don't talk nonsense about your wife's wardrobe," said the intruders with a provoking laugh; "you don't really suppose all those things belong to her; the old gentleman only hired them for the occasion, to make a show, and we are sent now to fetch them back." The bride, on being appealed to, was obliged to admit that all the men had said was true; and accordingly, they carried off the handsome furs, silks, jewels, and other valuable articles of a Russian trousseau in that class of life; while the husband betook himself in no good humour to his father-in-law to complain of his deceit, and to get the money which he had left in his charge. "What money?" said the old man, in pretended surprise. "Why," said the other, "the two hundred thousand roubles which you paid me yesterday as your dowry, and which I left in your care last night." "Ah!" said the father-in-law, laughing, "you can't be serious. I gave you the money yesterday to make a show before the company, and you gave it me back afterwards, as it was always understood between us that you should."

In vain the young man denied the assertion, and claimed the payment of the money, and the fulfilment of the contract; argument and entreaty proved alike useless, and he was obliged to go home with the satisfaction of having been cheated out of his wife's fortune, as well as her wardrobe, by her own father.—*Venables' Domestic Scenes.*

### The Original Blue Beard.

In a work by Mr. Trollope, edited by his mother, the celebrated authoress, and entitled "A Summer in Western France," the following account is given of the origin of one of our old nursery tales, which has frightened girls and charmed boys for centuries. Speaking of the ruins of the Chateau Chantoe, Mr. Trollope describes it as being "famous, or infamous rather, as the residence of one of the most execrable monsters who ever disgraced humanity, and as the scene of his atrocities. This was no other than Gilles de Laval, Marquis de Retz, whose revolting abominations, having been mixed up by the shuddering peasants with supernatural horrors, have obtained for him, under the nick-name of Blue Beard, an universal notoriety of a lighter kind than the reality of his crimes deserved. This Gilles de Laval, lord of Retz, of Briolay, of Chantoe, of Ingrandes, of Loroux-Bottereau, of Blaison, of Chemellier, of Gratecuisse, of Fontaine Milon, in Anjou, and of many other baronies and lordships in Brittany and other parts of the kingdom, was one of the richest men of his day in the time of Charles VII. He became master of all this enormous property at the age of twenty, and, by the most prodigal and absurd extravagance, dissipated nearly the whole of it. Among other traits of his profuse expenditure, the establishment of his chapel has been recorded. It was composed of a 'bishop,' as he insisted upon calling his principal chaplain, a dean, a chanter, two archdeacons, four vicars, a schoolmaster, twelve chaplains, and eight chorists. All these followed in his suite wherever he travelled. Each one of them had his horse and his servant; they were all dressed in robes of scarlet and furs, and had rich appointments. Chandeliers, censers, crosses, sacred vessels in great quantity, and all of gold and silver, were transported with them, together, says the historian, with many organs, each carried by six men. He was exceedingly anxious that all the priests of his chapel should be entitled to wear the mitre, and he sent many embassies to Rome to obtain this privilege, but without success. These were the follies of his youth; and it would have been well if he had left behind him only the remembrance of similar absurdities. But these and many other equally ridiculous extravagances soon began to make serious inroads into his property, enormous as it was. He then took into his pay a certain physician of Poitou, and a Florentine, named Prelati, who pretended to be in communication with the devil, and to be able to recruit his exhausted treasures by supernatural means. These scoundrels found means to make him believe that the devil appeared to him, and persuaded him to sign an agreement with his Satanic majesty in due form. Raising the devil may, in the nineteenth century, be laughed at as a harmless absurdity, involving no very heinous degree of criminality. But that is very far from harmless which renders a man criminal in his own eyes. Gilles de Laval conceived himself to have committed the blackest sin of which

man could possibly be guilty, and the real moral degradation which ensued from it was proportioned to his estimate of his offence. No crime was henceforward monstrous enough to make him hesitate in his course, as the recorded series of his atrocities is probably unequalled in the annals of human depravity. With a revolting vampire-like selfishness, more detestable than any ordinary object of murder, he caused the handsomest and finest children of either sex throughout his domains to be seized and put to death within these walls of Chantoe, in order to form a bath of their blood, in the belief that it would preserve his own loathsome life and vigour. In vain through the wide extent of his lands and villages rose a universal voice of lament and execration from the wretched peasantry obliged to furnish this fearful tribute, who realised the most horrible fictions of pagan antiquity. Already more than a hundred victims had perished, and the feeble, ill-organised justice of the period was paralysed by the rank, the power, and vast possessions of the monster. At last, however, the universal voice of the country became too loud to be disregarded; and, little the men of that day were accustomed to be shocked at ordinary crimes of violence and blood, the wretch's life became too revolting to be tolerated by them; and he not the constituted authorities at length interfered, he would have been exterminated as a noxious reptile by the tardily-excited violence of popular indignation. He was eventually seized by the orders of the Bishop of Nantes and the Seneschal of Rennes; and, after a trial during which revelations of wickedness and barbarism almost incredible, continued through many years, were substantiated against him, he was condemned to be burned alive in the meadows before Nantes. And this sentence was executed there on the 23rd of December, the year 1440. The culprit is recorded to have presented himself before the tribunal with the utmost haughtiness and disdain, and replied to their interrogatories that he had committed crimes enough to condemn to death ten thousand men. So lived and died Gilles de Laval, the veritable original of the redoubtable bloody Blue Beard, and the ugly ruins of his blood-defiled castle of Chantoe seem to remain yet standing solely to perpetuate the memory of his infamy and ignominious name."

### Wade's New History of England.

THIS able work gives the old history of course, but in a new style. The narrative is not confined to a mere record of the actions of the court, or the movements of the army, or of the numbers slain in battle. All events, great or little, which, either directly or through concurrent circumstances, had any effect on the public mind, are faithfully narrated; and a concise enumeration of the leading improvements in the law, in the morals and domestic comforts of the people, are also given of each reign. In addition to these collocation of facts, each chapter is closed by a dissertation on the public characters of the time, on the merits as statesmen, on their conduct as men. An excellent and truth-speaking specimen of this new system of history is given in the latest part published (for the work is diligently revised, is publishing in monthly parts), of the Court and Times of Charles the Second. Our author's remarks—

A striking result of the Restoration was, almost instantaneous revolution in the moral habits of the people. Under the Commonwealth all men were virtuous, or compelled to wear its exterior garb; but no sooner were the restraints, imposed by the strictness of puritanism, removed, than vice stalked through the land without disguise. The court set the fashion. Buckingham, Rochester, Sir Charles Sedley, and the Killigrews, were most distinguished by their wit and libertinism. Charles laughed at their follies, and by his example, and that of his cavaliers, licentiousness and debauchery became prevalent in the nation. Ebrriety and the pleasures of the table were freely indulged in. Love was treated more as an appetite than a passion, and delicacy and sentiment entered little into the attachments formed between the sexes. Conversation was corrupted as well as conduct. The coarsest jests and most indecent words were admitted among the highest classes, and even disgraced the literature of the day. The stage copying the living manners of the time, united the profligacy of the French with the rudeness of English manners. Nearly all the actresses were in the keeping, many of them the wives, of the nobility. The king, as before observed, took two of his favourite mistresses from the theatres—Davies and Nell Gwynne. Each bore him a child, which was ennobled, and Davies received a costly establishment in Suffolk-street. Gwynne might have received a coronet, like the Duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth, but she always refused a title.

It was in the company of his mistresses that Charles spent much of the time which was due to the service of the nation. 'He delighted,' says Sheffield, 'in a bewitching kind of pleasure called sauntering.' Even when the council had assembled to deliberate in his presence, the truant monarch would prefer willing away his time in their fascinating society.

Speaking of this licentious era, Dr. Burnet says (Hist. of his Own Time, i. 368), 'At this time the court fell into much extravagance in masquerading; both King and Queen went about masked, and came into houses unknown, and danced there with a great deal of frolic. In all this they were so disguised that none could distinguish them.' It would have been well had the gaieties of the court been always so innocent as masquerading, or, as Pepys mentions, gipsy-parties and fortune-telling; but some of the gallants of the time perpetrated with impunity offences of a darker character. Sir John Denham and Lord Chesterfield have both been accused of murdering their wives by poison; and the latter to have aggravated the horrors of his offence by administering the fatal dose in the holy wine of the communion (Life of Lord William Russell, 2d edit., 44). An incestuous connection with his sister Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, has been imputed to the King. The abandoned Duke of Buckingham, after the fatal duel with the Earl of Shrewsbury, introduced the countess to his wife in his own house, and is said to have slept with his



adulterous paramour the same night in the bloody shirt in which he had slain her husband.

The extravagant pretensions to piety of the former age had much propagated the spirit of irreligion; and most men of learning and genius lay under the imputation of deism. Among the number may be reckoned Shaftesbury, Halifax, Buckingham, Mulgrave, Essex, Rochester, Sir William Temple, and Algernon Sydney. Charles himself was considered an infidel. But it is probable he had no settled opinions of religion; though he died, after a very singular death-bed scene—if what Burnet relates be true—in the communion of the Church of Rome.

The costume changed with manners after the Restoration. 'Charles II.'s beauties were the very reverse of their mothers in dress as in demeanour. The starched ruff, the steeple-crowned hat, the rigid stomacher, and the stately fardangle, were banished with the gravity and morality of their wearers. A studied negligence, an elegant deshabille, is the prevailing character of the costume in which they are nearly all represented; their glossy ringlets escaping from a single bandeau of pearls, or adorned by a single rose, fall in graceful profusion upon snowy necks, unveiled by even the transparent lawn of the band or the portecollet; and the fair round arm, bare to the elbow, reclines upon the voluptuous satin petticoat, while the gown, of the same rich material, piles up its voluminous train in the background.' (Hist. Brit. Costume, 301.) The numerous engravings from the celebrated painters of this period, have rendered generally familiar the style of dress worn by court ladies.

The fashion of male costume did not improve during this reign. The most elegant and picturesque style of dress ever worn in England appears to have been in Charles I.'s time, from 1625 to 1648. It has acquired the appellation of the Vandyke dress, being the habit in which that artist painted, and it is frequently seen on the stage. It degenerated into extravagance in the reign of his successor, Charles II., when the periwig and petticoat-reeches were introduced; and the doublet, which, at the beginning of his reign was very short, became elongated to the middle of the thigh, and assumed the form of the modern coat. So extraordinary a head-dress as the periwig demanded a different covering to the high-crowned hat or broad-leaved Flemish beaver. The crown was lowered and the brim raised. In lieu of the chivalric plume worn on one side of the head, a row of feathers was placed round it, and the first approach made to the cocked hats of the eighteenth century.

Neckcloths or cravats of Brussels and Flanders lace were worn towards the close of this reign, tied in a knot under the chin, the ends hanging down square.

#### A Cockney and an Aberdonian.

THE proverbial sagacity of the good citizens of Aberdeen is amusingly illustrated in an article in the *Metropolitan* this month. A small shopkeeper in that learned city had intended to write to London for 45lbs of indigo, but by some mistake had ordered forty-five tons. Scarcely is the order supplied than accounts are received from India of the failure of the crop, and the London firm instantly despatch a subordinate to procure the return of the cargo. This, however, is found to be a somewhat difficult matter. Having introduced himself, the clerk is thus addressed by the wily Scot:—

"Ye are come to Aberdeen about [the indigo, doubtless]" said Donald, after a pause, and very deliberately. "Yes. My principals feel sure that you have made a trifling mistake in the amount of your order; so, to relieve your anxiety, they have sent me down to you, to say that they are willing to take the indigo back, and release you from your bargain, provided that you will pay the expense of the freight—and a very generous offer it is, I can tell you."

"I am sure that I am over obliged to the gude gentlemen. But pray, sir, who may ye be yer ainsel?" A modest young man, nae doubt, but humble—yer preferment's all to come. One would just like to know whom one is treating wi'—some junior clerk, or, perhaps, one of the warehousemen?—surely ye no be one of the porters?"

Very indignant indeed was the fop at these degrading conjectures. With much hauteur he exclaimed, "I must acquaint you that I am the confidential principal and managing director of the firm's vast mercantile operations; that I am a near relation of Mr. Hubbens, the head of the firm; and that I have full power and authority to do just what I please in this, as in every other transaction. My name, sir, is Daniel Hubbens, at your service. What do you say to my offer?"

"I should like to glance at your authority—no offence."

Mr. Daniel Hubbens was offended, however; but, finding the Scotchman firm, he was obliged to give him the necessary vouchers that he was empowered to treat with him for a re-sale of the merchandise. The examination of this document still further opened the mental eyes of M'Grie to the value of his late purchase, and he consequently became more dogged and consequential.

Mr. Hubbens, perceiving the turn that affairs were likely to take, and that he had a difficult task to perform, at once altered the loftiness of his manner, and said—"Well, well, my dear sir, the fact is you have long bought from us. I wish now to see if we, our very respectable firm, cannot purchase from you. So come down to my inn, and we'll talk the matter over the bottle of the best you can call for."

"Oo, there's nae acasion; just say a' here."

"No, no, my dear sir; come with me you must. I am very tired, and the best supper that Aberdeen can produce is providing for us two."

"Sae ye are prepared for me. I understand. Ye would nae hae ta'en all this troublous wark for little. I'll awa with you, my man."

And away they both went; in the short journey to the inn Donald cogitating on the utmost that he should ask for the re-sale of the indigo, and the managing clerk en-

deavouring to divert his thoughts from the value of the goods in his possession.

The supper and its accessories were the best that ever fell to the lot of Donald to share; but he was prudent, and the clerk gained no advantage through the means of his lavish expenditure of choice wines, so after many flourishes and much circumlocution, he was forced to put the plain question to his guest, "What will you take to pass your cargo of indigo back to our firm?"

"Troth, Mr. Hubbens, I'm at a loss a bit. Phat will ye gie, truly?"

"Why, Mr. M'Grie, the fact is, we have received a very unexpected order for the article, and our people have empowered me to come to Aberdeen and offer you a thousand pounds to return the cargo just as you got it. There is a glorious chance for you! A thousand pounds! Don't you feel yourself in heaven?"

"No, no; I'm better advised than that comes to. I didna buy the mickle lot but upon sound calculations. I have friends, sir, friends who have the first intelligence."

It is as I suspected, thought the clerk; he has had the first news of the general failure of the crops.

"I'll tell you what it is Mr. M'Grie—it is a bold step, but I'll take it upon myself to double the offer. Two thousand and sir, two thousand! Hey?"

"Indeed no, my man. I can make mair o't than that."

"Well, I must let you keep it," said the youngster, with an air of well-affected indifference.

"Weel, weel, young sir, here's to your verra gude health, and a pleasant journey back again."

"Thank you, sir. May the indigo prosper with you!"

They drank two glasses of wine each in silence. The mortification of Hubbens could not be concealed, whilst M'Grie's visage represented content carved out in stone.

After a considerable pause, the clerk lost his temper entirely—his patience had long gone before it—and he resumed the attack upon the imperturbable Donald. At length the would-be purchaser, not at all liking the prospect and the shame of an unsuccessful journey back to his principals, in a fit of desperation pulled out his private instructions, and said, "Here, read that, obstinate man of iron that you are. Just so far am I permitted to go, and no farther."

M'Grie read very deliberately that his host was empowered to offer him the freight both ways, and four thousand pounds.

"It is driving me hard," said Donald; "but as you are an unco amiable young man, and no to fash you with your employers, I'll just consent. And to show ye that I can be liberal too, why, when ye hae settled the reckoning, I'll stand a pint o' Glenlivet aween the twa of us."

After this, the transaction was immediately wound up, and the money paid down.

#### Discovery of Greek Fire in England.

THE *Fanal* newspaper, in making an allusion to the recent notices in the House of Commons, of Mr. Warner's invention of a destructive missile, places it under the above title, and attempts to connect the invention with the destructive engine of war, descriptions of which were given in that paper some months ago, and were represented to be constructing secretly in the dockyards at Woolwich. The same writer professes to be in possession of the secret, of which he thus gives all nations the benefit:—The English Parliament has lately paid a great deal of attention to the discovery of Captain Warner, which, according to an official report, must for ever confer the mastery of the seas on that nation which is the first to adopt it. A powerful state has already offered the inventor a reward of seven millions and a half of francs to disclose his secret, but it is believed that he is too much of a patriot to allow other nations to derive the benefit of his discovery. It was not, therefore, by him that we were informed of this discovery when we mentioned it more than a year ago, along with many others, which were then considered visionary, but of the reality of which every day affords proofs. It is stated that the destructive effects of this missile may be extended to a great distance, equal to the range of a Congreve rocket, charged with Greek fire, and fired from a cannon in the manner we have described. But the most terrible engine of Mr. Warner is a boiler filled with the materials that compose the Greek fire and with water, which can be heated to twenty-five atmospheres when required. The steam exerting an enormous pressure on the oily and resinous substance in a state of incandescence, it is only necessary to open the stop cock of a pipe in order to produce a stream of fire many hundreds of metres in length, and to cover the sails and rigging of a ship with a thousand inextinguishable fires. The member of the House of Commons who states that a fleet of a hundred vessels would not be able to resist such a meteor for an hour is perfectly right. If it were a question in what manner it would be possible to approach these hundred vessels, armed with cannons—this can now be easily accomplished, by means of steam, and with the Archimedian screw substituted for the paddle-wheels, which are the vulnerable part of ordinary steam-boats. Cuirasses have been made to resist bullets, they will now be made to resist cannon balls; for it is known that nothing can be easier than to construct a vessel impervious to the heaviest projectiles, by providing it with planks of sufficient thickness covered with sheets of lead, iron, and of timber, as the Americans have already done. This vessel, having neither cannon, nor lading, nor a numerous crew on board, and not being intended for taking a voyage, would be able to appropriate its whole tonnage to making itself proof against cannon balls. Thus prepared, and taking a becalmed fleet by surprise, if the *Infernal* does not sail well, two hours instead of one would accomplish the destruction. If necessary, such a ship would be able to enter all the enemies' ports, destroy every thing that came within its range, and escape uninjured. The secret is now divulged. Every one may make the attempt; the most alert will succeed. Let it not be said that the thing is impossible, impracticable. We have applied to all intelligent engineers, mechanics, and chemists; there is not one who will not undertake to construct one of these infernal machines for a million of florins; but representative governments will not pay attention to it till it is too late.

#### Two Truths in Two Guises.

WE take the two following extracts from *Fraser's Magazine*:—The subjects on which they treat are as different as the manner in which they are handled, yet the moral is the same—the evil and folly of certain laws and prejudices, which, although gradually disappearing, still require to be exposed and censured, that their erasure may be completed.

WHAT WAS HE?—An hour being appointed for the interview, pale and trembling, the wife with three children entered the tomb of a living being, who had been their only love and hope in this world—he whose solicitude to insure their happiness was the cause of their misery. After an absence, it is natural to rush into the arms of those we love; but disgrace and consequent shame make strange havoc with the impulses of the heart. "Do you forgive me, Maria?" said the husband, keeping aloof from his wife, as if his touch would be pollution. "Would that others could as readily forgive!" replied the agonized wife, sinking on a seat near to her. "Ah, you mean God! Ah, have you prayed for me, Maria? Do you think there is hope for me? Speak! I have been a great sinner—a wicked sinner, Maria. Yet do not tell these, your children, what a bad man their father was. But wherefore are they here? Is not my punishment sufficiently heavy without bringing my children to reproach me?" The gaoler reminded the bewildered man that he had expressed a wish to see them. "Yes—true!" he ejaculated; "but I have been mad, and have not recovered my senses. Maria, your husband is mad!" Maria heard him not; she was lying senseless on the floor. The children, aged six, eight, and ten, were crying over her, thinking that their unhappy and evidently distracted father had been the cause of her death. Both husband and wife had thousands of questions to ask, and more matter to communicate, but the interview was ended. Several hours elapsed ere the wife was restored to perfect consciousness; and it was late in the evening before her doctored husband could be brought to resume his preparations for the fate that awaited him the following morning. "Shall I not see him once more?" inquired the wife, as she slowly recovered her recollection; "only once more—only one look! I am now prepared, and can command my feelings." This privilege was denied her, as such interviews rarely answer any purpose but to distract the mind of the one whose business it is to forget the world and all its attractions, and to agonize the feelings of the other, who stands in need of all the resolution they possess to restrain the calamities attendant on a catastrophe so fatal to their worldly prospects. It was evening before the wife and her children could be conveyed home; the latter, while at the prison and on their road, asking their agonized mother a number of questions regarding their father, every one of which penetrated the soul, and caused her further anguish. It was the first time the subject of death had been forced on their attention, and they were too young to have anything but a confused notion of it, now they had learned that their father was doomed in a few hours to meet it before the public gaze. In all these cases, the truth is that the wife and children of the offenders are the only parties really punished. Even the hanging itself falls with a heavier weight of suffering on the sensibilities of an attached wife than it does on the actual culprit, whose sense of pain has a termination. The wife, tortured with the picture of the scene of strangulation on her imagination, in vain, when worn out with distress of mind, seeks repose; the excited and deranged nerves keep the fancy at work; she dreams that they have laid her dead husband, cold and clammy, by her side, and awakes in terror at being so near one whose absence a short time since was her only trouble. The hours, as the morning approaches, are counted; then minutes are watched. The fatal period arrives—the clock strikes eight—she sees the signal—hears the drop fall—feels the jerk—the sensation of choking—and swoons, again to revive to the consciousness that all is desolation and misery around her!

WHO ARE WE?—Accursed, I say, be all uniform coats of blue or of red; all ye epaulets and sabretashes; all ye guns, shrapnels, and musketoons; all ye silken banners embroidered with bloody reminiscences of successful fights: down—down to the bottomless pit with you all, and let honest men live and love each other without you! What business have I, forsooth, to plume myself because the Duke of Wellington beat the French in Spain and elsewhere; and kindle as I read the tale, and fancy myself of a heroic stock, because my uncle Tom was at the battle of Waterloo, and because we beat Napoleon there? Who are we, in the name of Beelzebub? Did we ever fight in our lives? Have we the slightest inclination for fighting and murdering one another? Why are we to go on hating one another, from generation to generation, swelling up our little bosoms with absurd national conceit, strutting and crowing over our neighbours, and longing to be at fisty-cuffs with them again? As Aristotle remarks, in war there are always two parties; and though it often happens that both declare themselves to be victorious, it still is generally the case that one party beats and the other is beaten. The conqueror is thus filled with national pride, and the conquered with national hatred, and a desire to do better next time. If he has his revenge and beats his opponent as desired, these agreeable feelings are reversed, and so pride and hatred continue in *secula seculorum*, and ribands and orders are given away, and great men rise and flourish. "Remember you are Britons!" cried our general; "there is the enemy and de—'em, give 'em the bayonet!" Hurrah! helter skelter, load and fire, cut and thrust, down they go! "Soldats! dans ce moment terrible la France vous regarde; Vive l'Empereur!" shouts Jacques Bonhomme, and his sword is through your ribs in a twinkling. "Children!" roars Feld-marchal Sauerkraut, "men of Hohenzollernsigringen! remember the eyes of Vaterland are upon you!" and murder again is the consequence. Tomahoe-teeboo leads on the Ashantees with the very same war-cry, and they eat all their prisoners with true patriotic cannibalism. Thus do nations consider themselves superior to all the rest of the world!



## A Fashionable Marriage.

## CHAPTER III.—THE SETTLEMENT—THE CEREMONY—THE CATASTROPHE.

EARLIER in the morning than fashion would think polite, Mr. Winyett was ushered into the presence of the Countess of Foulborough, and a few minutes sufficed to introduce him to all the members of the family. The Earl contrived to leave his room, and received the City merchant as blandly as the gout would permit him. The Countess was remarkably active, smiling over and upon all, until even her daughters began to suspect that their talented mama had some other purpose to serve than the happiness of her son. His Lordship was affable in the extreme, and on that morning made more way in the good opinion of Mr. Winyett than all his previous interviews had effected for him. The young lady herself began to feel her spirits expand, and a joyous and delightful thrill crept through her nerves, giving an illuminated expression to her features, which made her father more than once inquire of himself what could have been the nature and cause of her sudden illness. The heat and excitement of the opera, however, bore on its ample shoulders all blame respecting Miss Winyett's indisposition; and the ardent attachment of the young lord was deemed a fitting apology for his so far trespassing the rules of prudence in bringing her to his father's mansion. At breakfast every winning grace which a polished woman can throw around her conduct was displayed by the Countess; and her daughters, taking so excellent an example, proved themselves polite without pride, and affable without condescension. Mr. Winyett felt himself elevated even in his own estimation, and it was therefore with a firm step and a glowing cheek that the old man rose at the request of the Earl, when informed that he and his Countess would converse with him for a short time in the library.

Seated amongst books never read, the Earl partly admitted to Mr. Winyett his inability to open the subject on which they had solicited his attendance, or to conduct it in a manner becoming its importance; but his Countess, to whom all matters were delegated while he suffered under the attacks of gout, would not only act for herself and him, but be better qualified to talk of certain delicate matters which generally intrude themselves in matters of the present description. Thus introduced, the Countess opened upon the merchant all the charms of her conversation, and commenced the topic of her son's affection for his amiable and accomplished daughter in so delicate a manner, and proceeded so tenderly, yet effectually, towards her approval of his choice, and the hope that her son had not accepted the reciprocal attachment of Miss Winyett without her parent's concurrence. Mr. Winyett, led away by the brilliant display of words, and not a little seduced by the enticing style in which they were delivered, could only half mutter a few broken sentences respecting his satisfaction—his pride at the prospect of his daughter's union—his power of giving her an affluent settlement, and his hope of seeing her happy with the man of her choice, and so on. Had a superficial observer seen and heard the parties, he would not have been able to fix the proper characteristics of either of them. The Earl's small grey eyes twinkled with intense emotion, but his other features presented their usual appearance of frozen snow. The Countess, radiant with satisfied good nature, would have been taken for a beautiful and perfect picture of disinterested kindness, to whom the happiness of others was a principle of life, into which no germ of selfishness could ever have an entrance. Mr. Winyett alone was embarrassed; but the kind and soothing manner in which the Countess assisted him to finish a sentence; the delicate promptings she gave him to make his own meaning plain, proved that she read his thoughts more plainly than he could himself explain them; and finding that they needed no direction towards the current in which she wished them to flow, Mr. Winyett was ultimately made as confident in his speech as he would have been in the summation of his ledger. The morning waxed away; the parents joined "the family," and, after an elegant refection, the Countess, her daughters, and Miss Winyett, proceeded to the Park, while Mr. Winyett went in search of Josias Vincent, Esq.

A very few days sufficed for the transaction of the legal portion of the business. Lawyers can be as speedy in their operations as they are dilatory, when it is their interest to do so. This was such an instance; and Mr. Vincent called early one morning at — Square, saw Lord Swindleton in his bedroom, and informed him that Mr. Winyett, on the morning of his daughter's marriage, would pay to the solicitor of the Earl of Foulborough the sum of fifty thousand pounds, for the use of herself and husband; that he had purchased a large assortment of jewellery, from which the Countess and the ladies might expect a few articles of ornamental wear; that the merchant had also made his will, in which the residue of his fortune was made to devolve on the second son of his daughter; whom failing, to be equally divided among her daughters; whom failing, to devolve upon her eldest surviving son; whom failing, to become the property of herself; and in the event of her dying before the testator, without issue, then the entire residue of his fortune should descend to her husband, the Right Hon. Lord Swindleton. Mr. Vincent shortly afterwards departed, with a bill for one thousand pounds, at ten days' notice, in his possession.

No sooner was it bruited abroad that the noble heir of the honours of Foulborough was about to be married to the daughter of a rich merchant in the City than all the tradesmen, who had been unable to supply goods for the use of the family, suddenly became possessed of large and elegant stocks of laces, silks, &c., and would be most happy to wait at the mansion with whatever patterns might be required.

At length the long-awaited on morning arrived, and the confiding and guileless maiden became Lady Swindleton. It would be an idle task to dwell on the ceremonies of a marriage, and still more useless to describe the garniture of the breakfast table, or the stately deportment of those who scarcely tasted any of the delicacies with which it was encumbered. The country seat of the Earl had been furnished up for the occasion, and thither the "happy couple" repaired to enjoy the honeymoon. That period of wedded love is generally unaccounted for in fashionable life. It is supposed to be so entirely filled up with a quiet round of domestic enjoyments, with agreeable conversations, and tender attempts to make each other happy without the foreign aid of society, that little description is necessary. Some of the uninitiated think it must be a dull affair at best; but no young lady has been known to express a disinclination to undergo the novitiate. Whatever enjoyments may usually accrue to the secluded wedded lovers in ordinary cases, few fell to the lot of Lady Swindleton. Her heartless lord, almost as soon as he alighted from the carriage (which, by-the-bye, was sent back immediately to town), cooled down into the careless husband, and left a woman, whose whole heart was bound up in him, for the society of a few blacklegs and their dogs. In a few weeks he returned to town, discharged his debts of honour to his mother and sisters, redeemed his character at Tattersall's, and enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best men about town. In the gay circles to which he again became a welcome guest, no inquiry whatever was made respecting his lady; it was sufficient for them that her father's gold glittered on the card table.

Lady Swindleton resided for nearly three months in the country, ashamed to write to her father, but urgent in her letters to her husband, who only twice deigned to reply to her communications; and when she compared his unmeaning or excusing letters with the tone and warmth of his conversation a few months before, an almost undistinguishable pang would settle in her breast, and, almost ere she was aware, tears of anguishing import would roll down her pale cheeks, like hail drops in summer—round drops of water congealed in falling.

It was not until compelled to inform his Lordship of her being likely too add a new claimant to the honours of Foulborough, that her husband waited on the Countess, and inquired what was to be done respecting her. No sooner was the Countess aware of the situation of her daughter-in-law, than she resolved to convert the circumstance to her benefit. She assumed great concern at the loneliness of the dear child, and counselled the immediate departure of her son to console her, and bring her up to town that her spirits might be rendered cheerful and happy. Unfortunately, Lord Swindleton was engaged at a most important race on the following day, where a horse he had recently purchased was to run; consequently it was impossible for him to leave town on any other errand. With some difficulty, therefore, the Countess allowed herself to be induced to go down, receiving in consideration of her services a small roll of bank-notes, a mere trifle of which she stood somewhat in need. A few hours' soothing by the Countess lulled the complaints but not the suspicions of Lady Swindleton, who resolved, so soon as she got to town, to take up her residence with her father. The Countess, however, was determined to ingratiate herself with her daughter-in-law, even at the expense of her son, and continued to render the disconsolate wife every attention of which flattery and art were capable. In a few days they returned to town; and the first intelligence they heard of his Lordship was, that he had been "cleaned out" at Newmarket, and was now as poor, though not quite so much in debt, as previous to his marriage. Ere Lord Swindleton could apply his seductive persuasion to his wife, with the view of inducing her to apply to her father for assistance, the enraged Countess forgot her whole week's policy, and, bursting into the most unladylike passion, exposed the delinquencies and poverty of her son, and called on the affrighted lady to encourage his misconduct no longer!

"Had it not been for you, madam, this would not have occurred," exclaimed the Countess. "The vulgar company into which he has thrown himself has been his ruin."

"I hope you are not in difficulty, my very foolish mother;" hisped the youth, "for I do assure you that I cannot give you another slice of my lady's jointure."

"Leave this house instantly," replied the Countess.

"Adieu," half sung half said the noble lord, as he gracefully bowed himself out of the room.

Lady Swindleton had seated herself on a chair. Confounded at the display of passion and villany she had witnessed, she felt a dizziness coming over her which would have rendered her insensible. With an energy of which she scarcely deemed herself capable, she shook it off, and paced the room firmly, while her graceless lord made his exit. The Countess turned upon her, but instead of meeting a pale and shrinking creature she

beheld the victim not only unalarmed, but almost appearing as if unconcerned. Struck with astonishment, the Countess remained silent, when Lady Swindleton thus addressed her.

"Madam, please be seated. The loss of my fortune is to me of little moment—much less than the exposure which must ensue will be to you and your family. The many dreary hours which I have passed in the country, while my husband and you were rioting in excess, will carry less of regret with them than your conduct may cause yourself—their memory will be unimpaired by a pang of remorse or a sense of shame; perhaps also so will the recollection of your conduct. I am sorry only for my father; the fruit of many years frugality and careful management has been dissipated in almost as many days yet that he will forgive for his daughter's sake. I am yet too young a wife, and likely too soon to be a mother, to struggle on through such a life as this day gives promise of. I cannot give up the name of your family for the sake of that which breathes within me, but, however much the disappointment of my life may be, it must be passed in seclusion—with my father, not with my husband or his family."

The decision with which this resolution was uttered had considerable effect upon the Countess. Several times she made an attempt to interrupt her daughter-in-law, but the cool manner of her address would brook no interruption, and for the first time the haughty dame felt herself awed into silence. Ere Lady Swindleton passed, the Countess had changed her resolve, and for the family honour and her own profit, determined to endure the city girl. She, therefore, cast a mild yet reproving look upon her daughter-in-law; first one tear appeared, then another, till her eyes seemed as if studded with illuminated pearls;—a sigh was then seen to be struggling and heaving in her bosom; it escaped from her lips; and the tears, by the shock, fell like a shower on a marble vase, only rendering the unstreaked portion of her neck more glossy and transparent by the comparison.

There are some women who, while commanding tears, really feel impressed by the weakness they feign; and who, by their tenderness of look, lead captive the most resolute determination to withstand their art or entreaty. Such a profound artist was the Countess; she could throw for a moment her whole heart, selfish and callous as it was, into a sentiment, and look Virtue and Meekness personified. Thus was Lady Swindleton beguiled; thus were her emotions led from herself to those with whom she had become allied, and thus was the incessant trembler in her bosom made to cling still more closely and fondly to him who had outraged her feelings, destroyed her quiet, and prostrated her hopes of happiness, alike as a wife or mother. There is no agony more bitter to the soul than that which arises from a consciousness of injury; and yet, that all the affections of the mind and senses still adhere to those by whom that injury has been inflicted. The Countess observed this weakness, fixed it, and by it obtained the extent of her wishes,—that is, so far as it was possible for these wishes to be satisfied.

The Countess well knew that her reprobate son would only laugh at her anger, while he would readily yield to her persuasion, provided that he could be made a gainer by her counsel. She, therefore, most tenderly adjoined her daughter-in-law by the endearing terms of a wife and expectant mother to assist her in redeeming his Lordship from ruin—to entice him from vulgar company, and to reclaim him to that honour and dignity befitting his birth, and to that happiness with which a family could alone surround him. The victory was complete; the unhappy wife relented in her purpose of explaining all to her father; gradually she was induced to represent a falsehood to him, and to seek money for her own purposes. The unsuspecting merchant readily complied, once and again. There was not a more cheerful and pleasure-bringing husband than Lord Swindleton when money was to be had; there was not a kinder or more attentive mother-in-law than the Countess on like occasions. Still, for days, sometimes weeks, the young lord would absent himself from home. Lady Swindleton was now approaching a critical time in her existence; and, like every mother with her first-born, awaited the result in fear. One morning, while calculating her period with some anxiety, she received a letter from her husband, stating that he was forcibly detained in a "hotel" for a debt of five thousand pounds, which he had incurred at the gaming-table; and that unless she could immediately furnish him with that sum, he could not possibly see her again. The lady trembled in every nerve; but she resolved on the instant to despatch the note to her father, and leave the matter altogether in his hands. In a few hours Mr. Winyett was with his daughter, gently chiding her for not informing him of such circumstances sooner. The Countess, knowing what had occurred, refused to see him. He proceeded, therefore, to the fashionable prison of his son-in-law, and inquired the amount for which he was detained.

"Only a paltry thousand," replied the master of the table.

"If that is all," said Mr. Winyett, "could you not have trusted to his honour for the paltry amount?"

"We know him too well for that," rejoined the official. "We know the bottom of his purse pretty well by this time."

"Do not be despirited, my Lord," said the merchant; "your confidence in me and my daughter, I am certain,



has been great. I have seen the note you sent her, and am aware of the amount you so delicately demanded. I restore you to liberty, but not another shilling of mine do you receive."

While Mr. Winyett paid the money, Lord Swindleton took his hat, and was permitted to walk down stairs. On the merchant's reaching his daughter's, he found her husband and mother-in-law accusing her of perfidy and ingratitude in having exposed them. Turning round on Mr. Winyett, the hopeful lordling demanded the remainder of the poor sum he had been led to expect.

Mr. Winyett quietly advised his daughter to depart with him, but his Lordship immediately interfered, and declared that his wife should remain where she was, and be subject to his control, unless his wishes were complied with. The old merchant possessed all the feelings of a father, but at the same time he was a man of business, and knew how to meet a difficulty. While his daughter reclined on the sofa, her face colourless and cold, her eyes red, and her lips blue, the merchant coolly took a pair, drew out a few lines on a slip of paper, threw it over to his son-in-law, who, having read it with equal coolness, readily placed his name to it, and received the money. A street coach was ordered, the lady conveyed to it, and Mr. Winyett drove off, while the drawing-room curtains were violently closed as they passed. Neither spoke for a time—one never more. While proceeding down the noisy and crowded Strand, or through Fleet-street, Lady Swindleton fell down on her father's knees; a looking-glass escaped her lips, her eyes turned round, and her limbs stiffened in his grasp. At first, he intended to have stopped the vehicle and called a surgeon; but, rage, disappointment, and mental anguish deterred him; he flattered himself that she was already dead, and drove on through the city; passed the well-known crowded thoroughfares where he had so often plodded cutlery in the accumulation of his wealth; and after weary hour's drive reached his little house in the country. The lady was quietly carried to her old apartment. A surgeon speedily arrived, who declared life had fled. The old man uttered no complaint. He transmitted a messenger to the Earl of Foulborough, who in reply stated his deep regret at the circumstance, and his hope that the funeral would be conducted in a manner becoming the family. Mr. Winyett, after the remains of his daughter had been properly attended to, gently opened his bureau, took out a well-folded document, tore it methodically in pieces, and placed them in a grate, applying thereto a lighted candle. On the morning after the funeral, there appeared in the same paper which announced the approaching marriage, "We regret to announce that the accomplished Lady Swindleton died in premature childhood, on Wednesday last. It is needless to add that the family are plunged in the deepest affliction."

The Earl and his son are prepared to take office; and the Countess more than ever urgently desires that it may be an ambassadorial appointment.

#### Cruelties of Science.

The newspapers the other day gave the following American extract, respecting the effects of a galvanic shock on the body of an unfortunate man, who, having been executed by murder, was cut down at the earliest moment allowed by law, and experimented upon while his corpse was warm, the motion of his blood not quite suspended, and the action of his brain not yet at rest. This cruel torture on an individual whose soul still lingered in agony intense, in a senseless frame, was reported merely as the "wonders of galvanism;" no pen was found to indite an indignant sentence against the barbarity of the transaction: nor were the experimentalists called on to express regret at the terrible torture they had inflicted on a human being who had already endured the shame of death, and satisfied the law.

John White, convicted of the murder of Messrs. Gwatkin and Glenn, on board a flat boat on the Ohio river, was executed at Louisville, on the 8th ult., a little after six o'clock in the morning. The rope not "playing" well, cased the knot to slip up over the chin instead of hanging under his ear, so that his neck was not broken by a fall. Previously to his execution he wrote a letter to his father, in which he stated that he was present when the unfortunate men were murdered: that he did not participate in the act, but was compelled to beg his own life from two men who murdered them. He was cut down after hanging about twenty-five minutes, and his body was given to the doctors for the purposes of experiment. The *Louisville City Gazette* gives the annexed extraordinary circumstances attending an experiment with the galvanic battery:—"The poles of a powerful galvanic pile, which had been prepared for the occasion, were immediately applied to him, and to the unutterable joy of all present, with the most perfect success. On the first application of the fluid to his body, which was yet warm and trembling, universal tremour was seen to pass over his frame; on a sudden he arose from his bench to a sitting posture, and with great eagerness and impatience raised his hand to his neck, trying to grasp the scarf in his fingers and tear it from his throat! He first snatched at it with great rashness, as though the rope was yet around his neck, and then continued some moments picking at the seam with his fingers, as though it was something that adhered to his throat giving him great uneasiness. But this symptom was soon forgotten, for almost the next moment he rose upon his feet, raised his arms level with his breast, and, opening his bloodshot eyes, gave forth from his mouth a most terrific screech, after which his chest worked as if in respiration in a very violent manner. Very one at this moment was as mute as death, when one of the surgeons exclaimed that he was alive. The excitement was too great to allow time for a reply to the remark;

every eye was riveted upon the agitated and shaking corpse. The operator continued to let upon it a full quantum of the galvanic fluid, till the action upon its nerves became so powerful that it made a tremendous bound, leaping by a sort of imperfect plunge into a corner of the room, disengaging itself entirely from the wires which communicated the galvanism. All immediately drew around the body. For the moment after its fall it seemed perfectly motionless and dead; a surgeon approached, and taking hold of his arm, announced that he thought he felt a slight though a single beat of the pulse. The galvanic operator was just going to arrange his machine to give him another charge, when the surgeon exclaimed that he breathed. At this moment he gave a long gasp, rising and gently waving his right hand; his sighs continued for two minutes, when they ceased entirely. His whole frame seemed to be agitated, his chest heaved, and his legs trembled. These effects were supposed to be caused by the powerful influence of the galvanic fluid upon the nerves; none of these movements were yet supposed attributable to the action of life. It was considered that the animating principle of nature had left his frame and could never be again restored. In the very height of anxiety, the surgeon announced that he could feel feeble pulsations. A piece of broken looking-glass was immediately held before his nostrils, which was instantly covered with a cloud. The most intense anxiety was felt for some seconds, when the motion of his chest, as in the act of respiration, became visible. He rolled his eyes wildly in their sockets, occasionally closing them, and giving most terrific scowls. In about five minutes his breathing became tolerably frequent—probably he would give one breath where an healthy man would give four. His breathing, however, rapidly increased. The doctors began to speak to him, but he gave no indication that he heard a word. He looked upon the scene around him with the most death-like indifference. A young medical student approached him, and, taking hold of his arm and shoulder, White rose upon his feet, took two steps thus supported, and seated himself in an arm chair. His muscles seemed to relax, and he appeared somewhat overcome with the exertion he had made. A bottle of hartshorn was immediately applied to his nose, which revived him, but his life seemed to be that of a man much intoxicated. He seemed upon one occasion to try to give utterance to some feeling, but, from an unknown cause, an impediment probably occasioned by the execution, he was unable to give utterance to a word. His system was critically examined, and though he was pronounced by the doctors to be perfectly alive, yet he could live but a very few minutes, for congestion of the brain was rapidly taking place. Every method was adopted to equalize the circulation, and save the patient from the terrible consequence of so sad a catastrophe, but in vain. The blood-vessels of the head were enormously distended, and his eyes appeared to be balls of clotted blood. His system was immediately thrown into direful spasms, and he died in a few minutes in the most excruciating agonies."

#### Power and Properties of the Blood.

In an excellent little work, comprising several lectures delivered by Mr. White, at the Highgate Literary and Scientific Institution, there is a vast number of well-pointed anecdotes, given in elucidation of the views of the lecturer. Among these the following, respecting the power and properties of the blood, appear to us more than ordinarily interesting:—

Some men have possessed the power of diminishing the action of the heart in themselves to such an extraordinary degree that they have simulated death. In these cases no pulsation has been felt in the heart or arteries, and respiration could not be perceived. A case is related in 'Harriott's Struggles.' The author, a resident in India, states that his Hindoo servants, when offended, fell down, and simulated death so perfectly, that he knew not whether he were looking on a living or dead body. Experience convinced him that he had been tricked; and having been called one day, while sealing a letter, to a man who had fallen down, apparently dead, he dropped on his unclad body a little burning wax, and the man immediately sprang up, resolved to sham no more.

The heart, though exquisitely sensible to mental impressions, is not sensible to touch, as is shown by the observation of Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, which is to this effect:—"A noble youth of the family of Montgomery, from a fall and abscess on the side of his chest, had the interior marvellously exposed, so that after his cure, on his return from his travels, the heart and lungs were still visible, and could be handled: which, when it was communicated to Charles I., he expressed a desire that Harvey should be permitted to see the youth, and examine his heart. When (says Harvey) I had paid my respects to this young nobleman, and conveyed to him the King's request, he made no concealment, but exposed the left side of his breast, when I saw a cavity into which I could introduce my fingers and thumb. Astonished with the novelty, again and again I explored the wound; and, first marvelling at the extraordinary nature of the cure, I set about the examination of the heart. Taking it in one hand, and placing the finger of the other on the pulse of the wrist, I satisfied myself that it was indeed the heart which I grasped. I then brought him to the King, that he might behold and touch so extraordinary a thing, and that he might perceive, as I did, that unless when we touched the outer skin, or saw our fingers in the cavity, this young nobleman knew not that we touched the heart!"

When blood is removed from the body, it coagulates; that is, a considerable part, including the colouring matter, becomes solid. The blood coagulates also, in the dead body, although it is sometimes found fluid, rarely in those who have died a natural death; frequently in those who have died suddenly from violence, from narcotic poisons, or lightning; and often also in those who have died of apoplexy. A common superstitious belief has existed, that if a murderer come near the body he has murdered, the corpse will bleed at his presence. As, when death has suddenly occurred, the blood is often fluid, and the body may have been moved when the suspected person has been

put to this trial, we can conceive that the bleeding would often occur; but we cannot suppose it would afford any proof of the guilt of the looker-on. In Hargrave's State Trials, quoted in Beck's Medical Jurisprudence, Sir John Maynard, an eminent lawyer, states that the following evidence was given in a trial for homicide, which occurred in Hertfordshire, in the fourth year of Charles I.:—"An ancient and grave person, minister to the parish where the fact was committed, deposed, that the body being taken up out of the grave, thirty days after the party's death, and lying on the grass; and the four defendants being present, were required each of them to touch the dead body. Okeman's wife fell upon her knees, and prayed God to show tokens of her innocence. The appellant did not touch the dead body, whereupon the brow of the dead, which before was of a livid and carrion colour (in terminis, the verbal expression of the witness), began to have a dew or gentle sweat arise on it, which increased by degrees, till the sweat ran down in drops on the face: the brow turned to a lively and fresh colour, and the deceased opened one of her eyes, and shut it again; and this opening the eye was done three several times. She likewise thrust out the ring or marriage finger three times, and pulled it in again, and the finger dropped blood on the grass."

When we read such tales of the superstitious belief of our ancestors, our hearts swell with gratitude to the promoters of general education, cheap literature, and literary and scientific institutions; for knowledge is the power which bursts the thralldom of superstition.

Some doubt has been expressed by Lord Clarendon, in the "History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England," as to the spot in which the remains of the unhappy King Charles I. had been interred. In a paper, written by Mr. Herbert, and published in the 'Athenæ Oxonienses,' it is stated, that the body was interred in King Henry VIII.'s vault, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. In the year 1813 an aperture was accidentally made in King Henry VIII.'s vault. By direction of the Prince Regent, an examination of the vault was made: Sir Henry Hallford was present at the examination. In an account of the examination drawn up by him—authenticated by the Prince Regent,\* deposited in the British Museum, and also published in Sir Henry Hallford's 'Essays and Orations'—it is stated, that a coffin was discovered, bearing an inscription, 'King Charles, 1648,' which contained a body covered with an unctuous substance, and embalmed in cere-cloth. Sir Henry says, 'When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and, without any difficulty, was taken up and held to view. It was quite wet, and gave a greenish red tinge to paper and to linen, which touched it.' Sir Henry adds in a note, 'I have not asserted this liquid to be blood, because I had not an opportunity of being sure that it was so. Nobody present had a doubt of its being blood.' This statement shows how long a time the blood may remain fluid.

#### An Old Song Worth Singing.

HAPPY and free are a Married Man's reveries;  
Cheerily, merrily, passes his life;  
He knows not the Bachelor's reveries, devilleries,  
Cared by and blessed by his children and a wife.  
From lassitude free too, sweet home still to flee to,  
A pet on his knee too, his kindness to share.  
A fire-side so cheery, the smiles of his deary,—  
O this boys, this is the Married Man's Fare.

Wife, kind as an angel, sees things never range ill,  
Busy promoting his comfort around,  
Dispelling dejection with smiles of affection,  
Sympathizing, advising, when fortune has frowned.  
Old ones relating droll tales never sating,  
Little ones prating, all strangers to care; [munching,  
Some romping, some jumping, some punching, some  
Economy dealing the Married Man's Fare.

Thus is each jolly day one live holiday;  
Not so the Bachelor, lonely, depressed—  
No gentle one near him, to home to endear him,  
In sorrow to cheer him, no friend if no guest;  
No children to climp up—'twould fill all my rhyme up,  
And take too much time up, to tell his despair;  
Cross housekeeper meeting him, cheating him, beating him;  
Bills pouring, maids scouring, devouring his fare.

He has no one to put on a sleeve or neck button—  
Shirts mangled to rags—drawers stringless at knee;  
The cook, to his grief too, spoils pudding and beef too,  
With overdone, underdone, undone is he;  
No son, still a treasure, in business or leisure;  
No daughter, with pleasure, new joys to prepare;  
But old maids and cousins, kind souls! rush in dozens  
Relieving him soon of his bachelor's fare.

He calls children apes, Sir, (the fox and the grapes, Sir,)  
And fain would be wed when his locks are like snow;  
But widows throw scorn out, and tell him he's worn out;  
And maidens, deriding, cry "No! my love no!"  
Old age comes with sorrow, with wrinkle, with furrow,  
No hope in to-morrow—none sympathy spares;  
And when unfit to rise up, he looks to the skies up—  
None close his old eyes up—he dies—and who cares?

\* On this circumstance Lord Byron wrote some of the most bitter and severe lines that ever proceeded from his pen. The noble poet was well known to entertain an excited antipathy against George the Fourth, but that ill-will was not deemed so active and determined as to be capable of venting the strong and passionate hate conveyed in the following lines. Their publication induced more unpopularity to the poet than to the Regent:—

Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,  
By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies;  
Between them stands another sceptred thing—  
It moves, it reigns—in all but name, a king:  
Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,  
—In him the double tyrant starts to life:  
Justice and death have mix'd their dust in vain,  
Each royal vampire wakes to life again.  
Ah what can tombs avail!—since these disgorge  
The blood and dust of both—to mould a George.



### Troubles of Mahomedan Ladies.

Two firms have lately been promulgated by the Sheikh ul Islam, which it is said have created great discontent among the fair inhabitants of the Turkish harems. The first is somewhat to the following effect:—"Whereas it has come to the knowledge of those whose duty it is to watch over the morals of the faithful, and to see that none shall presume to transgress prescribed rules, that certain women, of unblushing boldness and frivolous demeanour, have, in imitation of those daughters of burnt mothers, the she Kiaffirs of Pera, permitted their noses, and even their lips, to be exposed to the wanton gaze of passengers, it is enjoined, in the name of the Most Merciful, the recompenser of all virtue, that the wives and daughters of the faithful shall cautiously abstain from all such indecencies, and that they shall carefully wrap their yachmecks (veils) round their faces, in such a manner as to conceal their lips and noses, and only leave a sufficient aperture for the purpose of seeing that they do not defile themselves by coming in contact with any male infidels. Let them attend to this, or it will be the worse for them." The second is still more stringent, and not altogether exempt from a piece of scandal. It is couched more or less in these terms:—"Allah is great and omnipotent, and has placed limits to all things. It being a matter of public notoriety that the infidel traders of Pera, have increased in number, and stored their shops with divers tempting articles, the offspring of Satan's inventions, whereby the wives and handmaids of the faithful are excited to acts of most objectionable extravagance, thereby injuring their domestic felicity, and entailing great pecuniary inflictions upon their husbands and lords; it also being observed that, not content with filling their shops with these luring creations of Eblis, the aforesaid breeders of mischief place behind their counters youths of comely appearance, hoping strongly to further captivate and intoxicate the senses of true believing women, and thence endangering their souls as well as their purses. It is consequently ordained, in the name of the Avenger of all Incongruities, that caution and discretion be inculcated by husbands and male relatives, and that the pernicious practice of frequenting these infidel traps of destruction be put an end to. Let this serve as a warning, or all parties will eat considerable dirt in this world and in the next."

The great extent to which this absurd conduct is carried by the rigidly righteous, will be seen by the following paragraph from the *Bengal Hurkaru*:—"A restive camel threw his load, consisting of one of the wives of Shah Soojah, concealed of course with such privacy as a kujawub may afford. Entangled in his fallen burthen the beast fell heavily upon it; in an instant one of the European officers hastened to the spot, and would fain have released the poor captive, over whom the camel, entangled, as we have said, in some of the ropes of the kujawub, was still struggling. But even amid all the pain and peril of the moment, the unfortunate lady forbade him to approach her, and enjoined him, as he hoped his soul might be happy, not to save her life at the cost of what she must regard as 'outrage worse than death.' It by no means follows that this luckless lady was in effect more spotless than her fair competers, but she must have been aware that a terrible penalty would attach to her acceptance of that sort of assistance, which would alone have been effectual from any man, and more especially perhaps (though I know not this) from any one not among the 'Faithful.' Be this as it may, the gentleman, thus 'warned off,' reluctantly drew back, and it was not till the approach of some eunuchs, who (I have it on authority) are always in the way when they are not wanted and out of it when they are—that with an infinite deal of bungling the fair sufferer was at length extricated. She was by this time almost lifeless, as might be gathered from the increased faintness of her cries; and during the night it was reported this victim of Asiatic absurdity and jealousy had breathed her last."

### Fragments.

**THE WOMEN OF THE AZORES.**—In our rides we passed many women enveloped in heavy cloth cloaks of dark indigo; which, with high hoods stiffened over their heads with whalebone and buckram, almost conceal their faces, except when one white hand is put up to open the mouth of the hood and gratify their curiosity. When they wear shoes, which is generally the case near the city, they are neat about the feet, which although not small, are generally well formed. Their shoes are of various colours, from the neat black and glazed slipper that Englishwomen wear, to scarlet, blue, red, and orange in every shade. Indeed this is almost the only piece of finery, which, under such a covering, it is possible to display. A lady told me that women recognised one another by their feet as they walked the streets, and would draw up or pass on, according as the passer-by was shod in black or prinrose.—*A Winter in the Azores.*

**COFFEE-DRINKING.**—**SWEET TOOTH IN PARIS.**—The superiority of French coffee over that which is made in England, consists, first, in the berry being roasted more than it is in England; and, 2dly, in making the coffee of great strength, to which is added a large quantity of hot milk. The usual mode of taking coffee in Paris for breakfast is one fourth coffee and three fourths milk. The English frequently take a much larger proportion of coffee, and, therefore, experience bad effects; for if taken too strong it is calculated to produce heat of blood, dryness of skin, and indigestion. The practice of taking a small cup of coffee after dinner, without milk, is said to facilitate the digestion; but long experience has shown that at the same time there should be a small quantity of brandy or other liqueur. The enormous quantity of sugar which is served with one's coffee surprises a stranger. The French are great sugar eaters, and generally put five or six large lumps in a cup of coffee. Those who do not consume what is served, frequently put the remaining lumps into their pocket, which they eat during the day, or employ at home for the manufacture of *cau sucree*. It is not exactly fashionable to carry away one's sugar, but the practice excites no comment.

**A PATRIOTIC PRIEST AND GOOD FAIRY.**—The Castle of Carrig-a-Droid, in Cork, Mrs. Hall tells us, is built on a rock in the Lee. Although this pass of the river must have been one of importance, the building is comparatively modern. In 1641, however, it was a strong fortress, and had the credit of baffling the arms of Oliver Cromwell. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross had garrisoned it with an army for Charles I.; Cromwell despatched Lord Broghill with orders to attack and scatter the Irish in this quarter; and in the rout that followed—upon which the muse of Davenant had complimented his lordship—the bishop was taken prisoner. A free pardon was offered to him if he would procure the surrender of the castle, which he appeared willing to do; he was conducted to the walls, where, instead of calling upon the Irish to admit their enemies, he boldly adjured them to hold out while one stone remained upon another; then, turning to his astonished guard, he yielded to his fate, "whereupon he was immediately hanged." Yet the castle was soon afterwards taken by a weak stratagem. The English drew towards it the trunks of trees, by yoking oxen to them, which the garrison perceiving, mistook for cannon, and "presently began to parley, and surrendered upon articles." Tradition states the castle to have been erected by a MacCarthy, "to please the lady O'Carroll," who desired a residence on this singularly wild and beautiful spot. A legend, however, attributes its origin to a circumstance still more romantic. A poor peasant, lame and hump-backed, fell in love with the fair daughter of his chieftain, and pined in despair at the hopeless nature of his attachment. Wandering by the river-side, he suddenly heard the click click of the Leprehawn's hammer, seized the tiny brogue-maker, and compelled him to reveal the secret of the whereabouts of his treasure store. The little being not only endowed him with riches, but changed his awkward and ungainly form to one of manly grace; and the lovely Maiga was readily wooed, and easily won, by a stranger rich enough to build for her a noble mansion and to place the wealth of earth at her feet.

**COLOUR OF THE AIR.**—When we look at the sky on a clear day, it appears like a large light blue arch set over our head, and seen through the (supposed) invisible substance called air. But this is not the case: there is no blue dome above us, and when the sky is viewed from any elevated region of the earth, as the top of a high mountain or in a balloon, and where we would expect that this supposed blue vault would be more distinct, and manifest its blue tint more decidedly, it appears not more blue, but dark or black. In proportion as the spectator rises above the surface of the earth, and has less air above him, and that very rare, the blue tint gradually disappears; and if he could attain a height at which there is no air, the sky would be perfectly black, there would be total darkness all around, except in the direction in which the sun's rays fall upon him. This leads to the inference, that the air itself is of a blue colour. But how does it happen that we see this blue colour of the air only when we look at the sky, or at a distant mountain or forest? Why is not the blue colour seen in the air surrounding us when we look towards a house or wall not so far removed, or even in the air in a room, or in the air contained in what we call an empty glass vessel? A very simple experiment will explain the reason of this apparent anomaly. If we take any large glass vessel which contains a coloured liquid of a deep colour, and have several glass tubes of different diameters, from an inch to a 10th or 20th of an inch, and fill these tubes with liquid out of the large vessel; though we have the same liquid in all, and hence, in all the matter which causes the colour, it will be seen that the tint will gradually become more faint in proportion as the diameter of the tube is less, until, in the smallest, the liquid is clear and colourless like water. The intensity of the colour is just in proportion to the mass at which the spectator looks, and a very small quantity of that which, in large quantities, has a strong colour, does not present any colour at all, and thus, though the great body of air which is opposed to us, when we look at a clear sky or any distant object, transmits a sufficient quantity of blue rays to produce an impression of that colour on the eye, the small quantity in a glass, in a room, or even within the compass of a few miles, cannot convey enough of blue rays to the eye to produce the colour which the air manifests in a large body.

**FRENCH REWARDS FOR TALENT AND VIRTUE.**—One of the most interesting exhibitions of Paris lately took place, viz., the distribution of prizes accorded by the Academie Francaise for the most useful literary works, and the best instances of moral actions during the past year. An interesting detail was first read by the secretary, relative to the nature of the literary productions which were to be rewarded, and he ended by announcing that the prize for poetry (fifteen hundred francs) on the given theme, "The influence of Christian civilisation in the East," had been gained by M. Alfred des Essarts, who would read his poem to the audience. The young author was then led up to the president, from whom he received a rich gold medal; and, amidst warm plaudits from the members, he read aloud his manuscript. Of the eight prizes for works most useful to morality, six were to female writers, who, as the secretary gallantly said, had united elegance with power, and purity with industry. When the literary rewards were terminated, the prizes for virtuous actions were detailed by the director, M. de Jouy, who is so well known in England by his "Hermit of the Chaussee D'Autin," published many years ago. A sum of 10,000f., (£400) was given among four persons for praiseworthy acts: the first prize, of 3,000f., to a poor washerwoman, who, although she had seven children of her own, had adopted eight orphans fifteen years ago, and had maintained them through many struggles and difficulties ever since. Another prize was to an officer who had saved the life of a child from a burning house, which no one else would enter; and, after his first escape, hearing a female voice from the second floor, exclaiming, "Oh save my daughter!" regardless of the fearful danger, the young man rushed up the ladder, and found his difficulties increased by the mother and daughter having fainted; however, by almost superhuman exertion, he saved both, at the expense of severe personal injury to himself. A further

sum of 10,000f. was given in smaller portions, for instance, of virtue and domestic good conduct in humble life, parties residing in the provinces.

**FRENCH SENTIMENT AND HUMAN PHILOSOPHY.**—The following painful truths are from a new work by Buret, a French author of some promise:—"Man," Jesus Christ, "liveth not by bread alone; "but unfortunates who employ all the thoughts and almost all the hours of their lives to procure food for their body, are deprived of the spiritual sustenance necessary to man's mind. I merely, Religion undertook to satisfy the noble want of human nature, and by its festivals relieved the painful fatigue of toil. The day of rest was consecrated, if no elevated thought, at least to sweet and noble sentiment. The church convened to its solemnities, under its spires and almost celestial roofs, amid the finest monumental art that human hands have raised, the whole Christian population—that is to say, all men, without distinction for there, in the presence of God, all were brethren. shared equally amongst all its prayer and its incense, sacred instructions, and the highest enjoyments that arts could afford. The Catholic Church was at once Temple, the Museum, and—if I may use so profane a term—the Opera of the people. Religion now has lost the direction of the people; for its priesthood became the instrument of the powers of oppression, the defender of interests of the few against the legitimate interests of the many, and has shared the fate of those whom it supported. The people, having lost confidence, abandoned the Catholic Church with regret; and has since remained without temple, without altar, without the poetic consolation of the festivals, and without any enjoyments of the arts. Unfortunately, we comprehend too well the fall of Catholicism such as the priest made it; but who amongst us does not regret that nothing has replaced for the people that which is lost? There is profound meaning in the common expression,—"we want a religion for the people." Religion the explanation of human destiny, the poetry of our earth existence, the consoling promise of a better futurity. A who have more interest in hope and belief than the poor."

**A PICTORIAL FRAGMENT.**—In the present days, publishing, almost every book of consequence is illustrated with pictures, whether they be absolutely necessary or not. We have "Pictorial Bibles," "Pictorial Prayer-books," "Pictorial Testaments," "Pictorial Shakspeares," "Pictorial Molières," and "Pictorial Devils upon T Sticks," but why not illustrate more useful, the most practical books. Would not a Pictorial Blue Book Court Guide be a good spec? It might be rendered extremely pretty, and highly useful, by containing portraits of all persons named in the book, a sketch of their houses with explanatory references to the windows, so as to show at a glance which room is the bed-room of the married branch of the family, and which of the unmarried, and other information that might be serviceable. Portraits of the unmarried daughters ought on no account to be omitted. Directories in the same manner might be illustrated with portraits of the bankers, fac similes of their hand-writings, plans of their premises, explanations of the construction of their cash-boxes, and the keys, &c., which would be highly curious. Law Reports ought certainly to be Pictorial. How greatly increased would the stirring and exciting interest which youth, more especially, find in the perusal of causes of elopement, criminal conversation, &c., if portraits were given of the naughty delinquents, the accessories in the shape of post-boy blacksmiths, and others, and of the spoilt-sport pursuers and spies, and of the envious chambermaids, &c. In cases of domestic quarrels between man and wife, of assault and battery, what a fine scope there is for the Pictorial! I fancy one of the pictures now. I see it, there it is; beautiful, spirited! Look, there stands the husband holding up the poker to ward off the blow his affectionate wife is dealing him with a frying-pan, while she holds his hair by her grasp; there's the cradle upset, and the child thrown out; the terrified cat jumps up to the ceiling; the me stands still and burns before the fire; the kettle is boiling over into the Yorkshire pudding; and all the dinner things lie smashed upon the floor. Surely this is worthy of the Pictorial! And now for the second illustration. There are the judge, jury, counsellors, plenty of silk, plenty of wig, plenty of profound listeners, there stand the unfortunate claimant of protection from the court. See the black patches on his face, there stands the virago with her arm a kimbo, and there are the identical weapons of offence. This kind of picture would also serve to illustrate such valuable and highly instructive books, and when thus illustrated in the Pictorial fashion no one should be without it. Not only should faithful portraits be given, but an account of the phrenology of each person. Trusting that some spirited publisher, if any such there be, will adopt the Pictorial hints I have thrown out, I am the public's most obedient servant.—*A Bookworm.*

**TOO TRUE.**—Labour, where the workman possesses no other kind of capital, as is the case with several classes of operatives, has not the economic characters of an article of traffic; wages do not belong to a market; for the operative does not stand before his employer in the character of a free seller. It may be said that the capitalist is always free to purchase labour, and the workman always forced to sell it. The value of labour is completely destroyed; it is not sold every moment. Labour differs from all articles of traffic, because it can neither be stored nor saved. To the operative, labour is life, and if that life be not daily exchanged for food and raiment, it dwindles away and becomes extinct. The capitalist or purchaser of labour is placed in a very different position: if his wealth is unemployed it is unproductive, but it is not destroyed. He can afford to defer the bargain until more favourable conditions are offered. In a word, labour is not always demanded, and is always obliged to offer itself.

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"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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## A Trip by the Great Western Railway.

DEAR CHAMBERS,—Never did school-boy run home more joyously on the unexpected gift of a holiday than did we to the Railway station at Paddington, when you informed us that for two whole days our attendance could be dispensed with. The noisy omnibii had, many a time and oft, earned for themselves our hearty maledictions in the Strand, as they disturbed or disarranged the self-willed ideas that came not at our call. At the Railway-office, however, the jerking trundle of the wheels was music to our tender ears, and the voice and signal of the "cad" were as promises of liberty to the captive. We endured with exemplary patience the many stoppages on the road, and displayed a Roman fortitude when the omnibus actually halted at the Angel at Islington. As we neared the station, however, a degree of anxiety crept upon us, nor did the feverishness altogether subside until we were fairly seated, and locked in within one of the elegant and commodious carriages which traverse the majestic line of railway between London and Bridgewater.

Securely seated, we ventured to look on the busy mass around us. We had expected to witness much bustle and greater confusion; to be dinned with the clamour of porters, and the shrill call of old ladies for attendance. The large and splendid building, however, crowded as it was, echoed not with a discordant sound; piles of luggage gradually and silently disappeared; doors were opened and shut without a clang; every attending officer appeared to know his duty; he interfered with none; no one interfered with him. The intricacies of the rails, which would puzzle even some of our geometrical students, were traversed by carriages, and turned about without difficulty or delay. Suddenly, the shrill sharp sound of the steam-whistle was heard, and off we set at an easy rate through the sinuosities of the station. Our speed increased as we merged into the open air; the tops of the green clad trees peeped curiously over the high embankments of the line, the slender stems of their upper branches waving us an adieu as gracefully as did many a fair and beaming eye to our companions on the way. A splendid open country burst upon us as we escaped from the embanking walls; sweet green grass welcomed us to the country, while a distant view of Kensall-green Cemetery told us how pleasant must a grave-yard be among trees and flowers, when compared with the dismal strips that surround the churches in the City. Passing a cutting through a red clayey heath, girdled in its elevated portions by a massy brick wall, we came upon a gorgeous panorama of fields and trees. In the far distance, oaks and elms glided on or from us—as the line approached or diverged; the parks spotted with cattle appeared to come with us on our way, while those more at hand flew from us as if afraid of the purpose of our intrusion. On the whole line, we observed that the horses grazing lifted their heads at our approach, threw up their heels in hasty fear, and set off to the further verge of their encampment, as if they were aware that a formidable rival to their value and usefulness was in the neighbourhood. Near the Ealing station, however, one black philosopher looked quietly on as we passed him; he seemed to have made up his mind, and to content himself with his past exertions; whether he contemplated retiring on his "small savings," or of taking the benefit of the Insolvent Act, we are unable to determine; but "Othello's occupation's gone," was legibly written on his forehead, and he seemed to care not although all the world should know it.

"What a splendid field for partridges!" exclaimed a gentleman sitting with us. "Do you know, Sir, that were I in that field on the 1st of September I would undertake to bag four brace of partridges?"

"What building is that on the left?" inquired we, with an affirmative nod respecting his sporting abilities.

"That? why, that is Hanwell Lunatic Asylum. My dear Sir, I hope you don't mean to insinuate that any relation exists between it and the 1st of September?"

The valve of conversation was thus opened, and we were

strangers no longer. We now passed over a high-arched viaduct, enabling us to look down upon the steep below, and gaze upon the far-spreading country, dotted with clumps of trees, and embowered by fields of heavily-laden grain. On the roadway, the unblushing poppy kept the chief place, while an immense field of beans occupied the eye in one direction for a considerable space. The soft green hue, beginning to be silvered with the ripening pod, was instantly changed by the intrusion of a brick field; piles of unburnt clay were stretching far and near, while a burning mass now and then gave token that the process of labour was completing. There appeared as many bricks as would have built a respectable-sized town, yet over the whole expanse there could not be discovered more than ten or a dozen men at work.

As we neared the river Colne we caught a glimpse of the stately towers of Windsor, with the proud standard of England floating high in the air, the rays of the sun shining gladly on its folds, while ever and anon the breeze would open the ample silk and stretch it towards us, as if graciously saying—"Her Majesty is now at home." A steep excavation hid the bold view from us on the instant, and all that met our vision was a stalwart thistle, which reared itself as if it were on its own wild hills of heath. Our mind instantly reverted to Scotland, and its hapless Mary—to her castles of Edinburgh, where her fair son was born—to Craigmillar, where her few peaceful summer hours were passed—to Lochleven, where her sad imprisonment brought the gray and the grief to her forehead—to Fotheringay, where the block and her long white neck became acquainted. It was an easy transition of memory to think upon Elizabeth, of Kenilworth, of Tilbury, of Greenwich Park, and Whitehall.

These thoughts brought us to the station at Slough, where the same elegance and roomy accommodation presented themselves. Indeed, it appeared to us as if the several intermediate stations had brought their buildings along with us, they were so exactly twin to each other. That must either have been the case, or the same draughtsman, carpenter, painter, and charwoman had been, and is employed on them all. No sooner had we quitted the station than we were met by a flower-enamelled embankment, on which the summer daisies blushed like a crowd of children, while the graceful dahlias looked like modest yet unashful matrons, keeping watch and ward over their progeny. Into this polite society, however, the poppies had again intruded, and blazoned themselves like general officers on a field day.

Again the broad and ample fields spread themselves out in their luxuriant vegetation; although there was neither a tree nor a crop in a situation like to what we had seen before, (while light and shade were playing in their wildest loveliness on yellowing wheat and greenish oats,) the essentials of the scene were so much the same, that we began to wish for a sloping hill or jutting rock, for the meandering of a river, or the broad swell of the restless and resistless sea. Our discontented mood received a sudden yet welcome check; high in air a lark sprang up, its quivering wing mounting gaily to its own glad note. We looked on the glowing sky, and the scene we wished was there. Clouds of all hues—blue as ocean, and dark as its wildest cliffs—hung in their glorious drapery from the illimitable orb of heaven, while the streaming light shone like rivers of gladness upon the smiling land.

"This, my dear Sir," said our friend of the partridges, "is the Maidenhead station."

Here we parted company with a lady, her parrot, and its cage. We assisted the lady to leave the carriage, our sporting friend handing out the parrot; and the smile of thanks which he received was more bland, more sweet, than that awarded to us. Our friend witnessed his triumph, and, like a good soldier, took advantage of it.

"Depend on it, Sir, a lady who keeps a bird is not selfish, and she will think more of the little attention bestowed on her favourite than those awarded to herself."

After passing over a high embankment, which raised us

considerably above the level of the country, we all at once dipped into a deep excavation, the chalky sides of which, by shutting our eyes, we converted into Dover cliffs. This reverie was somewhat awkwardly disturbed by the rapid passing of a train proceeding on to London, flying like a wild bird from the fowler's snare. This observation raised us considerably in the estimation of our sporting friend, and he accordingly favoured us with all the delights of partridge shooting. We retaliated upon him our knowledge of the Highlands, of its grouse and black-cock; but were speedily silenced by his informing us that he had a splendid dog, whose "papa" had been in the Highlands, and he should take his own there next season.

Immense fields of beans spread themselves out upon the green waste, with here and there a yellow strip of grain, forming an exact reverse to the desert and the much-longed-for oasis. Ere we could fancy to ourselves the appearance of a mirage on the sandy plain, which deludes travellers into an idea of blessed water in a burning land, the winding Thames spread itself out before us, glittering and glowing like a huge serpent on the sward. We were now at Reading, where, among its clustering houses, we discovered the wreck of a time-worn tower, or fortalice, the ivy creeping and shining on its dim-grey walls. The vulgar brick of the modern residences seemed to shun its company as an antiquated fashionable; while the ruin, true to its ancient pride, gloried in its loneliness, looked more majestic through its sadness, and by its solitariness seemed to say, "I am among but not of them."

"Scream—scream—scream" again whistled the signal-valve, and we strode through lengthening fields of heavily laden grain, a prospect which seemed to proclaim that there shall be in the land plenty for man and for beast. Among the ample foliage of the trees we saw the little birds hopping in an independent strut from bough to bough, but their small voices coped not with the untiring sound of the massy wheels of the long train upon the rails. Still to our ear their little notes sounded gladly, and the busy hum of the wild bee awoke upon our fancy as he crossed the way with rapid and undulating wing. Now a thick wood burst upon our view, edging a high sloping country with its waving fringe, while in the nearer fields the lordly crow hopped and plodded through the heavy soil, as if in close investigation whether the fallow land was inhabited by creeping things congenial to his stomach. The plantation closed around us, and we ran through its mossy way, only to come to a deep chalky cutting, frequently spanned by high and noble arches, upon which would loiter the astonished hind until we passed; then, scratching his head, he would lend his horse the whip and proceed upon his way. With a magic suddenness the piled embankments fell away, and the whole country was again opened to us as if a curtain had been lifted from our vision. The ground rose majestically before and behind us, topped with trees of giant growth, and enamelled with fields of corn which longed for the sickle and the merry reaper's song. A farm standing next claimed our notice; the principal building was slated, and looked comfortable as well as elegant; the major part of the buildings, however, were of thatch, while some of the outer houses were broken in the roof, and the straw peeped through as the wiry hair of a houseless wanderer (for we must not say vagrant) insinuates itself through the ventilated roof of his apologetical hat. Again we posted through a chalky cutting, and again welcomed a diversified scene of wood and water, softened by green fields, and crowned by a woody promontory, which met the horizon like a dark rock in the far distance—all beauty, sublimity, and repose. Embowered in the trees, on the gently sloping hills, we could descry some of the stately halls of England, where the old landed gentry hold their state, and fine country gentlemen dispense good deeds and better will—"to those that receive them." We saw no mansion surrounded by cottages; they were all retired, and held no communion with the ephemeral visitants of the world, who, never having had a grandfather, were unknown in



Herald's College, and had not the least stake in the country.

In the vicinity of the Goring station there is a neat farm house, supported by a confusion of cottages; in the front stands a pretty little church, the graveyard of which the clergyman had turned into a sheep-fold—an emblem, we suppose, of the good conduct and prospects of his spiritual flock. A haze now began to spread upon a distant hill; a dark spot, like that of the man's hand on the sea of Samaria, was seen to expand upon the firmament, and a hasty blast of rain entered unannounced by the carriage-window. This was taken as a signal by all the labourers on the line and in the fields to shelter themselves, and enabled us to discover a gipsy encampment, whither some men led their steps with a familiarity which betokened acquaintance-ship at least. "Where," thought we to ourselves, "frowned the justice, and where scowled his clerk." The cloud passed by, the sun broke forth, and a ruddy ragged girl came out from the awning, grinned with her white teeth in approbation of the train, but certainly in derision of our reflections. The girl and her laugh were driven from our remembrance by the appearance of a sheep-fold, the lambs gambolling around and tormenting their dams, who submitted to each attack with true motherly enjoyment. At the open door of the pen sat a black dog, the "faithful shepherd" personified; he looked neither to the right nor to the left, nor intruded on the amusements of his prisoners, a lesson which greater goalers might do well to imitate.

Another plantation received us with open arms, the tall slender trees appearing like Norway scaffold poles decorated for a holiday, after the manner of Jack o' the Green on a May-day. This picture was followed by a plentiful display of leeks and lettuces along the banks of the Stevenston station, proving that the attendant had some agricultural taste as well as mechanical skill. A group of children welcomed the train, not as a wonder, but with a familiar recognition, which bespoke a latent idea that the day would come when they should be conductors or engineers themselves. One urchin stood perched upon a stile with a face so grave, and an eye so steady, that a parish beadle might have taken a lesson from him.

"There—there now, that copse is the place for pheasants. I would give up my seat immediately to get into that inclosure with a gun, and a few charges of shot."

This, of course, could be said by no other than our sporting friend. In his eagerness to look out he rose from his seat, but at that instant a returning train flew past, the steam-whistle screamed out "Take care," and he fell back in a somewhat undignified position. We were now in the midst of a vast amphitheatre of hills, which girded a level country crowded with the spoils of an early autumn, while on the distant hill tops the dwarf trees appeared like the beautiful feet of those who bring glad tidings.

"Whew—whew—whew," again sounded the whistle. We were at Faringdon station. In addition to the ample and elegant accommodation of the other halting places, an inviting sign-board announced "refreshments;" but no rest was allowed the engines; no sandwiches reached the passengers. We had to content ourselves with a leak upon an old wooden shed with a tarpaulin roof, formerly used as a dépôt for the workman's tools, and on which some villanous wit had written "This house to let." A flock of geese relieved our aching eyes, and we appealed with confidence to our sporting friend that one of them would prove a sumptuous dinner for two.

"I don't know," said he, "Partridges are much better eating. You know," added he, "that I am a philosopher, and I consider that the sportsman eats his game with as much zest as the labouring man enjoys his meal. He knows he has earned it, and every mouthful sweetens the remembrance of his toil."

There was too much truth in the latter observation to induce us to question the philosophy of the application.

We were now upon the more recently opened part of the line. The embankments were new; neither flowers nor weeds had yet had time to pave the summits or slopes of the way. The vegetation of the surrounding country, however, was still the same, and we entered with all the pride of a Norman invader; we partitioned it in our mind's eye with feudal pomp, keeping to ourselves sufficient to enable us to retain our dignity among the retainers. While thus engaged, a sapient crow stood upon the bank as boldly as an old Saxon baron repelling an invasion on his territory. These warlike reminiscences were parted from existence by a stupendous cutting through which we proceeded, and we became ourselves again. Still our active and awakened thoughts refused repose. Shielded by high walls of earth, which sloped to the edge of the rails, we considered the vast amount of labour which must have been expended on one little spot; but ere calculation could come to our assistance, we were in the midst of a wide ranging pasture land, spotted and diversified with herds and flocks—the sun glistening on blade and leaf—on tawny hide and feathered wing—on pool and stream, on furze and toppling trees.

As we entered Wiltshire, our way ran in a lateral direction with the common road and a canal; on the one a horse was dragging a heavy boat, while on the other a cart stood still till its driver satisfied his curiosity at the rapid train above him. At the station on the Wootton-Bassett road, we slackened pace, and found

that another engine was being attached to the train. We had hitherto been dragged in our triumphal march by the "Lion," and the "Tiger," being placed before it, tandem fashion, we speedily found that if the battle was not always to the strong, the race was in this instance to the swift. With increased speed we passed a dilapidated white-washed house, through a broken window of which looked two unwashed damsels, and at another stood an almost unwashable old man. But, haste! We must not loiter on our way—

"For we have many a mountain path to tread."

Stop! The poetry in our composition must not induce us to deviate from the truth. True, a steep hill lay before us, over which for perhaps a thousand years wain and waggon trudged slowly and heavily; we however ran through a deep excavation, the banks displaying a soil of heavy and tenacious clay. In another instant we were in the open country; the trees and fields flying from us in affrighted haste; the clouds keeping pace with us in vain. The country undulated considerably; now we were in a ravine; now on a high embankment, the plain far below. Then we rushed at exhilarating speed between a cleft rock—high, massy, and frowning; the rugged ledge appeared to complain of the ruthless axe and hammer, and to bewail the absence of the ivy and the lichen to cover its nakedness from the gaze of man. We were now at Boxhill, through whose solid heart a passage had been cut, the hill growing upon us as we rushed into its centre. Suddenly we penetrated the long dark tunnel, which, a mile and three-quarters in length, evidences a degree of engineering skill, of mechanical industry, and patient labour, never seen in the ample plains of England. The whistle sounded shrill and sharp as we entered this Cimmerian region, the gloom rendered more visible by the lamps which burn night and day in niches in the solid wall. Now and then a gleam of the forsaken day would cast a blessed halo on our path, the light streaming down the shafts which have been cut through the rock and soil to the surface. The principal of these shafts (seven in number) exceeds 200 feet in depth—that is, from the roof of the arch to the surface of the hill on the outside.

As we proceeded towards the end of the tunnel, the light gradually strengthened, and we burst alike upon the glare of day and the outskirts of Bath. The vaulted town rose majestically before us. We recollected Edinburgh at once; and, although the "glass of fashion and the mould of form" to provincial England claimed no rugged steep nor giant pile, its appearance was not less romantic or fascinating to the travelled eye. We longed to ascend one or other of the green hills which protected Bath from the stormy blast, that we might there enjoy a Pisgah view of the city of old fortunes and young fashions; but we contented ourselves until our return with a half-hour's investigation of the railway-station. The sweet Avon intersects the railway, and accompanies it on its way some distance towards Bristol. A bridge over the river leads to the town, and on another bridge above that the railway extends its fearless length. The station-house, when completed, will be a splendid stone building, of a modern Gothic style, and fitted up with a most elaborate attention to the comfort of passengers. Arches upon arches are built to form a broad and firm foundation; presenting an appearance of a vaulted castle of old, where, in dungeon deep and noisome cell, the prisoner pined to death. Here, however, all is light and activity, rendered still more conspicuous by the absence of confusion.

We set off for Bristol rather cavalierly. In defiance of all provincial pride, the railway, by a series of arches, is carried on a level with the house-tops, cutting off corners of bed-rooms, and blocking up windows with the ruthless hand of a tax-evader. This high state of travel, however, is amply compensated by the line gliding in a deep cutting, flanked by high walls of polished stone; then comes a tunnel, then a short view of light and liveliness; another excavation succeeds, then a tunnel; and thus alternate night and day govern the road to Bristol. Some of the cuttings are nearly as splendid and romantic as that which introduces us to Boxhill, with this difference, that there the rock is a greyish white, while between Bath and Bristol it is of a deep dark red, intermixed now and then with layers of earth. Huge artificial precipices now frown upon us; yet, undeterred, we pursued our venturesome way until we came to undulating fields, and Bristol lay beneath our feet.

The smoky town presented few objects for immediate remark. Next day, we discovered something worth relating. Of that, however, more anon. We had still upwards of thirty miles to proceed ere we reached Bridgewater, where our sporting friend assured us they could roast a fowl and brew ale with any district in the kingdom. The shadows of the trees now began to tell us that the day was on the wane. Long and immense excavations met us on our way, and gave token of the power of man, when directed by proper principles and active skill. Now we were looking on the open plain, now in the hollow of a cleft rock; now on a ridgy embankment, now in the bosom of stony hills. The fair and free open country at length fully gained, the crops appeared greener than in Wiltshire; the sun of Somerset apparently had not been in the ascendant for the season. Nor were the fields so strictly kept from weeds; the line of way was in many places guarded by strong detachments of thistles, relieved at intervals by

faded docks, whose stems had completely run to seed. Meadow flats now extended their freshened faces along the line, while here and there a field of wheat or oats waved proudly among the lowly hay or grass by which it was surrounded. Some fields appeared as if they had at one time resolved to become heathy and betake themselves to Scotland; then had repented of their crime, but were unable to go back to fruitfulness and national virtue.

"Scream—scream—screech," yelled the whistle, and our pace visibly slackened. We entered a commodious building; we thought we had seen it before, but began to doubt when we were told that Bridgewater had now the honour of our presence. Six hours before we were in the streets of London; a space of a hundred and sixty miles now lay between us and the scene of our profitable labours. To whom, then, asked we of ourselves, are we indebted for this speedy transit to the western coast of England? By whose skill and appliant labour has space been set aside, and a long level line been laid down on which speed vies with elegance, and security reclines on the same cushion with comfort? He by whom the valley has been exalted and the hill brought low—whose rod of power has cleft the rock in twain, and bid the stream flow freely far beneath his feet—he is the conqueror alike of man and matter; and of him shall after ages say, his mind was like his work, practical in its vastness, and useful in all its results.

To the vast conception and untiring energy of I. K. Brunel, Esq., are the public indebted for this mighty work. The immense sum of money expended on the line is amply evidenced by the stupendous works which continually meet the eye—bridges, viaducts, excavations, embankments, and tunnels,—all are monuments of engineering skill, and triumphs of scientific knowledge. By the timing of the trains, Bridgewater may be reached at mid-day, and the evening again set the traveller down in the metropolis. The Londoner may reach Bath in four hours—remain there till night-fall, and yet return home ere the chimes of midnight. These are triumphs which posterity shall celebrate; which shall take away the reproach of the provinces, and make England one mighty city; which shall destroy local prejudices, and eradicate rival interests; which shall make man better acquainted with his kindred, and teach him of what the human mind is capable, when genius sits down to calculate, and ability goes forth to execute.

Dear Chambers, we are now engaged on the wing of a fowl; our imagination has gone to roost. Our sporting friend carves elegantly. A Somersetshire lass, with an eye like a ravening hawk, has just introduced the wine. "Success to the Great Western Railway, and prosperity to your London Journal."

#### Mesmerism, or Animal Magnetism.

THIS science has again begun to excite attention. Without adopting the dogma of its professors, or approving of the condemnation given to it by its opponents, we give an impartial account of recent experiments in several of the most important cities of the world. The following account of Mesmer, and of his powers, is by a correspondent of an influential London paper, and is worthy of attention, at least for its historical and scientific research:—Mesmer, a native of Switzerland, from whose cognomen the science has been named, was the first person in Europe who attracted attention by the practice of the art. His exhibitions, however, were attended with a great deal of mummery, with the playing of musical instruments, and the manipulation of iron spindles, issuing from a wooden circular box. This box, or tub, admitted round it about 50 patients, and each patient was connected to his neighbour by a cord, while to render the chain of communication more complete, the one pinched the other's thumb. This new science produced so much sensation in Paris, that the government appointed a commission to inquire into its merits, at the head of which was the celebrated Benjamin Franklin. The report was unfavourable to the pretensions of the new science, but it is worthy of remark, that Mesmer himself never came in contact with the commissioners; he refused to explain the principles by which he operated, but one of his pupils, Delson, undertook to explain everything, but not to the satisfaction of the commission. Nevertheless, they admit that five out of fourteen sick persons experienced some effects from the operation, but attributed their effects to the influence of imagination. But, as we can only judge from effects, and allowing that Mesmerism works only through the medium of the imagination, still are not the principles which govern so tremendous an agency worthy of being inquired into? Any objections urged either from analogy, from reason, or from experience, can scarcely be entertained. At first sight, who would suppose that the combination of certain plates of metal immersed in diffused acid would produce the extraordinary effects which we can see daily demonstrated, either by the electro-galvanic battery or the voltaic pile? Or that the union and combustion of two gases should produce so great a heat as to consume iron, and reduce the diamond to its primitive elements? Or that Hull's hydraulic machine should overcome the laws of gravitation, and raise water in spite of its physical properties, simply by rapidity of motion? Or that the violet ray of the prism should magnetize iron? Yet these are facts which no one ventures to question, because they are daily demonstrated. Or shall we make any allusion to the daguerrotype, the



electrotype, or the wonderful powers of steam, with the strange faculty of electricity? Why, therefore, without inquiry, should we refuse to an individual the credit of possessing latent powers, which are not common to all our race? All fish have not the property of the gymnotus—yet who doubts the power of the eel in the Adelaide Gallery to produce electrical phenomena? We could multiply cases of extraordinary qualities possessed not only by animals but by men. Does any one doubt the venom of the rattle-snake, of the cobra de capella, or of that horrid reptile common near the mines of Choco, in South America, whose bite is instantaneous and the frightful dissolution, when the body swells, and the whole frame in a few seconds is decomposed, and becomes a fluid mass of loathsome corruption? Or does any one question the extraordinary faculty which that individual, pensioned at the Mauritius by the British Government, possesses of seeing vessels some hundred miles at sea? Or the fact of the Brahmin who could sit on air; or of another Indian who could bury himself for a month, as witnessed by Lieutenant Boileau, and then resuscitate himself; or of the case of Colonel Townshend, noticed by Cheyne, who could voluntarily expire and again return to life? The power of the hazel twig in the hands of certain persons to point out the source of springs was long treated as fictitious; but in the 22d volume of the *Quarterly Review* there is a well-authenticated case of Lady N.'s exhibiting this power in the presence of Dr. Hutton and others, in a field near the new college at Woolwich, and subsequently at other places. It would be an endless task to enumerate the frequent divergence from the ordinary laws of the human economy, in persons of peculiar idiosyncrasies, but we shall merely notice, in passing, the fact of Chabert swallowing eleven grains of phosphorus, and we forget how many of arsenic, with impunity—a circumstance which, in a great measure, corroborates the statement of the Roman historian, that Mithridates was insensible to poison, while it brings to mind the anecdote of the ancient dame who had lived so long on poison that none could approach her bed without destruction.

We now give a detail of some experiments which recently took place in the Hanover-square Rooms. M. Delafontaine having made his arrangements, a youth made his appearance, of a sallow olive complexion, but seemingly healthy, and rather good looking. He was seated in an arm-chair and the mesmeristic operations commenced. The operator took off his left-hand glove, drew a chair to the right of the youth, then placed his left thumb upon the apex of his (the youth's) right thumb, and two fingers on the fleshy part of the ball, and looked him steadily and fixedly in the face. It was about two or three minutes before any visible effects were produced, though immediately as he commenced, a sort of spasmodic motion took place in the youth's throat, the symptoms indicating the presence of what medical writers have designated *globus hystericus*. Shortly after the patient seemed lost to all consciousness, as, indeed, it was soon proved he was. But in the sleep into which he had been thrown, the ordinary phenomena of sleep were not indicated. For example, his neck remained rigid, while his arms rested apparently flaccid at his sides, and no change could be detected in the features, except perhaps that his cheeks were a little more pallid—if this expression may be allowed, for it is not the word that expresses what we mean—than when he took his seat. The somnambulist being now complete, the operator, to our horror, drove several pins forcibly into his head and cheeks; but the somnambulist gave no indications of sensation. In fact, he seemed dead, and the interest excited in the room was expressed in suppressed sighs. At this period we confess that we felt a little indignant at the supposed legerdemain which was being practised, but a few moments convinced us of the injustice of our suspicions, and, we believe, of every other person in the room. A vial of concentrated ammonia, commonly called hartshorn, was then opened by M. Delafontaine, and handed to the company to test its strength; and so powerful was it, that no one could bear it within six or eight inches of his nose, yet this was applied closely; in fact, affixed to the nostrils of the somnambulist; yet he gave no sign whatever of his suffering from it, and was decidedly unconscious of its presence. Next, some lucifer matches were lighted, and placed under his nose, the operator closing his mouth with his hand; but neither did these produce any effect. On being partially unsomnambulized, he drew back his head when the phial was held to his nose. Being again subjected to the magnetic influence, several percussion caps were fired from a pistol close to his ear, on both sides, and over the crown of his head, and at the occiput, and before his face, but he gave no start, or even moved a fibre. He was then partially awakened again, and started at the discharge of another percussion-cap. Being again manipulated, a perfect state of catalepsy was produced. His arms were extended horizontally from the shoulders, and his legs from the chair, and in this position the electro-magnetic current, from a powerful machine, was made to pass through him, which shook him dreadfully, but he gave no signs of feeling. We forgot, in the hurry of description, to say that previous to this experiment, having doubts of the catalepsy, we asked and obtained leave to feel the patient's pulse, but after a very careful examination, being determined to judge for ourselves, we could not

detect any pulsation whatever. The arm was rigid, and could not be bent. It resisted like the bough of a tree, and, whether from fancy, agitation, or the magnetic fluid, we will not undertake to say which, we experienced a disagreeable sensation, which no words can express, and gladly, therefore, left the somnambulist for our seat. The somnambulist still in the chair, the company were invited to test the power of the electro-magnetic machine, but none seemed willing at first to subject themselves to its influence, till a gentleman, evidently from the country, if we might judge from his fine healthy looks, stepped forward and took the wires; but he had scarcely laid hold of them when he gave a shout that we shall never forget as long as we live. He declared that he was so overwhelmed with the shock that he could not let go the wires, and therefore shouted. The patient was next subjected to the voltaic battery. From this he seemed to suffer at first, but the operator declaring he had not been sufficiently magnetized, renewed the fluid, when, though the battery shook his arms like rattles, still he seemed quite unconscious of suffering. He was then blindfolded and covered with a cloth, that he might not by any possibility see who approached him, and several of the company thrust pins into his hands and thighs, but he remained insensible. He was then made to walk leaning on the arm of a gentleman who volunteered to support him, when the operator, standing at several yards distant, suddenly caused him to fall by a mere motion of the hand. This experiment seemed to alarm the gentleman on whose arm the somnambulist was leaning at the time he fell, and indeed it required all his exertions to keep his head from coming violently in contact with the floor, as it was, he saved him by the merest chance. When he was raised, which was done by the operator seizing him by the collar, the right arm, which had been resting for support on the gentleman's arm, was elevated and rigid, as if still in the position it occupied while walking, while the left foot was raised in the act of stepping out. Being at length unmagnetized, the youth seemed perfectly in health, and declared that he did not recollect anything that had happened to him. We have forgotten to mention that he was directed to sing during the period he was under magnetic influence, when he made a low moaning noise, coming as it were from the stomach, but which was arrested at will, by a single motion of the operator's hand.

Speaking of this exhibition, the correspondent before alluded to says:—"We set aside entirely several of the experiments made by M. Delafontaine, such as the application of the ammonia to the nostrils, the firing of the pistols, and the pins plunged into the flesh of the somnambulist, because Phineas Adams, a soldier in the Somerset Militia, in the year 1811, in a fit of malingering, actually submitted to as severe tests without a murmur—nay, to severer tests, for his scalp was removed, and the skull scraped without his giving sign of sensibility; yet, on procuring his discharge, in two days after he was seen at work; but we cannot set aside that the somnambulist submitted, without a murmur, to the action of the voltaic pile and the electro-magnetic current without evincing any signs of pain or suffering. It is upon this point that we say inquiry is called for. If it be a cheat, it is a magnificent one, and in proportion to the magnitude of the deception should the punishment be meted. Let the inquiry be undertaken by proper persons—by men who are acquainted with the wonders of physical science, and not by pseudo-medical reformers and political practitioners, and let their decision be final. The time has arrived when no pretensions to science, however apparently wild or visionary, can be treated with contempt."

We learn from a New York paper, that Dr. Collyer gave a private exhibition at the Temple, to a select company of professional gentlemen, pursuant to a previous arrangement. At the close of a previous exhibition, it was suggested that such a company should be selected, and a committee was appointed to select an equal number from the learned professions, and they accordingly invited fourteen clergymen of good standing, as many physicians, and also lawyers.

About eight ministers of different sects, the same number of physicians, and five lawyers responded to the call, and were formed into a general committee.

The young man Frederick, but 20 years of age, was placed in the chair, as the first subject on which Dr. Collyer was to operate, and a sub-committee was appointed to watch and note the phenomena. Before Dr. Collyer commenced, the lad's pulse was felt and pronounced to be "80 per minute, not very full, but pretty regular." Dr. Collyer now placed himself in a chair opposite the subject, and fixed his eyes intently upon him, and in six minutes, without using any manipulation, declared him to be in the magnetic state, and left him to be experimented on by any one present who thought proper to do so. At the moment that he passed into the magnetic state, Dr. Ingalls announced that a slight spasm in the muscle of the right arm was exhibited. The pulsations were then counted, and reported to be "nineteen beats in a quarter of a minute, a little fuller than before, yet not very hard." One of the sub-committee slapped his hands together very loud under the lad's ear, but he seemed utterly insensible to the sound. He rather laid in the chair apparently in a rigid state, but the muscle yielded to pressure. The right hand could be forced down

from the breast, against which it pressed when not held down. He was raised upon his feet and left to fall without exhibiting any consciousness, and his body inclined on every side according to the laws of gravitation. No effort was perceptible of voluntary resistance to this tendency. When Dr. Collyer willed, there was considerable action in the right hand, and attempts to raise it—also some in the left. There was also some redness on the left cheek, but not on the right. He was then laid out on the stage, as motionless as a corpse, the legs being slightly bent and the neck rigidly awry. His nose was tickled, and a pen was jabbed under his left ear, in his neck, and on the back of his hand, without producing any motion. It was stated that pins had been stuck into him without causing the subject to manifest any sense of feeling. To this it was objected that he might possess sufficient control over the sensation of pain produced by so small a laceration of the skin as would be made by a pin, as to conceal any indication of its existence. Therefore, a firm and well-defined cut with a common penknife was made on the back of the little finger, and the blood flowed freely, but not a nerve quivered, or a spark of sensibility was discoverable in the hand, face, or elsewhere—not the slightest twitch. For a considerable time an eminent physician, strongly prejudiced against the supposed science, endeavoured to disturb the inanity of the subject by passing his fingers in various directions over his eyelids.

A respectable lad, of 17 years of age, afflicted with the St. Vitus Dance, was now placed in the chair to be magnetised. A distinguished clergyman, of whose church the patient had been a member for three years, vouched for his good character, and assured the committee that his word might be relied on. Owing to his peculiar affection, his pulse at the wrist was very irregular; but, after examination, Dr. Storer pronounced the pulsation of the heart to be very regular. Dr. Collyer operated on him by active manipulation, as well as by gazing upon him, and he was soon in a drowsy state, and the "dance," as it is called, gradually declined in frequency and extent; but as it left him, the other subject, lying prostrate on the platform, some ten feet off, seemed to be affected with it—as if it were in the process of transfer from the body of the patient to him. He exhibited titanic action of the muscles, which the most experienced medical gentlemen present said could not be feigned.

This phenomenon, which Dr. C. said was wholly new to him, excited the greatest curiosity. His respiration became violently spasmodic. On the other hand, the St. Vitus' spasms completely disappeared from the head, arms, and trunk of the actual patient, and were only observable about his feet. Dr. Lewis, who, at the commencement of the experiments, said he was not afraid of compromising his dignity, by avowing himself a believer in animal magnetism, discharged a large pistol within five feet of Frederick's head, but he gave no signs of life. In about five minutes after he fired again, but with no other result.

Dr. Collyer did not succeed in reducing his new patient to the state of somnambulism, and he said that it was very rarely that he entirely succeeded in the first attempt on a subject. A magnetic habit, he said, had to be acquired by the subject. He also attributed his partial failure in some degree to the fact that he had exhausted a portion of his magnetic power on Frederick. The lad, however, stated that he was conscious that he was under some strange influence, and that he felt himself falling into a state of insensibility while the doctor was operating on him. After he had perfectly come to himself, he said that he felt a darting or pricking sensation running through his arms.

Frederick was kept in the magnetic state an hour and a half, and when Dr. Collyer took him out of it he became exceedingly angry, because his neck handkerchief and collar had been removed, and his well-starched shirt bosom tumbled by the unscrupulous hands of the sceptical examiners. For some ten minutes after he was restored to his senses, he exhibited decided symptoms of St. Vitus' spasms.

These experiments, attested as they are by the first physicians of the active school, forcibly attest the existence of a powerful agency, the origin and extent of which is as yet unknown. The medical world has a splendid field of speculation before it, and we doubt not will use it to advantage.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—In the most of instances man has his health greatly in his own power; for even a moderate regard for the decencies of life is usually followed or rewarded by a fair share of health and comfort; but when men and women neglect themselves and their children, one and all of them are rendered doubly liable to disease and death. It may be said that typhus fever, and many other infectious diseases, generally originate in depots of poverty, profligacy, and filth; and every medical man can testify that under such circumstances the great majority of severe cases prove fatal. If people were as much alive to the performance of their domestic duties, and to a becoming conduct in life, as they often are to those gratifications which pander only to their animal appetites and propensities, they would to a certainty be much more comfortable, healthy, and happy, and would very seldom be subjected either to the sweeping scourge of pestilence, or to the direful effects of famine. Famine and pestilence usually accompany each other, and are very generally the consequence of all those moral outrages which degrade and disgrace human nature.—*Philosophy of Death.*



**British Song Birds in Cages.****THE BABILLARD.—(*Ficedula garrula*.)**

The babillard, nettle-creep, or lesser whitethroat will mostly, a day or two after its capture, take flies from the hand. It should be fed upon them and other insects, and also on bread and milk. The cock sings almost incessantly, and while singing he erects the feathers of his head and throat, and throws himself into a variety of strange attitudes. When he sings in a room, during the earlier part of the year, he is heard to great advantage. His song consists of sweet and musical notes, and though occasionally pretty loud, especially when another bird tries to excel him, yet they are generally so low as not to be audible a little way off. It is usually a domineering bird in confinement, and we have heard of one which was so pugnacious that it attacked every bird that came near it, and even pulled the feathers out of an ox-eye (*Parus major*), which was twice its own size.

**THE BLACKBIRD.—(*Merula vulgaris*.)**

The blackbird, or ouzel, is the largest of our singing birds, attaining the length of eleven inches from the tip of the bill to the tip of the tail. The bill of the cock is deep yellow, but the tip and upper part of the hens are black. The cock begins to sing in February or in March, and continues his song till the end of July; but he resumes his song in autumn. His song is very fine, but too loud and shrill for an ordinary sized room. He may be taught to whistle a tune, and to speak. If well taught, he will whistle very delightfully, and for about four or five months in the year. He is fond of pruning and washing his feathers, and, therefore, a large saucer or other vessel full of clean water should be placed in his cage during warm weather. You must supply his table with meat, insects, berries, &c. He is usually a strong hardy bird; and when he does happen to get disordered you may easily restore him to perfect health and convalescence, by administering one or two large spiders, and five or six wood-lice; putting at the same time a little cochineal into his glass. You must not stuff him with too many spiders and wood-lice in one day, for, if you do so, he will disregard all other food for the sake of these delicacies.

The nest is built very early in the year. Its exterior much resembles that of the song thrush, but it is more massive. The interior is lined with clay, into which is worked a thick bedding of dry hay and hair. The eggs, four or five in number, are bluish green, sprinkled with dusky spots, and are hatched in March. If the young are ten or twelve days old when taken from the nest, they may be easily reared by feeding them with bullock's heart, sheep's heart, or any other sort of lean and fresh meat, chopped fine, and mixed with moistened bread. Country people generally feed them with cheese-curd or white bread and milk. You must give them food once in every two hours, and after each meal mind that you remove their ordure, as, like all other song-birds, they thrive best when care is taken to keep them in a clean state. It is also advisable to give them a clean bed of straw whenever their nest becomes dirty. Separate your nestlings as soon as you can. When they are nearly full-grown you may begin and continue to feed them with any sort of fresh meat, no matter whether raw, boiled, roasted, or paid for. Authors and bird-fanciers differ much as to the best mode of telling a cock-bird among a nest of young; but we will bet them a bottle of canary that the young cock blackbird is almost certain to be the blackest of the family. When he has changed his chicken feathers he becomes coal black, while the plumage of his sisters remains of a rusty black.

**THE BLACKCAP.—(*Curruca atricapilla*, *Sylvia atricapilla*.)**

The blackcap, or mock nightingale, arrives in England in April and leaves it in September. The head of the cock is black, that of the hen is of a dull rust colour. The song of the blackcap is wild, sprightly, and plaintive. "Its charming and delicate warblings are heard to very great advantage in a room, but the cheering animated notes with which he usually finishes his song are," says Mr. Blyth, "almost too loud and stunning when heard in doors, though so exquisitely beautiful in the open air. The notes of two of these birds which I have kept in confinement are extremely different, so that I can easily tell which of them is singing; yet no person who knows the song of the blackcap could ever possibly mistake the voice of either of them for that of another species, though so different from each other. One of them sings part of the garden warbler's song, and the other intermixes many of the nightingale's notes, though both of them were old birds when caught. A few weeks since, when a nightingale that I have was singing, in his finest style, I observed one of the blackcaps listen with great attention, and when the nightingale had ceased, the blackcap repeated several of his notes very correctly, but I have never observed him attempt them since. I once heard a wild blackcap repeat the notes of the song thrush so correctly as to deceive me, until he broke out with his usual loud clear notes." In a wild state blackcaps feed principally upon the berries of the ivy, privet, elder, and honeysuckle. In the fruit season they help themselves to peas and currants pretty freely. Caged specimens should be fed on canary-seed mixed with a little rapeseed, and should be occasionally treated to a roasted apple or other soft fruit. If they fall sick give them a small quantity of hemp-seed, and put a little saffron into their water. They form their nest of dry goose-grass, wool, and moss, and line it with feathers, a few horse hairs and the fibres of roots. The hen lays from four to five eggs of a pale reddish brown, sprinkled with darker spots. The cock and hen sit upon them by turns, and when she sits upon them the cock, who loves her 'too sincerely,' brings her flies, worms, and other inexpensive dainties. Our fair readers will say that this is just as it should be, and will hold up the cock blackcap as an example for husbands to follow, when their wives are 'in the straw.'

**THE BULFINCH OR ALP.—(*Pyrrhula vulgaris*.)**

When full grown the cock is distinguished from the hen by having the crown of his head much blacker and a very crimson red breast. Though it has naturally but three unmusical notes, it may be taught to pipe and speak, but

the cock is preferable, as he is not only more easily instructed but is handsomer. When once he has learnt a lesson he seldom forgets it. If well taught he becomes an amusing and valuable bird. Nine or ten guineas have not unfrequently been given for a well-educated bulfinch. Pennant tells us that a gentleman in Lancashire had one that could whistle several tunes, and which was so well disciplined that it would come at its master's call, perch on his shoulders, and at his command go through a difficult musical lesson.

The nest of the bulfinch is formed of the twigs of birch, moss, and fibrous roots, and lined with fine roots. The hen lays four or five eggs of a bluish white colour, spotted with brown and red. She has two or three broods in the year, the first being hatched about the close of May, or at the beginning of June. If you wish to bring them up from the nest let them be a fortnight old before you take them under your care. When you have kept them about a week indoors, you may continue piping, whistling, or talking to them whatever you wish to teach them. While they are young feed them on a stiff paste made of white bread, which, after having been soaked in water and then well squeezed, has been boiled in milk. Feed them every two hours from morning until evening. As soon as they are capable of feeding themselves give them canary-seed with a little rape-seed. Should they become disordered, let them have a small quantity of hempseed, and put a little saffron in their water. If fed entirely on hemp-seed the colour of the feathers will change to black; and, if that be its only food for a month or six weeks before it moults its old feathers in the autumn, those which will succeed them will be black. It is rather difficult to tell a cock nestling from a hen, but some persons decide this question by pulling three or four feathers off the breast, when about three weeks' old. Those whose feathers are replaced, in ten or twelve days, by very red feathers, are cocks; while those whose new feathers are of a pale brown colour are hens.

**THE CHAFFINCH.—(*Fringilla coelebs*.)**

This is a strong healthy bird, and a very agreeable songster. Specimens brought from Essex are considered as the best. Some from that county have been sold for a guinea and a half a piece, and others for even as much as two guineas each. In their free state they sing only from February to the beginning of June, but when brought up from the nest, they will sing in confinement during six or seven months. They feed on various kinds of small seeds, caterpillars, &c. They construct a very neat nest of moss, lichen, and wool, and line it with feathers and hair. The hen lays five or six eggs of a pale reddish colour, sprinkled with dark purple spots. During the period of incubation the cock is very attentive. There are two or three broods in the year, the first being hatched at the beginning of May. You may begin to bring them up when they are ten or twelve days old, and feed them on a thickish paste made of white bread, which, after having been soaked in water and well squeezed, has been boiled in milk. Among a nest of young ones the cock may be distinguished by its back being browner, the white on his wing being brighter, and all his other colours being of a deeper tint than those of his fellow nestlings. If you pull two or three feathers off the breast of a nestling, and they are replaced, in a few days, by new ones of a red colour, you may conclude that it is a cock; but if they are of the same colour as the first, that it is a hen. When full grown the cock may be readily told by his breast being of a fine red, while that of the hen is grey.

**THE FURZE WARBLER.—(*Ficedula ulicicola*.)**

The furze warbler, furze wren, or Dartford warbler is a pretty, lively, restless bird, of an amiable disposition, living in complete tranquillity not only with birds of its own, but of other species. His song, which strongly resembles the whitethroat, is very brisk, and contains some notes like those of the linnet, but it has many entirely original. While singing, he erects his crest and tail, and whisks about with great agility. He feeds on insects chiefly, but is also fond of a ripe and mealy pear.

**THE GARDEN WARBLER.—(*Ficedula hortensis*.)**

This elegant bird arrives about the middle of April, but does not become common until about the middle of May. It announces its arrival by pouring forth its melody from the top of some high pear-tree or from among the branches of an elm. Our friend, Mr. Blyth, says the garden warbler "commences usually with some low twittering notes not unlike those of the swallow, and raising his voice by degrees through a series of charming and most delightful modulations, many of which closely resemble portions of the nightingale's song, he ends with the full rich whistle of the blackbird, but delivered in a more hurried cadence. It certainly possesses several of the nightingale's notes, but those of the blackbird predominate; the song is, nevertheless, perfectly original, and is uttered in a more lively and animated manner than the songs of either of those birds. He continues singing usually about three or four minutes, when he stops as if to take breath, and almost immediately commences again; his deep rich mellow warble is heard throughout the day, and occasionally at sunset, singing nearly throughout the summer, and often both beginning and ending with the same loud blackbird notes."

During the spring, garden warblers feed chiefly on the berries of the ivy, privet, and elder, but when summer comes they "play old gooseberry" among the fruits of our orchards, more especially attacking the Kentish cherries. They also eat insects, though they show a decided preference for fruit.

**THE GOLDFINCH.—(*Fringilla carduelis*.)**

The cock goldfinch is easily distinguished from the hen by all his colours being brighter, by the edges of his wings being of a glossy black up to the shoulders, and by the upper mandible of his bill being black and the under one red. When a cock is caught and caged it soon becomes tame, and sings in about a fortnight. It is very active and lively in confinement, hopping about the cage, and frequently hanging from the bars with its back downwards; which habit, together with the manner in which it rests its feet on its food and pecks at it, reminds one of the habits of the tit. After its capture it should be indulged with

hemp-seed, which it is very fond of, and which makes it sing very boldly; but this kind of food being very hot, it is well to discontinue it gradually, and if always fed on it, the bird rarely moults well or lives long, and when abundantly dieted upon it, the whole of its plumage, excepting the yellow portion of the wings, have been known to turn black. Canary-seed is a better food for it. The seeds of dock are also proper for it, and if you wish to please it, give it now and then the head of a teasel or of a thistle, that it may pick out the seeds.

The nest of the goldfinch is very neatly constructed of moss, dry grass, and roots; and is lined with a few hairs or feathers, small tufts of fine wool, and the down of the willow, of the coltsfoot, or of the broad-leaved cotton-grass (*Eriophorum polystachion*). Sometimes the lining consists solely of cotton-wool. The hen lays five or six eggs of a bluish white, with a few bright spots which are dark in the centre, and shade off in a thick spread purple. She has two broods in the year; the first brood is sometimes hatched as early as the end of May, and the second is hatched about September. The first brood acquire the black on the head about the middle of September, and the red colour at the end of that month; yet it is some time before the head is in perfect plumage.

**THE GRASSHOPPER WARBLER.—(*Sylvia locustella*.)**

Grasshopper warblers have been erroneously stated to be rare birds, but they are to be either seen or heard almost every where that furze-bushes grow. We have met with them on almost all of our suburban heaths and commons. Lately we heard one in a field at Camden Town, and last year, (1840), we were within a step of treading upon one on Wimbledon Common. They arrive about the first or second week in April, the cock coming about a week or ten days before the hen. The song, if it may be called a song, consists of a singular continuous rattling or rather thrilling sound, beginning generally very low, and becoming in about a minute loud enough to be heard at a considerable distance: this continues for several minutes, and is uttered with a kind of ventriloquism, the bird remaining in one place, though its voice, meanwhile, would give the hearer to suppose that it was now here, now there. From the close resemblance of its note to that of mole-crickets (*Gryllotalpa vulgaris*), Montagu suggests that, as it is chiefly uttered at the time those singular insects are about, it may possibly serve also as a decoy to inveigle them to their destruction; had this, however, been intended, it is probable that both sexes would have been endowed with the same deceptive cry; but the hen is said to be quite mute.

In the neighbourhood of London this interesting bird breeds on Penge Common, Streatham Common, Wimbledon Common, and in Coombe Wood, which places, during the summer evenings, resound with their noise.

**THE GREENFINCH.—(*Fringilla chloris*.)**

The greenfinch, green linnet, or greenbird, is so easily tamed, that, as Pennant observes, "it frequently eats out of one's hand five minutes after it is taken, if you have an opportunity of carrying it into the dark; the bird should then be put upon your finger, which it does not attempt to move from, for being in darkness it does not know where to fly. You may then introduce the finger of your other hand under the breast, which making it inconvenient to stay upon the first finger, on which it was before placed, it climbs upon the second, where it likewise continues, and for the same reason. When this has been nine or ten times repeated, and the bird stroked and caressed, it finds that you intend it no harm; and if the light is gradually let in, it will very frequently eat any bruised seed out of your hand, and afterwards continue tame."

Though its natural song is not the most melodious, yet the bird may be taught to pipe or whistle the songs of other birds. One brought up from the nest may be taught to imitate not only the songs of other birds, but to whistle a tune. The nestling may be fed upon a stiff paste made of white bread, which after having been soaked in water, has been well squeezed, and then boiled in a little milk. If, when older, it should seem ailing, let it have a little lettuce-seed, and put a bit of liquorice or of saffron into its drink. If its bowels appear to be relaxed, you need not call in our friend, Dr. Golding Bird, but give it a little chalk and bruised hemp-seed.

**THE LINNET.—(*Linaria linota*.)**

The linnet, or linnie, is a fine songster, and a very good one has often been sold for as much as three or four guineas. It will learn to whistle the song of the wood-lark, canary, or any other bird; and it is said that it can be taught to speak. During the pairing season, the breast and forehead of wild cock linnets, with some few exceptions, assume a fine bright scarlet, which change never occurs on those parts of a tame cock that has been caged during the winter. The breast alone, however, of a caged cock, which is often hung out in the open air, will be of a brighter red than that of one constantly kept in doors.

Linnets have three or four broods in the year. The first batch of eggs, four or five, are generally hatched in April. If you wish to rear the nestlings for the cage or aviary, let them be at least ten days old before you wean them. At first you may feed your little chirpers on a stiff paste made of white bread, which, after having been soaked in water and then well strained, has been boiled in a small quantity of milk. You may, also, mix with the paste a little rape-seed, which must be previously soaked in water for ten or eleven hours, then boiled, and afterwards strained free from water by great pressure. Feed them every two hours from six in the morning until eight at night. When they are about six or seven weeks old, and capable of feeding themselves, you may restrict them, for one week, to rape-seed which has been scalded with hot water. Afterwards, feed them on bread, chopped egg, rape-seed, or canary. When they seem ailing, we would prescribe a little lettuce-seed, with, occasionally, some chickweed which is in seed. If they have diarrhoea give them some chalk, bruised hemp-seed, and a stalk of plantain-seed. Put, also, some saffron, or a bit of liquorice into their water. Cock nestlings may easily be distinguished by their being browner upon the back, and by the second, third, and fourth feathers of the wing being white up to the quill.



# Traits and Sketches of Irish Character.

THE YOUNG PRIEST.

The influence of the priesthood among the peasantry need be no longer a mystery, when this portrait of sympathy, charity, and humane devotion, by Mrs. S. C. Hall is perused. No wonder than the pastors and their flocks are wedded to each other by more than ordinary ties, when poverty only endears misfortune, and the name of a stranger becomes a passport to affectionate assistance. The Hedge Schools, says our able authoress, are almost gone from the country. During our recent visit, we saw but two or three of them; some twenty years ago we should have encountered one, at least, in every parish. They receive their peculiar designation from the fact, that in fine weather the school-room was always removed out of doors; the Domine sat usually beside his threshold; and the young urchins, his pupils, were scattered in all directions about the landscape, poring over the "Gough," or "Voster," (the standard arithmeticians of Ireland, long ago,) scrawling figures on the fragments of a slate, courting acquaintance with the favoured historian, Cornelius Nepos, or occupied upon the more abstruse mysteries of the mathematics; the more laborious and persevering of the learners generally taking their places, "book in hand," upon, or at the base of, the turf-rick, that was always within the master's ken. In addition to the pupils who paid to the teacher as much as they could, and in the coin most at their command, there were generally in such establishments some who paid nothing, and were not expected to pay anything—"poor scholars," as they were termed, who received education "gratis;" and who were not unfrequently intended, or rather intended themselves, for the priesthood. They were, in most instances, orphans; but they had no occasion to beg, for the farm-house as well as the cottage was open for their reception, and the "poor scholar" was sure of a "God save you kindly," and "Kindly welcome," wherever he appeared. In this way, with scant clothing, a strap of books over his shoulder, his ink-horn suspended from his button-hole, and two or three ill-cut inky pens stuck in the twist or twine that encircled his hat, the aspirant for knowledge set forth on his mission, sometimes aided by a subscription commenced and forwarded by his parish-priest, who found many of his congregation willing to bestow their halfpence and pence, together with their cordial blessings, on "the boy that had his mind turned for good." Now and then a "good-for-nothing" would take upon himself the habit and name of a "poor scholar," and impose upon the good-natured inhabitants of a district; but in a little time he was sure to be discovered, and was never again trusted. Such fellows used to be seen lounging about the corners of the streets in country-towns, pretending they "war goin to Kerry for larnin, God help 'em, when they got a thrifle to pay their expences." They were invariably great thieves, and fetchers and carriers of strife and sedition, and generally terminated their career as professed beggars. Very different from such was a lad we knew in our youth, and whose simple history we delay our readers to hear; it will illustrate the "scholastic system" we are describing, and at the same time exhibit the self-sacrificing generosity of the Irish peasant.

It was towards the middle of September, or, as they, in Ireland, usually style the period, "the latter end of harvest," several years ago, that we were sedulously gathering a nosegay of blue corn-flowers and scarlet poppies, in the field of a dear relative, whose labourers were busily employed in reaping. A group of Irish harvesters are generally noisy, full of jest, and song and laughter; but we observed that although not more diligent than usual, these were usually silent—yet the day was fine, the food abundant, and no "sickness" afflicted the neighbourhood. Our ramble was accompanied by a fine Newfoundland dog—Neptune, a fellow worthy of his name. After walking along at our accustomed pace, (for he disdained idle gambols,) Nep came to a dead stand. There was a remarkable old tree in the hedge, so old that it was hollow almost to the top, where a few green bows and leaves sprouted forth, as remembrancers of past days; the open part of the trunk was on the other side, so that a stranger standing where we stood could have no idea how much it was decayed;—at this old tree Nep made a point, as if setting a bird; he would neither advance nor retreat, but stood with fixed eyes and erect ears in a watchful position. It occurred to us that the reapers had whiskey or some smuggled goods concealed there, and we resolved to fathom the mystery. In accordance with this resolution, we commenced first a descent into what is called the "gripe" of the ditch, and then seizing upon the bough of a sturdy little hawthorn, were about ascending, when two rosy-cheeked harvest-girls interposed—

"Ah, thin, don't, iv you plase—(bad luck to you, Nep, for a tale-telling ould baste of a dog!—couldn't ye let the young lady have her walk?)—don't, iv you plase, Miss machree, go up there. Faix, it's the truth we're tellin' ye, 'tisn't safe. O, ye may laugh, but by all the blessed books that ever was opened, it's true; 'tis not safe, and maybe its yer death ye'd get if ye go."

This, of course, only whetted our curiosity. "The men have concealed whisky here."

"Oh! bad cess to the dhrop—sure they don't want it, when they got their glass at the heel of the evenin' without so much as axing for it; we'll tell, if ye won't tell ov us to the masher and mistress—though we couldn't help it, for it's God's will. Sure the boys

there never raised their voice in a song, nor even the kink of a laugh ever passed their lips, just out of regard to the quietness—the crathur! and sure the dhrop of new milk, and it just to look at a grain of tea, is all we give on a two-pronged fork or the ould shovel. And the weather's mighty fine, as it always does be when the likes of them's in trouble; sure, the dew falls light on the spring chicken!" We pressed still more strongly for an explanation. "Well, it was the loneliest place in the parish," answered Anty, a blue-eyed girl of sixteen, the very picture of good-nature and mischief, though her features were tutored into an expression of sobriety and even sympathy. "And what else could I do, barrin I was a baste?" she continued. "And see even that poor dumb dog looks like a Christian at the tree—Nep, say now, and don't frighten—"

"What, Anty?"

"Whisht! an I'll tell, but you musn't let on, [pretend to know] for maybe I'd lose the work.—It's—only a little boy we hid in the tree!"

"A boy!"

"Ay, faix! he was a boy, the craythur; but he's an atomy now, with whatever he is—maasles, or small pox or feaver, myself doesn't know—but it's bad enough. He's a poor scholar! the jewel, travelin to make a man of himself, which, if the Lord doesn't raise him out of the sickness, he'll never be; and travelin the world and ould Ireland for larnin, and was struck [taken ill] as he came here; and he thinking he'd have six months, or maybe a year, with Mr. Devereux, who has grate Haythen as well as Christian knowledge; and sure no one would let him into their place for dread of the sickness that brought lamentations into all our houses last year; and I found him," continued the girl, bursting into tears, "I found him shivering under an elder bush, that's unlucky 'in itself, and pantin' the little breath in his body out; and I'd ha' thought there would ha' been little use in all I could do: only what should I see, when I took my eyes off him, but a cow licking herself the wrong way, and that gave me heart, and I spoke to him, and all he axed for was a drink of wather, and that I'd take him to his mother, the poor lamb! and she hundreds of miles away, at the back of God-speed, maybe; and sure that kilt me intirely, for I thought of my own mother that the Lord took from me before I had sense to ax her blessin. And ye'd think the life would lave the craythur every minute—so, first of all, myself and this little girl made a fine ayse bed for him inside the ould tree, dry and comfortable, with the new straw, and then we stole granny's *plaikeen* [a square of flannel, or shawl] out of the bit of a box, and a blanket, and laid him a top of it; and when we settled him snug, we asked my uncle if we might do it, and he said *he'd murder us* [A figure of speech] if we had any call to him; and we said we wouldn't, because we had done it already; but, in the end, my uncle himself was as willing to do a hand's turn to the poor scholar as if he was a *soggarth* [young priest], which he will be, plase God; only the sickness is heavy on him still, and the people so mortal afraid of it."

"The poor boy," added the other girl, "had bitter usage where he was before, from a cowl-headed nagur of a schoolmaster, who loved money better than larnin—which proved he had no call to it, at all, at all. We heard the rights of it, from one that knew—may the Lord break hard fortune before every poor honest woman's child!—and took his bit of gold from him, and gave him nothing but dirty English for it, and he wanting Latin and the Humanities—what he hadn't himself, only coming over the people with blarney and big words—the Omadawn! to think of his taking in a poor soft boy like that, who was away from his mother, trusting only to the Lord, and the charity of the poor Christians that often had nothing but their prayers to send along the road with him! Sure it must be a black bitter heart entirely that would not warm to a boy that quit the home where his heart grew in the love of his mother's eyes, to wander for larning."

In a little time we discovered that the poor scholar, who rejoiced in the thoroughly Irish name of Patrick O'Brien, had been most tenderly cared for, not only by those kind-hearted girls, but by each of the harvesters: two young men in particular took it turn about to sit up with the lone child the greater part of the night, listening to the feeble ravings he uttered about his mother and his home, and moistening his lips with milk and water—the fatigue of the day's labour under a scorching sun, with no more strengthening food than potatoes and milk, did not prevent their performing this deed of love and charity. When we discovered him, the fever—to use Anty's words—had turned on him for good, and he was perfectly rational, though feeble almost beyond belief, and only opening his lips to invoke blessings upon his preservers. We found that he had suffered from measles, rendered much worse than they generally are by fatigue, want, and ill usage. A few evenings after, when the golden grain was gathered into shocks, and the field clear of its labourers, we set forth, accompanied by Patrick's first benefactress, to pay him a visit. The weather was clear and balmy, and so still that we could hear the grasshopper rustle in the tufts of grass that grew by the path. The corn-creak ran poking and creaking across the stubble, and, one by one, before the sun had set,

"The wee stars were dreaming their path through the skies."

It was a silent but not a solitary evening, for every blade

of grass was instinct with life, peopled by insect wonders, teeming with existence—creating and fostering thought. Even Anty felt the subduing influence of the scene, and walked without uttering a word. As we drew near the old tree, we heard a faint, low, feeble voice—the voice of a young boy singing, or rather murmuring, snatches of one of those beautiful Latin hymns which form a part of the Roman Catholic service. We knew that it proceeded from poor Patrick; and Anty crossed herself devoutly more than once while she listened. He ceased; and then, by a circuitous path, we got to the hollow side of the tree.

The poor lad was worn down by sickness, and his eyes, naturally large, seemed of enormous size, looking out as they did from amid his long tangled hair. His head was pillowed on his book; and it would seem as though the "plaikeens" of half the old women in the parish had been gathered together to do him service. His quivering lips only opened to express gratitude, and his thin hands were clasped in silent prayer when we left him. His tale had nothing remarkable in it—it was but one among many. He was the only son of a widow, who having wed too early, was reduced from comfort to the depth of privation; her young husband closed his sorrows in an early grave, and she devoted her energies to the task of providing for her two children; the girl was blind from her birth, and the boy, whose feeling and manners would have led to the belief so prevalent in Ireland of the invariable refinement of "dacent blood," resolved to seek by the way-sides and hedges the information he had no means of obtaining in stater seminary. Those who know how strongly the ties of kindred are intertwined round an Irish heart—only those can understand how more than hard it is for the parent to part with the child. Notwithstanding, Patrick was blessed and sent forth by his mother—an Ishmael, without the protecting care of a Hagar—amid the wilderness of the world. More than once he returned to weep upon her bosom, and to repeat the assurance, that when they met again he would be a credit to his name. He had, as Anty said, suffered wrong from an ignorant schoolmaster, who plundered him of the small collection the priest had made for his benefit, and then ill-used him.

His illness we have told of; his recovery was hailed with hearty joy by "the neighbours," who began to consider him as a property of their own—a creature they had all some interest in. He was duly received at the school, the master of which deserved the reputation he had achieved—for, despite his oddity, and a strong brogue of the true Munster character, he was a good classic of the old régime, and a most kind-hearted man. Although no Domine ever entertained a more exalted opinion of his own learning, or held ignorant amuses (as he pronounced the word) in greater contempt than Mr. Devereux, still, when he found a pupil to his mind, who would work hard and constantly, he treated him with such consideration, that the youth was seldom permitted to speak except in the dead languages. He wore a rough scratch wig, originally of a light drab colour; and not only did he, like Miss Edgeworth's old steward in "Castle Rackrent," dust his own or a favoured visitor's seat therewith, but he used no other pen-wiper, and the hair bore testimony of having made acquaintance with both red and black ink. He prided himself not only on his Latin and mathematical attainments, but on his "manners;" and even deigned to instruct his pupils in the mysteries of a bow, and the necessity for holding the head in a perfectly erect position. Sometimes he would condescend to bestow a word of advice to one of the gentler sex, such as "Jinny, that's a good girl; I knew yer mother before you were born, and a fine, straight, upright *Girtha* she was—straight in mind an' body; be a good girl, Jinny, and hold up yer head, and never sit back on your chair—only so—like a poplar, and keep yer heels together and yer toes out—that's rale manners, Jinny." Often did he exclaim to Patrick, "Lave off discoursing in the vulgar tongue, I tell you, and will you take up your Cornelius Nepos, to say no-thing of Virgil, if you plase, Master Patrick, and never heed helping Mickey-the-goose, with his 'numbers. Hasn't he Gough and Voster, or part of them any way? for the pig ate simple addition and compound fractions out of both the one and the other. And, Ned Lacey, I saw you copying I know what, upon your thumb-nail off Patrick's slate. I'll thumb-nail ye, you mane puppy! to be picking the poor boy's brains that way; but the time will be yet, when you'll be glad to come to his knee, for it is he that will have the vestments, and not the first nor the last, plase God, that got them through my instructions. Patrick, sir, next Sunday, when you go up to the big house as you always do, mind me, sir, never open yer lips to the mistress or the young ladies but in Latin—Greek's too much for them you understand me, unless they should ask you to give them a touch of it out of feminine curiosity, knowing you to have the advantage of being my pupil; but no vulgar tongue out of your head, mind that; and when you go into the drawing-room, make yer bow with yer hand on yer heart in the first position, like an Irish-man."

Under all his pomposity of manner there was much sterling good—the old schoolmaster never would accept of any remuneration from a "fatherless child," and consequently had an abundant supply of widows' children in his seminary. "What does it cost me," he would say, "but my breath? and that's small loss—death will



have the less to take when my time comes—and sure it will penetrate to many a heart, and give them the knowledge that I can't take out of the world with me, no more than my other garments." In less than a year, Patrick had become his teacher's right hand; he was not only his "first Latin," but in a fair way to become his first Grecian; and the only thing that tormented the worthy schoolmaster was, that Patrick was "no hand" at "mathematics." He wrote frequently to his mother, and sometimes heard from her; but at last came the mournful intelligence that he could see her no more. She had perished of fever—one of those dreadful fevers that finish the work commenced by starvation, had taken her away from present care, and denied her all participation in the honours she anticipated for her son. The news crushed the heart of the poor scholar; and with it was mingled not only sorrow for the departed, but a deep anxiety on account of his little blind sister. "The neighbours," he said "will, I know, keep her among them—a bit here, a sup there—and give her clothes enough for summer; but my dread is that she'll turn to begging, and that would be cruel to think of—my poor little blind Nelly!"

"Where are you going this evening, Patrick?" inquired the old schoolmaster, as his favourite pupil was leaving, having bade him his usual respectful good-day.

"I promised Mrs. Nowlan, Sir, I'd go up there and read a bit with the boys to help them with you."

"Well, never mind that now; I want to discourse with you this evening."

"Thank you, sir," he replied with a heavy sigh, hanging his hat on the same peg that supported the Domine's great-coat—"but the throb has moidered my head—I'm afraid I'm not equal to much to-night."

"Ah!" said the old man, "learning's a fine thing, but there are things that ruin it intirely—in vulgar phrase, that bother it. Sit down, Patrick, and we'll see if for once the master and his pupil—the old man and the young one's thoughts, go the same way."

Patrick did as "the master" desired. "Tell me," inquired the Domine, resting his elbows on his knees—"tell me, did the news you got, poor fellow, determine you on doing anything particular?"

"It did, master, it did, God help me, and look down upon and bless you, and every one that has been kind and good to me!"

"What have you determined? or have you brought your resolution to a point?"

"I have, sir. It's hard parting—but the little girl, sir—my poor blind sister—the lone darling that never wasted sight while she had her mother's eyes—the tender child, sir; the neighbours are all kind, all good, but they can't be expected to take for a continuance the bit out of their own mouths to put it into hers—that can't be expected—nor it shan't be; I mean to set out for home on Monday, sir, please God, and be to that poor blind child, mother and father, and brother. She is all of my own blood in the world now, and I can't make her heart as dark as her eyes. Thanks be to the Almighty, I have health and strength now, which I had not when I left home—health, strength, and knowledge; though," he added, in a tone of intense sorrow, "that knowledge will never lead me to what I once hoped it would."

"What do you mean?" inquired the old schoolmaster—"expound."

"My heart, sir, was set, as you know, on making my way to the altar; but His will be done! I was too ambitious; I must work to keep Nelly—she must not starve or beg while I live upon good men's hearts: we are alone in the wide world: instead of learning, I must labour, that's all; and I'm sure, sir, I hope you won't consider the pains you have taken with me thrown away; you have sown the good seed; if the rock is barren, it is no fault of yours; but it is not barren—why should I deny the feelings that stir within me?" He could not proceed for tears; and the old man pushed his spectacles so violently up his forehead as to disturb his eyes.

"What's to all the little girl," said Mr. Devereux at last, "to live, as many have done before her—in *forma pauperis*? Sure—that is, of a certainty, I mean you found nothing painful in stopping a week at Mrs. Rooney's, and a month with the Driscolls, and so on, and every one glad to have you."

"God reward them! Yes, sir, that's true; and of late, I've given the children, wherever I was stopping, a lift of the learning; but poor Nelly has no right to burden any one while my bones are strong enough to work for her—and she SHALL NOT!"

"And how dare you say that to my face, Patrick O'Brien?" screamed the schoolmaster, flinging his wig right on the nose of a respectable pig, who was poking it over the half-door intended to keep in the little children, and to keep out the pigs. "How dare you—in your pupilage—say 'she shall not'? I say she shall! She shall burden me.—I say you shall go for her, and bring her here, and my old woman will be to her as she is to her own grandchildren, not a hair in the differ. All belonging to me, glory be to God! are well to do in the world; and a blind child may be a bright blessing. Go, boy, go, and lead the blind girl here. I won't give up the honour and glory of my

seminary because of an afflicted colleen. When you go to Maynooth, we'll take care of her; my grandchildren are grown too wise, and I'll be glad to have a blind child to take poems and things that way to, of the long winter evenings, when I'm lonely for want of the lessons; so now no more about it. She'll be all as one as the baby of my old age, and you'll be Father Pat, and maybe I'd have the last blessed sacrament from yer hands yet." And so he had; for this is no romance. The blind child was led by her brother to the old schoolmaster's dwelling. Many of the neighbouring poor said, "God reward you, Mither Devereux, ye'r a fine man;" but the generous act excited no astonishment; generosity of character is so common amongst the peasantry, that it does not produce comment; they are in the constant habit of doing things and making sacrifices, which, if done long ago, would have been recorded as deeds of heroic virtue; but there are no village annals for village virtues; and at the time the schoolmaster's generosity made little impression on ourselves, simply because it was not rare, for near him lived a poor widow, who, in addition to her own three children, fostered one whom the wild waves threw up upon the shore from a wreck; and another, who took three of her brother's orphans to her one-roomed house; and another, who nourished the infant of a beggar who died in her husband's barn, at the breast with her own baby.

The old schoolmaster is dead; but before he died, he had, as we have said, the desire of his heart. A blind sister lives with "the soggarth" to this day, and he is respected, as all deserve to be who build their own fortunes bravely and boldly, and having laid a good foundation, are not ashamed of the labour that wins the highest distinction a free-born man can achieve.

### The London Water Companies.

In order fully to appreciate the vast importance of the Companies that supply London with water, it will only be necessary to imagine the cisterns of the inhabitants to be empty for a week. Were such an event as this to happen accidentally, no further evidence would be required to prove that water delivered into each separate house of the metropolis is the cheapest necessary of life.

The whole of London is supplied with water by eight companies. These are known as the New River, East London, West Middlesex, Chelsea, Grand Junction, Lambeth, Vauxhall, and Southwark. Five of these companies have their establishments on the north side of the Thames; and the other three are located on the south side. In 1834 their pipes were laid on to more than one hundred and ninety-four thousand houses; and the enormous quantity of two hundred and thirty-six million hogsheads of water was annually delivered therein. Since that period the consumption has increased considerably. The following is a statement of the quantity supplied by each company, according to the returns made to Parliament, in 1834:—

	Houses and Buildings Supplied.	Hogsheads of water Annually Supplied.
New River .....	73,212	114,650,000
East London .....	46,421	37,810,594
West Middlesex .....	16,000	20,000,000
Chelsea .....	13,892	15,753,000
Grand Junction .....	8,780	21,702,567
Lambeth .....	16,682	11,998,600
Vauxhall .....	12,046	7,000,000
Southwark .....	7,100	7,000,000

The New River Company derives about two-thirds of its supply from a spring near Ware, twenty-one miles north of London, and the other third from an arm of the River Lea, situate near the source of the spring. Their united waters are conducted to the metropolis by an artificial channel, forty miles long, generally known as the New River. The company has two capacious "settling reservoirs" at Stoke Newington, in which the water is allowed to remain at rest and become clear before it is permitted to flow to the New River head at Clerkenwell, whence it is distributed to the houses, partly by its own gravity, in consequence of the favourable height of the reservoirs, and partly by engine power. The total annual income of this company is about £105,000, and its outgoings from £40,000 to £42,000 yearly. The amount of capital employed exceeds £1,000,000 sterling, and the average value of each original £100 share is now about £15,000. The works of this company are under the superintendence of Mr. William Chadwell Mylne, a civil engineer of great reputation: The district supplied by the New River Company extends from Charing Cross and Oxford-street to St. Katharine's Docks and Whitechapel; and it ranges northward as far as Edmonton.

The East London Water Company draws the whole of its supply from the Lea, at a part of the river which is removed beyond the influence of the tide of the Thames. Their principal works are at Old Ford; they have also machinery for raising water at Lea-bridge and Stratford. The engineer of this company, Mr. Wicksteed, was the first to introduce a Cornish engine into London, as a powerful and economical means of lifting water. At the present date it is performing a duty of seventy-four millions of pounds, which is about double the work done by the other engines of the Company; the result of which is a saving of nearly half the expense of coals. The estimated current expenditure of this company is between £16,000 and £17,000 per annum, and

its yearly rental not less than £46,000. The district supplied by its works is large. It extends from the London Docks to Stratford and Bow, including in its course a large portion of the buildings between Whitechapel, and Mile-end, and the Thames; from the former of which places it stretches to a part of Bishops gate-street and its neighbourhood, and thence to the Kingsland and Hackney-roads, Clapton, Homerton, Bethnal-green, Bromley, Poplar, and Blackwall, the Thames forming its southern boundary. This company was established in 1807.

The West Middlesex Company, established in 1806, has its engines located on the north bank of the Thames at the upper end of Hammersmith, the power of which is sufficient for the delivery of thirteen million gallons daily. This company has also capacious reservoirs at Barnes, Kensington, and Little Primrose Hill; the last mentioned, which is on the summit of the elevation, is estimated to contain 88,000 hogsheads of water, at a height of 188 feet above the level of the Thames; that of Kensington being 122 feet above the same level. The capital expended amounts to about half a million of pounds sterling, and the gross rental to about £46,000. The estimated annual expenses approach £19,000. The works of this company are under the control of Mr. W. Tierney Clarke; its district includes Turnham-green, Chiswick, Hammersmith, part of Fulham, Kensington, Earl's Court, part of Brompton, Kensington Gore and Gravel Pits, Notting-hill, part of the Uxbridge-road, Westbourne Green, nearly all the north side of Oxford-street, and west side of Tottenham-court-road to Mornings-ton-crescent, Hampstead-road, and all westward, taking in the Regent's Park, St. John's Wood, Paddington, and part of Kilburn. Independently of this boundary, the company is also empowered by act of Parliament to supply the parishes of Brentwood, Battersea, Putney, Richmond, St. James Westminster, St. Ann, Soho, St. Mary-le-strand, St. Clement Danes, St. Paul Covent Garden, St. George's, Bloomsbury, St. Giles in the Fields, and a part of Pancras.

The Chelsea Water Company, of whose works Mr. James Simpson is the Engineer, was established so far back as 1723. The works themselves are situated at the north-east part of Chelsea-reach, on the bank of the Thames, although the supply of water is drawn from the south side of the river. This company has introduced the use of filtering reservoirs, a particular description of which we here give with great pleasure, because we think the Engineer of the establishment, to whose persevering efforts the customers of the Company are indebted for a daily supply of perfectly limpid, pure, and wholesome Thames water (produced solely by his plan of filtration) merits the fullest measure of public gratitude for having set the other companies so praiseworthy an example in a matter of vital importance to the health of the metropolis. The account we furnish is taken from the "Life of Telford," as communicated by Mr. James Simpson, the Engineer of the company.

The managers of the Chelsea water works had determined to prosecute some plan for rendering the quality of the water supplied by them unobjectionable; and, in the spring of 1826, Mr. Simpson commenced experiments and inquiries upon the subject; so that, when Dr. Roget, Mr. Brande, and Mr. Telford, the commissioners of inquiry, visited the works in the summer of 1828, they found the construction of filtering works, of some magnitude, in an advanced state.

So little of a practical nature had been written on the subject of filtration, that the art of conducting the process upon a large scale was yet to be acquired, and improvement to be made upon the works at Glasgow, Manchester, and other places, where it appeared that instances of failure, as well as of success, had occurred. Preliminary experiments were indispensable to warrant expenditure of capital on such works, and several trials were accordingly made on superficies exceeding one thousand square feet, to ascertain the most approved principle, and the fitness of the various materials proposed to be employed. All the modifications of lateral and ascending filters proved disadvantageous; difficulties were encountered in preserving the various strata in their assigned position, according to the sizes of their component particles; and effectual cleansing could not be accomplished without the removal of the whole mass of the filtering medium. All devices by currents, reaction of water, and other means, also proved either inefficient or inconvenient and expensive.

The mode of filtration adopted at the Chelsea works is by descent, and the medium consists of fine and coarse river sand, comminuted shells and pebbles, and of small and large gravel. The materials are laid in a reservoir, their surface being disposed in ridges, which present to the spectator an undulated appearance. The first experiments by descent failed; sufficient care had not been taken in the selection and separation of the materials. Explosions of condensed air in the tunnels for collecting the filtered water deranged the strata occasionally, but were obviated by air drains. The filtration was, in one instance, stopped by the addition of fresh sand, without the old sand having previously been removed, which should be applied as the upper stratum. Although in this case the surface had been thoroughly cleansed previously, a film or puddle was formed on the original sand, and was sufficiently supported by the particles of sand to sustain five feet head of water, at first acting to impede, and eventually to stop the filtra-

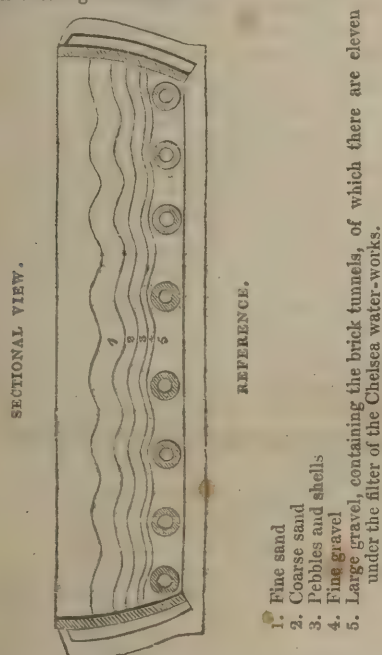
\* A poor scholar never considers himself a beggar, nor is he ever so considered—he travels for learning; and this bare fact entitles him to respect and assistance—it is regarded in the light of a pilgrimage, but not beggary.



ion. The process was greatly improved by the introduction of the small shells, such as are usually found at the beach, the flat surfaces of which overlap, and assist in the great desideratum of separating the sand from the gravel, and thus tending to preserve the free percolation of the lower strata, which is essential for ensuring filtration sufficiently rapid for water-work purposes.

The strata on the site of the filtering works, under the vegetable mould, consist of loam, sand, and gravel, resting on the London clay to the depth of thirty feet. The sand and gravel contain powerful land springs, and the masses of ferruginous conglomerate they pass through are so great, that the water is of an objectionable quality; therefore, in constructing the basin to receive the filtering materials, it was necessary to exclude all the land water by clay and cement walling.

An excavation into the sand and gravel, of sufficient depth to admit of the water from the river flowing on to the filtering bed, would have involved too great an outlay; and this circumstance led to the construction of the basin at a level which rendered pumping the water from the river unavoidable; but the consequent subsidence of the water, the command of a constant flow to the filtering bed, and the most perfect drainage, are advantages which result from the expedient of pumping; and the interest of the money saved has more than compensated for the annual expense. The filtering-beds are now in duplicate; they cover an area of one acre, and there are three elevated reservoirs of the same size each. Reference to the accompanying sketch will explain the construction of the filter, and exhibit a sectional view of the arrangement of the various strata used as filtering materials.



The lower stratum of gravel contains the tunnels for collecting the filtered water. They are built with cement blocks, and partially open-jointed; two spaces of an inch and a half on the bed, and the heading-joint of each brick being open. The fine gravel, pebbles and shells, and the coarse and fine sand are laid upon the large gravel.

The water is let on to the filtering bed at nine places, and the ends of the pipes are fitted with curved boards to diffuse the currents of water, and prevent the surface of the sand from being disturbed. The interstices in the fine sand being more minute than the subjacent strata, it is found that the impurities are arrested near the surface, and it has not been necessary to remove more than one inch in depth of the sand at any one time of cleansing. This work is effected by scraping the surface every fortnight, and upon a careful examination it has been discovered that the sediment penetrates to the depth of from six to nine inches, according to the state of the Thames water, the greatest penetration occurring during the prevalence of land floods in the river. Notwithstanding this, however, it is not necessary to remove more than the depth already stated, which contains the grosser impurities, the remainder tending rather to improve filtration, by rendering the interstices between the particles of sand still more minute. From these observations it must not be inferred that the process is merely a fine mode of straining, for something more is evidently effected: an appearance resembling fermentation being discernible when the water is in contact with the sand.

The quantity of water filtered, is from three to four hundred thousand cubic feet daily, according to the demand. The undulated surface of the filtering bed consists of parts of it being worked, and others drained; and it aids in cleansing, by admitting the grosser particles the silt to slide down the ridges, and form a sediment easily manageable. The removal of the sand is effected by lifting portions of the fine sand in succession, and adding fresh sand of the same description underneath them.

These "filtering" reservoirs, which successfully secure the object of their ingenious and scientific construction, occupy about seven acres of ground at the locality already mentioned; in addition to which the company possesses the two famous basins in Hyde Park and the Green Park, the latter of which is close to Piccadilly, both being appropriated to the reception of the filtered water. The gross annual income of this company ranges about £24,000, and its charges to £14,000; and the district supplied by its works contains all that part of Westminster which is south and west of a line passing from Northumberland house, up St. Martin's-lane, through Duke's-court, the old King's-mews, along both sides of Pall-mall East and the south side of Pall-mall and Cleveland-row. Then taking the boundary of the Green Park, on the side of St. James's-street, it passes to the south side of Piccadilly, boundary of Hyde Park, round by Bayswater and Kensington Palace to the half-way house Kensington; thence, in a direct line, it proceeds to Brompton, Fulham-road, Little Chelsea, and down to the river. The quantity of water effectually filtered by this company is, as we have already stated, from three to four hundred thousand cubic feet daily; and the remarkable success of the process cannot be better described than by Addison's nervous and prophetic lines—

So, the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains  
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,  
Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines,  
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,  
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,  
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.

The Grand Junction Company concludes the list of the water companies on the north side of the Thames. This company was established 1811; and at the date of the Parliamentary return in 1834 its annual supply of water to customers was 21,702,567 hogsheads. The gross rental of the company in 1833 was £26,154—and the estimated annual current expenditure, exclusive of the expense of filtration, £11,000. The capital expended from the commencement of the works up to that date was £331,174. The pumps of this company are situated a little below Brentford, in which town its principal establishment is located. The company has also a steam engine and three reservoirs at Paddington, for supplying the high service in that district, the water being first raised at Brentford from the bed of the Thames by a most ingenious and effective arrangement of conduits, and then conducted to Paddington through 4,000 lengths of cast iron pipes, a distance of six miles and a half, the total cost of which was about eight pounds per yard. These extensive and well arranged works, in the execution of which a sum of money little short of £200,000 has been expended, are under the superintendence and direction of the Company's experienced engineer, Mr. W. Anderson. The district over which the supply of the Grand Junction extends is bounded by Park-lane on the west, Piccadilly on the south, as far as Arlington-street, including the line of houses on the side next the Green Park to Cleveland-row; returning thence it takes the north side of Pall Mall, as far as the Haymarket, in a line through several small streets to Oxford-street, whence it diverges to various squares and streets in that neighbourhood, and then proceeds to Paddington (the whole of which parish it supplies) and the Edgware-road, finally returning along the Uxbridge-road to Park-lane.

The five companies, of which we have been speaking, are all situated on the north bank of the Thames, their supply being, of course, confined to that side of the river. The three which remain to be mentioned are on the other bank, and their pipes are limited to the supply of the south part of the metropolis, and the borough of Southwark. First on the list is

The Lambeth Water Works, the company for establishing which was formed in 1785. At the date of the return in 1834, it supplied 16,682 buildings, and the quantity of water delivered yearly was 11,988,600 hogsheads. The annual current expenses, exclusive of filtration, were then estimated at £6,500; and the gross rental in 1833 was stated to be £14,808. The capital expended from the commencement of the works to that date, was £182,553. The principal works of this company are situated in the Belvidere-road; but it has also an engine and two large reservoirs at Brixton; and also a large reservoir at Streatham Hill. The supply of water is obtained from the river, immediately in front of the works at Lambeth, by a pipe extending 400 feet into the river, and terminating at a depth of six feet below low-water mark. From this place the water is pumped to the elevated reservoirs at Brixton and Streatham. The district of this company extends from the works at Lambeth, along the bank of the river, to the back of Vauxhall, taking both sides of Kennington-lane, to Kennington Common, and along the Brixton-road to the works at Brixton. It includes also the Camberwell-road, Walworth-common, the Kent-road, Bermondsey New-road, Great Dover-road, along the Newington-road to the Queen's-Bench Prison, and along Great Suffolk-street and Gravel-lane, to Bankside. Up to 1834, this company possessed the valuable monopoly of St. George's-fields, and the populous neighbourhood, but in that year the restriction was removed by act of Parliament. The Directors have since extended their works to North Brixton, Clapham Park, Brixton Hill, Tulse Hill, Norwood, Streatham, and the adjacent

places, and the water is highly approved in those districts.

The Vauxhall Company, established in 1805, has its principal works on the south side of Kennington-lane, near to Vauxhall, where there are two circular bricked reservoirs, about 180 feet in diameter, into which the water flows during spring tides. One of these reservoirs is ten feet deep, and it is capable of holding 1,587,449 imperial gallons. The other, at a depth of twenty feet, contains twice that quantity, which is more than sufficient for the daily supply. There is a third reservoir which will contain about 2,000,000 gallons more, into which the water flows, or is pumped (as occasion may require) from the Thames at Vauxhall Bridge. The water is allowed to settle and become purified in these reservoirs before it is supplied to the consumers. In order to insure an abundant supply of water at all seasons, the company has also established works upon the river side at Cumberland Gardens, adjoining Vauxhall Bridge, where they are now erecting an engine on the Cornish principle, equal to 120 horse power, and have laid down an iron tunnel-pipe, the mouth of which is carried into the Thames as far as the third arch of the bridge (six feet below the lowest water mark) where the water has long been remarked for its extraordinary clearness and purity. The annual supply in 1834 was estimated at 300,000,000 of gallons to 12,046 houses and buildings; but as no exact accounts had been kept so as to enable the company to furnish an accurate return, this estimate must be taken as an approximation merely. In fact, the quantity is known to be much greater, and above 14,000 houses are supplied. At the same period the annual current expenses were stated to be £4,000, and the gross receipts from March 1833 to March 1834 were £8,839. The amount of capital expended upon the works up to that date had been £245,306. The district supplied by this company, though thinly populated, is a very extensive one. It includes Lambeth, Camberwell, Clapham, parts of Southwark, Rotherhithe, and Peckham. Previously to 1834 it was excluded, under a heavy penalty, from supplying a densely populated district commencing from the Thames at White-hart-dock, Broad-street, and comprehending Lambeth-burys, Lambeth-walk, Walnut-tree-walk, Newington, Westminster and Blackfriars-roads, the whole of St. George's Fields, and the greatest part of the borough of Southwark; but to the immeasurable satisfaction of the inhabitants of those places the pipes of the company are now driven throughout a very large portion of this district, and a daily supply of water is abundantly afforded, in place of the limited quantity only thrice a week previously supplied. The extensive works of the Vauxhall Company are under the control and superintendence of William Peppercorne, Esq., who acts as resident and managing director in the absence of a Board of Directors.

The Southwark, or Borough Company, is the last we have to mention, the district of which comprehends Holland-street and Gravel-lane, Great Suffolk-street, Blackman-street, Long-lane, part of Tooley-street, Dock-head, &c., a boundary that includes the whole of the parish of St. Saviour, St. Olive, a great part of the parish of St. George, and also of St. John, Horse-lydown, and a part of Bermondsey. For several years this company's district has been supplied by the Lambeth Company, according to agreement; but meanwhile it has purchased land at Battersea, where reservoirs for receiving Thames water taken from that part are now nearly completed, in which the water will be allowed to settle previously to its being thence distributed throughout the district, by the steam-engines erected for that purpose, on the same spot. This company supplies 7,000 houses and buildings; its consumption of water in 1833 was 7,000,000 hogsheads, and its rental £7,850. William Anderson, Esq., is the engineer.

In the following table the principal statistical points are recapitulated, and a comparison instituted between the years 1820 and 1834, so far as regards the number of houses supplied by each Company; also the separate current expenses for both years, and the gross annual income in 1834. Its accuracy may be relied upon, as it has been compiled from official returns made to Parliament in the year last mentioned.

COMPANIES.	1820.		1834.		Gross Annual Income.
	Houses supplied.	Current Expenses.	Houses supplied.	Current Expenses.	
	No.	£	No.	£	£
New River . . . .	52,082	29,700	73,212	38,000	104,909
East London . . .	32,071	11,402	46,421	15,889	45,234
West Middlesex . .	10,350	9,000	16,000	18,000	45,500
Chelsea . . . . .	8,631	9,572	13,892	13,481	22,906
Grand Junction . .	7,180	8,166	8,784	11,000	26,154
Lambeth . . . . .	11,487	no return.	16,682	6,500	14,808
Vauxhall . . . . .	5,200	3,477	12,046	4,000	8,839
Southwark . . . .	no return.	no return.	7,100	no return.	7,850

By the above table it will be seen that the inhabitants of London paid for water, in the year 1834, the sum of two hundred and seventy-six thousand pounds, an amount almost exceeding belief, were the fact not well



attested. At the present date, probably three hundred thousand pounds are collected by the eight companies within the year.

We cannot close this account of the London Water-work Companies without adverting to a plan suggested by Mr. Peppercorne, (son of the managing director of the Vauxhall Company) for the complete purification of Thames water by the aid of charcoal, the antiseptic and conservative properties of which have long been known. It is not only unalterable by time and indestructible by age, but it also retains its valuable qualities in whatever situation it may be placed, whether exposed to the air for any length of time, or immersed under water for ages. As a proof of the indestructibility of charcoal under water, a quantity of oak stakes were found in the bed of the Thames fifty years ago, in the very spot, where, according to Tacitus, the Britons had fixed a vast number of them, to prevent the passage of Julius Cæsar and his army. They were charred to a considerable depth, retained their form completely, and were firm at the heart. Charcoal will preserve water from corruption for any length of time; it will also restore the foulest and most fetid water to its original brightness and purity. The result of some experiments instituted by Mr. Lowitz of St. Petersburg proved that charcoal powder kept water in a wooden vessel perfectly sweet for four weeks in hot weather—indeed, it would not putrify at all—while the same kind of water, without charcoal, became fetid in a very few days. Water, mixed with charcoal, was kept by the same professor for a whole year, without becoming in the slightest degree putrid, a result which appears to be due to the peculiar property which charcoal possesses, of absorbing the gases and the putrid particles immediately as they are formed, and thus preventing them from acting as a ferment to the rest of the water.

[We have heard of some attempt to rake up the old nonsense about *Afesian* wells, as if the water abundantly supplied by nature on the surface of the earth could be superseded with advantage by that which may limitedly be extracted from beneath its crust. In a proximate number we will say a few words on this subject with a view of showing, that however zealous and well-meaning may be the efforts of certain influential individuals who pin their faith upon the sleeve of others, they are altogether misdirected.]

#### Laplace's Cosmogony.

Two centuries of scientific progression have scarcely enabled some acute philosophers of our era to eradicate the licentious speculations of the old scholastic theorists. It is somewhat remarkable, that the mysticisms of those who were practically ignorant of the earth's form and motion should obtain disciples within the last century; yet some of the most profound reasoners of the age have endeavoured to prove, in common with the elder sophists, that the creation of the world needed not of necessity to proceed from an all-ruling mind; among the most distinguished of these, indeed the leading philosopher of his class, was Laplace, whose theories, however vast and profound, still required some foundation on which to rest, some power or cause previously existing, by which his idea of creation was perfected. His theory of the commencement of the solar system may be thus shortly explained:—that the sun's atmosphere, expanded by heat, reached the limits of that immense portion of space occupied by our system—that it gradually contracted in cooling, and that during the revolutions of this tremendous body of vapours round the sun's axis, the Georgium Sidus, Saturn, Jupiter, and the other primary planets, were gradually thrown off from it into their present orbits, and with the velocity of the atmosphere of which they had formed a part, and that they gradually contracted by cooling into solid globes, having previously, in their turns, at a particular period of their formation, thrown off their satellites.

Now, widely different as this theory appears to be from the commonly understood account of the creation as given by Moses, there are some of its parts essentially the same. In the first place, there is the great and distinct admission that the earth was formed out of nothing; there is also a tacit confession that darkness brooded over the face of the deep; for, although the heat of the sun could pervade the system, its light could not penetrate the dark vapour until it became rarified of the particles which formed the seeds of each ponderous sphere. Even the distinct statement of Moses that the sun was created after the earth, is not declared practically untrue by the theory of Laplace; for, until that portion of the vapour inhabited by our globe was rarified, by its condensation into the matter, and that of the moon also, the sun could not be visible, nor deemed a ruler of the day; neither could the sun be set in the firmament (which is only the atmosphere of its present density, and in which alone man can breathe), until that firmament became what it was by the separation of the waters; which again could be nothing else than the condensation of the vapours, the lighter portion ascending, while the fluid particles (containing a denser air and the germs of

matter) hung to the newly created or gradually forming body. But, granting that the ideas of Laplace,—or of any other reasoner, whose own powers of intellect loudly proclaim a source beyond this world of matter,—are correct to their minutest details, the argument for an original purpose and design remains unshaken: the votaries of chance escape not confusion, and the human mind turns itself with confidence to an intelligent Great First Cause.

Who created the sun, reflecting beings inquire, and planted it in the centre of what was to become Laplace's system of future worlds? Who supplied the due portion of heat to expand his atmosphere through that region of space in which it was to deposit the future abodes of life and intelligence? Who added the rotatory impulse, and adjusted it to that precise velocity which would throw off planets revolving in harmonious stability, in place of comets wheeling in eccentric and unstable orbits? By what power was that heat withdrawn, so as to permit the zones of the solar atmosphere to contract successively into solid planets? Who separated the light from the darkness which brooded over the revolving chaos? Who gathered into the ocean's bed its liquid elements? Who decked the earth with its rich and verdant embroidery? Who conjured up the forms of animal life? And, above all, who placed over this fair empire—MAN—godlike and intellectual—breathing the divine spirit, and panting with immortal aspirations? The Cosmogony of Laplace, even if admitted as a physical truth, would only carry us back to an earlier epoch in the history of creation, and exhibit to us the wonders of divine power, condensed into a narrower compass, and commanding a more intense admiration. But even if science could go infinitely farther back into the remoteness of eternity, and trace all the forms of being to their germ in a single atom, and all the varieties of nature to its development, the human mind would still turn to its resting-point, and worship with deeper admiration before this miracle of consolidated power. Not only the intellect, but the untutored yearnings and desires of man cling to the impelling truth, that an all-directing influence directs his destiny; and he rejoices in the belief, which experimental science daily strengthens and confirms, that the universe displays in itself abundant and soul-confirming proofs of a superior direction. "The appalling note of a reverse assertion, if believed," says an eloquent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, "falls upon the ear like the sounds of desolation and of death, the life-blood of the affections stands frozen in its strongest and most genial current; and reason and feeling but resume their ascendancy when they have pictured the consequences of so frightful a delusion. If man were thus an orphan at his birth, and an outcast in his destiny—if knowledge is to be his punishment and not his prize—if all his intellectual achievements are to perish with him in the dust—if the brief tenure of his being is to be renounced amid the wreck of vain desires—of blighted hopes and of bleeding affections—then, in reality as well as in metaphor, is life a dream! The capacities and cravings of our intellectual appetite are not given us merely that they might administer to our own corporeal wants, or to the vulgar necessities of our species. Our knowledge of the heavenly bodies—of their nicely-balanced actions and harmonious movements—must have some other and higher end than to regulate a time-keeper, or determine a ship's place upon the ocean? Our study of the sun, which rules by day, and of the moon, which rules by night; a higher aim than if they were merely to replace the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. Man cannot be for ever merely a shepherd pilgrim in this lovely oasis, treading on its green pastures, or listening to the music of its quiet waters; or, in the perfection of mechanism, for ever flying over its surface with the speed of Camilla, visiting every clime, greeting every individual of his race, and compressing into the diminished span of his being all the events of an antediluvian existence? Such suppositions stand opposed to every lesson of philosophy, and to every response of revelation. Philosophical researches, when properly conducted, are the best preparatory education for an intellectual existence, when the mind shall have burst the prison-bars of its earthly durance, and received new revelations of knowledge suited to its improved capacity and proportioned to its previous attainments."

Religion, pure and undefiled, is but the philosophy fitted for the soul as science is for the mind. The fruits of the one is that portion of human excellence which man leaves behind him on the earth to benefit and elevate his species; while the fruition of the former is that which he takes with him to the Great Power from whom he derived existence, and whose glorious attributes he in part exemplified while a denizen of this lower sphere. True religion and true philosophy can never be of antagonistic principles. The religion of cathedrals and the philosophy of schools may, and it is well that they do, jar and confound each other; for their conflict proves that truth is not the sole ingredient in their dogma. The religious and mental aspirations of the inquirer after truth are of another and a better character;—loftier in their purpose, and milder in their elucidation; the reflections of such minds combine in cordial union the emotions, the desires, and hopes of the Christian, as well as of the scholar and the cosmopolite.

#### A New Chapter in the Curiosities of Literature.

It is not in the least degree our intention to infringe on the ground so talentedly and well occupied by the elder D'Israeli. We merely wish, from time to time, to present our readers with whatever curious or remarkable a vast extent of varied and unprofitable reading may have lodged in the store-house of our memory.

The splendid edition of the poetical works of Thomas Moore, Esq., edited by himself, will be found, we have no doubt, on the shelves of a number in the high, middle, and even lower ranks of society; but we may venture to say, that the following effusions are not to be found in any one of the many editions of his works, pirated or otherwise, now extant. Mr. Thomas Moore we think, would not now wish to be called on to acknowledge them; nevertheless, they are his as surely as Lallah Rookh or the Irish Melodies. They were written in 1795, and appeared in "The Sentimental and Masonic Magazine" for the month of August in that year, published by John Jones, of Grafton-street, Dublin. In a preface to one of the volumes of his new edition, Mr. Moore says, he was between seventeen and eighteen years of age in 1798, so that when the following effusions appeared in print he could not be more than fourteen. They partake very largely of the namby-pamby, lack-a-daisical sentiment of the period; yet still they are not despicable for a boy of the age and the time. We should suppose they will now appear as youthful friends long deemed in the grave even by the author himself:—

#### MYRTILLA, TO THE UNFORTUNATE MARIA.

These sorrows, ah, why do they flow,

I pray you, sweet wanderer, tell?

Alas! that the canker of woe

On such a fair blossom should dwell!

Ah! why has the rose on your cheek

Been nipt by the winter of care?

And your looks so distressingly speak

The wildness of woe and despair?

'Tis late—and bewilder'd you roam,

The dew-fall is weeping around;

Oh! come, in my cottage a home

For the children of sorrow is found.

One Parent's the all I possess,

A mother, so tender and dear!

Ah! we too have known, in distress,

How soothing is sympathy's tear.

At present tho' scanty our share,

Nor affluence smile at the door,

Yet, yet we a little can spare,

To succour the wretched or poor.

Sweet nymph! if a passing relief

Soft sympathy's tears can impart,

They shall flow at your story of grief,

And, believe me, shall flow from the heart.

Then come, nor distractedly roam,

The dew-fall is weeping around;

Oh! come, in my cottage a home

For the children of sorrow is found.

#### THE SHEPHERD'S FAREWELL.

Thou seat of my childhood, adieu!

Sweet cottage! where blest I have dwelt,

When the visions of Fancy were new,

Nor the sting of misfortune was felt.

Hope told me that Providence gave

A retreat for my life in thy shed;

And that late when I sunk to the grave,

Yon willow should weep at my head.

But miseries came in a throng—

Alas! who could ever believe

That the friend I had cherish'd so long,

That friend should be first to deceive.

My flocks they all sicken and die,

The threats of oppression increase;

Ah heav'n! I for ever must fly

From my country, my cottage and peace.

From thee, too, thou soul of my life!

And can I then leave thee behind?

I thought to have call'd thee my wife;

Ah Fortune! why wert thou unkind?

Farewell, and my blessing be thine,

I indeed had a bosom of steel,

If I join'd thee in sorrows like mine,

Or taught thee such anguish to feel.

While the tears of compassion are given,

Let thy memory dwell on our flame,

And sometimes, when kneeling to Heav'n

Oh think of poor Theodore's name!

#### Napoleon.

Old things have passed, and from her fearful trance

Paris hath waked, her foot on ancient crowns

And dynasties time-grey, and long renowned;

In headstrong youth, she in Ambition's dance

Doth madly reel, and challenge change and chance;

Her Conqueror forth, his din of battle drowns

The thunder-peals of Jove, and at his frowns

Kingdoms must quail, and bow the knee to France.

She hath her glory—the Promethean rock,

The death-sobs of the martyr of her might—

"Give back, give back my dead"—th' electric shock

Shakes out the bars, and reads the gates of night;

Triumphant France bears home her mighty Brave

To fill,—oh glorious Mockery!—a grave.

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# CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL



"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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## The First Kingdoms.

We are told in Holy Writ that the nations of the earth were divided about the period of the birth of Peleg, who was begot by the great grandson of Shem a hundred and one years after the Flood. In that century, six fruitful generations lived and spread themselves upon the plains; the more daring searched the forests, and drove the wild beast from his lair, while the less venturesome contented themselves with the pasturage of flocks and a life of ease. Nimrod, the grandson of Ham, commenced his kingdom at Babel; and it is not unlikely that the tower originated in the ambitious mind of the mighty hunter, who, beholding in the vast plain of Shinar an arena on which to erect a kingdom of surpassing magnitude, resolved to make himself a governor among his race. We are not to suppose that all the world's inhabitants were congregated on the ever-renewed plain. Noah and his sons were still alive; and, in consequence of the destruction which they had witnessed, and from which they were so wondrously preserved, it is incompatible with the feelings of the human heart, (stubborn and ambitious as it is) to believe that they would attempt to set aside the purpose of filling the whole earth with life, by keeping their descendants in a cluster around them. The younger branches of their families would, in their search of new localities, be anxious to found kingdoms, and make themselves a name among a family the most vast the human mind can calculate. There were at this time neither tribes nor nations, tongues nor countries. Nimrod, however, struck out for himself a path to make his name immortal: he would build a tower, to which the wandering and the lost could look for ever—on which every exile from his home might cast his longing eyes, and claim the fellowship of its builders. Nimrod had led the way into the dark jungles of a wild and luxuriant vegetation—the forests and rocks had echoed with the cry of his beagles, and with the death-bowl of the animals which fell beneath his spear. He had been the first in danger and adventure: he had taught the use of the bow, and how to command the tamer and swifter animals; he was of all others the best fitted to conceive and conduct so vast and laborious an enterprise; and the crowd—the mob—ever too ready to follow in the wake of ambition, bent their shoulders to the burden, and laboured that the mighty hunter should have power to command, to tyrannise, and to destroy. But, lo! an arm unseen arrested the builder in his thriftless toil, while a multitude of tongues and languages wrought confusion and despair. The glorious faculties of his mind were shut up; his noblest attribute in the visible and palpable world, instead of a blessing, became a curse; the power of speech, instead of creating order, introduced strife. Husbands startled at the voices of their wives; children screamed or laughed at the utterance of their parents, and brothers and sisters separated to see and hear each other no more. Suddenly, however, the master intellects of the age assumed the predominance. In the midst of the riot and impotence of Babel, the elements of order, of human grandeur, and moral power, again sprung up. A kingdom had been destroyed, but many arose from its ruin.

Asshur gathered together the people of his tongue, and commenced the empire of Nineveh, from which came the powerful kingdoms of Assyria and Persia. Nineveh became a crowded territory, inhabited by an active and polished people—great from its foundation to its close; proud in its temples, gorgeous in its palaces. But its towers fell, and its myriads were swept away; its very grave has passed from human eye. We seek for an appearance of its site in vain; man is not there; the wild ass trode on the ashes of its tomb; the owl and the bat flitted among the forests which successively sprung in blooming glory from its waste;—ages of verdure heaped up the soil, until pile and mass became buried in their own rottenness.

Some writers attempt to prove that Babylon the Great was no other than a continuation of the first kingdom of Babel;—others that it was a second empire founded

by Nimrod on the ruins of his first attempt, 150 years after the Deluge, and that it continued separate from Nineveh till the year 590; that Ninus, then reigning in the latter kingdom, made the conquest of Babylon, upon which the Assyrian dynasty commenced. The Medes, another portion of the empire, revolted under Sardanapalus: but this did not occur until the united kingdoms had existed eight hundred or a thousand years, and from which time ancient history may be reduced to order, if not to credibility. We must not, however, too hastily come from the dreamy world of the unforgotten past—the far remote and mystic history of our species.

The Canaanites, descended from the son of Ham, are those next mentioned in sacred history, but in profane writings they were better known under the name of Phœnicians. At the call of Abraham, 1920 years before the Christian era, the Canaanites then dwelt in the land promised as a possession to his children. At that time a constellation of petty kingdoms existed in the land flowing with milk and honey; and there they quarrelled, and warred, and committed atrocities upon each other, until they were driven out by the "Robber Joshua," for such was the name given by the flying Canaanite to the appointed leader of the hosts of Israel. Abraham came from Ur of the Chaldeas; he was a Shepherd King; one of that class which conquered Egypt. These latter, however, came from Ethiopia and Abyssinia; although possibly of the same tongue, as we shall have occasion to conjecture.

Egypt is said to have been founded by Menes, who, by a translation of language, is deemed to be the same with Misraim, another son of Ham. The Egyptians worshipped their founder under the name of Osiris, and describe him as the inventor of arts, and the civiliser of the world! In proof of this it is stated that he raised a prodigious army, overran Ethiopia, Arabia, and India; appeared in arms to all the nations of Asia; crossed over to Europe, and there, as throughout all his victorious way, built cities, disseminated artistical knowledge, and received the homage due to a god. But the gods of the heathen were liable to annihilation by the hand of man! His brother Typhon became jealous of his honours, and slew him; only however, to meet his own death at the hand of their common sister Isis. From these persons has the Egyptian mythology been derived. Osiris was the Creator, Isis the Intermediator, and Typhon the Unconquerable Spirit of Evil. Such was Egypt when the pastoral princes of Ethiopia spread their conquests as they increased their flocks; when they made a hostile advent on those who had previously made many a marauding mission on their territory. They totally subverted the dynasty and religion of Egypt. Cattle, which had there been venerated as symbols of the godhead, were, by the intruders, cultivated as merchandise, condemned to menial uses, and slaughtered for food. Abraham was such a trader: there were no holy bulls and rams in his flocks or herds; and had he visited Egypt at any other period than when it was under the dominion of the feared and hated Shepherd Kings, the authorities would have considered him as great an abomination as a later dynasty did the Patriarch Israel and his children. Abraham is described by Moses as speaking in his native tongue to the Egyptian authorities, while Joseph required an interpreter to converse with his brethren. Josephus states that the Father of the Faithful was in the practice of conversing and arguing on astronomy, and other subtle sciences, with the priests of Egypt, which would lead us to suppose that at that early period of the earth's renovation, the bold and inquiring mind of man had soared beyond the globe, and questioned the stars as to their being. If, as we in "The Lost Nation" ventured to conjecture, the Chaldean and Egyptian priests were of one people, it explains at once the startling idea of Abraham, a late denizen in Chaldea, being able to dispute with the learned men of Egypt on those grand and elevated topics which thus early attracted the attention of the thoughtful and inquiring. These circumstances also induce the belief that the learned strangers must have visited Egypt during

the reign of the Shepherd Kings, as the overturn of the public religion would readily afford an opening for a new priesthood. These depositaries of the sciences, whose instructions and marvels must have taken the imaginations of the people captive, could well afford to keep their places during warlike changes, as they directed the public mind, and chained it to their doctrines; while the prevailing idea of religion could be easily ingrafted on their mystic lore, as circumstances called for its adoption. The reign of the Shepherds lasted for two hundred and fifty years, when they were expelled by a prince of Upper Egypt, and driven into Syria and Palestine. The religion of Osiris was restored, the deification of Apis, the holy bull, immediately took place, and the power of the priesthood became that of princes and prophets—controllers of the immortal longings of the people, as well as governors of their actions.

We must again return to the dispersion. The children of Japheth were not long content to dwell in the tents of Shem. It would appear that they were of too active and enterprising a nature to sit all day at the door of a tent, looking complacently on well-fed herds, biting verdant fields. History has not told us whether this monotonous life was relieved by the solace of a pipe, although the Arab now-a-days cannot sit before his curtain in the desert, nor under a tree in the fields, without that bland accompaniment. The grandsons of the younger patriarch, therefore, "divided the isles of the Gentiles" among them. The sacred historian has not informed us what particular islands were so appropriated, but geography and profane speculation point alike to the Grecian Archipelago. If this really was the sunny spot chosen by the younger adventurers, it is highly creditable to their taste, although their descendants made little use of it. When the Titans (a colony of Phœnicians) invaded that country, they found a savage people dwelling in caverns, having no chief or leader, eating human flesh, and ignorant of fire! The Canaanites, as all are aware, worshipped strange gods, and being greatly a maritime people, and intimate by trade with Egypt (which was a vast corn-growing country), the offshoots from their kingdoms consequently carried their knowledge with them. The Titans, therefore, taught the savages the religion in which they trusted, as well as the arts of peace and civilisation with which their intellects and hands were gifted. By an easy transition in a savage mind, the characteristics of such gods were transferred to those who taught them, and the frequent disputes which occurred among the Titans were looked upon as the quarrels of the heavenly host. Hence the whole fable of Olympus, and the loves, wars, miseries, and pleasures of its residents. These Titans, amidst intestine quarrels and future invasions, gradually disappeared, while a new race began to plant immortality on the classic soil of Greece.

Returning to the Phœnicians, at the period when they were driven out by Joshua—when the high hand of Israel took forcible possession of its promised territory, and scattered the obnoxious descendants of Canaan to the unknown lands beyond the Great Sea—we come to the earliest profane writer recognised by historians. This was Sanchoniatho, fragments of whose writings were preserved by Eusebius, and translated into Greek by Philo of Byblos. They contained a history of the gods, of Coelus and Saturn—of the origin of the world—and other beliefs of the Canaanites. These, Sanchoniatho says, he collected from monuments, on which of course alphabet writing must have been cut; consequently it is to these Phœnicians that the world is indebted for written characters, and a language which could be conveyed without the intervention of speech. From them the Egyptians borrowed this bold inroad on primeval rudeness, although they carried it little further than its earliest rudiments of signs mixed with words.\* This powerful herald to

\* If our conjecture of the Mexicans being derived from an Egyptian stock be correct, the Atlantic voyagers must have set out at or prior to this period; and an almost modern proof of this idea can be very readily adduced. When Pizarro landed, the inhabitants painted pictures of



civilisation, the Phœnicians carried with them in their wanderings, as well as the knowledge of navigation, to which all antiquity admits their claim of the greatest practical application. Their first settlements were in Cyprus and Rhodes, from thence they went to Greece, Sicily, and even to Spain. These colonies were planted, according to Strabo, about the time of the Trojan war. Tyre and Sidon were the most illustrious of their cities, the latter being likely founded by the first-born of Canaan. On the dispersion of the inhabitants of the latter by Joshua, we are led to believe that they founded the former, because Homer as well as Joshua mentions Sidon, but neither of them Tyre. A colony from thence planted Carthage, the second in renown to Egypt among the African nations. The elder prophets in Scripture speak of Tyre as a city of surpassing splendour, and as being the most wealthy in the world. Whether or not Pagan writers borrowed their knowledge from the Jewish treasury, or were themselves acquainted with the circumstance, is not easy to determine, but both agree in their glowing description of this early commercial mistress of the world. Its present desolation, its nakedness and lonely look, amply verify the fulfilment of the terrible denunciations which were uttered against it. The curse of Canaan seems to have followed his descendants in all their travels—to have lain dormant only so long that their indomitable industry and grand acquirements might make them a wonder and envy, and their destruction thereby become a more fearful warning and lasting reproach among the nations. Old Tyre was miserably destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar; and the renovated city, on an island at some little distance from the ancient site, was as cruelly annihilated by Alexander the Great. The destruction of Tyre by the Macedonians, and that of Carthage by the Romans, are the most fearful and disastrous events in the whole range of horrible and exterminating war.\*

Such were the early kingdoms of the world, for among them Rome was a child of another generation—a leader of a new host of nations, a herald of other improvements, and an obelisk boldly pointing out a future era in the history of the world. Ere Rome became known or feared, all the earliest kingdoms had fallen to decay, while their offshoots gradually fell beneath its ambitious and conquering arm.

We have only further to remark upon the social condition of these nations, ere we enter on the practical history of Egypt. Conquest and colonisation comprise not all the history of the period. While the warlike hosts went forth to subdue the savage or the soil, and to leave in each promising territory the primal stock of future kingdoms, those who remained at home must not be forgotten. One great feature in the history of the early kingdoms is the condition of woman, who in many instances must have been a slave—as ready and constant an instrument in the hand of man as his sword. Hers was seldom a state of peace—her condition was never free. For the hunter, home had no endearments, and to the marauder she was a perpetual drag upon his movements. Hence women were considered mere toys of pleasure, or instruments of toil. Doomed to perpetual and unrewarded slavery, a neglected drudge, and a despised adjunct to colonisation, she and her children were often neglected or forsaken. To her watchful care over her offspring is the world, in numerous instances, indebted for the population of rugged coasts and sterile islands, and by her humanising influence, under the most adverse circumstances, milder aspects grew upon the face of society. Property also began to be acquired, laws to originate, and judges to be appointed. An acquaintance with these matters is essentially necessary to a just estimate of that period of the world's existence, when the early kingdoms flourished in their proud and glorious pre-eminence—when they wore a diadem of government over seas and continents of their own discovering, and claim from surrounding tribes a tribute of respect and admiration as great as that which is due to them from the earliest posterity.

all they saw, and transmitted them to the Emperor Montezuma; they were acquainted with the initiative of writing, painting, but had never acquired the more simple and useful art itself.

\* This outline of the race of Ham abundantly proves the absurdity of the supposition that the negro is the descendant of Canaan. Climate and barbarian ignorance are sufficient to account for the colour and habits of the much-injured African, without attempting to seek for supernatural causes. To the historical reader the curse becomes more apparent, and appears more heavy, when inflicted on a polished, a brave, and industrious people. They laboured against destiny, struggled with fate, and fell gloriously. They were endowed with the noblest attributes of human genius, and exerted them long and well. Their inventions gave Memory a tablet on which to write the past—Enterprise conveyances by which to carry that knowledge through the world—Industry and Agriculture implements to pursue their callings—yet Extermination dogged their footsteps, and annihilation, like a stormy wave, swept them from existence. The idea that the negro tribes were the doomed of the earth was an impious attempt to excuse the horrors of the slave-trade, and a vile union with which the man-stealer assayed to cheat his own soul, that he was a messenger of divine vengeance, instead of a greedy trafficker in the lives and liberties of his fellow-man.

## Scenes and Sketches of Military Life.

PATRICK O'NEIL—THE IRISH GRENADEER.

CHAPTER VIII.—POVERTY—MISERY—DEATH.

"AFTER cutting the sogering line of business," began O'Neil, "or, to speak nearer to the truth, after it cutting me, and cutting me pretty severely too, I didn't well know what to do with my beautiful self. I was as innocent of the world as a child—that sogering spoils a man altogether—so, after considering various plans, such as play-acting, ballad-singing, dancing, fencing, preaching, and the like, I determined to turn towards home and see if my poor old mother was amongst the living, and try and settle down and do something to comfort her in the latter end of her days, so I set my face again for Ireland. I walked to London the first day—a long walk it was, but the next I took it easy, and only went as far as St. Albans. As I entered the town in the evening I was met by a pair of decent-looking, smartish sort of men, who joined me and began asking me a lot of questions. I knew the moment I took a squint at their square cut whiskers and natty side curls, besides the regularity of their step, and other movements, that they were a pair of marine deserter-catchers;\* so you may be pretty certain I didn't make them much wiser by my answers. They appeared to be puzzled about what to make of me, so they directed me to a public-house to find a lodging, and came in the evening again and treated me to some beer, and we became very jovial. Then they thought to pump me, but they found the water too deep, so they left me alone. I started at day-break the next morning, and hadn't got more than a quarter of a mile on the road, when I again met my marine friends. Their manner was now quite altered; they were no longer civil-spoken or shy-looking, but came up to me without bidding me good morning, and demanded to know where I was going. I gave them a very saucy sort of a short answer, and pitched them to the old boy like winking.

"I say, comrade," says one, "there's no use you carrying it with so high a hand; you're a soldier, you see, and we know it; the cut of your jib is enough for us; so show us your pass, your furlough, or your discharge, if you have the like; if you have not, as I begin to suspect, you must go back with us; so no bouncing or shamming, but back's the word."

"I'm a peaceful traveller, gentlemen," says I, quite calm like in a minute, "I'm neither sailor nor soldier, so let me go quietly on my way, for I have a long journey before me. I don't like to be delayed, stand aside."

"I say, comrade," says the other, "you're no better or worse, in my opinion, than a deserter; so no more palaver about it, but confess the truth at once and come back, we'll use you well."

"Seeing I'm so far on the road," says I, "I don't like to go back, it would spoil the long day's walk I intend to make, and I have just this to tell you, you must show me better authority than your two selves before I turn back an inch—you're not the most inviting sort of companions; I don't like the terms, besides, wishing to keep something like a respectable character, you'll just be after allowing me to choose my own road and my own company, so leave my way,—and as I attempted to move on, one fellow collared me on one side and the other grappled with me on the other.

"Come, you deserter," says one, "none of your confounded nonsense, if you're not as quiet as a lamb, we'll break every bone in your deserting carcass."

"This was going, as I thought, to far; 'hands off,' says I, shaking them away, and whirling the stick, I knocked one fellow down, and as the other came to the charge, I laid his head open a couple of inches, and the blood spouted in a beautiful jet, and streamed along the dusty road.

"Now, gentlemen," says I, "I suppose I may walk on quietly—go back the same way you came, but don't say you were playing with a deserter."

"I jogged gently for two or three miles further, when a hackney coach came tearing after me like mad—as soon as it came up it stopped, and one of the injured marines with a little man, old and withered, got out.

"That's him," says the marine, "that's your man—that's the deserter—if he doesn't submit quietly, shoot him on the spot—there's law for it—show him no mercy."

"Are you a deserter, sir?" says the old man, looking at me from a distance.

"He is, he is, I'll swear to it," says the deserter-catcher, "but don't go near his stick, he has the fence like a light dragoon."

"Not a bit of a deserter, old boy," says I.

"Because I'm a constable, sir," says the old man, "see there's my staff," and he pulled it out of his pocket, and held it out as far as he could that I might look at it, and, I have orders to take you back a prisoner."

"And I see another constable," says a gawky young chap, leaping from the box of the coach, "so you see father and I have made you a prisoner."

"Oh," says I, quite easy like, "if you're a constable that alters the case at once. I submit to you, sir, for I

\* The marines were a notorious flogging body, and, in consequence of the number of desertions which took place from the corps in Chatham, they had men placed in the different towns about the district to intercept the runaways. These men were called, in barrack-room slang, "marine deserter-catchers."

know I am safe, though, when I saw you in company with that highway-looking thief of a salt-water soger, that thought to rob me this morning, I had no good opinion of you, I imagined you belonged to the same gang."

"I was taken back to St. Albans, and brought before the mayor; the marines stated their case like lawyers, said they knew I was a deserter, and that, when they thought to make me prisoner, I fell on them, and nearly murdered them; and they showed their cuts, and made as much of the matter as if they thought they would have me hanged. The mayor asked me what I had to say in my defence, and let me alone if I didn't pitch him the blarney. I told him how I met them in the evening, and how inquisitive they were about me, wanting to know what I had in my haversack, where I came from, and particularly where I was going to, and which way I started, and at what hour in the morning, and how they treated me, and then how they met on the road at a very unusual hour, and, as I imagined, stopped me to rob me. I showed him my discharge—a little illegible here and there, as a matter of course, but then fit to be read in bits here and there, so as that you might make a random guess at what it was. I handed him also one of the finest characters that could be written by a pen, signed by myself in Colonel B——'s name, and with his thick ugly letters, for it's a strange fancy with gentlemen to write very like vagabonds. 'Now, your worship,' says I, as innocent as a child, 'I leave it entirely to your honour, and these gentlemen (the constables) that you sent after me can tell you how quiet and peaceable I came back with them the moment they mentioned your worship's name; though, as you can perceive, your worship, I could twice as easy have knocked the senses out of that boy and that old man, than I could thrash these great good-for-nothing fellows that go stop a man on the King's high-road, who is anxious to travel home as fast as he can, and with but little money in his pocket.'

"This turned the tables completely; the magistrate got into a great passion, abused the marines, and ordered them to pay me five shillings each for my loss of time, and gave me ten himself, saying he fined himself double as he was partly blameable for the delay. If you saw the marines when they tipped over the money to me, how they looked daggers and bayonets at me, it would do your heart good as it did mine.

"Soon after I picked up with a joint-stock company of travelling merchants, whose capital seldom amounted to more than from fifteen to twenty shillings, and knew every part of England better than the road-surveyor. They were gentlemen of a very liberal way of thinking as regarded morality, rights of man, equality, and all that; and, what is more, they practised what they professed. They were much to my taste, and we led a very pleasant sort of an easy life; studied men and manners on a large scale, and bore every change of fortune with the patience and good-temper of angels. They were men of extensive knowledge in the arts and sciences, and could make more out of a pea and three thimbles than all the philosophers and chemists in Europe with all their combustibles and nonsensical apparatus put together. Every gentleman in the company had a share in the risks and profits, and to take a part in the business—but then he always had that part which suited him best—mine was the fighting department, I had to protect the bank—drive away unprofitable intruders—chastise the impertinent lookers-on, and bring the refractory to a true sense of the honesty of our proceedings. We speculated with some considerable profit and reputation, until we came to Swaffham, in Norfolk, as you have heard, and there we had a fair prospect of reaping a pretty decent harvest, but for the obstinate stupidity of a great wooden-headed butcher, who, having lost a few shillings, got into a passion and swore we cheated him. I endeavoured to reason with him.

"Come, man," said I, "you're a green'un, the fellow only moved them too quick for you. But he could not do me that way, I was watching him. 'Here now,' said I, turning to my pal, 'here, queer fellow, here's half a sovereign down on your board; now shift your swiftest, I have my eye on you, are you ready?'"

"There they are, sir," said he, turning them rapidly three or four times, 'now's your time, sport away.'

"Why, here it is you fool," said I, lifting the thimble and showing the pea to the gaping yokels. I then pocketed the money, while my pal, in a seeming rage, challenged me for another game.

"No, no," said I, "I dare say you have not many to spare, it was only to show this gentleman your tricks I played with you at all."

This encouraged the butcher. He started a new game, and, in a few minutes, he was minus three sovereigns and a half. This loss set him beside himself, he turned on me, and said I was an accomplice, called me every thing but an honest man, and challenged me to fight. This was too advantageous an offer to be rejected, so I sent him to grass like winking, and then his brother came at me with a long drover's pole, and a spike of iron in the end of it. This was nothing to me, you know. I stood off from him, came to guard with a neat black thorn; a turn of the wrist whipt the pole out of his hand, and point two in the stomach sent him six yards off on the broad of his back, gaping like a dying frog. The whole fair then fell on me, and got me down; they tied my hands behind my back, and brought



me to the cage. My pals, as a matter of course, became invisible the moment the row commenced. I was carried before a magistrate the next morning; the butcher, like a man, acknowledged that it was he began the affair by challenging me; and I was about being dismissed when the old vulture of a constable had the assurance to tell the magistrate, before my face, that he suspected I was a deserter. I couldn't stand that under any circumstances.

"'You stinking old catchpole,' says I, making a grab at him.

"'Come, come,' says the magistrate, 'you mustn't speak that way to a peace-officer in my presence.'

"'D—— the peace-officer,' says I, 'how dare you speak that way in my presence.'

"'Have you ever belonged to the army, then?' he asked.

"'To be sure I have,' says I.

"'What regiment?' says he, again.

"'The old ——,' says I, 'the old saucy green, first in the field, and last out of it.'

"'Where's your discharge, then?' he says, quite sharp, thinking he had me in a hole.

"'Oh! the discharge,' said I, 'the discharge, is it, you're axing about. I'll just satisfy you on that head with as elegant a bit of a discharge as ever figured itself on a bit of parchment.' So I handed the bit of sheepskin over to him, and he fixed his spectacles closer on his nose, and looked into it quite wise-like. He turned it upside down, and endways, and then looked at the back of it; but it was all the same, for you see the good character they wrote down for me in it at the regiment was too much for my modesty to walk under, and I continued to rub it as clean almost as the day it came off the sheep's back. He looked up and down at it again—took off his spectacles and rubbed them bright—put them on again—and patiently re-examined it all over.

"'Why,' says he, looking over at me, 'I can't read this.'

"'Well, I bursted out laughing, and how could I help it—why he might as well look for the Lord's prayer on a tinker's leather-apron. 'Can't read it,' cried I,—'can't read that: why any one that knew how to read at all could read that.'

"'Well, the old brute got into a terrible passion, and ordered me back to the cage while he wrote to the regiment about me. Old Colonel B—— was not long in letting him into the secret, and I was sent away with a strict charge never to be seen in Swaffham again.

"'Our life was a pleasant rambling sort of a life enough in summer; but from being obliged to be out in fields, and other little inconveniences of that description, when we were not in luck, I got the ague very badly, and it soon reduced me to skin and bone, as you may perceive, and was obliged to give up my situation as fight-master-general to the thimble-riggers.

"'Again I turned my heart towards home, but how to get there was what puzzled my head. After thinking over a great many schemes I at length thought of turning my learning to some account. What's the use, thinks I, of a man having two tongues in his head if he can't makethem support him. Can't I speak a foreign language, and if nobody understands it but myself so much the better. I made free with a large white cloth from a hedge, and I fastened it in large folds round my cap. I nourished a pair of enormous moustaches as long, black, and shining as the mane of a first blood racer. I cut my white trowsers short below the knees, and stuck my bare feet into an old pair of party-coloured slippers. Dressed up in this fashion, with a red handkerchief tied about my waist, and a long pole in my hand, I looked as great and strutted as proudly as the Grand Mogul himself.

"'In this disguise I walked out into the street of a little town in Derbyshire, and commenced singing *Maura Bawn* (fair Mary) *Modha Rua* (red fox) and *Cushla machree* (pulse of my heart) with a most outlandish tone and half through my nose, flourishing my stick and forking up my legs and arms like a play-actor. In five minutes I had every man, woman, and child in the little town about me, and wondering as if I fell out of the clouds. The pence and sixpences poured as fast as I could collect them, and at every handful I put into my belt I curled my mustachious with my fingers, flourished my pole, and cried out through my nose 'me von Grand Turk.'

"'In this manner I travelled through a great part of England, and made plenty of money, seldom receiving less than ten or twelve shillings a day, and once a couple of pounds, but it went as easy as it came. I lived as well as the real Grand Turk himself, and had oceans of drink for nothing, for wherever I put up at night crowds would collect, and I'd drink and dance and sing till all was blue, or until the people would have to carry me to bed. When I had ill luck, the only comfort I had was that I could curse them to my heart's content without being understood.

"'All this time I never minded my ague, and when I reached Liverpool I was scarcely able to crawl. I found myself at death's door without a penny to bribe the porter. I got a passage to Ireland, and here I am after all, something worse off than the day I came into the world.'

The unfortunate wretch struggled on as far as Dublin, where his strength and endurance were at last fairly overpowered by fatigue, famine, and disease. The final

scene is quite in keeping. His lodging was a ruined and empty cellar on Sir John Rogerson's quay, into which the tide flowed at high water. Here, in a kind of hammock made of a piece of old sack, and tied up to the joists, the career of Patrick O'Neil was at length brought to its final close. In this dark and noisome dungeon his lamp of life flickered faintly for a while, and became extinguished for ever. Some charitable people hearing that a human being was in such a state of utter desolation came to see him. They came at the wrong time. The cellar was nearly full of water. They called, and O'Neil could scarcely answer. They told him they had brought him some nourishment.

"'Nourishment,' repeated the dying soldier, 'nourishment! it's too late,—however, come again when the tide is out.'

They came again—the cellar could scarcely be entered—they contrived to approach the hammock, but the tide of O'Neil's existence had ebbed for ever.

There lay the victim of the military flogging system—a miserable wreck, insensible alike to praise or blame—to sympathy or sorrow.

### Progress of Suicide among the Ancients.

#### SECTION III.

THE Romans, perhaps, never showed a more dastardly spirit of mean and cruel revenge than in their persecution of Hannibal from one court to another, after he was oppressed with years and sunk into obscurity. Being betrayed by his host, King Prusias, he had recourse to the poison, which he always kept about him concealed in a ring. "And now," according to Livy, he said, "we will free the Roman people from their constant anxiety, since they cannot have patience to wait the death of an old man. Flaminius will obtain neither a great nor a memorable victory over one, like me, unarmed and betrayed. Oh! how great a proof of the alteration of Roman manners is the transaction of this day! The ancestors of these people warned King Pyrrhus, a powerful enemy, with a victorious army in Italy—to beware of private treachery and poison; and their descendants send a man of consular dignity as ambassador to Prusias, urging him to break the laws of hospitality, and to betray or to murder his aged guest."

What death has heaven assigned  
This great controller of all human kind?  
Did hostile armies give the fatal wound,  
Or mountains press him struggling to the ground?  
No; three small drops, within a ring conceal'd,  
Avenge the blood he pour'd on Cannæ's field!

At the taking of Carthage, when Asdrubal, the Carthaginian general, had meanly deserted his post and fled to Scipio, in hopes of procuring his personal safety, the "undaunted mettle" of his wife was aroused to a state of desperate indignation. Resolved to supply in her own person the want of spirit and resolution in her husband, she ordered the temple, in which she and a few troops had taken shelter, to be set on fire. When this was done, and she had arrayed herself in her richest robes, holding her two children in her hands, she addressed herself to Scipio, who had then surrounded the building with his troops. "You, O Roman!" exclaimed the heroine, "are only acting according to the laws of open war: but may the gods of Carthage and those in concert with them, punish that false wretch, who, by such a base desertion has betrayed his country, his gods, his wife, his children! Let him adorn thy gay triumph; let him suffer in the sight of all Rome those indignities and tortures he so justly merits: but let him first behold in me what he ought to have done!" She then, grasping her children in her arms, rushed with them into the thickest of the flames, and was followed by the faithful troops who had bravely and devotedly adhered to her.

The practice of suicide was so frequent at Rome, that it has been called the "Roman death." But it would be forming a very unjust and erroneous opinion of the ancient Romans, to imagine that they were equally favourers of suicide during all the periods of their empire. Whether the ancient laws of Rome expressly forbade its practice, is a point not clearly ascertained. There is a passage in Cicero, where, speaking of suicide, he says, "When the Deity himself has given any one a just cause of putting an end to his life, the wise man joyfully accepts it; nor does he then break the bonds of his prison, *which the laws forbid*, but quits life as one who has obtained permission from God as from the magistrate." Servius thinks that the laws here referred to were those contained in the Pontifical books, and Grotius and Bishop Pearce follow this opinion. According to these laws, hanging was an infamous death, and the bodies of those who died in this manner unworthy of funeral rites. As hanging was a common method of self-destruction in ancient times, it is not impossible that suicide might be pointed at under punishments annexed to this kind of death; and thus, what was the law of England in cases of *felo de se*, may have been nothing more than a perpetuation of an ancient custom. But whether any law existed in ancient Rome on the subject or not, there seems to have been little necessity for its exertion during the best days of the Republic. One remarkable instance, indeed, occurs of the contagion

of suicide among the lower orders of the people, as far back as the reign of Tarquinius Priscus. After this monarch had employed the Roman people in successful wars abroad, he filled up their leisure at home in works of less apparent honour, but of greater utility. These were to cut drains and common sewers of immense size. The soldiers disdain these servile offices, in which they saw no end of their labours; and many of them laid violent hands on themselves rather than proceed in their work. The contagion of bad example, as usual, spread rapidly; Tarquin ordered the bodies of these self-murderers to be nailed on crosses and exposed as spectacles to the rest of the citizens. The influence of shame and horror on the living checked this sudden rage of suicide. This, however, was only a temporary expedient, adopted to serve a particular purpose. "It was a remedy," says Pliny, "never devised before, nor practised since." But, this extraordinary case excepted, very few instances of suicide are on record in the pure age of the Roman state. Application was rarely made to this action, except as an exertion of public spirit, or an example of private virtue. Curtius and the Decii are immortal instances of the former, and in the latter class the fair Lucretia has for ever associated her name with the idea of chastity. The self-starvation of Menenius Agrippa, out of indignation at the ingratitude of the citizens, the self-murder of Appius Claudius to prevent a disgraceful condemnation, and the suicides of the Decemvirs Appius and Opprius, the persecutors of Virginia, are by no means characteristic of the general turn and temper of the early times of Roman greatness.

The Asiatic armies of Rome, Livy informs us, introduced luxury into the city. Voluptuousness soon tainted the sources of Roman simplicity; and the valour of the patriot dwindled into the ambition of the aspiring citizen. The foundations of Roman virtue became weakened, and indifference succeeded. When the inhabitants of Rome were verging towards these points of indifference, the philosophers and rhetoricians of Greece made their appearance in Italy. In spite of the opposition of the Senate, who passed a decree for the banishment of all masters of rhetoric from Rome, and that of the elder Cato, who foretold, "that Roman manhood would be destroyed when once it was thoroughly affected by Greek letters," with the spread of Greek philosophy, dissipation of life and corruption of manners grew so rapidly, that the progress of a few years enabled a wild unlettered African\* to exclaim, "all things were venal in Rome;" and induced the Roman people to listen to a Roman senator with patience and applause, whilst pleading the cause of traitors and conspirators, and openly avowing, without fear of reprehension, that "death is the end of all our cares; beyond it there is neither room for hopes nor fears."†

The opinions of two sects of Grecian philosophers were peculiarly calculated to catch the attention of the Romans; and both were eminently adapted to promote the practice of suicide; the one by consequences indisputably flowing from their acknowledged principles; the other by the open and direct avowal of its practice. These were the Epicureans and the Stoics. The Epicurean philosophy made rapid progress in Rome; and, in the decline of the republic, the chief Romans were for the most part Epicureans. But while the pleasurable doctrines of the Epicurean philosophy were well calculated to meet the growing dissolution of Roman virtue, the tenets of the Stoic philosophy were as admirably adapted to amalgamate with the ideas of an old Roman, of one who still sighed for the restoration of former manners and rapidly-disappearing customs. Severity of manners, disinterestedness and firmness, were equally expressive of the Stoic philosophers and the ancient Roman; in the former these qualities proceeded from personal dignity, in the latter from love of country. The transition from the old Roman disinterestedness to the self-dignity of Stoicism, though apparently unimportant, was in reality as fatal to the national character, as the descent of Roman youth into "Epicurus's sty." The old Roman, regardless of every thing that appertained to self, never considered his obligations to his country discharged, till he either fell in battle, or endeavoured to gain some great advantage to his fellow-citizens by throwing himself in the way of certain destruction. The Stoic retired from life, regardless of every thing but himself, when he could no longer maintain his former consequence in the state.

During the time of the republic, there was probably no law at Rome against suicides. Under the first emperors, the great families were continually destroyed by criminal prosecutions. The custom was then introduced of preventing judgment by a voluntary death. Thus they procured an honourable interment, and their wills were executed, because there was no law against suicides. But when the emperors became as avaricious as cruel; they deprived those who destroyed themselves of the means of preserving their estates by rendering it criminal for a person to make away with himself through a criminal remorse.

Apicius, the celebrated gourmand, when he found his wealth diminishing, in consequence of his costly banquets, destroyed himself while his digestive powers were yet unimpaired, lest he should outlive the means of luxurious enjoyment.

\* Jugurtha in Sallust.

† Cesar's speech in Sallust in favour of Cataline's associates.



# Traits and Sketches of Irish Character.

## THE WIDOW.

ONE of the best and most important consequences resulting from the temperance movement in Ireland, is the discontinuance of the dreadful faction fights which so long and greatly disturbed the social feelings of the peasantry. Originating either in political or local differences, these blood-stained contests raged through generations with unholy fervour, destroying the hopes and happiness of families, searing the heart with dreams of vengeance, or tearing it with the agonies of despair. Among the excellent notices by Mr. and Mrs. Hall of the improvements in the Irish character, the causes and consequences of the faction fights form an interesting and instructive episode, while the following tale of the pure-hearted widow gives a chaste finish to the brawls and disturbances which deprived her of her father, husband, and brother:—

"The faction fights, place your honours," said an intelligent countryman when spoken to by us on the subject, "the faction fights are a'most, and may be more than a'most, gone off the face of the country. The boys are beginning to talk about them as things they have seen—like a show or a giant. We ask each other how we were ever drawn into them, what brought them about; and the answer to that, is—Whisky! No gun will go off until it is primed, and sure whisky was the priming. That made more orphans and widows than the fever or starvation. Thanks be to God, if death come upon us now, it is by the Lord's will, and not our own act."

"The faction fights war the bitterest of all—black hatred descending from father to son, against the opposite faction, as if poor Ireland hadn't enough enemies without turning—worse than a wild beast—to murder and destroy her own flesh and blood. Now, there's a poor woman," he said, pointing to a pale patient-looking person who sat knitting at her cottage door; "there's a poor creature! Mrs. Lawler knows what factions come to, and so she ought; she'll tell the lady her story and welcome, if she has any curiosity to hear it. Good mornin'-mornin' to you, Mrs. Lawler, and how's your girlreen ma'am? the lady would be glad to rest while the gentleman and I get up the far hill; and you have always a welcome, like your people before you, for the stranger."

"Kindly welcome," said the widow. "Mary, dust the chair, avourneen."

The cabin was clean and neat, and bearing no evidence of the presence of that sad poverty we had so frequently seen, though it did not dim the smile or lessen the welcome—nor was it difficult to lead the widow to the story of sorrows, which, however, softened by time, were ever uppermost in her mind.

"My mother and myself were widowed by factions—plase God my little girl won't have the same tale to tell, for the Connells and the Lawlers might put salt to each other's potatoes without fear of fighting, now. It was a shocking thing to see the arm of brother raised against brother, only because as battle and murder war in the hearts of their forefathers they must be continued in their own."

"I was born a Connel, and almost the first thing I learned was to hate a Lawler, from the lip out; and yet hard fortune was before me, for the very first passion my heart felt, was the same love it feels still, for a Lawler; it has known no change, though it has known no sorrow; the first knowledge I had of the wild beatings of my own heart was when I saw that girl's father. At yah; it has beat with joy and terror often; but the love for my first love, and my last, was always one; and now, when all is past and gone, and you, Mark Lawler, are in your green, quiet grave, I am prouder to have been the choice of your own noble spirit, than if I was made this moment the queen of all Ireland's ground. O, lady! if you could have seen him! 'Norah,' said my father to me, and I winnowing at our barn-door, with the servant-maid, 'Norah, keep your eyes on the grain, and not after the chaff, and don't raise them over the hedge, for there's many a Lawler will be passing the road this day on account of the fair, and I don't wish a child of mine to notice them.' I intended to do his bidding, and whenever I heard a horse, or the voices of strangers coming down the boreen, I kept my eyes on the grain, and let the chaff fly at its pleasure, until a dog broke through the hedge, and attacked a little beast of my own; so as soon as that came to pass, I let the sieve fall, to catch my own little dog in my arms; there was no need for that, for he was over the hedge, lighter than a sunbeam. Ah, then, I wonder is love as quick at taking in all countries as it is here? Mark Lawler didn't speak ten words, nor I two; and yet from that out—under the bames of the moon, or the sun, in the open field, or in the crowd it was all one; no one but Mark Lawler was in my mind. I knew he was a Lawler by his eyes, and well he knew I was a Connel; but the love would have little of boy and girl love in it that would heed a faction. We, who had never met till that moment, could never stray in the fields without meeting after. Ah! Mary," she continued, addressing her daughter, and yet, in her simplicity, quite forgetting she had been proving the uselessness of the precept by her own confession; "ah, Mary dear, if ye feel yer heart softened towards a young man, keep out of his way intirely, avourneen; have nothing to say to him, don't drive your cow the same road he walks, nor draw water from the same well, nor go to the same chapel, Mary, barrin you have no other to go to: there's a deal of mischief in the chapel, dear, because you think in your innocence you're giving thoughts to God, and, all the time, maybe, it's to an idol of your own making, my darling child, they'd be going; sure your mother's sorrow ought to be a warning, avourneen!"

"Yes, mother," replied the blue-eyed girl meekly.

"Well, my lady, my poor father thought I grew very attentive intirely to the young lambs, and watchful over the flax; but at last some of the Connells whispered how it was, that Mark Lawler met his child unknowing; and he questioned me, and I told the truth, how I had given my heart out of my bosom, and I fell at his feet, and cried

salt and bitter tears until they dropped upon the ground he stood on; and seeing his heart was turning to iron, I, who had ever been like a willow in his hand, roused myself, and challenged him to say a word to Mark's disadvantage; I said he was sober, honest, industrious, and my father was struck with the strength of the heart I took, and listened, until at last he made answer, that if a saint from heaven came down, and was a Lawler, he would not give him a drop of water to wet his lips. He threatened me with his curse if I kept true in my love, and thought to settle the thing out of hand by marrying me to my own second cousin; but that I wouldn't hear to; God knows I did not mean to cross him, but what could I do? Mark sent to ask me to bid him farewell, or his heart would break; I thought there could be no harm in blessing him, and telling him to think of me no more. Mary, avourneen," she said, again addressing her daughter, "if ye really want to break off at once with a young man, take warning by me."

"Yes, mother," was again Mary's gentle reply.

"At that meeting we agreed to meet again; and so we did, until we got a priest to make us one. At first I was happy as a young bird; but soon my heart felt crushed, for I had to carry two faces. My father was more bitter than ever against the Lawlers; and my brother, 'Dark Connel' as he was called, more cruel than my father. At last I was forced to own that I was married. I watched the time when my brother was away: for one storm was as much as I could bear. My father cast me like a dog from the hearth I had played on when a child; in his fury he knelt to curse me, but my mother held a gospel against his lips; so I was saved his curse. The arms of a loving husband were open for me; and until the Midsommer fair I thought my happiness was sure; I worked hard to keep Mark from it, for the factions were sure to meet there; he swore to me that he would not raise a finger against my father or brother, nor let a drop of spirits pass his lips. I walked with him a piece of the way, and I thought all pleasure in sight left my eyes when he waved the last wave of his hat on the top of the hill. As I was turning into our own field, a lark was rising above its nest, singing its glory to the heavens in its sweet voice, when a shot from the gun of one of those squires who are thick among the leaves as spiders' webs, struck the bird, and it fell quivering and bleeding close to where I knew its nest was in the corn. I opened the bending grain to see if I could find it; it was lying quite dead, and its poor mate standing close by. The lark is a timid thing, but she never minded me, and my heart felt so sick, that I went into my house crying bitterly."

"I could not rest; I thought in a few hours I might be like that innocent bird; and taking my cloak about me, I walked on, and on, until I came in sight of the fair green. It was a woeful sight to me—the shouts of the showmen, the screams of the sellers, the lowing of cattle and bleating of sheep, were all mixed together—while the yell of the factions, every now and again, drowned everything in its horrid sound. I knew my own father's voice as he shouted 'Hurroo for the Connells—down with the Lawlers.' I saw him standing before Mark, aggravating him. My husband's hands were clenched, and he kept his arms close by his side that he might not strike. I prayed that God might keep him in that mind, and flew towards them. Just as I dropped on my knees by his side, he had raised his arm—not against my father, but against my brother, who had drawn the old man back; and there they stood face to face—the two young heads of the old factions—blows were exchanged, for Mark had been aggravated beyond all bearing; and I was trying to force myself between them, when I saw my father stretched upon the green, in the very hour and act of revenge and sin. It was by a blow from a Lawler—the old man never spoke another word—and the suddenness of his death (for he was liked by the one and hated by the other) struck a terror in them all—the sticks fell to their sides—and the great storm of oaths and voices sunk into a murmur while they looked on the dying man."

"Oh! bitter, heart bitter, was my sorrow. I shrouded my father with my arms, but he didn't feel me; the feeling had left his limbs, and the light his eyes; however hard his words had been, the knowledge that I was fatherless, and my mother a widow, made me forget them all! While some of the neighbours ran for a priest, and others raised the cry, my brother—darker than ever I had seen him—fell upon his knees, and dipping his hand in the warm blood that poured from the old man's wounds, held it up in the sight of the Connells. 'Boys,' he shouted, and his voice was like the howl of a wild beast—'Boys! by this blood I swear, never to make peace till the hour of my death with one of the name who had done this, but to hackle and rive, and destroy all belonging to the Lawlers.'"

"And the women who were about me cried out at my brother, and said, sure his sister was a Connel; but he looked at me worse than if I was a serpent, and resting his hand—wet as it was—upon my head, turned away, saying 'She is marked with her father's blood in the sight of the people.'"

"I thought I should have died, and when I came to myself I found I was in a poor woman's cabin, as good as half-way home, with two or three of the neighbours about me; and my husband, the very moral of a broken heart, by my side. 'Avourneen gra!' he said, striving to keep down the workings of his heart; 'Avourneen gra! I had no hand in it at all. God knows I wouldn't have hurt a hair of his white head.' I knew it was the truth he was telling, yet somehow the words of my brother clung about me—I was marked with my father's blood."

"And the Connells put the old man's corpse upon a cart, and laid a clean white cloth over it; and carried him past my own little place—keeping over it, and cursing the hand that gave him his death: hundreds of the neighbours mixed with my own people, my widowed mother and my dark brother following; and so they passed by our door; for miles along the road I could hear the loud scream of the mother that bore me high above the voices of all the rest. Oh! it was a horrid sound and a horrid sight!"

"His death was talked of far and near; the magistrates set to putting down the factions, and the priest gave out from the altar, Sunday after Sunday, such commands,

that, without flying in his reverence's face, they could not keep on at the fights in public; every innocent diversion through the country was stopped on their account; but though there was outward peace, yet day after day I was followed by the spirit of my brother's words; the world wouldn't put it out of his head, that Mark struck the mortal blow, and he turned his ear from me, and from his own mother, and would not believe the truth."

"For as good as two years, the husband, whose life was the life-beat of my worn-out heart, seldom left the cabin without my thinking he would never come back. I'd wait till he was a few yards from the door, and then steal out to watch him till he was out of sight. At ploughing, or haymaking, or reaping, his whistle would come over the little hill to me, while I sat at my wheel, as clear as a blackbird's; and if it stopped but for a minute, my heart would sink like death; and it's to the door I'd be. If I woke in the night, I could not go to sleep again without my arm across his shoulder to feel that he was safe, and my first and last prayer to the Almighty, night and morning, was for him."

"My brother was very fond of children, and though he had gone to live at the other side of the parish, I managed to meet him one evening and place little Mary before him; but his face darkened so over the child, that I was afraid she might be struck with an evil eye, and making the sign of the cross on her, I covered her from his sight with my cloak: after that, I knew nothing would turn his hatred, except the grace of God; and though I wished that he might have it, whenever I tried to pray for it for him, my blood turned cold. I've often thought," she continued, after a pause, "what a blessing it is that we have no knowledge of the sorrow we're born to; for if we had, we could not bear life. I had that knowledge; Mark never smiled on me that I did not feel my flesh creep, lest it should be his last. He'd tell sometimes of how things were mending, how there was much bitterness going out of the country; though there was no talk of temperance then, he saw plain enough, that if men would keep from whisky he'd forget to be angry. And every minute, even while I trembled for the life of his body, the peace and love that was in him made me easy as to the life of his soul. At last I persuaded him to leave the country; a new hope came to me, strong and bright, and I thought we might get away to America, and that, maybe, then he'd have a chance of living all the days that were allotted at his birth. I didn't tell him that, but having got his consent, I worked night and day to get off: it was all settled; the day fixed; and none of the neighbours, barring one or two of the Lawlers, knew it, and I knew my brother would not hear it from them; and then my mother lived with him. The evening before the day was come, that time to-morrow we were to be on ship-board. 'I'll go,' says my husband, 'I'll go to the priest this evening, who christened, confirmed, and married me, and who knows all that was in me from the time I was born; his blessing will be a guard over us, and we'll go together to his knee.'"

"We went; and though the parting was sad, it was sweet: we walked homewards—both our hearts full. At last Mark said, that only for me he'd never have thought of leaving the old sod; but, maybe, it would be for the best. I opened my mind to him then entirely, and owned more than ever I had done before; how the dread of the factions had disturbed me day and night; though I did not tell him how my father's blood had been laid on me by my own brother. He laughed at me—his gay wild laugh—and said he hoped my trouble was gone like the winter's snow. Now, this is a simple thing, and yet it always struck me as mighty strange intirely; we were walking through a field, and, God help me, it was a weak woman's fancy, but when I was with him I never thought any harm could come to him, and all of a sudden—started, maybe, at his laugh—a lark sprung up at our feet; we both watched it, stopped to watch it, about three yards from the ditch, and while it was yet clear in sight, a whiz—a flash as of lightning—the sound of death—and my husband was a corpse at my feet."

The poor woman flung her apron over her face to conceal her agitation, while she sobbed bitterly. "The spirit of the factions," she continued, "was in that fatal shot. Oh that he, my blessing and my pride, should have been struck in the hour of hope; Oh, Mark! Mark! long ago you, that I loved so well, were turned into clay—many a long day ago; and still I think when I sit on your green grass grave, I can hear your voice telling me of your happiness; the heart of the youngest maid was not more free from spot than yours, my own darling! And to think that one of my own blood should have taken you from my side. Oh, then it was I who felt the curse of blood!"

"And was it—that it?" we would have asked, "was it your brother?"

"Whisht!" she whispered, "Whisht, avourneen, whisht! he's in his grave, too—though I didn't inform—I left him to God. When I came to myself, the place around—the very sky where the lark and his soul had mounted together—looked dismal, but not so dark as the dark-faced man who did it: he had no power to leave the spot; he was fixed there; something he said about his father and revenge. God help me! sure we war nursed at the same breast. No one knew it but me; and so I left him to God—I left him to God! And he withered, lady! he withered off the face of the earth—withered, my mother told me, away—he was eat to death by his conscience! Oh, who would think a faction could end in such a crime as that!"

"A people who live among the flowers of the earth know little of the happiness I have in taking my child, and sitting beside her on her father's grave; and as month after month goes by, I can't but feel I'm all the sooner to be with him!" When she said this, it was impossible not to feel for her daughter; the poor girl cast such a piteous look upon her mother, and at last, unable to control herself, flung her arms tightly round her neck, as though she would keep her there for ever."

Again and again did her mother return her caresses—murmuring, "My colleen-das will never be widowed by faction now; the spirit is all gone, praise be to the Lord; and so I tell him when I sit upon his grave."



### The St. Lawrence and the Mississippi.

Mr. Hodgson, in his rambles in Canada, says,—“Our sail down the Rapids was extremely pleasant; and although we were becalmed for many hours, we descended on the St. Lawrence in less than two days, a distance which the boatmen seldom re-ascend in less than nine or ten, even with the occasional assistance of locks at the side of the river. I am surprised to hear so little of this noble river. It is computed, I do not know with what accuracy, to discharge one-half more water than the Mississippi. Its depth between Ogdeburgh and La Chine (130 miles) seldom varies more than three feet in the course of a year; while the Mississippi was falling one foot each day when I ascended it. The St. Lawrence is much clearer than the Mississippi, and its current much more rapid; so rapid, indeed, that the Lake Erie steam-boat, which has been in operation for three years, has not been able to ascend from Black Rock to Lake Erie more than twice without twelve oxen. The banks of the St. Lawrence do not present the rich and beautiful cultivation which adorns the banks of the Mississippi in Louisiana; but if they do not exhibit extensive and highly-dressed plantations of sugar and cotton, or the magnificent forest trees peculiar to the south and west, the prospect is never blackened by a range of miserable slave-cabins, or gangs of negroes working like cattle in the field. I cannot describe to you the pleasure I derived from contrasting the various scenes through which I am passing with each other, they have so many peculiar features, and all so highly interesting. It is remarkable, that, rising from the same table-land, and so intimately connected by intersecting branches, which occasionally flow into each other during periods of inundation, the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence present the most striking contrast in their general features. Many of these are mentioned in the observations I will copy for you from Darby; but others, not much less interesting, might be added. The Mississippi is turbid, in many parts so muddy; the St. Lawrence usually limpid. One river is composed of almost an unbroken chain of lakes; the other, in all its vast expanse, has no lakes that strictly deserve the name. Annually the Mississippi overleaps its bed, and overwhelms the adjacent shores to a great extent; an accidental rise of three feet, in the course of fifty years, is considered an extraordinary swell of the waters of the St. Lawrence; this circumstance has occurred here present season for the first time within the lapse of forty years past. The Mississippi, flowing from north to south, passes through innumerable climes; whilst its rival, winding from its source, in a south-east direction, to near north latitude 41 deg., turns gradually north-east, and again flows into its original climate of ice and snow. The Mississippi, before its final discharge into the Gulf of Mexico, divides into a number of branches, having their separate egress; the St. Lawrence imperceptibly expands to a wide bay, which finally opens into the gulf of the same name. The banks of the Mississippi present a level, scarce rising above the superior surface of the stream; those of the St. Lawrence by a gentle acclivity, exhibit the opposing sides of an elegant basin. Much of the surface traversed by the Mississippi is a region of grass, where few herbs or trees rise to break the monotony of the face of the earth; the shores that bound the St. Lawrence, when in a state of nature, are covered with an almost continuous and impervious forest. And, lastly, though rather an accidental than a natural distinction, the Mississippi rolls its mighty volume, swelled by more than a thousand rivers, through one empire; and is, as I once before observed, the largest stream on this globe, whose entire course lies within one sovereignty. The St. Lawrence is, for more than 1,300 miles, a national limit, and, as such, marked with the sanguinary points which distinguish the bounds of rival power.”

### A Visit to Vesuvius.

BEFORE quitting Naples we heard reports that an approaching tumult in the mountain was anticipated: volleys of smoke ascended from time to time from the crater, rays curled in clouds on the summit; the wells at Naples were becoming dry, while those at Resina were overflowing; loud noises too were heard on the mountain, and it was rumoured that fire had been seen by night. Upon reaching the house of Salvator at Resina, the principal Vesuvius guide, he told us that the mountain was in a state of action, that a new crater had been opened the night before, and was sending forth flames and stones. We speedily mounted our donkeys—poor miserable little creatures, which had already been up the mountain twice during the preceding twenty-four hours—and started full of expectation. For some time our path lay between walls built of blocks of lava, strewn with volcanic stones. In about three-quarters of an hour we reached a wide current of lava—that of 1810; it was like a frozen Styx. The scene was one of wild desolation; not a trace of vegetation was seen; black, dark, and barren was the surface of the earth; in some places the lava, arrested in its course, resembled petrified waves, whilst in others it formed a hard, compact surface; our guide pointed out to us the streams of lava of 1819, 1822, and 1833. On a bill formed of volcanic products, raised like a ridge high above the currents of lava that have swept past it on either side, stands the hermitage. One solitary friar has pitched his tent in this wilderness, and has lived here nearly twenty years, never quitting the spot even during the most awful eruptions of the mountain. Here we halted for twenty minutes, to rest our poor little steeds. The lava, which we had before crossed in comparatively regular streams, was now piled about in huge blocks, amongst which we picked our way with difficulty. We soon arrived at the foot of the cone, and were obliged to leave our donkeys, and commit ourselves to the mercy of twelve *portantini*, or bearers. The soil is so loose, and the ascent so frightfully steep, that no animal except man can find a footing. I do not remember ever in my life to have been so entirely overcome with terror as at the scene which followed. The ladies of our party were placed in small arm-chairs, fastened upon long poles, which the men supported on their shoulders. Imagine what it was to be thus lifted up by twelve men, who sank knee-

deep in the ashes at every step, and whose footing was so uncertain and irregular, that I was one minute thrown to one side of the chair, and the next flung violently forward, and then as suddenly jerked back again. All the time the men screamed, as Neapolitans only can scream. The *portantini* who were carrying one of my friends fell down all at once, and this was the signal for my bearers to rush past them, yelling with delight; so wild and uncivilised a set of beings you never saw, and the noise they made was something quite unearthly. I completely lost my presence of mind, and in piteous tones besought the men to let me get down and walk; but instead of heeding my entreaties, they only raced on more desperately.

When I reached the summit, after having endured this terror for three quarters of an hour, I sat down, and buried my face in my hands, unable to speak. After a little while, when I raised my eyes and looked around, what words can picture to you the scene that presented itself! We were standing on the edge of the large basin, in the centre of which were the craters in action. When all our party were assembled, we followed our guide, and proceeded towards them, scrambling over rocks of hot lava, and stepping across deep chasms, from which rose a hot sulphurous exhalation. I can never forget the feelings of that moment; I had lately seen nature in her most grand and lovely forms, and remembered with delight the sublime beauty of Switzerland; but here I beheld her under a new aspect—awful, terrific, and overwhelming—working in the secret places of the earth, with a power of destructive and mysterious energy, and revealing itself to man in fearful and desolating might, I gazed, and thought of Hercules-Neum and Pompeii.

We stopped on a point of lava, and looked into the mighty caldron beneath us: loud subterranean noises were heard from time to time—the mountain seemed shaken to its centre; then columns of bright clear flame spouted forth from the crater, succeeded by volumes of dense black smoke; red-hot stones and masses of rock were hurled hundreds of feet into the air, some falling back into the crater, while others, dashed into a thousand pieces, were scattered around. After standing on this pinnacle for some time, the guide led the way to the very edge of the crater. I felt that I had seen enough, and begged to be left behind, being indeed too cowardly to venture on; the rest of the party, however, had sufficient courage and curiosity to explore further. I asked our guide if there was really any danger; he looked at me earnestly, and simply said, “Gentle lady, I have six little children at home!” Could any words have conveyed a stronger assurance than this touching appeal? It gave me courage, and I proceeded with the others.

And now we stood beside the crater; and as each valley of smoke and flame subsided, we peeped into the abyss. Then came a hollow fearful sound; the earth beneath us trembled, the smoke and flame again ascended, stones were shot up into the air high above our heads. Suddenly the wind changed, and our position was by no means an enviable one; the smoke and sulphurous vapour were blown towards us, and red-hot stones fell in showers around. Every one was now terrified; we fled like a herd of startled deer, and scrambling up the hill as fast as the loose and slippery soil would permit, only turned to look back when we had reached the top. We were now content with a more distant view, and lingered long near the crater, reluctant to leave a spot which we were so unlikely ever to visit again.

At length we prepared to descend the mountain; I had dismissed my chair, and determined to trust alone to my feet: supported by a friend and one of the guides, I advanced down the precipitous descent, slowly and cautiously at first, but gaining courage as we proceeded, I soon ran briskly on, and in four minutes reached the foot of the cone, which it had cost us so much time, toil, and suffering, to ascend.

Remounting our donkeys, we soon joined those of our party who had not ventured on the ascent, and, as we drove back to Naples, related to them our adventures. But how vain were all our endeavours to give utterance to the thoughts and feelings which this day's excursion has awakened! My paper warns me to conclude; in a few days we shall leave Naples, and I shall perhaps not be able to write again to you before we reach Rome: for the present farewell!—*Miss Taylor's Letters from Italy.*

### Woman.

Why is it, woman that to thee,  
Imperial Man, must bend the knee  
And feel a pride therein.  
Is it because thine eye is bright,  
Thy lips are sweet, thy smile is light,  
Unknown to grief or sin?

Whate'er it be, it is not so,  
For anguish and severest woe  
Have wrung thy gentle breast,  
And thou, alas! canst stoop to crime,  
And sink whence thou mayst never climb  
Back to a place of rest.

It is because that only thou  
Can wipe from manhood's anxious brow,  
The sweat of wrathful care.  
And this kind task is only thine  
When love and innocence combine  
To make thee doubly fair.

And fair art thou, and dear thou art,  
When pure affection warms thy heart,  
Though beauty were not thine;  
So that thy bosom heaves with truth,  
Thy years shall be perpetual youth,  
Thy form become divine.

Then gently smooth, and kindly calm,  
Continue thou thy healing balm  
To mitigate our strife,  
And be thy highest, holiest name,  
Thy proudest character and claim—  
A faithful, loving wife!

### Masonic Sublimities.

WHILE we admit to the fullest the claims of the ancient craft to a good old age, we must demur to its attempts to prove a career of long and extended usefulness. It may be that a vast amount of charity is dispensed in the lodges, but when that is so repeatedly boasted of, the inquisitive public would like to be informed more fully of its distribution. If it is to be secret, let it remain so altogether. It may be that in the lodge-meetings all the members are entirely on a level, but when that equality never comes out of doors, again the public begin to doubt; the more especially when it is observed that all the grand masters, and other dignitaries of the order, are invariably the most wealthy and influential that can be laid hold of. We suspect, notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary, that the man with a gold ring on his finger occupies a chief seat in the lodge as well as in the church or meeting-house. The rhapsodies delivered by the various officers on their inauguration, and of which we copy a few extracts from the “Freemasons' Quarterly Review,” are all very well over their punch, but when they are gravely submitted to the public as evidences of a high-toned morality, and of a purer philanthropy than is to be found in the world at large, we must enter our protest against the assumption, and claim for the uninitiated as good resolves and charitable intents as are vauntingly claimed for the sons of mystery and mirth. If the old and thread-bare story, told by Lytton Bulwer, is the only practical evidence that can be adduced in favour of Freemasonry, we place against it every generous action in history and in private life, and ask which way the balance leans.

If any one particular thing could tend to increase my attachment to a society which, so far as my experience goes, contains within itself the germs of almost every social good, and an antidote for almost every social evil; if anything could lead me more decidedly to approve a system, which when rightly adopted, establishes the claims of piety and virtue; which withdraws the mind and heart, at least for a while, from earthly and sensual pursuits; and which directs us to the contemplation of profitable, sublime, and heavenly objects, your favourable interpretation of my general Masonic conduct in the position in which I am here placed, would be sufficient to bind me more strongly to the craft. If it were possible that I could think otherwise than I do of the real nature and genuine effects of Masonry, and could require any additional motive for exertion in its behalf, your concurrence in the views I have taken of the subject, and often frankly stated, would alone stimulate my zeal in the cause I have long regarded as secondary only to that which it is my highest office to promote.—*Rev. Dr. Burrow.*

Masonry is the holy spring where faded beauty refound her homage, where darkened wisdom her light, and weakened power her strength. Masonry is the refuge of threatened fidelity, the mediator of offended innocence, and recompenser of unrequited love. The mingled rights of life she has to regulate, the prejudiced judgment of passion to punish, the actions of the heart to scrutinize. What the clumsy hand of ignorance has thrown together, she shall separate and revive with her genius; what the fire of passion has embraced too hotly, she shall cool with her mildness; and what has been judged too severely by the ignorant multitude, she shall cover with her shield. She throws down the barriers which the prejudice of mankind has erected between man and man; she tears away the golden garment that covers a soulless body; she arraigns heart against heart, spirit against spirit, strength against strength, and gives to the worthiest the prize; she teaches us to value the tree for its fruit, but not for the soil in which it grows, not for the hand which planted it; she protects fortune against the arrows of malicious chance; she seizes the rudder in the storms of life, and brings the leaky ship into the harbour.—*Dr. Boerne.*

As knowledge advances, so far from falling off, Freemasonry had made her progress too; in her science, she includes all other science, and endeavours to give due impulse to their principles. Those who were not of the Fraternity, must not imagine that they who were Masons supposed themselves better than other men; aware of their deficiency in morality and virtue, they put themselves to school, as it were, in their Lodges, and learn those things which improve their moral feelings, and which they bring into practice in their private lives. Those of the exterior world, who had not attended the ceremonial of the forenoon, might look with suspicion upon their proceedings, and perhaps might think some of them absurd and ridiculous. If that was his opinion he should not feel proud of the office which he held; he should not look with exulting feelings on the proceedings of that day, but should rather have shrunk from them; in his opinion, it was impossible for persons to practice the science of Masonry without becoming better men.—*C. T. D'Eymour, M.P.*

For centuries and centuries had Freemasonry existed, ere modern political controversies were ever heard of, and when the topics which now agitate society were not known, but all were united in brotherhood and affection. Even the angry breath of warfare was powerless before the ties of Freemasonry; for during the sanguinary war between England and France, he had been told of the captain of an English merchant vessel who had been captured by a French privateer, and on being recognised as a Freemason, he had been restored to his own country in safety. The celebrated oriental traveller, Mr. Buckingham, when in India, had fallen into the hands of a horde of robbers, and on entering the hut of one of them he was discovered to be a Freemason, his life was spared, and he was again restored to liberty. If then he was now in London, advocating the doctrines of temperance, he was indebted to Freemasonry for his present existence.—*Sir E. Lytton Bulwer.*

If all this were true the world would be much better than it is—men more friendly, and governments peaceably disposed.



### Railroads of the United States.

THE national spirit of the people of the United States is utilitarian. The mass of the population of the republic is devoted to those objects which promote material happiness and personal comfort. Their future fame will be based on the real, and not on the ideal or imaginative.

After the achievement of independence, the first object of the American people was to frame systems of laws suitable to the peculiar cycle of government they had adopted. Having thus raised the walls of their social edifice, they proceeded to develop the industrial resources they had encircled by law and system. The great obstacle to this development was the vastness and extent of their territory, stretching thousands of miles from ocean to ocean. With an unequalled extent of sea frontier they have but few large and accessible sea-ports; and though their fine country be intersected with magnificent rivers, the rapidity of their currents and the severity and length of the seasons throw difficulties in the way of their continuous navigation. Canal navigation was first resorted to to obviate natural impediments, but canal navigation, though it facilitates the transmission of heavy goods, does not quicken or materially increase intercommunication. Steam navigation overcame many obstacles, but still left as many unconquered. The American people felt the want of an agent which should limit distance, defy seasons, and overcome territorial inequalities. Scarcely had this feeling become general, although, perhaps, unexpressed, when a new power presented itself. The spirit of the republic grasped it at once, and has applied it to the wants of the widely scattered Union with practical sense and political foresight.

The united legislature of Great Britain has allowed the capital of its subjects to be applied in the formation of railroads without system or uniform object; the thirteen state legislatures of the United States, though distracted with local partialities and territorial jealousies, have laid down something like a practical scheme in the construction of their lines.

The lines of railroads in the United States completed, in progress, and projected, are destined to run along the Atlantic seaboard, and to connect all its principal cities, Portsmouth, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Fredericksburgh, and Charleston. From this sea-board they run into the far west, and thus connect pasturage and agriculture with trade and commerce. At Charleston, Pensacola, and New Orleans other lines run into the interior of the west, even to the borders of the Missouri. In the interior of the western territory from Indianapolis and Cincinnati, from Milwaukee Chicago and Detroit, other lines extend to the borders of the lakes, interlocking with numerous canals, and from the banks of these lakes and streams direct lines run eastward to the principal cities; thus furnishing to the whole country commercial arteries through which its life-blood circulates. This has been the labour of twelve years only.

These lines traverse the most settled portions of each state, and terminate at the most important points from the borders of the Western lakes and rivers to the places of shipment on the seaboard. If we survey the map we shall see the termini, at both ends, resting at the principal commercial towns, both in the east and the west. The principal termini of each track upon the Atlantic lines may be found in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Wilmington, Charleston, and Savannah. And here we may remark, that these lines must be taken in connexion with the routes laid out in British North America, running across the English and United States territories, and designed to connect the upper parts of the St. Lawrence with the ocean, and thus to overcome the obstacles which a Canadian winter opposes to commercial enterprise.

The commencement of the railroad lines of the Atlantic frontier already constructed is at Portsmouth, in New Hampshire. From this point a line (40 miles) has been nearly completed to Boston. Thence a northward track (26 miles) diverges to Lowell—the *American Manchester*—and from that place another line is laid out to Concord. The first section, however, of what is strictly termed the *Atlantic Railroad Line*, extends from Boston to Norwich, and to Stonington, both in Connecticut. The Boston and Worcester line (44 miles) joins the Norwich railroad (58 miles) at the latter town. At Norwich the line unites with steam navigation, and furnishes a rapid conveyance to New York. The Boston and Stonington line passes through the most flourishing towns of Massachusetts to Providence, the capital of Rhode Island. Through Long Island Sound it furnishes a safe mode of communication between Boston and New York all the year.

Passing from New York, we arrive at the line which leads directly to Philadelphia, and from that city another extends to Baltimore, and from Baltimore one to Washington. Crossing the Potomac, there is another track marked out in Virginia, from Alexandria to Fredericksburgh, from Fredericksburgh to Richmond, from Richmond through the low pine lands of North Carolina to Wilmington, with a diverging track to Norfolk, at the mouth of the James river; and also two lines marked out across the whole length of the state of Delaware. From Wilmington, North Carolina, a line is also projected, if it be not already laid out, along the shores of South Carolina to Charleston.

Thus we have a continuous line projected and in the greater part executed, along the Atlantic frontier, in-

cluding the most powerful and populous states, which, when completed, will afford the most splendid route of travel and conveyance to be found in the world, extending from the northern to the southern metropolis of the United States.

From the principal Atlantic cities, as points in the Atlantic line, railroad routes have been projected to the west for the purpose of connecting its vast agricultural treasures with the markets of the east, and also of affording channels of transportation for the western population to the eastern cities, and for the conveyance of eastern goods to the western markets.

Massachusetts seems to have started first in this most brilliant career of internal improvement by railroads; and to this it was impelled, fully as much by necessity as by the possession of capital. A few years ago, this state, then considered as of an insulated position, exported only granite and ice; and it was then a matter of doubt whether its commercial capital, Boston, was not, in fact, retrograding in population and prosperity; all is now altered, the keen forecast and energetic enterprise of its population have burst forth in the establishment of works, which, considering the time in which they have been accomplished, appear almost unexampled, and which must render their city hereafter the great European port. Besides the introduction of a line of steam-ships from England, there has recently been nearly carried out a line of railroads that will connect that city with the shores of Lake Erie, and another line has been projected from it across the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Pacific, and so connect it by steam navigation with the Pacific states of South America, with Australia, New Zealand, India, and China. Whoever will cast a glance at a map will at once see that the Cunard line of steamers from Liverpool to Halifax and Boston, must become the great line of intercourse between Europe and North America, and this fact, when taken in connexion with the lines already executed from the last-named port to the far west, and with the great scheme projected, will show that our assertion that Boston will hereafter be the great port of the Union is not wild or visionary.

The lines to connect the trade of the west with Boston are worthy of some detail. A route has been commenced and is nearly finished between that city and Albany, which is connected with lines running directly to Buffalo upon the shores of Lake Erie. This railroad continues the line from Boston to Worcester, running to West Stockbridge, and there it intersects the Hudson and West Stockbridge line, passing by the towns of Charlton, South and West Brookfield, Palmer, and Wilbraham. The length of this section, east of Connecticut, is 54 miles, and of that on the west side of the Hudson is 62 miles; the whole length from Worcester to the state line, being 116 miles. The line which this last-named railroad meets, commencing at West Stockbridge, Massachusetts, possessing a branch to Pettsfield, and passing through Lebanon Springs, and through Rensselaer and Columbia counties, proceeds in a southeasterly direction to Greenbush, opposite Albany; its length being 41 miles. This railroad will soon be completed, and will come into keen competition for the western trade with the navigation of the Hudson—at present the most important channel of travel in the Union.

At Albany commences a series of railroads that is continued from that city to Buffalo, and which terminate the great chain of communication from Boston to the Lakes. The first link in the series is the Mohawk and Hudson line, extending for fifteen miles from Albany to Schenectady. From the latter place a track diverges off to Saratoga Springs, a distance of twenty-one miles. The Rensselaer and Saratoga railroad also reaches the same point, commencing at Troy. From Schenectady a railroad has been finished to Utica, a distance of twenty-seven miles, running through the most fertile portion of the Mohawk valley. The Syracuse and Utica railroad is an extension of this line for a distance of fifty-three miles, and is deemed the most productive work in the State of New York. It passes up the southern acclivity of the Mohawk, nearly parallel with the Erie canal, which it crosses when about to enter the town of Rome. Leaving Rome it re-crosses the canal, and terminates at Syracuse. This route is continued to Buffalo by the Syracuse and Auburn line, which runs a distance of twenty-six miles, through a beautiful, fertile, and thickly-peopled country, and then unites with the Auburn and Rochester line. This latter road is not as yet completely executed. The great western track from the latter point is continued by the Tonawanda railroad, extending from Rochester upon the Genessee river to Attica, a distance of forty-three miles. From this point the Attica and Buffalo railroad, thirty miles in length, terminates the grand chain of intercommunication from Boston to the Lakes. This great northern line of railroads to the west would, it was anticipated last winter, be completed throughout its whole extent in July of this year, and would open a channel of transportation for agricultural products and manufactured goods from the Atlantic to the lakes.

From this great line many minor routes connect it with the principal towns of the States through which it passes. And in the great northern line, before described, projected tracks diverge to the shore of Lake Ontario; and on this from Saratoga to the banks of Lake George.

We shall continue this detail of facts on a future occasion.

### Burns Illustrated and Explained.

#### CHAPTER V.—TAM O'SHANTER CONTINUED.

THE storm having fairly caught our hero in its embraces, he sets off at a good round pace. The poet tells us—

That night, a child might understand,  
The de'il had business on his hand.  
Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,  
A better never lifted leg,  
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,  
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;  
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;  
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;  
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,  
Lest bogles catch him unawares;  
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
Where ghaists and howlets nightly cry.  
By this time he was 'cross the ford,  
Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;  
And past the birks and meikle stane  
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;  
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,  
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;  
And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.  
Before him Doon pours all his floods;  
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;  
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;  
Near and more near the thunders roll;  
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,  
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;  
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;  
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

In the midst of all these midnight horrors, the only object of his fear burst upon him. The poet has gradually thickened his distresses as he left the scene of his revels. The storm is such as could only have been raised by the foul enchanter for some unholy purpose. Satan and his legions were abroad, and Tam was certain did their labours lie in his locality, that Kirk-Alloway where ghosts and owls cried nightly, should be the place of rendezvous. What an accommodating combination is the cry of owls and ghosts, leaving the mind disordered listener to discriminate, as he best may, which is which, giving, as in duty bound, the larger proportion of the fearful voices to the unquiet spirit which has left its neglected grave. His grey mare, Meg, however, bears him bravely on, passing heedless scenes of human dread, where crimes have been committed and accidents occurred. He half sings, half whistles, some old Scots sonnet, to keep his courage up, in humble imitation of the school-boy who boldly whistled the whole way through the churchyard; he casts a fearful glance on the spot where the chapman, the travelling merchant, was smothered in the snow. He gets safely beyond the large stone, left as a memorial that there drunken Charlie broke the bone of his neck; and he is most careful not to stumble on the cairn heaped on the spot where a murdered child was found. A cairn is a heap of stones thrown together by passengers on a place where murder has been committed, to appease the spirit of the destroyed and to hide the blood of man, which is said to cry to heaven for vengeance. He passes at a respectful distance the place where a woman, better known by the name of her son, viz., Mungo's mother, committed suicide, as a spot to be feared and shunned, and boldly faces the flooded river Doon, which is rolling furiously onward to the sea with its accumulated waters. To a superstitious mind a vast train of terrors arise in passing these dreaded localities, where violent deaths have occurred in all their fearful shapes. First, we have a man perishing in the snow, a lamentable, yet an easy death. Those who have undergone a partial burial in the frozen element—and experience can assist us in the description—can testify as to the pleasurable sensation that follows a sudden protection from the biting blast and blinding drift which the traveller undergoes in passing through a severe snow-storm. By the quick immersion in the snow, not only is the piercing cold kept off, but a smouldering heat is generated which induces the idea of comfort;—it is this very heat, however, this deceitful sensation of ease, which produces death; the vital air is denied admittance with the cold, and the heat by the animal warmth of the body speedily consumes the small portion of atmospheric air carried down by the snow, and the dreaming victim sleeps away his existence, like the charcoal suicides of France, in a pleasing forgetfulness. Of the dire waking of the sleeper in another world, no traveller has returned to tell us. The scene of such an occurrence safely past, disordered Tam next encounters the spot where a drunkard died by being unable to take care of himself, not against the war of the elements, but by the furious tide of his fiery blood, then comes the cairn, where helpless childhood had fallen before heartless cruelty, only to be followed by the equally alarming place where a woman, familiarly described as Mungo's mother, had destroyed herself. This catalogue of fearful localities is wound up by the appearance of a stormy river, roaring in its might till the echoes of the forest answer to its call. Tam rides on by its troubled banks until he may reach the bridge—the "Auld brig of Doon" which Burns has immortalised.

There is an awful sublimity in the expression—

The doubling storms roar'd through the woods.

It awakes at once the quivering, bending, tearing of the struggling trees, the waving of their vexed branches, the scattering of the leaf; a blast sweeps along the ground, whirling up the heaped leaves with a wild rustle;



the wind rises, it catches the branches, and shakes them, and fro like broken waves, crashing them together, and tearing them in agony from their groaning stems. It is a fearful picture of midnight desolation, which the mind can dwell upon, and conjure up new terrors of unearthly sound to vex the troubled ear of night, and make its darkness doubly drear. The line which follows, however, is the weakest, and most imperfect that Burns ever wrote—

The lightnings flash from pole to pole.

In the first place, it is an impossibility, and it is well for creation that it is. Were the whole atmosphere to be impregnated with the electric fluid, and were it possible for lightning to flash across a whole hemisphere, every breathing being would die—every green thing would be burnt up. In the second place, all this could not add to the terrors of one particular spot, although every where would be terrific in the extreme; nor would Tam be aware that such was the case. It is not impossible that Tam knew nothing, and cared less, respecting the poles or of the rotundity of the earth, so he could not comprehend the idea. Far and swift as lightnings flash, a steady eye will at all times detect the spot whence they issue from the clouds, and where they again merge in the darkness of the air, and it may then be noted that it is but a small portion of the visible expanse that is embraced in the lightning's sweep; and how small is that expanse to the human eye compared with the space which lies between either pole. If so great a range of sky were embraced from one foot of this earth, how much more, then, of infinitude would we discover if the human eye had a larger and stronger focus. As new constellations are seen beyond the equator, and as the sea-suns which shine upon the north are there invisible, so much more hidden must be the clouds which kiss the high projections of our latitude, and which carry in their hearts the sulphuric power that breeds the elemental storm. Past as lightning flashes, it moves not with the rapidity of the earth's motion round the sun, and therefore, though it had that increased power, it would be arrested by the earth the moment that it left the clouds. But to return,—Kirk Alloway is reached, and Tam is at a moment shudders; through every crevice an unearthly light is gleaming, while the noise of mirth owns the loud blasts of wind, and renders inaudible the creaking of the trees. The dreaded truth breaks fearfully upon him; the witches are at their revels, and he a lost man. But the potatoes of the night not having yet evaporated, a courage not his own inspires curiosity to witness the cause and means of their roarious mirth.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!  
What dangers thou can'st make us scorn!  
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;  
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!—  
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,  
Fair play, he car'd nae de'il's a boddie.  
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,  
'Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,  
She ventur'd forward on the light;  
And wow! Tam saw an unco sight!  
Warlocks and witches in a dance;  
Nae cotillon brent new frae France,  
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
Put life and mettle in their heels:  
A winnock-bunker in the east,  
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;  
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,  
To gie them music was his charge;  
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,  
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—  
Coffins stood round, like open presses;  
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;  
And by some devilish cantrip slight  
Each in its cauld hand held a light—  
By which heroic Tam was able  
To note upon the holy table,  
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;  
Two span-lang, wee unchristen'd bairns;  
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;  
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;  
A garter, which a babe had strangled;  
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
The grey hairs yet stuck to the heft:  
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',  
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

Kirk Alloway, though an old ruined church, the long grass growing among and over the mouldering ruins, it would appear from this description that the communion-table, or some raised fabric in its place, still remained; and, by the potency of bold John Barleycorn, he surmounted all dangers to gaze upon the horrible remains of death and instruments of blood that lay upon the altars of the Great Fiend who presided over their incantations and revels—who became their companion in this world that he might be their tyrant in his next. In a window-seat sat the grim director of their fate, in the shape of an uncouth beast, playing with his own sweet voice on the national bagpipe, whose demoniac drone made roof and rafters "dirl," (vibrate) with the powerful noise. By his supposed charm over the dead, he had raised up the coffins like as they open cupboards, their cold tenants holding a light torch in hand, and gazing with their blank unmeaning eyes on the unearthly raptures of the hags, who tript on their light fantastic toe in their fiercest passion, rejoicing

at the entrance of a new and young member into their dread convulsive. By the lights Tam was enabled to distinguish the unholy sacrifices which were laid upon the desecrated altar.

A murderer's banes in gibbet airns.

But it was not witches and fiends alone that rejoiced in the presence of these sad relics of depraved humanity. It is only a few years since that many parts of England were decorated with these fearful sights, that men at length became able to look upon them without shuddering, and hear, without a twinge of horror, the dried bones rattle together, as the wind passed whistling through each hollow tube, and swung them against the sounding iron chains which bound them to the gibbet. Their removal, by command of the late king, when Duke of Clarence, was a triumph to humanity, however small—a triumph which will not be completed till the gibbet itself shall be destroyed, and blood no more disgrace the statute-book of Britain. It is a fearful thing for man to rush unbidden into the presence of his Creator; for how can the coward suicide, who dared not brave the scoffs and taunts of his fellow-mortals, stand before an offended Deity. It is more fearful still, in a moment of unbridled passion, to imbue our hands in blood, and drive a being like ourselves where we fear to follow; but it is much more fearful of all, if we would seriously reflect upon it, to take the power of life and death into our own hands, and, by a law of our own creating, attempt to legalise the death of any criminal. Laws, to be just, should never confer a punishment that they could not abrogate, nor inflict a penalty they could not restore, in the event of being in error. And what law is made by man, whose whole life is a scene of errors, that can be immaculate? and who is it that is incapable of committing wrong in the administration of justice, however kind his heart—however pure his purpose? It will be a triumph, indeed, when vindictiveness is taken from the law: it may then be hoped that that foul passion will be erased from the human heart, and the kindlier feelings of our nature have larger space in which to operate, and better objects round which to entwine themselves.

Of the other items in the foul catalogue we must defer remark to another chapter.

#### Midnight Larking.

THERE are some people so obtuse, so blind, that they cannot perceive the great and manifest benefits which society receives from our young nobles and gentlemen roaming about the streets, at night-time, to recreate themselves with speers, larks, shindies, phillaloes, and other species of riot, which are highly calculated to keep up that daring, courageous, and chivalrous spirit for which British youth have been so long and justly celebrated. Instead of denouncing, we ought to admire and encourage every plot that may lead to uproar, assault, and battery, or that may inconvenience unoffending, staid, simple people. If there be a man who has never frightened an unprotected woman into fits, thrashed a policeman, upset oyster-stalls, broken gas-lamps, twisted bell-wires into tortuous shapes, and wrenched off knockers, we warrant he is some chicken-hearted craven, better fitted to serve in a gibbet-pie than in the army or the navy. The commission of such glorious acts are commendable in all persons above the rank of tradespeople; for the latter to aspire to such acts would be despicable effrontery, deserving nine months at the treadmill. Such deeds are for nobility and gentry alone, and they make brisk work for the police, the magistracy, the glaziers, the bell-hangers, and the surgeons. Knecker-stealing, as it is vulgarly and scandalously called, is certainly the most laudable employment for a man of fashion. We cannot tolerate a knocker any where except in our museum, where we contemplate it with the same spirit which a warrior feels when he looks upon some trophy of a splendid victory that he has achieved. We can exhibit ten thousand choice specimens of knockers, most of them beautifully embellished with lions' heads, human fists, and other ingenious devices. They have been chiefly obtained from the doors of princes, statesmen, judges, authors, painters, tailors, and bailiffs. Great perseverance was of course essential to the accumulation of so extensive a collection. No one would credit the number of times we have tried, and tried in vain, to wrench the ancient and gigantic knocker off the gate of Temple-bar. That knocker, however, we must and will have, come what will, for it is the most covetable specimen in London, from its having acted a conspicuous part on all occasions when our monarchs have entered the City in all their state trappings. We would give a hundred broken heads for it any night. For years we longed to possess the large knocker that was attached to the British Museum; but we never could succeed in mesmerising the sentinels who protected it. Opiates we contrived to give them; but they would not sleep. We coveted that knocker from an inveterate spite we had been induced to entertain for it, from having knocked so many days in the year without the door being opened. However, we find that some one else has succeeded in eloping with it, and all honour be to him for so gallant an achievement, rendered doubly gallant when we think of the sentinels with their muskets and bayonets. The *Examiner* newspaper has so often indulged in a strain of vehement and unmerited censure upon the collectors of knockers, that some one of that respectable body has wrenched the

knocker off the door of the editor's private residence. The bravest and most indefatigable knocker-wrencher of the present day is Mr. Smith, alias Brown, alias Snooks, alias Scroggins. This celebrated personage has been known to bag forty knockers in one night; and then, in a spirit of valour and defiance, leave the whole of them suspended by a string to the Knocker of Marlborough Police-office. Stealing a key-hole is nothing in comparison with such a chivalrous deed as that.

Midnight larking was too delightful and rational to be neglected by our forefathers. Thomas Shadwell has enlivened his comedy of *The Woman Captain* (1680), with some very excellent sport of this kind, and every brave, sensible reader, will wish he had participated in it. The gallant adventurers in the play are Sir Christopher Swash, who glories in being "a very mad fellow," Heildebrand, and Blunderbuss.

"Sir Christopher.—We have had a rare night on't; we have roared, sung, and ranted; swung constables, broke windows, and committed other outrages to the confusion of the people. We have not been in bed these four-and-twenty hours. On my conscience we broke fourscore pounds' worth of windows. We kept Covent Garden awake all night, and beat fourscore men, women, and children. Was not that well? Come let's march on Blunderbuss and Heildebrand; we will break windows all the way we go, kick every male, from a link boy to a lord; kiss every woman, from a simpering lady to the wide-mouthed jade that cries sprats, swing bum-bailiffs excessively, and astonish the mob. Come along."

In the next quotation we have the worthies scowering or breaking windows by wholesale; and committing a variety of other delectable deeds:—

"Sir Christopher.—Hey boys, bravely done! scower on, break those windows, 'tis Normandy glass, scower on! [A citizen and his wife appear.] Kiss her, boys. Zounds, you rogue do you call the watch! Swinge 'em. There's for you. [They strike the woman, who, with her husband runs off for assistance. Two or three old women appear meanwhile.]

Blunderbuss.—Who are these? they are old and ugly herb women going to market.

Sir Christopher.—I spare no sex nor age. Beldams, you must be kissed for being women, and kicked for being ugly. The town cannot match us, tearing blades. [Enter some apprentices singing and breaking windows.]

Sir Christopher.—Who are these rascals without swords? Apprentices! must such rogues as you usurp the privilege of gentlemen? such scoundrels as you scower? Shall pitiful fellows think to do like us? Let's swinge 'em. [They run off, and some fiddlers enter.] Now let's break windows to this music! 'Tis good for nothing else. Pull off all the knockers, wipe out all the milk scores, and, with lamp-black and a brush, blot out all the signs."

These pretty amusements, however, are interrupted by the reappearance of the citizen, who attempts to prevail on a constable and a watchman to apprehend the offenders, but these functionaries threaten to carry the complainant off to the gate-house as a saucy rogue. The citizen and constables disappear, and then enters Sir Nicholas Peagoose, a quiet gentleman, who is immediately seized by the merry trio, and forced by them to sing a roaring song. Directly he begins to sing, the high constable and a watchman enter, and a battle ensues. Sir Nicholas is knocked down and captured, but the others escape with broken heads. In a subsequent scene the dauntless and invincible Sir Christopher says to a friend—"We have had a skirmish, faith. Would you had been with us! I never saw better scowering days in my life."

We hope that privileged gentlemen who engage in scowering, knocker-stealing, and similar exploits will meet with the honours and rewards that are their due.

PICTURE OF A SLAVE SHIP.—The following horrifying statement, relative to the capture of a Portuguese slaver, is extracted from the log of her Majesty's schooner *Faun*, cruising on the South America station, and written in latitude 22.30, longitude 40 W.—After firing some shots we came up and boarded her. The slaves were all below, with the hatches on; on turning them up, a scene presented itself enough to sicken the heart even of a Portuguese—the living, the dying, and the dead, huddled together in one mass. Some unfortunates in the most disgusting state of small-pox, even in the confluent state, covered from head to foot; some distressingly ill with ophthalmia, a few perfectly blind, others living skeletons, with difficulty crawled from below, unable to bear the weight of their own bodies; mothers with young infants hanging to their breasts, unable to give them a drop of nourishment. How they had brought them thus far appeared astonishing—all were perfectly naked—their limbs much excoriated from lying on the hard plank for so long a period. On going below the stench was insupportable. How beings could breathe such an atmosphere and live appeared incredible. Several were under the loose planks which were called the deck, dying—one dead. We proceeded to Rio Janeiro with the prize. On the passage we lost 13, in harbour 12, from small-pox and debility; a number also died on board the receiving-ship, the *Crescent*. After cleansing the hold and fumigating the brig, it was determined to send the brig with a part of her cargo for adjudication to the nearest colony. We sailed on the 19th of March with 180, well provided with medicines, and directions in what manner to use them. Tapioca and lime juice were also provided. This unfortunate brig left Bahia fort, on the coast of Benguela, with 510 negroes, and 13 days after her capture she had but 375!"



### The Dirge of M'Ivor.

ON the publication of Waverley, more than a quarter of a century ago, a lady transmitted the following lines to Sir Walter Scott, in testimony of his ability, and in the belief that he was the author of the work. Sir Walter, however, declined to accept them as a tribute, stating that he had no claim to the authorship! Now that a popular edition of his acknowledged works are in course of publication, the resuscitation of the splendid and really affecting stanzas on the ignoble death of a devoted hero may not be altogether out of place.

Son of the mighty and the free,  
Loved leader of the faithful brave,  
Was it for high-rank'd chief like thee  
To fill a nameless grave?  
Oh! hadst thou slumber'd with the slain,  
Had glory's deathbed been thy lot,  
E'en though on red Culloden's plain,  
We then had mourn'd thee not.

But darkly closed the morn' offame,  
That morn' whose sunbeams rose so fair;  
Revenge alone may breathe thy name,  
The watchword of despair!  
Yet, oh! if gallant spirits' power  
Has e'er ennobled death like thine,  
Then glory marked thy parting hour,  
Last of a mighty line!

O'er thy own bowers the sunshine falls,  
But cannot cheer their lonely gloom;  
The beams that gild thy native walls  
Are sleeping on thy tomb.  
Spring on thy mountains laughs the while,  
Thy green woods wave in verna air,  
But the loved scenes may vainly smile,  
Not e'en thy dust is there!

On thy blue hills no bugle's sound  
Is mingling with the torrent's roar;  
Unmark'd the red deer sport around—  
Thou lead'st the chase no more!  
Thy gates are closed, thy halls are still,  
Those halls where swell'd the choral strain;  
They hear the wild winds murmuring shrill,  
And all is hush'd again.

Thy bard his pealing harp has broke,  
His fire, his joy of song is past;  
One lay to mourn thy fate he woke,  
His saddest, and his last!  
No other theme to him was dear  
Than lofty deeds of thine,  
Hush'd by the strain thou canst not hear,  
Last of a mighty line!

### Russian Serfs.

WHILE the vast extent of Russia and her thinly scattered population continues to render food, shelter, and clothing cheap and abundant, the peasant may continue to laugh and dance in his fetters, careless or unconscious of his degraded position; but should the pressing evils of want or scarcity arise to disturb his thoughtless gaiety and empty merriment, he will become a morose and discontented slave; his eyes will be opened to a sense of his condition, and woe to that generation, both of lord and serf, in which the light shall break forth; for unless the country is far more generally civilized and enlightened than at present, a revolution must commence in bloodshed and end in anarchy: the elements of true liberty are not to be found as yet in Russia. A man was lately brought back by the police, who had run away from his wife seven years ago. When he was asked his reason for absconding, he said, that he was compelled by his family to marry when very young, that he thought it wicked to have a wife, and that his greatest desire was to become a monk. Since his return, he has thrown himself at the feet of the young ladies whenever he could meet with them, entreating them to intercede with their father to permit him to enter a convent. This, however, will not be allowed, for fear of the example being followed. This man has been to the monastery of Solovetskoï, which is situated on a small island in the White Sea, in a dreadful climate, and frequently cut off from all communication with the main land. Here this poor man wished to have remained, and to have entered the order, the rules of which are most severe; but as he had no passport or permission from his master to show, the monks were prohibited by law from admitting him. When he arrived here he was examined, and it was found that he had on an iron belt next to his skin around his shoulders, and with two iron plates hanging from it one before and the other behind; the whole apparatus weighing between seven or eight pounds; it was rivetted on, and had in some places eaten into the flesh. He had put it on by way of penance for having deserted his family, and he begged earnestly that it might not be taken off; this, however, was done, and when he was afterwards asked, if he should wish it to be given back to him, "No; that there would be no merit in wearing it now, since every body knew of it." As he was not permitted to become a monk, his next request was, that he might be appointed to attend the cattle and sheep in the field, in order that he might not be shocked by the language and profane songs of the other peasants. This request was complied with, but I cannot say whether he has become reconciled to his situation. He is a singular but at the same time evidently a very sincere enthusiast. The conversation about this poor man has naturally produced a variety of stories bearing a resemblance more or less to his case. The following is one of these anecdotes. Some years ago a peasant, named Peter, run away from Krasnoe, and was not heard of for three years, when one day a man was brought by the police as the runaway. Some doubt was expressed by various people as to the identity of the new comer, but he insisted that he was Peter; the fact was confirmed by his wife and father, as well as others who had known him formerly, and the point was at last admitted. The man lived at home with his wife for about a fortnight, but he behaved so ill, that it was determined to make a soldier of him—a most severe punishment to a Russian peasant. Before, however, the threat

could be carried into effect, the man again absconded, and was not seen for about a month, when he had the impudence to appear at Krasnoe at a village feast, to share in the amusements of the day. In the mean time his real character had been discovered, namely, that he was a deserter from the army, and had become acquainted with a brother of the runaway peasant in prison, where he had learned some particulars of his history; and also that he was in person some what like himself; on the strength of which information he had grounded his imposture. When, therefore, he appeared at the feast he was immediately apprehended, and the next morning sent off to prison. He, however, said he had escaped out of gaol a dozen times before, and should do so again. Whether he kept his word I do not know; but it is a singular fact, that the true Peter returned home the same night that the impostor went to prison: how far he was pleased to hear of the temporary usurpation of his conjugal and domestic rights is somewhat doubtful.

### Miscellaneous.

OLD ENGLAND.—The population of Britain at the period of the Roman invasion has been estimated at 760,000. All the unconquered Britons, who dwelt without the limits of the Roman empire, were called Caledonii by the Romans and provincial Britons during the first, second, and third centuries. In the beginning of the fourth century these Britons were divided into two considerable nations, known by the new names of Scots and Picts; about the origin and meaning of these names no satisfactory explanation has been given. Though the northern tribes were barbarous, those who occupied the southern parts of the island were partly civilized. Their dress was of their own manufacture. A square mantle covered a vest and trowsers, or a deeply-plaited tunic of brodered cloth; the waist was encircled with a belt; rings adorned the second finger of each hand, and a chain of iron or brass was suspended from the neck. Their huts resembled those of their Gothic neighbours. A foundation of stone supported a circular wall of timber and reeds, over which was thrown a conical roof pierced in the centre, for the twofold purpose of admitting the light and discharging the smoke. In husbandry they had discovered the use of manure as a manure, and they raised more corn than was necessary for their own consumption. They had learnt the art of making linen; of dyeing wool, yarn, and cloth, different colours, and of bleaching and washing. With the uses of tin, lead, and copper, they were acquainted. Of iron they knew little; nor does it appear Caesar found gold and silver among them. Vessels of earthenware have been found in barrows, which have been conjectured to be the workmanship of the ancient Britons. If Stonehenge were erected, as mentioned, by Ambrosius, it shows some knowledge of architecture, having outlasted all the more solid and noble structures of the Romans. The Druids were the only learned men—the philosophers, priests, and legislators—who communicated their knowledge to the people through the medium of verse. They kept the calendar, and reckoned time by the lapse of nights, not of days. Caesar found a rude kind of money in use, consisting of brass, or rings and plates of iron, of a determinate weight. The Romans not only changed the species, but much increased the quantity of the present coin. It is thought there were greater quantities of coin in the island in the flourishing times of the Roman government than at any period during a thousand years after their departure. Many of the ancient British coins have descended to us; most of them probably struck by Roman artists.—*Wade's British History.*

GEOLOGICAL OPINIONS OF THE ANCIENTS.—Many of the ancient writers, amid the most wild and extravagant fictions, have expressed some rational views of natural causes, and the changes taking place on the face of our globe. Aristotle expresses opinions as to the change of land to sea, and its reverse, which are confirmed by Strabo, whose views are still more extensive and more just. Ovid, in the celebrated passages of the 15th book of his Metamorphoses, has some highly judicious observations, mingled, of course, with the most absurd fables. Thus he gives a full, true, and particular account of the death of the phoenix by fire, and its resuscitation from its own ashes; he indulges in the speculation that the earth is an animal, and that its earthquakes and volcanos are caused by its mines of sulphur taking fire, and feeding on its fat and oily parts till these are consumed! But amid these absurdities he has some remarks which show that the phenomena of nature had been carefully and attentively studied by many accurate observers. He particularly notices the change of land to sea, and sea to land; mentions the occurrence of shells and other marine exuvie at a distance from the ocean, and notices the destruction of hills and mountains by atmospheric agency, and the removal of the detritus into the sea. It is by no means improbable that some of the ideas of Oriental writers as to the immense antiquity of our planet (a fact now fully established by the researches of modern philosophy to be true), may not have been the mere figments of the fancy—may not have originated in sheer imagination—but may, on the contrary, have resulted from the observation of natural phenomena, and may, in particular, have been in accordance with that enlarged and accurate knowledge of astronomy which the ancient Eastern nations, the Egyptians and Chaldeans, possessed in an eminent degree.

STATISTICS OF DUELLING.—Such was the frequent occurrence of duels in the reign of George III., that one hundred and seventy-two were fought (in which three hundred and forty-four persons were concerned); sixty-nine individuals were killed—in three of these fatal cases neither of the combatants survived; ninety-six were wounded, forty-eight of them desperately, and forty-eight slightly; while one hundred and seventy-nines escaped unhurt. From this statement it will be seen, that rather more than one-fifth of the combatants lost their lives, and that nearly one-half received the bullets of their antagonists. It also appears, that only eighteen trials took place; that six of the arraigned individuals were acquitted; seven found guilty of manslaughter, and three of murder—two of whom were executed, and eight imprisoned during different periods.

FORMATION OF ROCKS.—Though several of the agencies which operated during the earliest eras in the physical history of our globe either now exert a comparatively diminished influence, or have ceased altogether yet the general laws of nature unquestionably continue the same, and rocks are in course of formation by various causes, and under diversified circumstances, at the present day. Not only do the coral formations continue in the southern ocean to produce reefs, islands, and, by the connexion and increase of these, to form continents; but in our own islands, accumulations of sand, mud, and shells, are producing fresh layers in the bed of the sea and constituting fresh deposits, which add to the crust of our globe, and will form a subject of interest to the future inquirer into its history; but every river and every stream is in like manner converting its bed into rock, and the operation is often assisted by causes of an extraordinary and singular kind. A very remarkable instance of the nature was brought to light a few years since. During the unhappy and distracted reign of Edward II. several of the English barons took up arms against the Monarch and his favourites, the Gavestons. One of their insurrections was headed by the Earl of Leicester, whose associate in the enterprise was the Earl of Lancaster, the latter nobleman taking charge of the military chest, and the paying the troops, &c. &c. While the insurgent army were crossing the river Dove in Derbyshire, in the night they were attacked and routed by the King's troops, and in the confusion the military chest, with its contents, was thrown into the stream, and sunk to the bottom. The Earl of Lancaster was shortly after beheaded (6 March, 1322), and all trace of the treasure was lost sight of. After the lapse of half a thousand years, on some excavations being made a few years since, for the purpose of deepening the bed of the river, masses of ferruginous breccia—that is, of pebbles, gravel, &c., cemented into rock by the rust of iron, were found, many of them containing coins of the period, silver pennies of Edward I. &c., evidently forming portions of the lost treasure. It would seem that the box containing the money had been bound or otherwise fitted with iron, and that the decomposition of the metal had produced a cement sufficient to convert these pebbles into rock. The circumstance is not altogether unique; and the efficiency of iron to produce such a result is perfectly well known; but the preservation of these coins by so remarkable a cause constitutes a highly remarkable and interesting fact.—*British Queen.*

BEGGARS IN ROME.—The Italian has sentiment in his nature, and the beggar expresses it in the form of his petition. His "Non m'abbandonate," and "Carita, signora, per l'amor di questa imagine!" kindle your imagination if not your heart. How I should like to show you the fellow who sits, like a monarch on his throne, on the steps of the Piazza di Spagna, and whose smile, disclosing teeth strong enough to grind all the grist in Rome, and his hearty salutation "Buon giorno, signor," are well worth the *baïoc* he asks much more as a right than a favour. He is an old receiver of customs, and is well known to have full treasury. "How dare you beg of me," asked Mr. "when you are already so rich?" "Ah, signor, I beg my donkey to feed." "You are well able to feed your donkey." "But I have my nine children, signor." There is no answer to be made to a fellow who confesses to such luxury! Then there is the poor moiety of a man whose trunk (torso!) trussed on to a circular bit of wood slightly concave, comes daily down our street of St. Vitale at a jocund pace, and the two old crones at Santa Maria Maggiore who hobble towards you with a sort of pas-de-deux and seem as well content that one should get your *baïoc* as the other, "equal to either fortune." They are probably partners in the trade. And there is the handsome youth by the French Academy, who has been dying with "sagne di bocca" (spitting of blood) for the last fifteen years without any apparent diminution of the vital current. And the little troop of mountain-peasants whose hunting ground is somewhere about the American consul's, with their bewitching smiles, sweet voices, and most winning ways; a genuine lover of happy young faces ought to peep them for a sight of theirs. Even beggary is picturesque here.—*Miss Sedgwick.*

SABBATH ON THE CONTINENT.—If you recollect that we are now in Protestant Germany, you will be astonished at the laxity of the Sabbath. The German reformer, never, I believe, undertook to reform the Continental Sabbath. They probably understood too well the inflexible nature of national customs, and how much more difficult it is to remodel them than to recast faith. We are accustomed to talk of the horrors of a Continental Sabbath, and are naturally shocked with an aspect of things so different from our own. But, when I remember the dozing congregation I have seen, the domestics stretched half the heavy day in bed, the young people sitting by the half-closed blind, stealing long looks out of the window, while the Bible was lying idle on their laps; and the merry shouts of the children at the going down of the sun, as if an enemy had disappeared, it does not seem to me that we can say to the poor, ignorant, toil-worn peasant of Europe, "I am holier than thou!"—*Ibid.*

MORALS v. DUELLING.—One cause of duelling, and the one which is generally supposed to admit of the most plausible defence, is the vindication of female honour, the punishment of the seducer, vengeance on the adulterer. Yet on this point it cannot occur to the reader, that of the vast number of cases of offence, few are decided by an appeal to arms; while of the duels actually fought between such offenders and the relations of the frail female, scarcely one in ten is conducted under the impulse of feeling, but is pushed no farther than the gossips and the newspaper world seem to require. When the guilty party has received his adversary's fire, and returned it in the air, the farce is finished, to the satisfaction of all, just as in the most trim-py disputes of a box-lobby challenge.

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"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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### Random Notes by Railway.

LET the flight of the swallow be as devious as it may, it comes to its own quiet nest at even, and that with a noble share of its spoils of travel. With an equally ambitious feeling, we looked around us rather inquiringly during our three hours' sojourn in Bridgewater. The principal objects which met our view were the bright black dresses of the women, and the broad laughing faces of the men. Our Hebe was not inelegant, though she had no pretensions to fashion. In reply to our inquisitive sporting friend, she gravely told us that there were "a many young men and women in the town, and lots of them unmarried." She admitted that Bridgewater was rather a dull place, except on market-day, when a good deal of business was done, and a great many strange faces to be seen. She thought the railway would increase the traffic of the place, but was very doubtful as to a husband coming to her from that quarter. We have already spoken of her teeth—her teeth were white, and her hands clean, a virtue not always evidenced by tavern attendants in a country town. Indeed, all the women we saw possessed the bright black eye—

"Which, wild as the gazelle's,  
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells;"

and they made good use of them, for some of the ladies actually stared us out of countenance, a circumstance which we had not deemed possible to occur. The quiet bath air which hung around and upon the borough itself was only disturbed by the harsh pealing of a street organ, the handle of which was most industriously twisted by an itinerant Italian. Our sporting friend suspected that he had decamped from London with the property of a heartless employer, an idea which our usual charity forbade us to entertain, although appearances were rather in its favour. It is astonishing, said he, that so many hundreds of these musicians should perambulate London and its suburbs, all returning honestly at night to Leather-lane, to give up their instrument, with the proceeds of the day, for the sake of a supper and a bed. They must be honest in the main, and it is to be regretted that they are so much at the mercy of a gang of sharpers.

At Bristol, to which we returned the same evening, we next morning entered into a minute investigation of the railway station. The splendid Gothic building erected at that terminus had fewer charms for us than the extensive and well-ordered works; it was visible that a detecting eye was over the whole; neither noise, confusion, nor idleness prevailed. The long train of carriages at rest afforded us an ample opportunity of examining the principle of their construction, the breadth of the rails they traverse, by which it is almost impossible for a carriage to decapitate, and the intricate movements of sliding tables of rails which convey carriages from one line to another. We discovered, (and do not forget this, reader, if ever you get into danger) that the safest place on the line is the very centre of the rails, as in the event of a train coming suddenly up, you have only to lie down and the whole will pass safely over you. The only danger to which a person is ingloriously prostrated is liable is that of a red-hot roller dropping on him from the furnace. To prevent even this, however, we observed that several of the engines are fitted with an ash-pan, an improvement which will, no doubt, extend to all. Another simple but excellent addition has been made to the engines. This consists of a piece of iron being placed before each front wheel, something in the shape of a plough (which indeed it is called), to drive off any obstruction. This secures a clear way for the wheels, and acts as a preventative to the train being driven off the rails.

Returning to the Saracen's Head to breakfast, Boots informed us that Clifton was not a mile distant. Harriet, however, gave it as her opinion that it was at least a mile and a half. This uncertainty of distance being the usual lot of travellers, we resolved to judge for ourselves, a determination which our host assured us was always the

best. We accordingly proceeded to the aristocratic outskirts of Bristol, and while we found that the estimates of distance, like truth generally, lay between contending opinions, we were rejoiced to discover that the natural splendour of the place had not been exaggerated. On a hill looking down upon the ship-yard, in which is concentrated the principal activity of Bristol, terrace rose above terrace, surmounted by handsome trees, interspersed by light green parks. It was a view which our sporting friend described as all that was elegant in nature looking down upon all that was splendid in art. "And do you know," said he, "that the Bristolians will be as proud of that narrow stream, and of those few naked masts, as we are of the forests?" We regretted that the ungracious morning smiled not more pleasantly upon us, and returned to head quarters satisfied that the curtained sun had robbed us of a portion of our visual powers. "Never mind," said our happy-hearted friend, "we shall see more when the railway is carried to Taunton and Exeter. In the meantime let us get on a stage upon our homeward way."

We strolled familiarly through the streets of Bath, admiring its handsome little cathedral, made grey by time and venerable by the impaling hand of ruin. We languished over the departed glories of the celebrated Pump-room. On that spot, where crowds of fashionable invalids had drank mineral water and vomited scandal incessantly—where the follies of the age were made transparent to vulgar eyes, and intrigue lost its romance by its frequency—not a vestige of its splendour remained. Perhaps, indeed, we visited it too early in the day; it was only noon, and the sick might not have ventured forth. The lame and the halt, however, were abroad in their moving panoply. Ladies fat, not fair, but forty, might be seen in hand-carriages, dragged along the pavement like great grown babies, by a man-servant or hireling. The ladies seemed as comfortable and as proud as if they were in a carriage and pair, while the human horse looked as patient as a donkey, and as stiff-necked as a mule. He pulled straightforward, a being of sinews but no soul. In some of the more genteel thoroughfares, a congregation of these vehicles might be seen, somewhat after the fashion of a London cab-stand. We were not saluted, certainly, for a fare; but had there been a lady in the company, we have no doubt our sympathies would have been appealed to. The houses, notwithstanding they are built of clean white stone, have rather a sombre appearance. The town in this respect is more like Seville, which "shineth from afar," than Kilkenny, which, we are told, "shines where it stands." The steepness of some of the streets is rendered somewhat more disagreeable than it ought to be by the culpable negligence of a very important civic functionary, called, in vulgar phrase, the scavenger. The crescents and terraces of the fashionable quarter are well attended to, although it might be as well to pick out the withered grass from between the paving-stones;—that appearance, above all others, gives a look of desertion and decay, and tells more tales of by-gone days and departed splendour than is proper to be made known. Let the magistracy look to it: if Bath is still in the hey-day of its youth, those grey hairs should be plucked from its forehead.

Proceeding again towards the railway, we crossed the river, and clambered up a steep and narrow street, until we arrived at what, if we mistake not, is called the Beechen-cliff. This hill commands an excellent view of the city, and of the half-circle of hills which lie beyond it. In the distance, while the sun is shining, the houses appear as if painted on the steep breast of a hill, the green slopes of which set off to much advantage the colour of the stone. Beneath our feet lay the works of nature and man in strange but not unloving intermixture. The river glided quietly along, like a pious lady going to church; while the railway, with its brown earthen face and iron ribs, betrayed the outline of a future giant, which would yet rise in strength and vigour to astonish the world with his doings. The arrival of the mid-day train brought us down rather hurriedly; our sporting friend, though better

acquainted with the moors, descended rapidly and fearlessly; as became our dignity, we kept our erect position, and walked down leisurely. Having reached the bottom, our friend took us by the button, and earnestly told us that there was more danger in coming down slowly than in haste. "Keep a firm footing," said he; "curl in your toes as you leap; swing your arms; fix your eye on a spot, plant your foot on it, and down you come, speedily and safely." We thanked him for his information, and took our seat in the carriage. He dragged us out, however, to witness the process of filling the boiler with water from the immense tanks which are erected at the various stations, and to explain to us the action of the "buffers" which prevent or soften the concussion of the carriages when a sudden stop is made. In bidding adieu to Bath, we kept our eye fixed on the romantic scene, with a look akin to that of Mary of Scotland, when she sighed farewell to her beloved France, nor was the prospect lost to us until we dropped into the recesses of Boxhill.

We had intended to have visited Reading, but having neglected to inform the very civil and attentive conductor of our intention, the train set off ere we could emancipate ourselves from the thralldom of his lock and key. We contented ourselves, therefore, with admiring the conduct of the officers of the line, who at every divergence of the rails, were stationed with their arm extended, and their hand bent in the exact manner of the rail, so that the engineer could pilot his way with ease and safety through the "breakers." The signal posts and flags, likewise, were an interesting object; they are, we believe, the invention of Mr. Brunel; they work well, and are easily understood. At each post a man is stationed, who telegraphs to another far on the line the arrival of the train, by which means everything is in readiness, all is secure, and hurry and bustle altogether unknown.

Approaching Slough, we obtained a majestic view of Windsor Castle, and the far skirts of the forest, renowned alike in the annals of royalty and the chase. Although the clouds began to frown rather sulkily upon us, we left the train and proceeded to Eton. The College has no great pretensions as a building, but the classic reminiscences connected with it claim the "passing tribute of a sigh." Great men have been educated within its walls, and great boys certainly now occupy their places. Many of the collegians appeared, if we could judge by physiognomy, to be incapable of retaining much learning. Our sporting friend decided on their incompetence of acquiring any, except perhaps, as he naively remarked, to be able to dip into the mysteries of a pudding, or analyse the chemical properties of a lollipop. There were, however, many strong, good-looking lads among them, whose illuminated countenances, like a crimsoned western sky at even, gave promise of a brilliant after-life. All of them, however, smart or stupid, bright or blank visaged, were gifted with indomitable impudence. They appeared to know all the inhabitants of the town, and recognised a stranger on the instant. Some of them would stand still on a sudden, gaze on you with admirable coolness, examine you from head to foot, and, by a contortion of the lip or a swing of the arm, indicate their opinion respecting the visitant.

Here our sporting friend suddenly recollected that he would have a splendid appetite in less than an hour, an article of which we already rejoiced in the possession. We accordingly entered an inn, which either had not, or we did not learn the name. Dinner being ordered, we proceeded to the Castle. Ascending the steep flight of stairs which is supposed to take foot passengers up the hill more easily than the carriage-way (a circumstance very doubtful), we were greeted with a heavy shower of rain which cooled our loyalty and curiosity considerably. "We cannot go round the buildings to-day," said our friend, "it is too wet for that; but let us have a view of the country from the slopes." We accordingly proceeded to the terrace which surmounts the bold ravine, and looked forward to a dreary sky, through a dripping atmosphere. "I see three hares; there, there, and there!"



We dared not dispute, for our friend held us by the button, and the clouds rained conviction rapidly upon us. We changed the subject, and alluded to the payment of fees by the people to see the residence of their sovereign. "Do you know," added he, "that among the many mean things which are done in high places, the practice of taking fees holds a distinguished place. They are said to be the perquisite of a titled lady, who allows a per centage of them to the waiting men and women who perform the duty." On this we made a hasty retreat from the palace, and returned to where a young landlady and a smoking dinner awaited us. A strict regard for truth compels us to admit that Etonian taste had provided us with—We shall tell it in the couplet of our friend, who, to the honour of his heart, had an excuse for, as well as an opinion on, every thing—

"Veal and bacon!  
As good a thing as can be taken."

This produced more argument than our appetites could well agree to, nor was harmony restored between us until our friend had practically proved that a man may take a couple of glasses of brandy and water without doing himself much harm. The craving of the inward man being at length satisfied, the predominant amusement of his mind again welled out. Standing in a niched window, with a bit of bread in one hand, a piece of cheese in the other, with a morsel of each in his mouth, he measured with his grey yet clear twinkling eye the distance between him and the Castle flag-staff. It was not above a mile and a quarter, or so, and he offered in five shots to hit it with a rifle ball! Did we dispute his ability? No; taught by experience, we yielded to his foibles, and found him the most entertaining dog alive. "We must come to Windsor some other day," said he; "I know the guide to the Round Tower; at least he will know a half-crown which I shall give him, and we shall see all the extraordinaries of the place. But it is time we were back to Slough."

On our return, our loquacious sportsman informed us that his lady delighted in a trophy from the country, and as he had no birds to present to her, he would even make bold to leap over a hedge, pluck some stalks of wheat, and make them into a bouquet for his kind-hearted rib. This he did in good style. He would make a capital poacher as well as a tasteful flower-girl. We knew not whether to admire his leap, his cautious tread, or his neat arrangement of a few ears of wheat. He made a beautiful little sheaf; placed the richest stalks at the top, and cut the straw to a nicety. "Do you know," said he, "that these little matters please a woman more than the most laboured or slavish attentions. Only let her know that you think of her in her absence, in the midst of your amusements, or recreations, and she will doat upon you, die for you;—ay, and what is more, make the prospect of her death the most grievous to your imagination."

Happy man, happy woman, thought we. We forgave him all his egotism, told him who we were, and promised to portrait him. His vanity was tickled. "Egad," cried he in ecstasy, "I shall buy a copy, and read it to my wife."

Once more we were safely seated in our carriage. The shades of evening fell rapidly upon us, and the illuminated brick-fields shed their red lustre by the way. We reached the station, and found cabs and omnibuses to all parts of London. A lady greeted our friend; need we ask who she was? We saw the tiny wheat sheaf in her hand ere they drove off. "I shall see you again," cried he. "Which way do you wish to go, Sir?" asked an attendant. "To the Strand."—Reader, believe as now, although you deem all the rest of this paper a fable. An omnibus conductor said to us, "I am sorry we are crowded, Sir; but there is room outside." It was a cad, a veritable cad; but such civility from one of his species we had never seen or heard. Can a revolution have taken place during our absence? thought we. Ascending the top we held quiet converse with the driver. The glare of London met us at every turn. We became convinced that man is a selfish animal in this very ride. Meek and placable as we are, we felt surprised and disappointed that the metropolis had gone on well enough without us, and that we were at perfect liberty to take another trip at our earliest convenience.

### Burns Illustrated and Explained.

#### CHAPTER VI.—TAM O'SHANTER CONCLUDED.

ANOTHER item in the catalogue of oblations laid on the altar of wickedness and sin, as seen by our hero, was

Two span-lang wee unchristen'd bairns.

It was long, and to some extent still is, an impious superstition among the religious-vulgar, that a child who died unblest by the rite of baptism, became the irredeemable property of hell—as if by aught that man could do, though assumed as the fulfilment of a divine command, could save a soul from death; or its non-performance condemn an unerring creature before its appearance at the dread tribunal of the Most High. It would have been well for the peace of the world had man ever more narrowly looked into his individual conduct, than

have busied himself in idle speculations as to the future existence of others. It is in derision of this superstitious belief that the bodies of two unbaptised babes are laid upon the altar as a fitting accompaniment to the bones and gibbet irons of a murderer on one side, and that which is told in the following lines, another dead body, viz. :—

A thief new cutted frae a rape,  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape.

Thus Tam, whose courage had almost oozed from his finger's ends while passing the scenes of former evildeeds, is enabled, by a desperate effort, to look upon the sad and disagreeable remains of death in its vilest aspect—in its coldest and most repulsive form. What a train of horrible ideas arise from the perusal of the lines—

A garter which a babe had strangled,  
A knife a father's throat had mangled;  
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
The grey hairs yet stuck to the heft.

The garter is a woman's instrument of destruction, and the babe must have been her own, perhaps a living witness of her shame; and thus to hide a frailty, she committed a foul iniquity—a crime so hideous that the great originator of evil and his myrmidons esteem it of a quality frightful enough to grace their unearthly festival. And how befittingly is it accompanied by the knife which a son had applied to a father's throat, with the grey hairs adhering to the handle. Round these dreadful sights the hosts of the Fallen Spirit dance in their wildest ecstasies, and career in the joyous madness of successful crime. However faithful this picture is of the debasing superstitions which kept a people in the darkness of intellectual night, it is more instructive in the sorrowful truth, that these dark beliefs, though they tormented, never improved the mind, nor taught the faculties of man to look beyond them for relief. In this consists the great difference between religious truth and the false sophisms of man. The one instructs and elevates, and produces an earnest and enduring thirst for inquiry, till the truth is gained, and the mind sits down contented with its efforts. But vile superstitions, so far from inducing a search into their mysteries, shut out for ever the desire for knowledge, and keep their darkened votaries as ignorant as the brutes that perish. Even in the Greek mythology, the most systematic of all delusions, the believers only rose to eminence and fame as they doubted the truth of the fables handed down to them by their fathers. For centuries, the most noble Greeks struggled against the prevailing belief in a congregated host of guiding and ruling spirits, and were only prevented from open rebellion and denunciation by the impression which, from the first hour of the creation, stamped itself upon the soul of man, that a Great Unknown presided over the destinies of the human race. They required only an introductory glimmering as to who, or what, or where the true Deity was, to sweep away with indignation and contempt the Titanic fables which had been palmed upon their credulous ancestors as the oracles of the unknown godhead. The last generation of our own country, however, had no such excuse—they prided themselves in the possession of the truth, and blessed God that they were not like the heathen in a land of utter darkness; and yet as foul and degrading superstitions prevailed among them as ever did with the enlightened Greeks of old, to whom the message of truth had never been revealed, and among whom the sages and prophets of the Highest had never walked, nor their sublime predictions been unfolded in the land. Well, indeed, then, did Burns sum up his catalogue of enormities by declaring that there were—

Three lawyers' tongues turned inside out,  
Wi' lies seamed like a beggar's clout;  
And priests' hearts rotten, black as muck,  
Lay stinking, vile, in every nook.

For he considered it was only by the mal-administration of those into whose hands was committed the education of the people, that such a lamentable amount of ignorance prevailed, and such a low standard of morals existed. Can there be a greater criminal than he who assumes to instruct, and yet betrays his trust—who, by example and precept, encourages the downward movement of his race, and all the while receives with greedy hand the unearned wages of his office? And how many thousands of such have disgraced and polluted this fair green earth, to the detriment of all that was excellent, and to the lasting injury of those who confided in their counsels, because they knew no other? What a fearful time the day of reckoning must be to them when the lost—the irretrievably lost, shall rise up and cry for vengeance on their devoted heads? From such a deeply serious subject let us turn away, and look, with Tam, on the less horrible portion of this midnight scene :—

As Tammie glow'd, amazed, and curious,  
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:  
The piper loud and louder blew;  
The dancers quick and quicker flew;  
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,  
'Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,  
And coost her duddies to the wark,  
And linket at it in her sark!  
Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,  
A plump and strapping, in their teens;  
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,  
Been snaw-white seventeen hundred linen!

Thir brecks o' mine, my only pair,  
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,  
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,  
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies,  
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,  
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,  
Loupin an' flingin on a cummock, [crutch or staff]  
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

The strength and power of the poet's description in these lines is so perfect, bringing the withered beldames so forcibly on the eye, and their untiring exertions to keep time to the music of their piper, so felicitous, that scarcely a word is necessary to elucidate the humour of the scene. Ludicrous in the extreme it must have been to witness the old and shrivelled carcases of smoke-dried hags sweating and smoking in the circling dance, while they one by one threw off their foul apparel, and renewed their operations in the unencumbering cover of their rent chemise. It is ridiculous at all times for age to mimic the glow and fervour of youth, and sometimes the attempt certainly approaches to disgust. Thus the poet expresses his surprise that Tam should look delighted on such a scene, declaring that had they been plump and tall damsels, fresh as youth under twenty could make them, even he would have given his only pair of breeches for a sight of the grand carnival—an appropriate offer certainly when we consider that the witches were in the natural disguise of nakedness! It would appear, however, from a farther perusal of the poem—

That Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie.  
There was ae winsome wench and walle,  
That night enlisted in the corps,  
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore;  
For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,  
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,  
And kept the country-side in fear),  
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,  
That while a lassie she had worn,  
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,  
It was her best, and she was vauntie—  
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,  
That sark she coft [bought] for her wee Nannie,  
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),  
Wad ever graced a dance of witches!  
But here my muse her wing maun cur;  
Sic flights are far beyond her power;  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,  
(A souple jade she was and strang),  
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,  
And thought his very een enrich'd;  
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,  
And hoteh'd and blew wi' might and main:  
Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"  
And in an instant all was dark.

Thus then it would appear that Tam had forgotten his ain wife Kate, and fed his eyes with the delicate contortions of young and supple Nannie, who that night had enlisted herself in the corps, and in whose favour it was that the festival had taken place. Her shift, that undiscovered garment of female pride, had been an old present from her grandmother when she was a little girl and now, of imperfect length, it displayed her fresh and vigorous limbs to much advantage among the squalid sisters in the black and fearful art. Even Satan himself began to feel a tender longing for his young disciple, and Tam, having lost his reason while gazing on her unblushing gestures, forgets the perils of the place and betrays his presence by a loud and bold approval of the young witch's capering. The moment, however, that an uninitiated human voice broke in upon their mirth, the spell was dissolved; the coffins fell upon the earth, the lights dropped from the unheeding hands of the unconscious dead, and darkness covered with an impenetrable pall the scene of noise and revelry. Then it was that Tam awakened from his trance to a full sense of the dangers that surrounded him. The warning voice of his neglected Kate rung shrilly in his affrighted ears; the storm again welcomed him as he left the protection of the old church wall, and he prepared to fly for safety from the vengeance of those whose wild orgies he had interrupted :—

And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
When out the hellish legion sallied.  
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,  
When plundering herds assail their byke;  
As open pussie's mortal foes,  
When, pop! she starts before their nose;  
As eager runs the market-crowd,  
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;  
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollo.

The witches, with their loud and discordant yells, have sallied out against the bold intruder, who pushes on his faithful Maggie to escape their deadly clutches; and, at this moment of danger, approaching to despair, the poet exclaims in interested terror—

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin'!  
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!  
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!  
Kate soon will be a woe-fu' woman!

The long prophesied catastrophe is now about to be accomplished. He has been at length overcast by witches and warlocks; and his wife will have the satisfaction of



considering herself a true prophetess, though at the expense of the life of her reprobate husband. There is no greater pleasure to an irritated woman than to discover her threats prove true, though her better feelings may inwardly revolt at the consummation of her wishes. Thus it is that stubborn pride is their fatal ruin, as, for the gratification of a moment's spleen they rejoice at events for which a lifetime can scarcely afterwards atone. It is this passion, which, above all others, most demeans angelic women, and lowers her in the estimation of those who should love and cherish her with gladness through every storm of life—through all the dark and dreary hours of poverty—through the hopeless vista of raven-winged despair. The flush of anger on woman's cheek, and the unbridled words which then issue from the lips made only for delight, have caused more sorrow, shame, and even death, than all the crimes of man, and they are many—than all the horrors of war and the disasters of famine; and who can number these? And surely, if women could be told this important truth, they would never more revolt against their own high calling, but pursue their proper course in love and peace, distributing the softness of their affections among the sons of men, and purifying the whole earth from the grosser passions which bitterness of temper and depravity of heart have so much and far engendered.

Let us, therefore, suppose that it is for the purpose of consoling his spouse that repentant Tam urges on his faithful steed:—

Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
And win the key-stone of the brig;  
There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
A running stream they darena cross!  
But ere the key-stone she could make,  
The fiend a tail she had to shake!  
For Nannie, far before the rest,  
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;  
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—  
Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
But left behind her ain gray tail:  
The carline caught her by the rump,  
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

The popular opinion which created witches, also prevented them from crossing a running stream, thus confining them to their own particular district. Tam therefore concluded himself in safety when he reached the centre of the bridge; but the same creature whom he had admired so much pressed most closely upon him, and caught his horse by the tail as he sprang over the middle of the arch. This comical conclusion bears within itself the severe moral that our illegal pleasures become our acutest bane;—the effervescing delight speedily dies away, but the cancer remains, poisoning every healthful source of gratification, and following us with its fearful presence into the quietest and most secluded enjoyments of life, whispering in our ear for ever the stunning truth—

"Our acts our angels are; or good or ill,  
They are the shadows which walk by us still."

The poem takes us no further than the keystone of the bridge, for there danger followed no more, and Tam was left at peace, to ride home in what humour he pleased, to still the snarling welcome of his outraged rib. Let us hope, however, that she received him in her kindest manner, and, by her care and assiduity to his comfort, made him resolve to attend his home more closely in future, and also to strive to awaken the pleasures of that early time when they were all in all to each other, and only happy when together and alone.

Nor, let us forget the parting admonition of the poet:—

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:  
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,  
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
Think ye may buy the joys o'er dear—  
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

Nor let us forget that woman prides herself perhaps too highly on the attentions of her husband, or her lover, and that she only rebels when she has discovered that her lord and master is unworthy of his place. The fickleness of women is the result of the carelessness of man; for even in their haughtiest moods they can be easily subdued by kindness. That is their legal claim upon the rougher sex, who, after all, are ever attached to her, even when they appear most alienated from the fervour of her affections. As it is most natural, so it brings to us a vision of heaven, when two fond hearts glide through the world in lovingness together; and every wedded pair might be that happy couple did they but bear each others' burdens, and strive, with half the zeal they sometimes exert to make each other miserable, to contribute to their mutual happiness. As Woman is the mother of the world, so she should be the instructress—the fountain of wisdom as of pleasure; and she who is most deeply read in the history of her duties will make the best companion, and the truest and fondest wife, though a spark of beauty never lighted up her cheek, nor a jewel sparkled in her hair. It is the native grace, the richness of her modesty, the worth and excellence of her temper, that makes her what she is—and what Nature cries aloud she ever will remain, the best and truest friend of Man!

### Scientific Memoranda.

**RISE OF SCANDINAVIA.**—It is now about a hundred years since Celsius, a Swedish astronomer, declared his opinion that a considerable difference was taking place in the level of the land and sea in this region of the earth. The data on which this supposition was founded were furnished by the changes observable along the entire line of coast. Thus it was shown that at Pitea, in the Gulf of Bothnia, half a mile of land had been gained in forty-five years, and that at Lulea, a mile of ground had been added in twenty-eight years. Ancient ports on the same coast had become inland cities, considerable portions of the gulf had become shallower; many old fishing grounds had been changed into dry land, and small islands had been joined to the continent. The circumstance excited very considerable interest, and volumes were written to account for these facts which were too palpable to be doubted or denied. The opinion generally entertained as to the cause of these phenomena was, that the waters of the Baltic had sunk, and it was conceived that they had done so for several centuries. This diminution of the waters was, however, denied by many, who attributed the change to the elevation of the land, and not the sinking of the sea. The phenomenon continuing to excite very general attention, Mr. Lyell, who entertained considerable doubts on the subject, was induced to visit the country, and the result of his enquiries has completely established the fact, that these changes are occasioned not by the decrease of the waters, but by the rising of the land, the whole of Scandinavia being in course of elevation as far as Abo in Finland, while the adjacent coast of Greenland is suffering a gradual depression. The facts which convinced Mr. Lyell of the reality of this elevation were varied and conclusive, the most important being that not only did the coast present marks of elevation, but there are inland cliffs containing recent shells similar to those now existing in the Baltic, and affording the most satisfactory proof, not only that the land is now in course of elevation, but that the same process has been going on for some centuries past.

**SINGULAR ANCESTRAL MEMORIALS.**—Beecher has shown the possibility of forming a gallery of family effigies moulded from phosphoric glass, the produce of the identical bones of the originals, in which the likenesses might be preserved as truly as they are now by the limner.—M. Chaptal adds, that a skeleton of nineteen pounds weight may be made to yield five pounds of this phosphoric gas.

**INSECTS IN CHALK.**—Professor Ehrenberg has made some remarkable discoveries in the course of his various experiments on chalk. He found that a cubic inch possessed upwards of a million of microscopical animalculæ; consequently a pound weight of chalk contains above 10,000,000 of these animalculæ. From his researches it appears probable that all the strata of chalk in Europe are the product of microscopical animalculæ, most of them invisible to the naked eye.

**FOSSIL TEETH OF AN ENORMOUS SPECIES OF SHARK.**—Within the last few years many extraordinary teeth of a fossil species of shark (*Carcharias megalodon*) have been found on the shore and in the red crag of Suffolk, extending from its south coast to Walton, in Essex, and to which deposit the English specimens seem to be peculiar. These teeth are also found in the beds of Maestricht, and the secondary and tertiary deposits of the United States; but are found most plentifully in the island of Malta.

**DISCOVERY OF A NEW BRITISH PLANT.**—Mr. George Luxford, the printer and botanist, found during August 1837, the *Cucubalus baccifer*, in flower and in abundance on the Isle of Dogs. Although this plant had occupied a place in every British Flora, or floral catalogue for the last century, it seems never before to have been discovered wild, or apparently so, in any part of Britain. In 1724 Dillenius inserted it in Ray's *Synopsis* (third edition, p. 267), as a British plant, under the name of *Cucubalus Plinii*. This he did from misunderstanding that it had been gathered in the hedges of Anglesea by a Mr. Foulkes. Sir James E. Smith, whose figure of the plant in the *English Botany* was drawn from a garden specimen, subsequently denied its right to a place in the British Flora, observing, by way of apology for so doing, that the Rev. Hugh Davies, who was intimately acquainted with the botany of Anglesea, could never discover this species. Mr. G. Don thought he had seen it growing in shady woods near Edinburgh; and because that botanist merely thought so, Dr. Macreight has inserted the plant in the *Manual of British Botany*, published about three years ago. Mr. Luxford observes that it would perhaps be too much to claim its restoration to the British Flora on the ground of its occurrence in this single locality; yet I cannot but believe that I have before met with it, in similar situations, in other parts of England, where, not having been in flower at the time, I have always passed it by, as I did on my first sight of it in the Isle of Dogs, thinking it to be *Cerastium aquaticum*, to which, when not in flower, it bears a very strong resemblance. Moreover, from the very luxuriant state of the *Cucubalus* in the above locality, I should conclude that it had been for a long time in undisturbed possession of the place where it was growing; and the ditch having been cleaned out, and the banks cleared of their rank herbage on each side of this place, it is not improbable that the plant had

been destroyed in the cleared parts. Under the circumstances, I think it may be considered as a naturalized plant, at least until further investigation shall have thrown more light upon the subject.—J. H. Fennell.

**FORMATION OF NEW BEDS OF COAL.**—Coal is of course clearly ascertained to be of vegetable origin, and to have been produced by the drifting into lakes, estuaries, or bays of the primeval earth, of masses of vegetable matter, which, having been covered over by fresh depositions of sand, mud, &c., have, by the combined action of moisture and heat, been bituminized into coal. It may, at first sight, strike us as singular that a substance so extensively distributed as coal, should be produced by agencies of apparently so casual a nature; and, in fact, in our colder climates, nature presents no agencies capable of elaborating results of so magnificent a character; but, in the vast rivers of the new world, the transport of vegetable matter by rivers, and its entombment at their mouths, prevails to so great an extent, that the Mississippi annually bears down in its course whole forests of trees and shrubs, which form rafts of several leagues in extent. These masses thus entombed in the stream, and covered with the accumulations of sand and mud continually deposited by its waters, would, in the course of time, present a series of strata, consisting of coal, sandstone, limestone, &c., which would present a perfect counterpart of our coal fields, with their varied alternations of these beds.

**SUBTERRANEAN FORESTS.**—Not only are trees frequently found embedded in peat, bogs, and mosses, but entire forests are not unfrequently discovered deeply buried in the soil. Several instances of the kind have been discovered on our coasts; the trees thus entombed on the sea shore being usually brought to light by the excavations made by some storm, which has laid bare the superincumbent deposits. The vegetable substance is usually impregnated with iron, and the wood is firm and heavy, so that in Yorkshire the timber thus obtained is frequently used for the construction of houses.

**SINGULAR MISTAKE.**—In the early days of geological inquiry, it was the habit to refer all the phenomena of the earth to the operation of the flood; and a singular error was in consequence committed by a German physician of eminence, named Scheuchzer. A skeleton having been found in a fossil slab, which he conceived to bear some resemblance to the human form, he pronounced it to be the actual skeleton of one of the human race who had perished at the deluge; he accordingly named it *homo diluvii testis*, a man who had witnessed the flood, and the object naturally excited the interest and curiosity of all who beheld it. After this idea had obtained credence for nearly a century, the illustrious Cuvier so much doubted the circumstance, that he solicited and obtained permission to dissect the specimen from its bed, and thus discovered, what he had previously suspected, that the bones were not those of a man, but of a creature of the eutrachian family, a large species of salamander. Various other specimens have since been discovered; and one example in particular from Eningen, is in the British Museum.

**THE TRILOBITE.**—This creature derives its name from its carapace, or shell, being divided into three lobes or divisions; it was of the order of crustacea; and having never been found above the coal formations, is presumed to have become extinct at that epoch. The eye is a most curious piece of mechanism, like that of the fly and other insects, and crustacea; it is conceived to have been fixed, and to have had no power of motion; but this defect, as in the eyes of the fly, was compensated by the numerous lenses placed in the eye, by means of which the creature possessed a most extensive range of vision. "Thus," observes Dr. Buckland, "we find in the trilobites of these early rocks, the same modifications of the organ of sight as in the living crustacea. The same kind of instrument was also employed in the intermediate periods of our geological history, when these secondary strata were deposited at the bottom of a sea inhabited by these creatures, in the regions of Europe, which now form the elevated plains of Central Germany. But these results are not confined to physiology; they prove, also, the ancient condition of the sea's atmosphere, and the relation of both these media to light. For, in these remote epochs, the marine animals were furnished with instruments of vision, in which the minute optical adaptations were the same as those which now impart the perception of light to the living crustacea. The mutual relations of light to the eye, and of the eye to light, were, therefore, the same at the time when crustacea first existed in the bottom of the primeval seas, as at the present moment."

\* We may here state, a reader in Mallow has inquired of us why we could say, in an article inserted in No. 2, entitled "Comparative Youth of Man," that "no solitary relic of the human structure, no fragment of a skeleton, no portion of a bone appertaining to the human osteology is discoverable in the solid rocks," when he recollected being shown in the British Museum a portion of a limestone rock in which a human skeleton was imbedded. The article referred to alludes to the granite, the earliest rock formation of our globe. Geologists are agreed to limestone being a modern formation. The skeleton referred to might possibly be a wreck preserved from the Flood, certainly not further back in the history of our species. The probability is, however, that the piece of rock in which the ribs of a human being are plainly visible is not a thousand years old.



### Distortions of the Female Form.

BEING NO. IV. OF THE EXPERIENCES OF BENJAMIN TRUESTEEL, ESQ.

WE have stood upon a village green, and felt our heart beat pleasantly, while the young of both sexes gambolled before us. Those who desire to witness the ease and grace of the female figure, the free swing of the limbs, and the cloudless pleasure of the countenance, should seek some unfashionable hamlet, and gaze upon the little girls that run, and fall, and chase each other on the verdant turf—struggling and fighting with—ay, and generally soundly beating, the urchins who presume upon their supposed weakness. In the larger towns this natural picture is not often met with; but there is to be found as pleasant a scene even in crowded cities, although their denizens never saw a field of grass. Go to the entrance of an ordinary school; one frequented by the daughters of the humble classes; let it be Saturday at twelve or one o'clock if possible, and a clear healthy-toned laugh will be heard; the delighted visitor will see glowing cheeks, and witness rapid steps and fearless leaps, as the little damsels rush noisily down stairs, and seek their homeward way in little bands together.

This is no doubt quite vulgar—so unfashionable; but it is natural. Woman so brought up springs from the girl in buoyant health and jocund life. Her pulse beats to a more lively strain than the motionless prisoner of a genteel boarding school.—Her chest expands, and free play is given to the ceaseless and unimpeded action of her lungs. Unbound by strong artificial confinement her form grows strong as well as handsome. Like a young tree, glorying in its youth and beauty, she blossoms into womanhood, a delight alike to herself and all around her. Her shoulders evidence the hand of nature; her back the straight and perfect workmanship of a great creator, while her bosom rejoices, not alone in the possession of high health and happy thoughts, but in the conviction that her untrammelled figure is that which Nature's self intended, and which thinking and admiring man must cherish, approve, and seek to make his own.

How different is the appearance of the sickly child condemned to boarding school rules! Her sallow face and consumptive eye betoken the rigid discipline of an unnatural and hateful system of compression. If a trembling delicateness in body were a true characteristic of the female form—if sickness were an inseparable feature in its formation—if a continual danger of falling in pieces were its determined result—then boarding school and fashionable doctrines are the emanation of superior minds, and deserve to be welcomed as an improvement on original creation. Let us admit that Nature is no judge, and that the waist she grants to woman is not sufficiently slender;

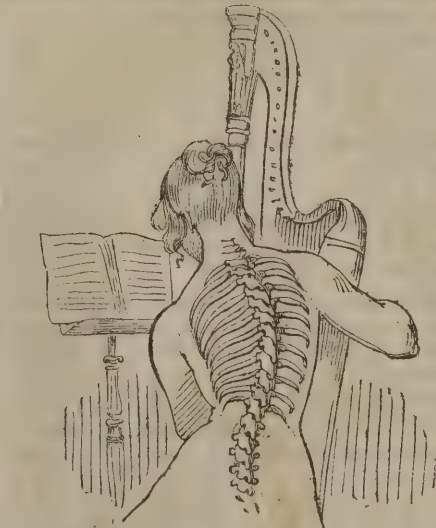
—let us suppose that this figure, long accustomed to tight stays and violent compression, at length presents a just idea of elegance and faultless symmetry, why does it occur that the lady cannot keep her gown upon her shoulder? Why is that important item of dress continually slipping off, notwithstanding all the care bestowed on it by the maker? The reason is this, gentle damsels, and tremble when you hear it; in the course of your labours to compress the waist, you have hurt the spine, and driven the shoulder blades from their proper position;—their action is suspended, their growth prevented. Such ladies as defy ill-health, and prefer a small waist to equal shoulders, who love shortness of breath, stagnation of the vital fluids, and distortion of the principal bones and joints of the human frame, will patronise steel busks, whalebone supporters, and good stout corsets, and become careless as to their spine presenting a distortion at the waist. But those who desire to keep the spine in its proper and erect position, who detest indented sides, curved backs, and shoulders not akin, as shown in the annexed engraving, these will permit the spinal joints free growth, and trust to nature, health, and exercise for the completion of a form more perfect, enticing, and enduring than can be produced by all the artifices of changeful art, or the practices of never-satisfied fashion.

The practice of confining a young girl in an iron cage, to make or keep her handsome, among its other hurtful ten-

dences, destroys the muscles of the back, prevents their free play, and makes them diseased for want of action. Rendered thus inactive, they lie dead, and convey no energy to the joints. These in time become weak, and when the lady retires to rest she says to herself, "How could I keep myself without stays? How absurd it is to talk against them; our bodies are so weak that without them we could not walk upright." Tender, delicate, creatures! Have they no friend to tell them that this binding and screwing is the very cause of their weakness, and that the longer they continue that unhealthy practice, they will become still weaker—their spine will get more curved, their shoulders fall further away from each other, and a hollow grow in their side, in which a perpetual gnaw will be felt. Were a lady so afflicted with the danger of falling to pieces to throw off her stays for a month, she would feel acute shooting pains in her shoulders, and a stretching sensation in her back. She would be dying, no doubt. Far from it. Nature would only be reasserting her place and dignity. The muscles of the back would be expanding, gathering strength with ease; each shoot they made towards the shoulder-blade would only be a joyful expansion towards health and activity. The entire sensation would be exactly what is felt by a growing girl, when her limbs expand into those of womanhood, more acute certainly—more sudden, and more lengthened—in consequence of their long and injurious confinement. But what lady could practise philosophy for a month? She could not remain at home so long—she could not endure the visits of her friends in their "elegant" shapes and sloping waists. She could not listen to the remarks—"La! how changed you are. I should not have known you, I declare; you are not like the same person. What is the matter with you?" O woman! child of self-inflicted misery, listen to those who are your friends indeed. Take our advice. Become healthy in mind and body; throw iron bars, whalebone, and all the paraphernalia of stays to the street. Your temper will be sweetened. Majesty will add its charm to grace, and strength make softness more enduring—more pleasant to yourself, and more delightful to him whom you have saddened and pestered long enough with complaints of your own creating.

We are sufficiently acquainted, however, with self-willed ladies of a certain age, not to expect that even our advice, excellent and disinterested as it is, will be adopted. We turn, therefore, to the more ductile minds of the young and blossoming—to those who are always anxious to learn, and only adopt a wrong course because no other is recommended to them. First, then, sweet little romps, keep possession of your skipping-ropes until you are advised that womanhood is come upon you—join in throwing the ball with your brothers, and amuse yourselves night and morning with battledore and shuttle-cock. Thus will your joints become healthy, flexible, and beautifully rounded. Keep stays off your body until you have done growing at least; if your mother compels you to wear them, beseech her, implore her, go down on your knees and beg of her not to destroy the handiwork of nature, but to leave you to the care of the immortal fashioner. It would ill become grey hairs to advise the light heart and agile step to disobey her parent; but old Benjamin is no mean authority;—a gentle rebellion against stays, accompanied by a ready and cheerful obedience to all other commands, is a course of conduct no mother can long withstand.

Among the accomplishments given to young ladies, the study of the harp appears now to be making the piano unfashionable. This is to be regretted, not alone on account of the music, but for the sake of the fair student

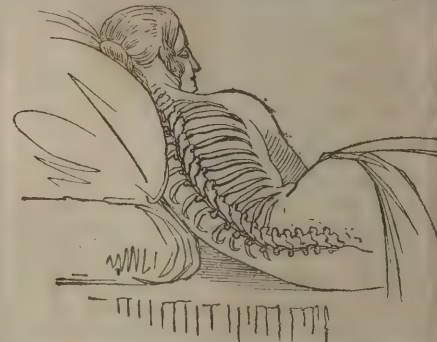


herself. Mothers, governesses, and others possessing control over young girls, generally coddle their unfortunate protegee, that she may look handsome while seated on the music stool. They never consider whether or not she will feel comfortable; never waste a thought as to the freedom of her arms or the flexibility of her back. It is vulgar to talk of these matters, says one. It is indelicate says another. No prudent man will take notice of such things, adds a third; while a fourth sums up the catalogue of our delinquencies by calling us an idle old fool! Well, we know the virus of a lady's tongue, as well as the sweetness of her lips; but neither the enticement of the one, nor the dread of the other, shall prevent us ringing the truth in their ears, and calling for liberty to the gentle prisoners who suffer under their unskillful tuition. It is better that mothers should be offended for a day, and their daughters blush for an hour, than that disease and disfigurement should continue to be the doom of those who are elegant by nature, and loveliest when, in the spring and summer of their days, growth has its own uncultured will.

Even at the writing table, the spine becomes cramped when denied free action by the stays. The confinement

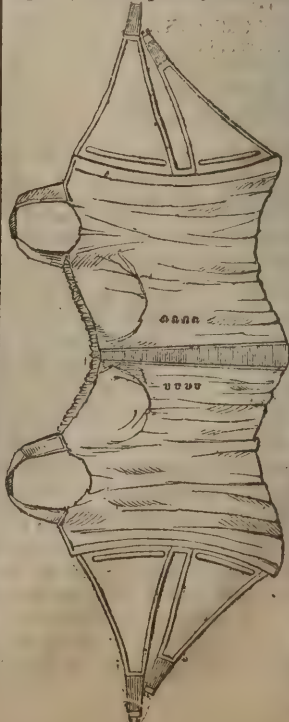


school—the labour of her tasks, one thing or every except the just cause, are blamed for the loss of health, appetite, and bloom; when there is nothing the matter except the want of a power to take exercise. Still sickness is allowed to gather strength; still the confinement and distortion continue, until the latter is fixed, the former produces consumption. Then the poor girl becomes a grief to her mother, and a cause of anxiety and expense to her father. A thousand unkind thoughts take possession of his mind, while the mother, instead of consulting him, takes counsel of the neighbours. She advises sea-bathing, some only fresh air; but all agree her health is delicate. She must be taken great care of. The evening breeze must not blow on her, nor the fresh morning air kiss the long dark tresses of her uncurled hair. Pillows are heaped to keep up her head



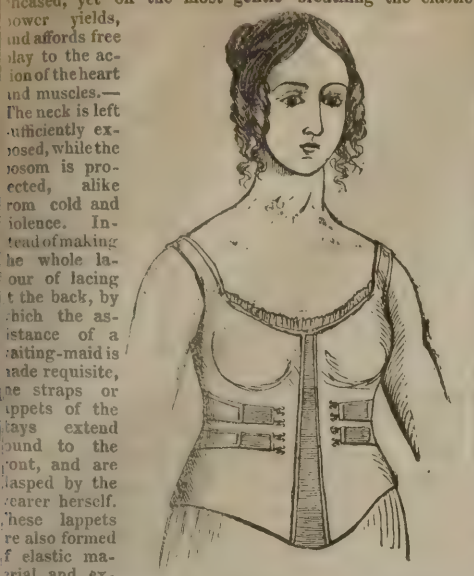
so that the blood may not lodge in her temples; mattresses are placed beneath her, that the gentle pressure of her body may not feel its own weight. All this care and anxiety is very creditable, only it is completely misplaced. The injury caused to the spine of a young person by compression is greatly increased by such means; the curvature increases by the position in which the maltreated girl is placed. A deal board would be of greater service; a wire run, and as many leaps as she can make before breaking would strengthen her joints, stimulate her blood, and restore her appetite. It is all nonsense about young ladies not eating; growing girls consume a very respectable quantity of victuals, and although their mothers encourage them in the hypocrisy of eating a substantial meal in private, that they may dine more genteelly at table, in expectation of a husband may credit us when we say that a man who is stupid enough to believe that their cheeks and plump limbs are produced by starvation, is not worthy of their hand; he who really possesses their heart should never have cause to suspect them of hypocrisy or deceit, even to the eating of an apple, or the dissection of a giblet pie.

We candidly admit that matrons require some support, more especially while fulfilling the most delicate of their maternal duties. Ladies who charge their natural task of suckling their children are alone allowable to wear a special support; but its assistance ought not to be of a hard, compressive character. Stays have been some time in use, which there are neither steel nor bone, and which laces are not required. We present a view of this article. It will be seen that it is fitted for the lady, did not intend that its shape should yield to Hooks and eyes are only binding powers, attached to it, and flexible and elastic cotton are its peculiar supports;—not certainly after the fashion of French artists, who use a great quantity to make a peculiar project, but by a condensed cloth to which sufficient strength and elasticity is given by needlework, without protrusion of the dress, or compression of the person.

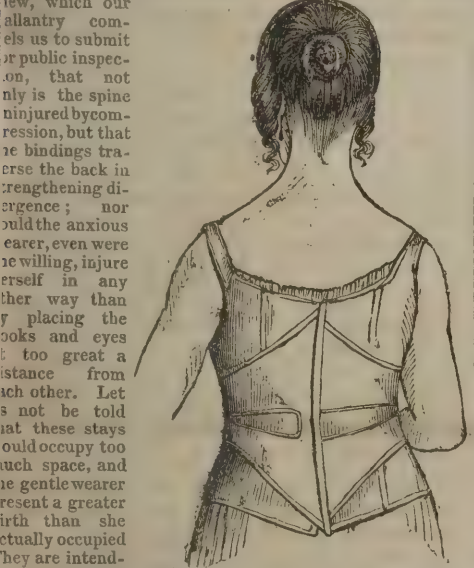




When worn they appear thus. The whole figure is tightly encased, yet on the most gentle breathing the elastic



power yields, and affords free play to the action of the heart and muscles.—The neck is sufficiently exposed, while the bosom is protected, alike from cold and violence. Instead of making the whole labour of lacing the back, by which the assistance of a waiting-maid is made requisite, the straps or



petals of the laces extend round to the front, and are clasped by the wearer herself. These lappets are also formed of elastic material, and extend to each pulsation of the vital organs. Hence, the whole system is protected, and the frame nursed up when necessary, without any injury. It will be seen by a back view, which our allantry com-els us to submit to public inspection, that not only is the spine uninjured by compression, but that the bindings traverse the back in strengthening divergence; nor could the anxious wearer, even were she unwilling, injure herself in any other way than by placing the hooks and eyes too great a distance from each other. Let us not be told that these stays could occupy too much space, and the gentle wearer present a greater breadth than she actually occupied. They are intended merely to protect from the too great expansiveness of the bust in loving mothers. In addition to this excellent motive, however, they will form an admirable support to those whose bones and sinews have been injured by the common stay, as a frame so weakened cannot be expected to possess its natural tension and power.

If the young men of the present day were really worth anything, if their brains were as highly cultivated as their air, they would be of great service in neglecting small-vaisted young ladies, who are proverbially ill-tempered. But our male youths are quite as vain as those of the sister sex, without the excuse. Creatures of the hair-dresser and the tailor, no wonder than strong-minded men are scarce among them; nor is it surprising that ladies, when picking and choosing, say "Bad is the best."

In concluding this subject, we may state that we are prepared to hear of our being voted a handsome silver ten-service by the ladies, and a superb rosewood writing-desk from fathers, husbands, and other brow-beaten individuals, whose peace has been broken by the indiscretion of their female relatives. Some men would get proud under such circumstances, but our natural modesty, our fearless regard for truth, and our determination to expose abuse, even when practised by those we love, will prevent us forgetting the sacred duty we have undertaken to perform. If our female readers do not become better wives, more obedient daughters, and sweeter companions than hitherto, then indeed our labours shall have been in vain. But despair is not a part of our creed. Damsels in search of husbands, look out! Careless wives and negligent mothers, beware! Old Benjamin, with a crutch in one hand, and a pen in the other, will prove to you that he is not to be trifled with.

\*—B. T. respectfully announces to the male sex in general, that he has a rod in pickle for them, which will be lustily brandished on a fitting opportunity.

#### Aviaries.

"WHAT lover of music," enquires the elegant author of the Philosophy of Nature, "is there who is not charmed with the various notes and modulations of our English singing birds? Not one of them breathes a single note that is not listened to with pleasure. In our youth we were delighted with their voices, forms, and plumage. One of the first desires of a child is for a bird. To catch a songster is a schoolboy's greatest achievement. To have one in a cage, to tend upon it, change its water, give it fresh seed, hang chickweed and groundsel over the top, and

thrust sugar between the wires, chirp, and encourage it to sing, are a little girl's chief delight."

In Heresbatch's "Four Books of Husbandry," translated by Barnaby Googe (1586) we read, at page 157, that "cages and houses for birds, wherein were kept all manner and sortes of fowle, were devised by M. Lelius Strabo, at Brundisium, from which time they were first put in use to pen up such creatures, as naturally were accustomed to flee at their libertie in the aire." Whether Strabo was the first deviser of bird cages and aviaries, we ourselves, are not prepared to decide; but the splendid and extensive aviaries which we read of as being appended to ancient Greek and Roman villas contained only such songsters as turkeys, peacocks, geese, ducks, partridges, pheasants, common fowls, and guinea fowls, which were kept to gratify the palate, not the ear. But bird cages are distinctly mentioned in ancient Greek authors. Both the Greeks and Romans had them made of pottery, the bars being formed of thread. In the work of Petronius Arbitrator, (vol. i. p. 139—466 of Burmann's edition, 1743) we find a gilt cage for a magpie hung over the door of one of the ancients, just as we frequently see it over the cottage door in our own times. To an ornithologist, a few captive birds are indispensable, for "in the economy of most birds," as Mr. Blyth observes, "there are a number of little, curious peculiarities which often throw considerable light on their natural history, but which can only be learnt by studying their habits in the cage. By keeping birds confined a thorough acquaintance with their various notes is also obtained, which, of course, greatly facilitates all observation of their habits in the fields. But it is not from newly caught birds, which are wild and timid, that such information and knowledge of their free and unrestrained positions are to be derived. A wild bird, however, soon becomes familiar and fearless, if placed with a number of tame companions; though it is advisable, when newly caught, to keep it a few days by itself." It must not be overlooked too, that, by keeping birds in confinement, we may sometimes enjoy the pleasure of hearing their songs during such months as the wild ones of the same species are silent. Captain Brown mentions, in his edition of Gilbert White's *Selborne*, p. 78, that "Mr. Sweet, who has devoted much time to taming the warblers of the genius Sylvia, has, by diligent observation and appropriate management, actually changed most of the species from annual to perennial songsters. In the month of March, these interesting choristers may be heard in his aviary, pouring forth the familiar strains of midsummer."

But to have all the full measure of delight which a song bird can impart, something more is necessary than merely listening to it singing in its captivity. Instead of the smoky city's barren plain of cob stones, and the piles of bricks and chimney-pots, we must have the luxuriant fields, with their flowers and trees,—green, waving, rustling trees, and the accompaniment of sparkling, bubbling, splashing waterfalls, the gentle trickling of brooks, and the prospect of a variety of pleasing natural objects. If we have not all these adjuncts to a perfect enjoyment of the bird's song, we may happily supply the deficiency if we can summon a vivid recollection of having seen those sights and heard those sounds. James Graham, author of a well known poem on the Birds of Scotland, is quite of our opinion, for he declares that

"Tis the grove, their dwelling place,  
That lends them half their charm! that still is link'd  
By strong association's half-seen chain,  
With their sweet song, wherever it is sung."

Many a reader well knows that he cannot hear a bird sing in the streets without fancying himself climbing the green hills again, and inhaling the scent of the wild thyme and the heather, or sauntering along the banks of some favourite stream. In the aviaries we are going to describe, the birds' songs are heard to the greatest advantage, owing to care having been taken to place them among such mimic sounds and scenery of rustic life, as serve to attune the senses of the hearer to the highest pitch for enjoying the sweet melody of the birds, which are so pleasantly and prettily lodged, that they seem to fancy themselves still at liberty.

#### MR. PURLAND'S AVIARY.

The aviary of Mr. Purland, the well-known antiquary and dentist, of 59, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, occupies a room eighteen feet by nineteen, lighted from above, and viewed from the verandah of his museum of antiquities. In this space from forty to fifty merry songsters fly about and sing. Landscapes are painted upon the walls, and the floor, instead of consisting of bare unsightly boards, is hid by a superstructure of imitation scenery, including rocks, hills, fields, forests, and paddocks. The country, for so we may call the *tout ensemble*, is intersected by a broad and winding river, into which the mountain torrents and cascades fall; while living carp and goldfish swim in its stiller waters, and diminutive swans and boats float upon its surface. A communication between the two sections of the country is rendered easy by means of wooden bridges that spread from precipice to precipice. These bridges seem to be as old as the hills themselves, and appear rather insecure, and all this adds to the reality of the scene. While we gaze on the scene we not only fancy ourselves many miles out of town, but among the haunts of our forefathers, whose residences are here modelled with great fidelity. Here is the house in which Richard the Third slept on the night preceding the battle of Bosworth, and yonder is Shakespeare's house at Stratford-upon-Avon; and if you wait long enough you may see him come out to take his morning stroll across the fields, perhaps arm in arm with Ben Jonson. In the prospect we see the Star Chamber, or High Court of Justice; the gateway of Rougemont Castle, as built by William the Norman; the ruins of Fotheringay Castle; the entrance to Carisbrooke Castle; the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey; Great Chalford Manor House; Prince Rupert's head-quarters at Launceston, in Cornwall; and various other memorable ancient buildings, all of which are tastefully and effectively distributed over the varied surface of hill and dale. While we are looking at these pleasant remains of the olden time, we hear the songs of the lark, robin,

siskin, linnet, redpole, bulfinch, greenfinch, woodlark, blackbird, and thrush, and some of them flit by us to alight on the distant ruins, or to sip the stream. The sails of three picturesque windmills, placed in different quarters, are revolving in the breeze; and a detachment of troops, followed by country people with their cows and sheep, are actually crossing over the bridge, and are soon succeeded by other figures. These locomotive automata convey a perfect impression of real life to the beholder. In short, Mr. Purland's aviary is in perfect accordance with our notions as to the most advantageous method of confining birds, with reference to their own comfort, and the gratification of their hearers. His aviary is full of sweet sounds, picturesque effects, rural incidents, and historical associations. It is not only amusing, but really as instructive as his antiquarian museum. They are not altogether private, for we are happy to state that any person applying by letter on one day, and enclosing a penny post stamp, will be certain of receiving an admission ticket for himself and party on the next day; and we need hardly say that the sight is well worth this little preliminary trouble.

#### MR. FOSTER'S AVIARY.

In Church-street, Stoke-Newington, stands a substantial, homely dwelling, in which Mrs. Barbauld wrote her celebrated Hymns. It is now in the occupation of Mr. William Penn Foster, a respected member of the Society of Friends, and one greatly distinguished for affording timely relief to the unfortunate. From his youth this gentleman has been fond of taming animals, but especially birds, and of this class he keeps up a large collection. His parlour-window opens into an aviary, twenty-five feet in length, eight feet in width, and twelve in height, and situated in a neatly-kept flower-garden. On our visit the window was opened for us to enter the aviary, which we did, and stood among some seventy singing birds, which were much too tame and sensible to be alarmed at our presence. To render them as comfortable and happy as possible, they have grassy banks, gravelly paths, live shrubs, dead stumps of trees, pieces of bark, bits of rock-work, a stream, a little pool, and a fountain, placed within their territory. They enjoy an unlimited supply of fresh air, as two sides of the aviary, as well as the top, are formed of netting, the meshes of which permit not merely the air, but the refreshing showers and insects to enter. So tame and reconciled are these feathered captives, that a goldfinch has been known to make its way out through one of the meshes, hop a bit round the outside, and presently show every anxiety to return and join his jolly companions. He knew very well that if he absconded he must have subsisted all the remainder of his life on hedge provender in exchange for the hard-boiled eggs, German paste, liquorice-water, and other luxuries of the aviary. All these birds have the free use of their wings, yet they never attempt to elope from the premises, even when the window and parlour-doors are left open. In this respect they set an example of prudence and steadiness worthy of being remembered by such young misses at school as may be at this very time contemplating a scaling-ladder and flight to Gretna.

The several species at present in the aviary are black-birds, thrushes, skylarks, woodlarks, titlarks, goldfinches, chaffinches, bulfinches, greenfinches, bramblingfinches, siskins, redstarts, redpools, linnets, robins, nightingales, canaries, and ox-eye tits. All of them will come readily to feed from the hand of either their master or mistress. A nightingale, which was procured from the nest, and brought up by the hand, was so exceedingly tame, that he would hop upon the finger of any person, and remain perched upon it, while carried round the room, or even into the garden, to catch the flies upon the walls or the windows. One nightingale began to sing here in the commencement of December, but did not utter his full note till about the middle of April; and we learned from Mr. Foster that a wild one was heard singing, by Mr. William Allen, at Linfield, Surrey, in the beginning of February, 1839. We may add, also, that Mr. Edward Newman says he has frequently seen the nightingale in the neighbourhood of Godalming, Surrey, in October, and once in November, and that he heard one singing there, clearly and distinctly, although not very loud, on December 12, 1823 or 1824. Cowper the poet, too, has written some verses to a nightingale which he heard singing on New Year's Day, 1792. Perhaps the most unusual circumstance which has occurred in this aviary is the skylark breeding in it. Dr. Bechstein, a celebrated German avian, says that skylarks will pair in confinement, but that he never could get them to sit; and one of his neighbours succeeded no better, though he had a hen skylark, which laid from twenty to twenty-five eggs annually. They were obstinate birds, laying eggs for no other purpose than to be eaten; but Mr. Foster has had for seven years a pair of skylarks much more obedient. They made a nest—laid their eggs—their own eggs—hatched them—and reared their young in 1838, and they repeated the same interesting acts in the following year. They fed their young on bread, hard-boiled egg, spiders, and small maggots—"very good wittles I wot," as the Cockney Ariosto sings. A cock greenfinch and a hen canary paired here, built a nest in a small fir tree, and brought up their offspring. At the present time, (July 1841,) a redpole has paired with a canary, and the same redpole has also paired with another canary; a song-thrush's nest may be seen at the very extremity of the netting, where it is most exposed to harm; a hen song-thrush has also adopted a nest of wild young ones, having lost her own; a bulfinch is sitting on a second batch of eggs, her first having miscarried; and a goldfinch has a nest containing three young ones. Some time since, a hawk flew into the garden, and pounced down upon a bramblingfinch which was incautiously resting upon the inner side of the netting. In an instant the pate of the quarry was laid bare of feathers, but the bird is still alive and active. We are happy to hear that Mr. Foster is always ready to oblige any decent person who may desire to see his aviary, and we can assure our readers that it is really a delightful sight, and we heartily wish every body who keeps birds to follow his example of giving them plenty of room in which to sing, fly, hop, skip, and jump.



## Progress of Suicide among the Ancients.

CONCLUDED.

PLINY tells us of a private lady, unknown to fame; who, judging the disorders under which her husband laboured to be incurable, and unwilling that he should live longer in torment, not only advised him to put an end to his wretched being, but promised herself to become the example, the leader, the companion of his death. This she accomplished by tying her husband's body to her own, and then plunging into the Larian lake, which was beneath their chamber window. Pliny, in detailing this event, thus moralises:—"Of how great consequence to an action is the person who puts it into execution; for the very same acts are either highly extolled or greatly depreciated, according to the renown or obscurity of those who perform them;" and he adds, "The person only and not the action was inferior to that of the distinguished Arria." This Roman matron, wishing to inspire her timid husband, who had been engaged in a conspiracy against the Emperor Claudius, with resolution not to fall by the hands of a public executioner, to whose stroke he was condemned, plunged a dagger first into her breast, and with a smile exclaimed: "My Pætus, it hurts not!" This example inspired her husband with courage to imitate it. Martial has, in his 14th epigram, given a happy turn to the advice of Arria—

"When the chaste Arria to her Pætus bore

The dagger, reeking with her bosom's gore,  
My wound, if faith be mine, inflicts no smart,  
'Tis that my Pætus gives must wring my heart."

Resolution seems to have distinguished the women belonging to this family. Thrasia Pætus, a man of excellent character and unshaken integrity, was condemned by the tyrant Nero. When his doom was fixed, his wife, the younger Arria, was very earnest to follow her mother's example and die with Thrasia; but he entreated her to live for the sake of their infant daughter. He then took Helvidius, his son-in-law, and the philosopher Demetrius into his chamber, where, having cut the veins of both his arms, he sprinkled some of the blood on the floor, as an offering to Jupiter Liberator. Turning to Helvidius, "Young man," said he, "behold this spectacle—and may the gods avert the omen from you! but you are born in days, in which it is necessary to strengthen your resolution by such examples of firmness."

Seneca, in his 77th Epistle, tells with approbation a story of one Marcellinus, who, almost worn out with disease, began to think of suicide; on which point he assembled his friends for consultation round his sick bed. Each gave him the advice most suitable to his respective interests and inclinations. But that which pleased him best, says Seneca, was given by a Stoic to the following purpose. "Be not tormented, my Marcellinus, as if you were deliberating on any great matter. Life is a thing of no dignity or importance. Your very slaves, your animals possess it, in common with yourself; but it is a great thing to die honourably, prudently, bravely. Think how long you have been engaged in the same dull course:—eating, sleeping, and indulging your appetites. This has been the circle of life. Not only a prudent, a brave, or a wretched man, in your situation, may wish to die, but even a fastidious one." This reasoning, which pleased Seneca, confirmed Marcellinus, who starved himself to death.

The elegant and accomplished Atticus exhibits the ease and notoriety with which a Roman could determine his own death. At the age of 77, Atticus laboured under a painful disorder; he called his friends into his chamber, and communicated to them his resolution to starve himself to death. "You are witnesses," said he, "how earnestly I have striven against my disorder. In this, I trust, I have given you satisfaction, though it has been to no purpose. I must now consult for myself. I would not wish to conceal from you, that from henceforward I shall cease to nourish my disorder by taking any substance; since whatever I now receive only serves to increase my pains by protecting my life. I should wish you to approve of my design, or not to attempt advising me against it." His friends warmly remonstrated with him against the sacrifice of his valuable life; but Atticus continued inexorable; and the fifth day's abstinence relieved him from bodily pain.

Starving was a very usual mode of suicide among the Romans, especially in cases of obdurate distemper. Strange and unaccountable as it may now appear, there was often an indulgence in the protraction of a voluntary death, of which a sudden one would have deprived its careless possessor. Of this there is a remarkable instance in the self-murder of Petronius. The levity which distinguished his voluntary death accorded with the gaiety and frivolity of his life. The capricious friendship of Nero had begun withdrawn from Petronius, and fully aware that he could not long escape the murderous edict, after a fall from the summit of imperial favour, he determined to die. This *arbitrarius elegantiarum*, during the remaining period of his life, resolved to indulge in a luxurious refinement of that death he was preparing to encounter. He opened and closed his veins at pleasure: he slept during the intervals, or sauntered about and enjoyed the pleasures of conversation with his friends. But his subjects were not of that appropriate and important nature which distinguished the dying lips of a Socrates or Seneca; and as Tacitus observes, "there was no talk of the soul's immortality,

or the doctrines of wise men, but of light poems and wanton couplets." The poet Lucien was another instance of this sort of indulgent serenity in the gradual approach of his death. After the veins of his arm had been voluntarily opened, and he had lost a quantity of blood, he felt his hands and his legs, as it were, already dead, while the vital parts were still warm and vigorous.

Cocceus Nerva, a man of skill and knowledge in the laws of his country, prosperous in his affairs, sound in his health, flourished in court favour, and yet meditated suicide. The Emperor Tiberius urged many powerful arguments to divert him from his purpose. He inquired into his reasons, he soothed and entreated him, and at length professed how prejudicial it would be to his, the Emperor's character and reputation, should his bosom friend thus put an end to his life without assigning a reason. But Nerva was resolute, and died by voluntary abstinence. His friends afterwards intimated a cause which probably swayed with Nerva, but which he wished to conceal from his imperial friend, that he was displeased with the state of public affairs, and anxious for the consequences; that he saw these were daily growing worse and worse, which determined him to die whilst his own integrity was yet untainted.

The circumstances accompanying the voluntary deaths of Lucius Vetus, his mother-in-law Sextia, and Pollutia his daughter, were truly affecting. Vetus, being of the number of those who, in the reign of Nero, were destined to fall victims to the villany of informers, prevented the stroke of the executioner, on the entreaties of the female branches of his family, who determined to bear him company in this bloody catastrophe. He first distributed all the wealth in his possession amongst his domestics, ordering them, at the same time, to remove out of the house everything they were able for their own use; leaving only three couches to support their three dead bodies. They then all three retired into the same chamber, and opened their veins with the same lancet, calmly awaiting a delivery from life. The eyes of the grandmother and father were fixed on the daughter; while those of the daughter wandered from one to the other. It was the earnest wish of each of them to die first, and to leave the others in the very act of expiring. But nature preserved her course, and they expired in the order of their births.

We have seen how prevalent the practice of suicide was in the Roman Empire, whilst it continued heathen; the principle was equally deep-rooted in the breasts of those Scythian or Gothic nations, who were daily pouring down on the Roman provinces. But the Romans and their conquerors agreed in this practice from the most opposite principles; the former to avoid evils in this life, the latter to gain additional rewards in another. The cast and fashion of the times, which, too frequently, either entirely warp the mind from just principles of action, or lead it to interpret these principles according to the habits and practices of the age, excited prejudices in favour of suicide among the early professors of Christianity. Some thought it a duty incumbent to take shelter in suicide as a refuge from the hazard of defection from the faith in Christ. A dread of the want of resolution and constancy to endure the torments of persecution without wavering—a fear of losing the sceptre of virginity, or the crown of martyrdom, induced others to seek a doubtful shelter in self-murder.

An intemperate zeal sometimes led the early Christians, in whose principles there is too often a more than Pagan ferocity discoverable, to accuse themselves before the magistrates, and to demand that condemnation to which the rescript of Trajan rendered them liable, and which they might otherwise have escaped; thus becoming in effect suicides. A remarkable instance of this kind is recorded by Tertullian in his letter to Scapula. When Arius Antoninus was pro-consul in Asia, in the reign of Adrian, great numbers of Christians, who were inflamed with a desire of martyrdom, surrounded his tribunal in a body, and demanded their own condemnation. The Roman governor was struck with the novelty of the scene, and naturally was unwilling to condemn so many self-devoted victims. He, therefore, ordered a few to be led away to death in hopes of deterring the rest; but, finding them still resolute in their wild purpose, he regarded them with a mixture of astonishment and contempt for their obstinacy and madness:—"Miserable wretches!" he exclaimed, "have you not ropes and precipices sufficient to dispatch yourselves, without giving me the trouble of condemning you?"

The most remarkable body of Christian suicides were the Donatists, who caused great trouble and confusion in the African church during the fourth and fifth centuries. The rise and growth of the Donatist schism, "which afflicted the province of Africa about 300 years, and was extinguished only with Christianity itself," is one of the most curious and bloody pages in the progress of the primitive Christians; here, however, we can only notice it so far as it illustrates our subject. That the Donatists had a strong propensity to self-murder, and destroyed themselves in great numbers out of a furious zeal for martyrdom in honour of their sect, is agreed by all ecclesiastical historians. "To kill themselves," says Augustin, "out of respect for martyrdom is their daily sport." "Among the heathens," says Baronius, "you may here and there find one Empedocles, who will burn himself; but among the Donatists there are swarms of such men." "The rage of the Donatists," writes Gibbon, who paints from Augustin, "was enflamed by a

phrensy of a very extraordinary kind; and which, really prevailed among them, cannot be paralleled in any country or in any age. Many of these fanatics were possessed with the horror life, and the desire of martyrdom; and, they deemed it of little moment by what means or by what hands they perished, if their conduct was sanctified by the intention of devoting themselves to the glory of the true faith and the hopes of eternal happiness. Sometimes they rudely disturbed the festivity, and profaned the temples of paganism, with the design of exciting the most zealous of the idolators to revenge the insulted honour of their gods. They sometimes forced their way into the courts of justice, and compelled the affrighted judge to give orders for their immediate execution. They frequently stopped travellers on public highways,\* and obliged them to inflict the stroke of martyrdom by a promise of a reward, if they consented,—and by the threat of instant death, if they refused to grant so very singular a favour. When they were disappointed of every other resource, they pronounced the day on which, in the presence of their friends and brethren, they should cast themselves headlong from some lofty rock; and many precipices were shown which had acquired fame by the number of these religious suicides."

But there was another crown to which the female Christians aspired, and which they laboured zealously to obtain even than that of martyrdom: it was the crown of virginity, on which so high a value was set in the early ages of Christianity. Eusebius, and other ecclesiastical writers, mention many Christian women who put themselves to violent deaths by drowning, leaping from precipices, or other ways, when the confusion of the times threatened them with violation; and so the fathers speak of these voluntary suicides with great tenderness, if not with a degree of approbation; a many of these virgin suicides were admitted into the calendar of saints. Gibbon, whose sympathy, Pore happily remarked, never slept except when women were violated and priests persecuted, in describing the siege and sack of Rome by the Goths (A.D. 410), says: "The brutal soldiers satisfied their sensual appetites without consulting the inclination or the duties of the female captives: and a nice question of casuistry was seriously agitated, whether those tender virgins, who had inflexibly refused their consent to the violation which they sustained, had lost, by their misfortune, the glorious crown of virginity?" This question is fully discussed by St. Augustin in his celebrated work, *De Civitate Dei*, in which he makes some curious distinctions between moral and physical virginity. In this production, Augustin resolves the case of these female suicides to worthy of compassion, but he allows no sort of necessity for their committing such violence on themselves.

On this subject, however, other fathers of the church are not so orthodox as St. Augustin; and amid many instances of this sort, the voluntary self-sacrifice of Pelagia at the shrine of her own chastity, seems to have arrested the chief attention of the fathers, who dwell on the circumstances of her death with much energy. St. John Chrysostom, or the Golden Mouth, wrote a homily in praise of this virgin-suicide. "She was prepared," he says, "at the age of 15 years endure tortures and every kind of pain; but she feared to lose the crown of virginity, to preserve which she destroyed herself. Hence it was perceivable that her host of tormentors and hangmen struck a greater dread into the soul of Pelagia than all their instruments of torture, and from the power of which host she was determined to snatch herself. She aimed both at the crown of martyrdom and the crown of virginity; there being so great a hazard of losing the latter, she just cause to prevent so great an injury to herself by previous voluntary death." The love of chastity procured for Pelagia a place amongst the records of the saints. St. Ambrose, who was an enthusiast for virginity and actually wrote a book, *De Virginitate*, bestows the highest encomiums on the action of Pelagia, and zealously commends, through her, the behaviour of the women, who killed themselves to avoid the hazard of violation. St. Jerome, also, who countenanced the exalted notions of the spiritual worth of virginity, except the case of preserving chastity from his general censures of suicide. "It is not our duty," says he, "to rush to death, but only to submit to it contentedly when brought on us by others. Hence, even in times of persecution it is not lawful to die by our own hands, except when chastity is in danger, but to submit ourselves to the executioner." Lactantius was also of the same opinion.

In the last year of the reign of the Emperor Philip (A.D. 249), a violent persecution was raised in Alexandria against the Christians. So great was the confusion that for some days Alexandria seemed like a city taken by storm. The heathen persecutors seized "the admirable Appollonia, whom old age and the state of virginity rendered equally venerable." Their repeated blows on her jaws beat out all her teeth. At last, she made a great fire without the city, and threatened to cast her into it, if she did not utter certain improp-

\* "Some Catholics, who met them in this mad phrensy to save their own lives, and not imbrue their hands in the blood of these fanatics, insisted first upon binding them before they could proceed to do them the desired good turn in sacrificing them; but, when they were tied, before they came to their senses, and were contented to live, as Theodoret relates."—*Butler's Lives*.



ords. She begged for a moment's delay, as if it had  
en to deliberate on the proposal; but, to convince her  
rescutors that her sacrifice was perfectly voluntary,  
e no sooner found herself at liberty, than, of her own  
cord, she leaped into the flames.

#### An Original Fable for our Young Readers.

ONE summer's day a grasshopper was perched on the  
stalk of a flower, and chirping most beautifully in his  
own conceit. Presently, a caterpillar crawled up the  
same stalk, and politely requested the grasshopper to  
allow her to pass by him that she might satisfy the crav-  
ings of her hunger with the tender leaves that grew upon  
it. Instead of kindly complying, the grasshopper kicked  
the poor caterpillar down, exclaiming, "Begone, thou  
crawling thing! how durst thou have the impu-  
dence to interrupt me in the midst of my music?"  
The caterpillar, who was admired and praised  
by all the poets and musicians, would make way for a  
grasshopper like thee; one who is hated even by  
the market-gardeners? Begone, I say!" The disappointed  
caterpillar made no reply, but quietly turned away,  
and, after a tiresome journey, met with food elsewhere;  
and having eaten some, it soon changed into a chrysa-  
lida. Some weeks afterwards, that disobedient grasshop-  
per was chirping very loudly on the same plant as be-  
fore, when a butterfly settled upon a lower part of the  
stalk, and there displayed her brilliant and beautiful  
wings. The grasshopper saw her, and stopped his music  
while he gazed in admiration upon her magnificent  
furniture. "Lovely creature!" he exclaimed, "I am  
delighted to excess with thy splendid attire. Thou art  
rely the queen of the insect tribe; therefore sit not  
low me, but above me. Sit not there, but let the  
ghost flower be thy throne." The butterfly silently  
took the hint, and having seated herself on the highest  
flower, the grasshopper begged that she would make him  
her minstrel till death. To this the butterfly consented,  
and then the grasshopper struck up a cheerful song,  
thinking it would amuse her. When he ceased singing,  
he expected the butterfly would utter some fine compli-  
ment on his musical talent; but she remained quite  
mute and unmoved. At length he ventured to address  
her with "My noble mistress, how dost thou like my  
music? I flatter myself that I sing better than any  
grasshopper in the universe." "Indeed," replied the  
butterfly, "then I will place thee in a situation where  
you canst better distinguish thyself. Follow me!"

The butterfly flew from flower to flower, and the  
grasshopper hopped after her. They presently came to  
a steep and high bank. The butterfly flew over it with  
ease, but the grasshopper was obliged to use all his  
strength to spring over it, and when he descended on  
the other side, he stuck fast in a muddy bog on the opposite  
bank. The butterfly alighted on a flower close by, and,  
addressing him, said, "See, I have kept my promise.  
I have placed thee in a situation where thou mayest sing  
to thy advantage. There, the robin, the nightingale, and  
every other bird may easily find thee if they desire thy  
acquaintance. Sing, I command thee to sing!" "Ex-  
cuse me, kind mistress," said the grasshopper, "pray  
excuse me, for I am stuck in the mud, and too exposed  
to danger to think of music. Cast thy dignity aside,  
therefore, and condescend to assist thy servant in this  
predicament." "What next!" exclaimed the butterfly  
in astonishment, "hast thou the impudence to ask thy  
superior and noble mistress to soil her gay dress in helping  
thee out of the mud. A pretty notion that I should  
deign to help thee out. Pray, dost thou forget that,  
when, some few short days ago, a poor needy caterpillar  
wanted to pass thee to get at some food which grew over  
thy head, thy haughty pride was offended, and thou  
didst kick the poor wretch down?" "So I did," said  
the grasshopper, "but it was far my inferior." "Your  
superior!" cried the butterfly. "What, sir, am I your  
superior? I would have thee to know that in my youth  
I was a caterpillar, and the very one thou didst so cruelly  
kick down. Am I thy inferior?" "Oh, dear, no!"  
answered the grasshopper, "thou art so far my superi-  
or that I am unworthy of the honour of being the min-  
strel to so great a personage." "Base flatterer!" ex-  
claimed the butterfly, "I will take thee at thy word, for  
thou shalt not have that honour any longer, as thou hast  
declared thyself unworthy of it. Like a prisoner in the  
stocks, thou shalt remain in the mud for having insulted  
me in the time of my youth and privation. Adieu,  
merry minstrel, adieu!" Away flew the butterfly, and  
in a second she was out of sight.

"I am undone! I am undone!" cried the grass-  
hopper, in despair. "No matter, no matter," said a  
frog, who had silently witnessed the grasshopper's disaster,  
and heard the previous discourse; "no matter whether  
thou art undone or overdone, thou art quite as accept-  
able to my appetite; so come along my inside-pas-  
senger." And so saying, the frog swallowed him at one  
mouthful.

From this fable our young readers, and our old ones  
too, may learn that it is not only uncharitable and  
wicked to despise or insult a person whose appearance  
is plain and humble, poor and wretched, but it is also  
most imprudent and unwise to do so; for he may possess  
abilities which may one day raise him so much above  
ourselves, that we may not only long to be in his com-  
pany, but may urgently require some service he may

then be best qualified to render us. How confused and  
ashamed we shall then look, if he say to us, "When I  
was poor and needy you shunned me, and treated me  
rudely; but now that I am prosperous, you court my  
society, and solicit favours of me." If you read the  
biographies of great men, you will find that many of  
those who have conferred the greatest benefits on man-  
kind were poor and humble before they entered on their  
bright career of fame and fortune. As the brightest  
butterfly may come from the lowliest caterpillar, be thou  
civil and obliging to all men, whether they be princes  
or paupers.

#### Jottings of a Rambler.

LAST MAY I walked from the Lower-road, Greenwich,  
to Plumstead, in Kent. Continuing along this road,  
which looked very pretty with its green hedges and  
flowery banks, I entered the lane leading from the river  
side to Charlton Church. In this lane, rendered very  
picturesque by its windings and high rugged banks, I  
saw, for the first time in the year, those pretty creatures  
the peacock-butterfly and the orange-tip butterfly. En-  
tering the little wood on the right hand side of the lane,  
I noticed, in the side of a sand-pit, several circular  
holes, which are probably the old nests of sand martins  
(*Hirundo riparia*). Some of them, however, are at  
present occupied by sparrows, several of which I saw  
flying in and out of them. The catchweed beetle (*Ty-  
maria coriacea*), the oil-beetle (*Meloe proscarabeus*),  
and a few other species of beetles, were crawling about  
on the ground. Leaving the wood, I re-entered the  
lane, from the top of which I enjoyed a fine view of the  
river, sparkling here and there in the rays of the sun,  
which every now and then threw a silvery brightness  
upon the sails of some passing yacht. While looking  
down upon this scene I heard the cry of the cuckoo, to  
me one of the most agreeable sounds, as it strongly re-  
calls the happy days of past springs, and tells of the fine  
days that are to come. Passing through Charlton and  
Woolwich, I came to Plumstead, where I sought refresh-  
ment in the Green Man Tavern. Casting a look round  
the parlour walls, I observed a framed bill, announcing  
that the landlord's "Original Songs" might be pur-  
chased for a few halfpence at the bar, and I immediately  
provided myself with them. Here is a choice specimen  
of this publican's muse, rather a *rum* specimen to be  
sure, and somewhat out of measure; but then we must  
remember his *license* is more accommodating than that  
of common poets:—

Oh! what a strange queer world we move in,  
As every day keeps a-dying;  
Between folks now there's nought but contention,  
In scheming to make some new invention;  
And although we know there's a proverb runs, Sir,  
That there's nothing new comes under the sun, Sir,  
Yet Murphy proves 'tis not a fact, Sir,  
For he has made a new Almanac, Sir!

Chorus—All the people's heads are turned topsy-turvy,  
Through the Almanac of Mister Murphy.

In my young days, Sir,—I recollect it—  
The rain used to come when we didn't expect it,  
And many a time when a-courting I've bin, Sir,  
I've got soaked through with the rain to the skin, Sir;  
But those young gents who to courting incline now,  
May pick out a day when its sure to be fine now;  
And young ladies, too, may their lovers meet, Sir,  
Without any fear of wetting their feet, Sir,  
All the people's heads, &c.

The laundress, too, at the wash-tub plying  
Will look for a fair day, Sir, for drying,  
For the wind it this or that way lays so  
Because this Mister Murphy says so!  
Tax-gatherers now will wear goloshes,  
Put on their capes and their mackintoshes,  
And go collecting every way, Sir,  
From those who save for a rainy day, Sir,  
All the people's heads, &c.

There's some folks wise and some are otherwise,  
And this Mister Murphy's now turned weatherwise;  
I wonder what next they'll bring on the carpet  
For wonder-seeking folks to carp at;  
The moon, they'll prove is made of green cheese p'rhaps,  
For there's nothing now comes amiss to these chaps;  
Or the sun's a fire, and if they could but grab it  
They'd cook the moon with it and make a Welsh rabbit."

Our host is, perhaps, the first instance of a publican  
being a poet. It is barely possible, however, that  
Shakespeare, whose *Life* is very uncertain, was a pub-  
lican. If Mr. Armitage Brown can prove the immortal  
bard to have been a lawyer's clerk on the mere evidence  
of his legal phrases, surely his several notices of public-  
houses and their landlords may induce a suspicion that  
he himself followed the same calling.

In Plumstead churchyard, I copied the following  
singular epitaph from a tombstone, which stands on the  
right-hand side of the path:—

Weep not for me, my parents dear  
There is no witness wanted here  
The hammer of Death was giv' to me  
For eating the Cherries off the tree  
Next morning Death was to me so sweet,  
My blis'd Jesus for to meet,  
He did ease me of my pain,  
And I did join his holy train  
The cruel one his death can't shun  
For he must go when his glass is run

The horrors of Death is sure to meet  
And tak his trail at the Judgment seat."

The boy, who is the subject of this precious epitaph,  
was found, I am told, killed in an orchard; that he was  
supposed to have been murdered, but that there was not  
sufficient evidence to trace the cruel deed to any party.  
The schoolmaster and the poet must have been abroad  
when this beautiful epitaph was written in the year  
1812, only twenty-eight years ago!! Crossing the fields  
to Old Abbey Farm, and then turning to the right, I  
got upon Plumstead Common, or, as some call it, Bostall  
Common. The high road is cut through the common,  
which consists of two or three steep mounds; and hence  
the latter name of it,—*bostall*, signifying in Suffolk, and  
probably here in Kent, *a way up a hill*. From the top  
of the highest mound there is a beautiful prospect of the  
meandering Thames, the opposite county of Essex, and  
the overgrown city of London. Striking across the  
common, I repaired to an old church, that of the adjoining  
village of Wickam. The only thing I here found  
worthy of notice was the simple record in the churchyard  
that, "Under this stone lyeth buried the body of George  
Hamp, who departed this life the 23 of May 1659, at  
the age of 64 years, who hath given five pounds  
towards a stool for the poore of this parish for ever."

#### The Affected Modesty of Authors.

It has been frequently asserted that modesty is ever  
the criterion of genius; but this observation, like some  
other ancient and modern instances, appears to be falla-  
cious, at least when it is meant to signify that the man  
who cultivates his intellect, enriches his mind, and re-  
flects, as it were, the rays of knowledge which he has  
imbibed, should be unconscious of the good he thereby  
confers upon his fellow men, and the acknowledgment  
which is due to him. Indeed, were the axiom of modesty  
true, every writer who should present himself to public  
notice saying—

"Write me down an ass,"

would be considered, because of his modest estimate of  
himself, as a first rate genius, one of those rare creatures  
who

"Do good by stealth  
And blush to find it fame."

Such modesty, however, instead of being the veil of  
bashful genius, is generally a garb assumed to elicit admi-  
ration, compliments, or flattery in any and every shape.  
When an author presents himself before the public,  
holding a fan up to his eyes, and professing the greatest  
unwillingness to speak of his "imperfect" performance,  
and aping all the other forms of literary humility, what  
is this but acknowledging himself to be incapable of  
instructing his very pupils; and these, pleased with the  
pretended deference paid to them, do not believe his  
account of himself and reject him accordingly; but they  
applaud him, assure him that he is not the simple  
Christophero Sly he represents, but a sage indeed.  
Were an author in earnest when he speaks so detract-  
ingly of his works, would he not feel himself ridiculed  
by the responsive applause of those whom he really  
believed to be superior to himself.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.

The fact is, that when an author makes the modest pro-  
fession, he thinks the very opposite of what he says, and  
this piece of silly deceit is understood by the public, who  
rather than confess the absurdity of testing genius by  
modesty, are ever ready to censure the author who has  
the temerity to assume the common right of warranting  
the excellence of the goods he offers for sale.

SAYINGS ILLUSTRATED.—"I'm quite at your ser-  
vice," as the roasted sucking pig said to the dinner party.  
"My character is at *steak*," as the butcher said when  
the old lady complained of his bad meat. "You forget  
who you're speaking to," as her Majesty said to the  
parrot. "Mind your own business," as the nobleman  
said to the tailor when he requested his lordship to pay  
his bill. "A little learning is a dangerous thing," as the  
savage said when he learnt to drink spirits. "You'll  
never set the Thames on fire," as the beadle said to the  
pump. "You're coming it strong," as the bishop said  
when the beggar asked him for sumpence. "Can't you  
see where you're coming?" as the chimney pot said to  
the thunder-bolt. "Man wants but little here below,"  
as the doctor said to the prussic acid. "Better luck next  
time," as the duellist said when he received his fatal  
wound. "The least said is the soonest mended," as the  
fool said when he split his inexpressibles. "After you  
is manners," as the policeman said when he pursued  
the thief. "There are more means than one," as the  
miser said when his poor relation called him a mean  
fellow. "Crying won't mend it," as the priest said  
when he broke his fast. "It's harder where there's  
none," as the girl said of the hard frost. "A stitch in  
time saves nine," as the Irishman said when he had a  
stitch in his side. "Don't be in such a hurry," as the  
cook said to the hasty pudding. "The better day, the  
better deed," as Cardigan said when he flogged the sol-  
dier on a Sunday. "Blow me," as the cold meat said  
to the fly. "Wind up your affairs," as the sun-dial  
said to the clock. "Do be still," as the wind said to  
the weather cock. "On the light fantastic toe," as the  
boy said to his chilblains.



### The Humour and Pathos of Charles O'Malley.

THE present number of this excellent serial sustains its usual character in an eminent degree by the rapid change from the humorous to the pathetic, a style of writing in which the author is unsurpassed. The following specimens will amply justify this opinion.

#### HOW TO GET RID OF A MESSMAN.

Dr. Quill is dressing a wound received by our hero, and tells him the following story by way of a salve:—  
 "A little lint here—bend your arm—that's it—don't move your fingers. Now, Mickey, make me a cup of coffee with a class of brandy in it. And now, Charley, for Sparkes. I believe I told you what kind of fellows the tenth were—regular out and outers; we hadn't three men in the regiment that were not from the south of Ireland; the 'Bocca Corkana' on their lips, fun and devilment in their eyes, and more drollery and humbug in their hearts than in all the messes in the service put together. No man had any chance among them if he wasn't a real droll one: every man wrote his own song, and sang then too: it was no small promotion could tempt a fellow to exchange out of the corps. You may think, then, what a prize your friend Sparkes proved to us; we held a court-martial upon him the week after he joined; it was proved in evidence that he never said a good thing in his life, and had about as much notion of a joke as a Cherokee has of the Court of Chancery; and, as to singing, Lord bless you! he had a tune with wooden turns to it, it was most cruel to hear; and then the look of him: those eyes, like dropsical oysters, and the hair standing every way, like a field of insane flax, and a mouth, with a curl in it like the slit in the inside of a fiddle. A pleasant fellow that for a mess that always boasted the best looking chaps in the service."

"What's to be done with him?" said the major; "shall we tell him we were ordered to India, and terrify him about his liver?"

"Or drill him into a hectic fever?"

"Or drink him dry?"

"Or get him into a fight, and wing him?"

"Oh no," said I, "leave him to me: we'll laugh him out of the corps."

"Yes, we'll leave him to you, Maurice," said the rest. "And that day week you might read in the Gazette, 'Pierce Flynn O'Hagerty, to be ensign, tenth foot, vice Sparkes exchanged.'"

But how was it done, Maurice? you haven't told me that."

"Nothing easier. I affected great intimacy with Sparkes; bemoaned our hard fate, mutually, in being attached to such a regiment; a damnable corps this—low, vulgar fellows—practical jokes; not the kind of thing one expects in the army. But, as for me, I've joined it partly from necessity. You, however, who might be in a crack regiment, I can't conceive your remaining in it."

"But why did you join, doctor?" said he; "what necessity could have induced you?"

"Ah! my friend," said I, "that is the secret; that is the hidden grief that must lie buried in my own bosom."

"I saw his curiosity was excited, and took every means to increase it further. At length, as if yielding to a sudden impulse of friendship, and having sworn him to secrecy, I took him aside, and began thus:—"

"I may trust, you Sparkes; I feel I may, and when I tell you that my honour, my reputation, my whole fortune is at stake, you will judge of the importance of the trust."

"The goggle eyes rolled fearfully, and his features exhibited the most craving anxiety to hear the story."

"You wish to know why I left the fifty-sixth. Now I'll tell you, but mind; you're pledged, you're sworn, never to divulge it."

"Honour bright!"

"There, that's enough: I'm satisfied. It was a slight infraction of the articles of war; a little breach of the rules and regulations of the service; a trifling misconception of the mess code: they caught me one evening leaving the mess with—what do you think in my pocket? but you'll never tell! No, no, I know you will not: eight forks and a gravy-spoon; silver forks every one of them; devil a lie in it."

"There now," said I, grasping his hand, "you have my secret; my fame and character are in your hands; for you see, they made me quit the regiment; a man can't stay in a corps where he is laughed at."

"Covering my face with my handkerchief, as if to conceal my shame, I turned away and left Sparkes to his meditations. That same evening we happened to have some strangers at mess, the bottle was passing freely round, and, as usual, the good spirits of the party at the top of their bent; when suddenly, from the lower end of the table, a voice was heard demanding, in tones of the most pompous importance, permission to address the president upon a topic were the honour of the whole regiment is concerned."

"I rise, gentlemen," said Mr. Sparkes, "with feelings the most painful; whatever may have been the laxity of habit and freedom of conversation habitual in this regiment, I never believed that so flagrant an instance as this morning came to my ears."

"Oh! murder," said I; "Oh, Sparkes, darling, sure you're not going to tell?"

"Doctor Quill," replied he in an austere tone, "it is impossible for me to conceal it."

"Oh! Sparkes dear, will you betray me?"

"I gave him here a look of the most imploring entreaty, to which he replied by one of unflinching sternness."

"I have made up my mind, sir," continued he, "it is possible the officers of this corps may look more leniently than I do upon this transaction; but know it they shall."

"Out with it, Sparkes—tell it by all means," cried a number of voices, for it was clear to every one, by this time, that he was involved in a hoax."

"Amid, therefore, a confused volley of entreaty on one side, and my reiterated prayers for his silence on the other, Sparkes thus began:

"Are you aware, gentlemen, why Dr. Quill left the fifty-sixth?"

"No, no, no," rang from all sides, "let's have it."

"No, sir!" said he, turning towards me, "concealment

is impossible:—An officer detected with the mess plate in his pocket—"

"They never let him finish, for a roar of laughter shook the table from one end to the other, while Sparkes, horror struck at the lack of feeling and propriety that could make men treat such a matter with ridicule, glared around him on every side."

"Oh! Maurice, Maurice," cried the major, wiping his eyes, "this is too bad—this is too bad."

"Gracious heaven," screamed Sparkes, "can you laugh at it?"

"Laugh at it," re-echoed the paymaster. "God grant I only don't burst a blood vessel;" and, once more, the sounds of merriment rang out anew, and lasted several minutes."

"Oh! Maurice Quill," cried an old captain, "you've been too heavy on the lad: why, Sparkes, man, he's been humbugging you."

"Scarcely were the words spoken when he sprang from the room; the whole truth flashed at once upon his mind; in an instant he saw that he had exposed himself to the merciless ridicule of a mess table, and that all peace for him in that regiment at least was over."

"We got a glorious fellow in exchange for him; and Sparkes descended into a cavalry regiment—I ask your pardon, Charley—where, as you are well aware, sharp wit and quick intellect are by no means indispensable. There now, don't be angry, or you'll do yourself harm: so good-by for an hour or two."

#### THE STORMING OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.

Whatever the levity of the previous moment, the scene before us now repressed it effectually. The deep-toned bell of the cathedral tolled seven, and scarcely were its notes dying away in the distance when the march of the columns were heard stealing along the ground. A low murmuring whisper ran along the advanced files of the forlorn hope; stocks were loosened, packs and knapsacks thrown to the ground; each man pressed his cap more firmly down upon his brow, and, with lip compressed and steadfast eye, waited for the word to move."

It came at last: the word "march;" passed in whispers from rank to rank, and the dark mass moved on. What a moment was that, as we advanced to the foot of the breach! The consciousness that, at the same instant from different points of that vast plain, similar parties were moving on; the feeling that, on a word, the flame of the artillery and the flash of steel would spring from that dense cloud, and death and carnage in every shape our imagination can conceive, be dealt on all sides. The hurried fitful thought of home; the years long past, compressed into one minute's space; the last adieu to all we've loved, mingling with the muttered prayer to heaven, while, high above all, the deep pervading sense that earth has no temptation strong enough to turn us from that path whose ending must be a sepulchre."

Each heart was too full for words. We followed noiselessly along the turf, the dark figure of our leader guiding us through the gloom. On arriving at the ditch, the party with the ladders moved to the front. Already some hay packs were thrown in, and the forlorn hope sprang forward."

All was still and silent as the grave. "Quietly, my men—quietly!" said M'Kinnon; "don't press." Scarcely had he spoke when a musket, whose charge, contrary to orders, had not been drawn, went off. The whizzing bullet could not have struck the wall, when suddenly a bright flame burst forth from the ramparts, and shot upwards towards the sky. For an instant the whole scene before us was bright as noonday. On one side the dark ranks and glistening bayonets of the enemy; on the other, the red uniform of the British columns: compressed like some solid wall, they stretched along the plain."

A deafening roll of musketry from the extreme right announced that the third division was already in action, while the loud cry of our leader as he sprang into the trench, summoned us to the charge. The leading sections, not waiting for the ladders, jumped down, others pressed rapidly behind them, when a loud rumbling thunder crept along the earth, a hissing crackling noise followed, and from the dark ditch a forked and livid lightning burst like the flame from a volcano, and a mine exploded. Hundreds of shells and grenades scattered along the ground were ignited at the same moment; the air sparkled with the whizzing fuses; the musketry plied incessantly from the walls, and every man of the leading company of the stormers was blown to pieces. While this dreadful catastrophe was enacting before our eyes, the different assaults were made on all sides; the whole fortress seemed girt around with fire. From every part arose the yells of triumph and the shouts of the assailants. As for us, we stood upon the verge of the ditch breathless, hesitating, and horror-struck. A sudden darkness succeeded to the bright glare, but from the midst of the gloom the agonising cries of the wounded and the dying, rent our very hearts."

"Make way there! make way! here comes Mackie's party," cried an officer in the front, and as he spoke the forlorn hope of the eighty-eighth came forward at a run; jumping recklessly into the ditch, they made towards the breach; the supporting division of stormers gave one inspiring cheer, and sprang after them. The rush was tremendous; for scarcely had we reached the crumbling ruins of the rampart, when the vast column, pressing on like some mighty torrent, bore down upon our rear. Now commenced a scene to which nothing I ever before conceived of war could in any degree, compare: the whole ground, covered over with combustibles of every deadly and destructive contrivance, was rent open with a crash; the huge masses of masonry bounded into the air like things of no weight; the ringing clangour of the iron howitzers, the crackling of the fuses, the blazing splinters, the shouts of defiance, the more than savage yell of those in whose ranks alone the dead and the dying were numbered, made up a mass of sights and sounds almost maddening with their excitement. On we struggled; the mutilated bodies of the leading files almost filling the way."

By this time the third division had joined us, and the crush of our thickening ranks was dreadful; every moment some well-known leader fell dead or mortally

wounded, and his place was supplied by some fellow, who, springing from the leading files, scarcely have uttered his cheer of encouragement, himself was laid low. Many a voice, with whose name was familiar, would break upon my ear in tones of daring, and the next moment burst forth in a death cry. For above an hour the frightful carnage continued, troops continually advancing, but scarcely a foot of ground was made; the earth belched forth its volcanic fire that terrible barrier could no man pass. In turn the flame and the boldest would leap into the whizzing flame, the taunting cheers of the enemy triumphed in derision of the effort."

"Stormers, to the front! only the bayonet! try nothing but the bayonet," cried a voice, whose cheerful accents contrasted strangely with the death around, and Gurwood, who led the forlorn hope, fifty-second, bounded into the chasm; all the of sprang simultaneously after him; the men pressed on; a roll of withering musketry crashed upon them, furious shout replied to it. The British, springing the dead and the dying, bounded like blood-hounds their prey. Meanwhile, the ramparts trembled beneath the tramp of the light division, who, having forced the lesser breach, came down upon the flank of the British. The garrison, however, thickened their numbers, bravely held their ground. Man to man was now combat. No cry for quarter. No supplicating lewd mercy; it was the death struggle of vengeance and desperation. At this instant, an explosion louder than the thunder shook the air; the rent and torn up rampart sprang into the sky; the conquering and the conquered were all alike the victims: for one of the great magazines had been ignited by a shell; the black smoke, strewn with a lurid flame, hung above the dead and the dying. The artillery and the murderous musketry were still paralyzed, as it were, by the ruin and devastation before them: both sides stood leaning upon their arms; pause was but momentary; the cries of wounded comrades called upon their hearts. A fierce burst of vengeance, the air; the British closed upon the foe; for one instant they were met; the next, the bayonets gleamed upon the ramparts, and Ciudad Rodrigo was won."

\* This vivid picture of slaughter forcibly recalls the dignant reflections of Byron on the fearful waste of which took place in the Peninsula. The irony and sarcasm conveyed in the following stanzas deserve to be repeated along with every stirring tale of a well-fought battle field:—

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see  
 (For one who hath no friend, no brother there)  
 Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,  
 Their various arms that glitter in the air!  
 What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lairs  
 And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!  
 All join the chase, but few the triumph share;  
 The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,  
 And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array."

There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd fools!  
 Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!  
 Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,  
 The broken tools, that tyrants cast away  
 By myriads, when they dare to pave their way  
 With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone.  
 Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?  
 Or call with truth one span of earth their own,  
 Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone!"

Enough of Battle's minions! let them play  
 Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame:  
 Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay,  
 Though thousands fall to deck some single name.  
 In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim  
 Who strike, blast hirelings! for their country's good  
 And die, that living might have proved her shame!  
 Perish'd, perchance, in some domestic feud,  
 Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path pursued."

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,  
 Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,  
 Not Albuera lavish of the dead,  
 Have won for Spain her well-asserted right.  
 When shall her Olive-Branch be free from blight?  
 When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil?  
 How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,  
 Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,  
 And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil!"

ARAB CUNNING AND HOSPITALITY.—Some travellers had purchased a kid for their guides, who were elated the prospect of a savoury supper. The poor kid was loose, and ran bleating into our tent as if aware of its coming fate. All was activity and bustle to prepare the coming feast; the kid was killed and dressed with great dexterity and despatch; and its still quivering members were laid upon the fire and began to emit savoury odour particularly gratifying to Arab nostrils. But now change came over the fair scene. The Arabs of whom we had bought the kid had in some way learned that we were to encamp near; and naturally enough concluding that the kid was bought in order to be eaten, they thought good to honour our Arabs with a visit, to the number of five or six persons. Now the stern law of Bedawin hospitality demands, that whenever a guest is present at a meal whether there be much or little, the first and best portion must be laid before the stranger. In this instance the five or six guests attained their object, and had not only the selling of the kid, but also the eating of it; while our poor Arabs, whose mouths had long been watering with expectation, were forced to take up with the fragments. Besharah, who played the host, fared worst of all; and came afterwards to beg for a biscuit, saying he had lost the whole of his dinner.—*Travels in the East.*

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# CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL

"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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## Edinburgh Filth versus "London Dirt."

"O would some power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselves as others see us,  
It would from many a blunder free us,  
And foolish notion."

So said great-hearted Robert Burns, and so, at humble instance, say we. If there is one class more than another which requires to keep this supplication continually on their lips it is literary men, and more especially those who set themselves up as beacon-fires and universal enlighteners. If to assume a knowledge of the whole range of the arts and sciences,—if to be philosophers of the old school as well as political economists of the new, if to compile from other men's labours a whole library of information, and publish it as their own, be not beyond the bounds of modesty, such giant intellects ought at least to speak the truth on unimportant matters; and although a poor sweeper of a London street-crossing, did, in his ignorance of the mighty genius who had trod upon his pathway, touch his hat for a halfpenny, the universal informationist might have kept his temper as well as his coin, instead of exposing himself to the ridicule and contempt of all who know any thing of the great metropolis.

In thus alluding to the ill-natured misrepresentations of the conductors of an Edinburgh contemporary, who, on our first appearance, kindly informed the public that *they* were not responsible for anything except what emanated from themselves, we beg distinctly to state that our admiration of Scotland and its capital is as fervent and less selfish than theirs can be—that we abominate all attempts to excite prejudice between different towns and their inhabitants—that our desire from the beginning has been to expose the stupidity and wretchedness of such prejudices, and to assist in the distribution of better feelings, so that all classes of all districts might look upon each other as common dwellers in a common country. Nor need we repeat, that in giving to this Journal the name of its *bona fide* proprietor, we did so from no motive of deceit, no desire to imitate any existing publication. In the outset, we broadly announced the distinction, which, we confidently assert, has been well and ably marked, not only on the face of our Journal, but in the articles it contains, and the spirit of charity and good will to all with which they abound.

The *Edinburgh Journal*, some week or two ago, delighted the ignorant and disgusted the liberal, by a shamefully distorted and positively untrue account of London and its thoroughfares, and ungraciously contrasted the crowded and busy streets of the metropolis with the half-deserted promenades of Modern Athens. Not the least offensive quality of the article in question was the waspish style of superiority in which it was written, and the beadle-like authority with which improvement was demanded. To reason with such a villifier, and on such a subject, would be useless. Ridicule is the only appropriate weapon we can wield, and our readers will perhaps determine for us whether or not we know quite as much of Edinburgh, and more of London, than our great would-be instructors.

The system of cleaning practised in Edinburgh is recommended for adoption in London. The routine of scavenging in the northern capital is this, and "we place all the credit of this work upon it." About four in the morning a solitary street-sweeper may be seen or heard pursuing his calling, gathering with a long-handled broom all the mud and dirt he can collect into heaps by the gutter. At seven the dust bell awakens lazy housewives and servant-maids, and out they rush, in night-gown and night-cap, with their domiciliary treasures; these are arranged in goodly show on the edge of the pavement, awaiting the arrival of the cart, which, attended by two men, receives into its steaming jaw all that haste and carelessness can throw into it. The top and sides of the vehicle are plentifully covered with dripping perfume, and its track may be discovered by a long line of equally savoury particles which have been dropped by the way. The cart fairly out of sight, the scavenger goes to breakfast, with what "appetite he may,"

On his return, in an hour or two, with his broom, shovel, and barrow, he makes an attempt to polish up the street, by carrying away a portion of the loose material, which, be it recollected, he deposits in a quiet corner until the evening. At ten at night, the bell is again heard; the same regimented parade of buckets, slop-pails, and all the miscellany of the scullery, the wash-tub, and the chamber, takes place. This is the favourite hour for servant girls to loiter at "close-heads" and "entry-mouths;" this the chosen time when the enamourata of a kitchen maid is certain of an interview; for she must wait until the cart has passed, for fear the pail should be broken or stolen; and she does wait longer, pail in hand, until she has heard all that Sandy has to say, or until her mistress, some six or eight floors up, calls lustily for her to come and wait supper.

This is the every day cleaning of Edinburgh—a system against which the inhabitants complain, both loud and justly; but the political economists who manage the "watching and cleaning," are too frugal to adopt any change. The sewers of Edinburgh are more extensive than they were formerly, but the inhabitants cannot use them; they dare not, as formerly, throw their refuse to the street, that it may run to the grating of a sewer or not, according to its consistence; the cleaning committee are not inclined to allow the valuable material to run to the sea; it is much more profitable to hoard it up all day within doors, and to bring it out, as we have described, that it may be sold.

Suppose it were possible that the crowded Strand could permit so large an assemblage of vessels on the edge of the pavement, would the putrid effluvia be less gratifying to the olfactory nerve of the passengers than the "paste" which is said to abound in the middle of the road?

It is not our intention to poke our noses into the filthy recesses which abound in Edinburgh, as well as in all other large towns. But when we are told that every part of it is swept at least once a day, we sigh for the classic region of the College Wynd, the romantic beauties of Halkestone, and the delicate odours of the Pleasance. Where are the dungheaps which adorn and redolence Rose and Thistle lanes, in the hilly centre and very heart of the New Town? Where is the Low Calton? Has the gutter of Leith Wynd been covered up, or does it still rush proudly down the steep declivity? Have the putrid spots of the Vennel been swept from human eye? Do children no longer decorate the Grey Friars, church-yard wall? Do the arches of the bridges present no memorials of human visitation? Does that open receptacle at the foot of the Advocate's Close still gladden the light of day, or has the rude hand of improvement disturbed its venerable depth? Is the delectable corner at the foot of the "North Brig," still alone in its glory? Has all the "steep-slope down" to the Fish-market been once and for ever swept? Can that odouriferous lane, which leads from the Mound to Milne's-court, have been insulted by a scavenger's broom? Have our friends forgotten the purlieus of Old Broughton, or are the book-stall visions of Leith-walk, where they struggled through their boyhood, become like an ill-remembered dream? If all or one of these localities present an appearance of "unsunned snow," Edinburgh is a romantic town indeed, and romance can alone be spoken or written by its bold defenders.

There is a story of a miller who could not sleep beyond the noise of his own mill, and it is very possible that a person long accustomed to the morning and evening parade of Edinburgh might have his sense of smell offended by its absence while he walked the streets of London. His notion of smell must exactly be that of Dryden's idea of sound:—

"A horrid silence next invades the ear."

So a horrid absence of effluvia tickles his nasal organ, and he looks about for the cause. A man is seen sweeping the midway, and as a matter of course the turning up of

the mud must cause the sensation.\* Notwithstanding the vast number of carriages which traverse the streets of London, and the great quantity of mineral powder which must accumulate from the iron and stone—aye, and notwithstanding that the streets are only cleaned when the contractors please to take the mud away—the thoroughfares of London, we hesitate not to say, present as clean and comfortable walking as those of Edinburgh, which are somewhat carelessly swept every day. Every day! Why the main road to Laurieston, leading to the Meadows, (the St. James's Park of Edinburgh) is a disgrace to civilised society. The dust of Princes-street, the most fashionable promenade in the city, is outrageously annoying, and the piles of mud which are gathered along the Gardens have been the burial place of many a shoe, not to allude to the destruction of stockings and trowsers. Talk about the inhabitants of London being compelled to sweep the pavement in front of their houses, and of its likely to be better attended to by remunerated functionaries, and, more than all, of Edinburgh as a specimen of footway cleanliness! Why the unwieldy brooms of the scavengers can never get into or round a corner, as inimitable Reeve used to describe; every lamp-iron in Edinburgh is begrimed with mud, and surrounded some inches high by an accumulated crust, resulting from the visits of the dog tribe.

We are told, too, that even at the West End, "the olfactory sense is met by streams of fetor at nearly regular intervals." This, we are informed by the same authority, arises from the dust-holes being under the area stairs! where for six weeks the decayed vegetables and filth accumulate until taken away! The dust-holes under the area steps at the West End! Let him search London through, and he will not be able to point out a street of houses so constructed. There may be one or two instances of solitary buildings, but in the fashionable squares—Bah! Can this writer be aware that the closets and outhouses of almost every house in London lead direct to the sewers, and that they present no opening in any public thoroughfare—that even the rain water is carried off to an upper drain (some feet below the surface) ere it reaches the common aqueduct beneath.

It would appear that the acute-eyed gentleman who beheld dust-heaps beneath area stairs, never saw the streets cleaned, although he watched for several days in succession. Appropriate employment! Delicate duty! Why did the contractor, instead of sending his labourers in the morning, not distribute them over the metropolis at mid-day? True, the thronging cavalcades would have formed a somewhat dangerous interruption; but that could be of small moment in comparison to the gratification it would have given the learned Athenian. But great as this disappointment was, it might have been greatly worse. With a candour truly astonishing we are given to understand, that "perhaps 500 persons may be seen sweeping the pavement before their doors." That, although found fault with, is at least an acknowledgment that we have some slight notions of cleanliness. Who were the happy five hundred immortalised by his critical approbation? Were they merchants, clerks, or shop boys—or only charwomen? How were they dressed—were they good looking—what were the colours of their hair—had they dark-eyes or blue—did they wear aprons—were they in their shoes, or upon pattens—did any of them present the delightful Scottish characteristic of barefeet? These are statistics of thrilling in-

\* By the bye, we must laugh at the impudence of the assertion that crossing-sweepers at night "sweep the dirt over the path which they have up to that moment kept clean," and call it "shutting up shop." The veracious scribe must have heard some one make mention of Reeve, in the character of Jack Rag, who performed this feat in the Adelphi Theatre; and by some process of philosophic thinking convert it into the practice of all the men, women, and children who thus seek a precarious livelihood—precious, indeed, when "information" philosophers come in their way.



terest, with which, alas! we have not been favoured. But perhaps we shall have the pleasure of reading them in a second edition. Let us not be told, however, that these happy few, "are dirty to a degree which makes them and their city nearly insupportable to the sensations of a provincial." People who sweep the pavement of their own accord are not a filthy race, although they never see a nightman's cart, nor accept the gratuitous advice of one whose notions of civic parsimony were rejected by his colleagues in the Town Council of Edinburgh.

As to the bye-courts and lanes of London never being cleaned, "because the trouble is not compensated by the value of the refuse there to be collected," we need not pronounce this to be a grave misrepresentation of truth. Stepping from the Strand, from Fleet-street, Oxford-street, or any of the other great thoroughfares, passengers are immediately removed from noise and bustle into clean and quiet courts innumerable. In Edinburgh, the same broom which sweeps the causeway streaks the pavement with its discoloured filth; in London, the birch and hair brooms of the inhabitants perform their different offices. If a small portion of the water applied every day to the paved courts of London were thrown on the streets of Edinburgh, the stone would not depend so much on rain to restore it to its colour, or to wash from its surface the *souvenirs* of nursery-maid protégés, as is every day evidenced at the railings round Queen-street Gardens.

We are likewise told the Joe Miller anecdote of the snow getting mixed with the dirt, and of the dustmen refusing to carry away the former, even at the request of the Lord Mayor. In the month of February 1823; or 1824, Edinburgh was visited by a snow-storm of almost unexampled severity; the snow was piled up in the streets in immense masses, and, as a natural consequence, much mud and filth got mixed with it. In the month of April a considerable portion of these masses was unremoved. In Prince's-street even—aye, in front of the Register Office,—the sun had to exert its influence alike on the snow and the foreign matter intermixed with it before the cleaning committee wholly removed it. Let a like date be given to the Joe Miller plagiarism, and perhaps we shall believe it.

But of the two hundred thousand tons of soot—how can we dispose of that? It is scattered over the town, we are told, and becomes mixed with the mud. Well, let it be so; some of it is surely carted away. In another sentence, however, it seems that the greater portion of the soot is blown to the north-eastern suburbs, where the ground rises three-quarters of an inch per annum in consequence of this deposit.

Happy London, to have a fixed and periodical wind which blows thy iniquitous smoke in one direction! Happy onion-fields, which are thus manured by the breath of heaven! Let us go to this remarkable place, where, no doubt, the trees will be covered up to their waists, and all the houses descend at least a few steps to the street floor. Where are we? Why in Bishop Bonner's Fields, the very spot purchased by Government for Victoria Park? Why did Parliament not consult our Edinburgh friends ere they threw away a hundred thousand pounds on such a filthy and unhealthy locality? There stands the house of the remarkable prelate, coeval with the reign of Elizabeth; but the ground has not risen upon it. In the vicinity is the cottage of Jane Shore, a building which has stood since the days of Edward IV; but it keeps its dignity still, while the earth is as modest and retiring as ever. The trees show their roots above ground as in other places; the sky is not darker, though the grass is greener, than in the city. The houses in the Whitechapel, Hackney, and Mile-end Roads are not so black as St. Paul's. We must wait for further information on this subject, for it would be unpollite to say that Baron Munchausen furnished the information to Edinburgh.

We are far from asserting that the mud of London streets is pleasant, or that improvement has reached perfection in the habits of cleanliness. But we do affirm that Edinburgh is not entitled to become our monitor. The Scottish capital is built upon a number of acclivities, down which the rain pours its sweeping and clearing influence with much effect. Yet even with that advantage, combined with the splendid open spaces which abound throughout, Auld Reekie is not in a position to claim any superiority over London. Nor is it one jot more healthy: the breezes from the hills are sweet and refreshing in summer; they are bracing in winter; yet disease holds there as powerful a sway as in London. There is not a plain in the world, on which so great a mass of houses are built, and on which so vast a number of human beings are congregated, so healthy as London: over its immense surface the wind is continually playing—not in the violent gusts which sweep round Edinburgh Castle certainly—but in sufficiently active breezes to carry off, to all points of the compass, the heated and smoky atmosphere which rises from it. That wretchedness and want too fearfully abound in the metropolis is true—that idleness and dirt keep loving company together, is common here as every where else—but that insolent bravado or provincial pride will remove them, we indignantly deny. We had thought that the common shrewdness of their countrymen would have taught the conductors of the *Edinburgh Journal* that such a barefaced insult on the inhabitants of London—that the downright falsehood of calling them personally dirty—would not operate to their

advantage. Their long continued attempts at a narrow and selfish political as well as domestic economy, and the haughty air with which their remarks are set forth in the article in question, preclude them having any claim to patriotism. As an attempt to excite prejudice, it will fail. As a means of perpetuating the foolish idea of superiority entertained by some classes in Scotland over Englishmen, it will fail. As a method by which to extend their reputation and profits, it will fail. It is altogether a suicidal act, and as such might have been left to receive its own punishment. But the London public are not devoid of spirit. They look to their own publications to assert their claims to at least equality with even the self-styled tutors of the Modern Athenians. This much we may also add, that the inhabitants of London are neither so unreflecting nor intemperate as to suppose that the citizens of Edinburgh approve of such vain and vile attempts, of which the present is a specimen; and they know also that their purposes as human beings, their interests as fellow-countrymen, and their privileges as citizens of one commonwealth, can be best promoted by kindness and conciliation towards each other, however much it may be the interest of some to keep prejudice alive, and indirectly inculcate the continuance of National antipathies.

### Fairy Lays and Legends of Ireland.

#### INTRODUCTORY SONNET.

Of Fairyland, the rede I wish to trace!  
Start not, thou mother, pressing to thy breast  
Thy rosy cherub. Safe within such nest  
Long may thy calow love-pledge find a place.  
And, maiden, vain the fears that in swift chase  
O'er thy soft cheek pursue the paling rose;  
Nor thou, the fiery-hearted, turn thy face,  
Give to thy quailing eye its old repose,  
Nor mar thy lip and brow with such fierce grace.  
Yet Sybil, with the brow of wrinkled woes,  
Thy legends of the fearful, mystic race,  
Falleth not idly on our charmed ears;  
Still, as a vision'd world the tale appears—  
Of Fairyland, the rede I wish to trace!

#### THE CHANGELING; OR, SPORTEEN AND THE FAIRY. CHAPTER I.

The pastoral Barrow is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful rivers in Ireland—winding in its varied course "by tower and town," through glen and glade, sweeping woodlands and rich valleys from its source to its junction with the silver Nore; and from thence, until buried in the bosom of the Haven of Waterford, its waters are said not to reflect one gloomy or barren scene. On the banks of the ancient *Breba*, and not far from the good town of Carlow, in the midst of his few but fruitful acres, resided James O'Callaghan and his "good woman" Judith, with "a small family" of about ten children, who were all remarkably healthy, robust, and hearty, except the youngest, who, after some time, turned out a weak, squalid, ill-favoured, impish brat, far different from the rest of the children, and unlike in face and manners any thing living on this earth—it was evidently cursed, or a *shee-oge*.\*

It was a fine day in the latter end of harvest—all the farmer's family, man, woman, and child, were abroad in the fields, except Judith and the ill-thriving brat. She could not stir from him—she had him in her lap by the fire-side, alternately scolding and soothing him, and lamenting her hard hap in being obliged to stop at home to nurse him. She sought, by every means in her power—by every wile and stratagem, to calm its torments and lull it to sleep. At one time venting her impatience in calling it the most opprobrious names, then apostrophising it by the most endearing terms which the Irish language, abounding in tender epithets, could afford. Sometimes ready to burst out crying with vexation, and anon singing snatches of the beautiful song "Gentle Barrow," composed in the vernacular by a district bard, and part of which, if we may be excused attempting an humble and free translation, would flow in something like the following

#### BALLAD.

Flow on gentle Barrow  
Thy green banks between.  
Spain has her Darrow,  
And proud France her Seine;  
With her blue-rushing Rhone,  
As fleet as an arrow;—  
Oh! I love thee alone,  
My own gentle Barrow.

Thy melody bringeth  
A soothing—a power—  
To hearts that grief wringeth,  
At evening's lone hour;—  
Of days that are gone—  
Of ages of sorrow,  
Still sadly sing on,  
My own gentle Barrow.

In the isles of the east—  
There the golden fruit glows,  
And the bulbul sings best  
To his own Persian rose;  
Where dark eyes dart love,  
In bright scenes afar, oh!  
I'd ne'er wish to rove  
From my own gentle Barrow.

\* *Shee-oge*—young fairy.

Farewell, gentle Barrow;  
The sun seeks the main;  
Yet his beams of the morrow  
Shall bless thee again.  
Thy current's not slow,  
Thy green banks not narrow;  
Then in melody flow,  
My own gentle Barrow.

"Miau! miau! miau!" still squealed the little b, untouched by her solicitude to give him comfort, and with all its might, and with an agony of pain, seeing its shrivelled features that well might inspire commiseration.

"Och! och! och! ochone!" cried the tormented mother. The heavy sorrow may "miau" you out of sight o' me for one sperrit of my eternal torment what 'ill I do with you at all? Am I to sit here day under you, and the corn shakin'? Och! what come across you?—here I am, wore to a thrave with the like o' you, these two long years, and change for the better. Och, may the sorrow whip away from me. Well, then, no, *alanna bawn* (my darling), hush now, and I'll get goodies for my crutheren; there now, *ma paustha bra* (my own child, ever). Is it into the cradle you'll go, *ma gra gal* (white love). Oh! that's the good child 'ill go into its own cradle for his own *waher beg* (poor mother); as she attempted to incarcerate him in the wicker-basket by her side.

"Miau! miau! miau!" screamed the struggling wretch, kicking and twisting its old-fashioned face in a thousand different contortions of agony.

"Och! och! I wish *Croagh Phadruig* was down the throat of you, wid my heart and blessing!" cried the irritated woman, losing all patience. "Och, what chance was it that came over you at all?—it's you that was the fine armful, out and out; and look at you now, ye misfortunate *shoghrawn* (cast off) of misery. Thunight and day that "miau" is never out of your head 'till I'm dwindled off the face o' the earth with you. It's into the grave you'll sink me, unless some good angel whips you into the other world afore my heart bruk entirely—och! och! och! ochone!"

Here the sun beams, shining in the open door, were darkened; and turning round, an individual, known by the mirthful sobriquet of the *Sporteen*, saluted her with a bow and a caper. He was the fashioner of the parish—a wandering tailor, who, without any known place of residence, moved about from farmer's house to cabin wherever a frieze coat or "a nate pair of corduroys" were to be made. He acquired the appellation of the *Sporteen* from the lightness and gaiety of his disposition. He never appeared in trouble, but ever merry, singing and happy. All day "he cantille ranted and sang" a his work—danced in the evening with the girls—threw a stone, or wrestled a fall with the boys, or set the young ones to play or to fight, a thing very easily done at all times. His prices were generally small; but, as he was boarded and lodged where he worked, his life was one of ease, and "hang care" was ever his motto.

"Hoo! the top of tin thousand mornin's to you, Mrs. O'Callaghan, jewel," shouted the *Sporteen* as he entered. "Hoo! its yourself that looks brave and comfortable, me darlin' woman, this blessed mornin'; be me sowl, you look as fresh as the day you were tied to Jenny O'Callaghan;—an' sure you do, and more o' the same luck to you. I'll be bail now, it's a fine new big-coat he's wanting, or may be its a dacent jock or a mantle for yourself, or a pair o' small-clothes for either one or the other of you?"

"Och! the sorrow go wid you, Sporteen," replied the wearied dame, "but you started the very heart within me. Lord save us! Cloak, indeed!—oh no, *wurra*, I'm the last that's thought of, though its breakin' my heart and losin' my sowl I'm here workin' and slavin' for him and his childer. Cloak, indeed! the sorrow cloak. No faix, it's the big coat for himself, and two or three jackets for the *gossouns*. Och! and this weary child is worse nor all upon me. Och, och! go sleep, you bould little devil, go sleep—Hush, there then, *alanna*, and I won't be crass."

"Arrah; then show him to me here, Mrs. O'Callaghan," said the *Sporteen*, pleased at the appearance of a good job. "Give me the darlin'. Come to me, you angel o' the world! It's a rale charmin' beauty the jewel is, and the very born pictur of yourself, Mrs. O'Callaghan, dear—if he was fat. A small morsel more of flesh 'ud do the diamond o' the nation all the good in life—to be sure it would. Hurroo! my hearty! there you go—there's a toss for my fine goiant of a boy—there's a hoise! A thrife of fat, Mrs. O'Callaghan, 'ud make an uncommon improvement in the posey o' the country—be my sowl it would. Hurroo! *ma bouchel* (my boy) you wor—another hoise and another toss for the pride of ould Eirien," and he commenced capering and tossing the child about the house. "Hurroo! my fine bouncin' fellow you wor—there you go

Up to the collar beam,  
Down to the floor,  
Out on the windee, and  
In on the door.

Be me sowl it's a rale Sporteen you'll be, if you live—Hoo! it's a rattlin' big bully fellow you'll be—be me sowl you will, if you stand it another year. Hoo! it's the flower o' the County Carlow you'll be next spring, if you don't happen to lie out this winter. Won't you



be a taylor, or a carnell in the army, or a fine big fat bishop with a jolly red nose—be me sowl you will, if you can, and why not?" And perceiving the withered features of the imp relax into something like a grin of pleasure, "Look there, Mrs. O'Callaghan—look at the beauty, how killin' delightful he smiles at you. It's all exercise he wants—the playnix is killed for want of the amusement—there wouldn't be the likes of him in the seven counties if he had the exercise. Hurroo! my fine fellow, indeed there wouldn't. Hurroo! again. Och, if we had a tchune on the pipes now, it's we that 'ad put some of them on their best steps and thribles—we'd show them the fun—we'd put them through their facin's—to be sure we would—Hurroo!" and the little nglly told fairly laughed out into the face of the bantering taylor.

"Och! the sorrow be from you, for one Sporteen," cried the mother, delighted to see the least glimpse of gladness on its features. "It's you that can do anything, I believe, as well as make a breeches. The dickens be wid him but I'm at him this live-long day, and couldn't get him to stop the *mau* for one minit, if I was to kick the fits for it, barrin' I was to choke him, and there now you have him burstin' laughin'. Well—well; the ould Puck himself can't beat you out."

"Och! be me sowl, the jewel 'ill laugh with the Sporteen," replied the taylor, proud to get so far into the good graces of the mistress, for it was his general maxim, keep in favour with the "woman of the house," and you need not fear the master. "Won't you laugh with the Sporteen, *ma bouchet*? Look at that now—Hurroo! There, now; won't you go into the cradle, *avick*? (my son) to be sure you will for your own Sporteen. Husho—husho—husho;" and placing the child in the cradle without its crying out, much to the astonishment of the farmer's wife, he sat down beside it, and began to rock and sing the old croon that women use to lull their children to sleep.

The Sporteen commenced business next day, and continued at his work during the ensuing week. Sometimes employed sewing the jackets for the children; sometimes nursing and pleasing the young imp; but as often as he could courting Bridget, the farmer's eldest daughter, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, pleasant-smiling *colleen dhás* (young girl). The farmer, after sitting on his "big coat," swore that "there was not such a taylor 'ithin the four wide walls of the world as the Sporteen." Judith, his wife, declared "that the sorrow take his match as a nurse she ever kem across;" while Bridget vowed "she didn't know what to make of him, he was so teasin' and tormentin'—the dickens the like of him ever she met."

The courtship of the Sporteen was quite characteristic—seated on the kitchen table, before the small four-paned window, "he worked and sung from morn till night," and ever as Bridget came past in her household avocations, he saluted her with a home-thrust of his needle that made her bounce, though she prudently made no noise, for she well could interpret the merry taylor's winks and leers, and was not displeased with his tricks, yet she dreaded any one else should understand them.

"Why, then, the dickens take you, Sporteen," said she one day, when her mother's back was turned, "what do you mane by stickin' your devil of a needle into me? That I mayn't do an ill turn, the Lord bless and keep us, but it's sore all round I am, the way you do be gettin' on."

"It's just to put you in mind of confirmation, Bridget, you darlint—the way you'd be thinkin' o' me, you blumin' rose o' the wilderness—for I love you with all the vains o' me heart—be me sowl I do—and I want to take you out o' hardship, and a dirty farmer's house, and make a dacent tradesman's wife of you; and them two sparklin' dimens in the head o' you put me through my work ontirely, the way I do be lookin' at you—they make me set two stitches instead of one!—Och, the Lord betwene us and harm, them eyes weren't med for the good of your sowl or the Christians any how—Och 'twas the unlucky day I ever kem to sow a stitch to Jemmy O'Callaghan. Och, Sporteen, if the good forthen doesn't befriend you to soften the tindher heart of the raal Diana, you're the undone ninth part of a man. But, Bridget, *gul he cugger, amourneen dawn*, (come here, whisper my fair darling,) I have something or another to tell you this evening—I don't know well what it is yet—but meet me in the haggard; will you? Just slip round when you milk the cows."

"Maybe I would, Sporteen," replied the rosy girl, "but the goodness parsue me, what 'ud become of me if my mother or any of the boys 'ud see us."

"The devil a danger," cried the Sporteen, "be me safe self there's not a shady of fear for it. Och, the darlin' Vaynus of the world you wor—the Phaynix of creation you wor," and he nimbly leapt from the table, threw his arm around her milk-white neck, and kissed her budding lips to the echo, while a shrill cackling laugh from the cradle made the "rafters" dirl."

"Let me go, Sporteen," cried the alarmed girl; "let me go, you bould devil—the dickens be wid you, here's my mother. Och, let me go, don't you hear her foot at the door."

A step was heard approaching the threshold ere the Sporteen had time to regain his perch on the table. He ran to the cradle, and lifting the skeleton-like child, with well dissembled solicitude he began to soothe it as usual.

"Och, the cock o' the walk you wor, my rattlin bully boy. Hurroo! there now, sure you'll never cry again the sorrow tear. If you hadn't your own Sporteen, it's dead you'd be by this time. Sure the devil a one o' them can plase you like meself. There, now, go to your cradly house again, and don't let me hear a word out o' the purty head o' you."

"Ah, then, it's laughin', I thought I heard him as I was comin' in," said the mother.

"You're right ma'am jewel, quite right; and it's seldom wrong you are," readily replied the taylor; "sure enough it's laughin' he was—he always cries first and laughs after."

The Sporteen continued a longer time than might be deemed necessary with Farmer O'Callaghan. In consequence of his love for Bridget, he invented sundry excuses to remain from day to day. A great many articles wanted repairing, and sundry little plans were set on foot between him and "the mistress" to make the boys appear "oncommon dacent" on Sundays; besides, he was so useful in pleasing "the etarnil tarmint" that she did not know what to do without him, and often honest Judith declared that "she wished the sorrow might overtake her affther a hard chase, but she'd like to keep him in the house for that alone."

All the children loved him for his pleasant disposition, but the peevish wretch in the cradle, above them all, seemed to have taken a particular and extraordinary liking to his comic and rollicking manner. The little imp would never be easy except when entertained with the songs and frolics of the Sporteen, and then he screamed and chuckled with such a hideous appearance of joy, that it was truly frightful to look upon. This unnatural predilection surprised even the taylor himself; and though, when the meagre ill-favoured thing grinned horribly delighted at him, he felt afraid and was almost ready to drop on the paved floor; still as he had an interest at stake in the heart and affections of Bridget, he gulped down his disgust, and fondled and dandled it as if it was the second edition of a seraph.

While affairs were in this train with the Sporteen, he got up one fine morning to keep an appointment with his love, who arose at early dawn to bring water from a distant spring in the fields to make her butter. After enjoying his half hour's stolen interview, and as he was returning along another pathway, which led through a lonely dell, he perceived to his no small surprise an earthen pitcher rolling merrily along before him. He paused, and stared in wonder—on it rolled. He gazed about him, there was not an individual to be seen for miles; yet endowed with a self-existing principle on went the pitcher. He rubbed his eyes until tears sprung into them—he shook his head and pulled his hair, still there it was before him, turning away rapidly down the glen, and, what added to his astonishment, was the intuitive caution with which it avoided every stone, deep cut, or precipitate descent in its path.

"Well, be me sowl, that's something a body doesn't see every day, any how," said he to himself. "I suppose now that it's full of water, and rowlin' home of its own accord to some dacent ould *collough* (hag) on its side that way, 'thout spillin' a drop. Well, the likes o' that I never dhreamt of before. Hush, its comin' to a drain!" The pitcher approached to the edge of a furrow filled with water—it paused a moment on the brink, and then leapt over.

"Well leapt pitcher," cried the taylor; "bravely done, ah, then, sure it's no harm in life to get nearer to you."

He drew close to it—it was *bona fide* a common earthen pitcher, and, moreover, he thought he had often seen it before, but where he could not then remember. On it moved, rolling over and over, leaping across or avoiding every impediment opposed to it. The Sporteen "gazed, amazed and curious," at the locomotive vehicle, but his alarm and surprise were raised to the highest pitch, when he heard a voice from within it commence singing one of his own favourite songs, in a tone which seemed familiar to his ear, and which appeared to be a ludicrous imitation of his own style—

Oh—a—of all the thrades a-going

A taylor's is the best—a—

For when other thrades are tired

He can work and sit at rest—a—

He—a—earns money plenty,

And he dhinks his flowin' can—a—

And where e'er you steer you may never fear

The sportin' journeyman—a—

"Well sung and sweet, pitcher," shouted the taylor in extacy, "every bar of it, and a bar above me—

Oh—a—I'm the sportin' journeyman—a—

"Come, rouse it again, your sowl to glory—that's the time o' day—hurroo!"

Still on went the pitcher faster and faster, singing away as merrily as the lark that towered in the grey cloud above them, and on followed the Sporteen until his patience and curiosity were exhausted. Rushing forward, half reckless and half desperate, he endeavoured to catch it, but it eluded his grasp, and went so rapidly that he could scarcely keep pace with it.

"Stop, now, till I join you in the chorus itself," cried the taylor, still attempting to clutch the rolling vessel. "Stop, I tell you; if you don't, may you be turned into a praytee, and the crows eat you. May you be smashed into a thousand *smithereens* (small pieces). The curse of Crummell on you, can't you rowl easy!

That's right, 'now I have you—no indeed I haven't. Off again, powderin' away; the devil pounce the singin' out o' you, can't you wait and give me a verse." Thus he ran on after the pitcher, endeavouring, between persuasion and force, to get it into his possession; but just as he thought to lay his hand on it, off it went like the gliding stream, or a ray of light, affording nothing tangible to his grasp. At length he paused for want of breath, and fixed an eye of mischief on the pitcher. It seemed also to rest as if in sympathy, yet the instant he was about to move towards it, it was off again as quick as ever.

"Easy, my gay pitcher," said he, "be me troth I'll lose a fall or be even with you; I'll thry what sort of metal you're made of afore we part company; be me sowl I will; here's at you, touch and go." And lifting a round pebble, he took aim, and threw it with all his force. "A miss, by the powers of delph! Well, it's no matter, an offer is as good as a blow, but the first goes for nothing; here's at you again! Another miss, by all that's lovely—and that's my Bridget! At it again—it's no sheep's head—faint heart never won fair lady—a coward was never worth a groat, and the third time is the charm." So, taking a steady and deliberate aim, he threw, hit the mark, and smash went the pitcher.

"Well shot, be me troth!—well done, Sporteen!" he shouted in joy, and attempted to cut a caper, but stood petrified with horror when he saw Mrs. Judith O'Callaghan's "eternal tarmint" leap nimbly as a monkey from out the ruins.

[We must delay the second and concluding chapter till our next. We shall thereafter resume the publication of "Scenes and Sketches of Military Life," which are from the same talented pen as that which portrayed the "Sporteen."]

### The Shop Milliner.\*

CLIO assist, as I my rhymes prepare,  
To sing the praises of a maiden fair;  
A bonnet-builder eighteen years of age,  
Religious, pretty, talented, and sage;  
Hazel her eyes, and glossy is her hair,  
Her form is elegant and light as air,  
Her ruby lips are pouting, soft, and ripe,  
Through which her teeth shine beautiful and white,  
Radiant as pearls within a coral bed,  
Transparent white relieved by lustrous red;  
Her breath is sweeter than the full perfume,  
Of a rich bed of violets in June;  
Her pretty mouth has such a winning smile,  
As would the heart of anchorite beguile;  
And then her voice so liquid is and sweet,  
Like to the music of the spheres at night;  
That those who hear it are enhanced with bliss,  
And fain would give the owner fair a kiss.  
Tho' some declare that she is but a fag,  
But that I deem the malice of a wag;  
For certes in the art of bonnet building  
None can dispute that she is highly skill'd in;  
Then with what grace and dignity she stands  
Behind the counter—what respect commands;  
Descants so ably on the caps and lace,  
How each is suited to each varied face,  
Until her eloquence quite overflows,  
Upon the merits of the flowers and bows;  
Till J—nes the milliner declares aloud,  
That of such talent he is very proud;  
And as a proof of his most regard,  
Takes care that she shall work exceeding hard;  
Heedless alike both of her health and strength,  
He only reckons his increasing wealth.  
And when the labours of the day are done,  
She listlessly returns unto her home;  
"Victuals I want, and victuals I must have,  
The bread, the cheese, the butter how I crave,"  
Are her first words—her supper finish'd she,  
Calls on her mother in no gentle key,  
"Oh, mother! mother! pray do come to bed,  
For I with weariness am almost dead,"  
And never lets her mother rest a minute,  
Until they are deposited within it;  
But in her sleep her mind still wanders o'er  
The various actions of the day before;  
"This bonnet, ma'am," she murmurs in her sleep,  
"Is very tasty, elegant, and cheap;  
The shape is suited to your style of face—  
Allow me, ma'am, to recommend this lace;"  
And here her mother brings her to a stop,  
With "Mary pray in bed do drop the shop."  
When morning comes she hurries on her clothes,  
And in a bustle off to business goes;  
With her mouth cramm'd so full of bread and butter,  
That she a single sentence cannot utter;  
And in her hands a piece of such a size,  
She bears away, and munches at the prize,  
Fearful lest she should be a second late,  
She trembles when the clock chimes half-past eight.  
So runs the life of this young bonnet builder,  
And from all earthly ills may Heaven shield her,  
May she increase in knowledge of her art,  
And of all bonnet-builders get the start,  
Until she is esteem'd by every one  
In bonnet-building quite a paragon! R. M. L.

\*Notwithstanding the playful manner in which our contributor has sketched this interesting character, our readers cannot fail to observe the under-current of sympathy which prevails throughout towards this toiling and ill-requited slave. A continual round of sickening attendance and labour is her hapless lot; and it is not surprising, therefore, that many of her class seek refuge from the drudgery in hasty and ill-considered marriages. Industry deserves a better fate; but, like virtue, it is too often its own and own reward.



### The Jesuits.

THE world has never witnessed so wonderful a display of human ingenuity and talent as the system of the Jesuits' policy; they reared a power which bade defiance to all existing governments, and acquired such an ascendancy over the minds of kings, rulers, and princes, that they guided at will the affairs of nations, shook the Pope on his throne, overthrew dynasties, and, under the garb of humility and self-denial, enjoyed a power almost unlimited. This sect was founded in A.D. 1540, by Ignatius Loyola, a Biscayan, a man of vigorous and commanding intellect: having won Pope Paul the Third to think favourably of his design, he was by him appointed the first general of the order. Previous to this time, in the early part of the fifteenth century, man had begun to call in question Papal authority and infallibility, and to assert the right of private judgment. Jerome of Prague and John Huss had aroused a spirit of free inquiry. The Popes, alarmed at the progress of the new doctrines, were well pleased to favour a sect whose avowed purpose was to support and defend Catholicism; and while Luther and his followers were pulling down the Papal throne on one side, the Jesuits were employed in propping it up on the other. The success which attended the Jesuits may be as justly attributed to the zeal and ability of the immediate successors of Loyola—Loyneza and Acquaviva—as to himself. They confirmed and perfected the laws which he had formed, adding others, founded on the most profound and accurate knowledge of the human heart. Their College was established at Rome, where their general resides; and it was said that "the hilt of the sword was there, whose point was every where." The members were exempted from the duties of other ecclesiastical bodies; their sphere of action was the world: to study the dispositions of men in power, to ingratiate themselves into their confidence, to flatter their weaknesses, and accommodate themselves to their passions: these were the purposes for which they lived. There was scarcely a court in Europe in which they were not the confessors of princes and nobles; and by the extent of their learning and abilities, as well as by flattering the vices of the powerful, they secretly gained a political and moral influence, the extent of which was only felt on great occasions; they mingled in every event, and took part, though unseen, in all intrigues and revolutions. The course of education to which the younger members were subject was severe and profound in the extreme; on their superior learning rested much of the power of the order, and none but men of the highest intellect were admitted to offices in the college. The young aspirants passed through a probation of many years, and then gained admission to the mysteries of the institution by slow and laborious steps. Besides the vows of celibacy, poverty, and obedience to papal authority, there was another still more solemn, by which they resigned themselves body and soul into the hands of the general—binding themselves to reveal to him, or to the officers he should appoint, every secret thought of their hearts, every half-formed wish: each individual was a spy on the actions of his brethren, and any concealment of the faults of another was a crime. So firmly were the parts of the machine compacted, so admirably did wheel move within wheel, that the general became aware of everything that was passing throughout Europe; and as he had the minds and hearts of all his subordinates laid bare before him, he knew the exact tools he had to work with; he could remove his forces from one place to another, subject the weaker to more strict surveillance, or, where he found a firm and trusty disciple, place him in the post of danger: his commands were never questioned. Fearful and terrible was the power which the Jesuits possessed, and they have exercised it in too many instances in oppressing man, and subjecting him to spiritual despotism. They shrank from no means, however atrocious, public or private, by which they could attain their end; deceit, fraud, treachery, ingratitude, and all the blackest crimes sully their history; they considered everything justifiable which established their power and tended to save Catholicism, shaken to its foundations by the attack of Luther and his successors. All, however, is not dark in their history. In the sixteenth century, under St. Xavier and Ricci, they introduced the blessings of Christianity and the results of European science within the forbidden precincts of China and Japan, where all subsequent missionaries have failed even to retain what the Jesuits had acquired. The only maps of China which we possess were made from their trigonometrical survey of the empire; and all the best information which exists in Europe respecting those interesting and puzzling countries is to be found in the "Lettres Edifiantes," a collection of most valuable histories and records of the progress made by the society for the propagation of the faith.\* In the seventeenth century they colonized part of South America, and their institutions in Paraguay were founded in a truly Christian spirit; while other nations conquered and oppressed the poor Indians, the Jesuits instructed them in the arts of civilized life, and were their real benefactors. Their ambition and power, however, were found to be so formidable, that they were expelled from many of the courts of Europe. Charles the Fifth of Germany, meeting with great opposition to his schemes from the Jesuits, gave them a severe check; and during the middle of the eighteenth century they were banished from Spain, Portugal and France. In 1773 they were totally suppressed by Clement the Fourteenth, who, from his liberality, was called the Protestant Pope, and whose death was said to have been hastened by poison administered by a Jesuit. They have since regained some degree of power; in Naples they are restored to court favour, and hold offices of trust in the State; their chief desire is to superintend the education of the young, and in that city they are the directors of the military and other public schools. At Florence so strongly was the disapprobation of the people expressed at an attempt made to restore the Jesuits, that the Grand Duke wisely desisted;

Papers, expressive of the odium in which they were held were posted on the promenades, laid in the duke's box at the opera, and even thrown into his carriage as he passed along the streets. In Venice they are watched as rigidly as the Jews, and although permitted to purchase property and reside in the city, they are obliged to obtain a written permission from the government, which must be renewed every three years. In Rome we see them continually in the streets, and they present a striking contrast to the friars; their countenances bear the marks of intelligence, although shaded by a dark melancholy, with a repulsive and impenetrable expression. They are always seen in pairs, in accordance with the system of espionage kept up amongst them.

### The Lone Farm House.\*

SOME years ago, a solitary cabin in the west of Ireland was beset by a number of armed men at dead of night, thirsting for the blood of the unfortunate inmates. They battered in the door, and, in spite of all resistance, had dragged out the farmer to be piked or bludgeoned, when his wife, perceiving that escape was hopeless, with singular presence of mind, caught up their only child, a boy not five years old, and hid him away in the old-fashioned chimney. "My child," said the brave-hearted woman, "they are murdering your father; my turn will come next, but I shall struggle with them hard, and by the turf I am now lighting look well at their faces, boy, and avenge our death hereafter." Soon the ruffians did return, and long and gallantly did she struggle by her own hearth-stone, while from his dark hiding place the poor child, with white cheeks, did his mother's bidding, and stared silently at her murderers. Five months afterwards, three of the miscreants were convicted and hung, chiefly on the evidence of that boy. Such was the narrative with which Sir Robert Peel once powerfully excited the House of Commons, when stricter laws were demanded to keep down crime in Ireland; and yet, if the bare occurrence of such atrocities were a good reason for sterner punishment, many and many an instance might be found in civilized Protestant England. The following case occurred, no doubt, some time ago, but still so recently as to be within the "memory of the oldest inhabitant," and therefore sufficiently connected with our own times to retain its original interest.

About thirteen miles from Shrewsbury, on the main road to Ludlow, the long, straggling village of Church Stretton occupies the centre of a narrow valley, shut in by low wooded heights, through which many a winding glen leads westward through the Longmynd hills towards Bishopscastle and the Stiperstones. This part of the county is even now wild and barren, the haunt of grouse, and snipe, and screaming plover; but still some fields have been enclosed, and sundry farms marked off where, fifty years ago, all was soft marsh or green heather. Far in the centre of the waste, at least three miles from any village, there stood, at the time we speak of, a lone farmhouse, completely shut in by three round grassy hills, between two of which a cart-track led out to the high road, while between another pair a little brook trickled and trickled by, on its way to the distant Severn. In the hollow and on the hill-side were patches of barley and oats, and a few rods of potatoes; but all the rest was a bare mountain sheep-walk, without a tree or a corn-field to vary the monotony of grass. It was a desolate spot in winter, when the swollen stream rushed hoarsely down the glen, and fierce blasts came raging and howling through one or other of the hollows;—nor would every woman have borne the savage solitude with the courage and indifference displayed by the good wife of Longhope Farm.

She was, indeed, no ordinary character. Her father had occupied a few acres of land at Pilverbatch, a small village about four miles from Longhope, but, for several years before his death he had been a complete cripple, unable to labour, and supported solely by the vigorous activity of his daughter Rebecca. She managed everything herself—ploughed, dug, hoed, and made hay, in turn; bought and sold to the best advantage; kept the house in order, and husbanded their slender resources with the utmost economy. When the old man died, and the necessity for such constant exertion no longer existed, she listened to John Morgan's proposal that they should marry, make a joint-stock of their little properties, and try to earn an honest livelihood out of one of the mountain farms. Accordingly, the marriage took place, and a lease of Longhope was obtained on favourable terms.

Three years had elapsed, and the farmer was now a thriving man, owing in a great degree to the good sense and activity of his helpmate. For some time she had done all the household work unassisted, until the birth of a child, in the second year of the marriage, obliged her to engage the services of a young girl from Pilverbatch, named Jesse Williams. In winter, two or three labourers and shepherds were generally lodged about the farm, but in summer time it often happened that, for days together, there was no one at Longhope except the good wife, her child, and her maid. Both Morgan and his wife, from living so near the border, were half Welsh people, and both were kind-hearted and hospitable whenever opportunity offered.

Little Jesse, on her first arrival, had been quite dismayed by the loneliness and solitude; but habit and active employment, together with occasional visits from a village sweetheart, soon reconciled her to the change. It must be confessed that her admirer, young Harry Watkins, was by no means above the ordinary race of mortals, for he was slouching and lumpish in his appearance, a thought passionate, and as obstinate as a Kerry pig. On the other hand, he was a hard-working lad, who supported both himself and his aged parent; and he had somehow managed not only to settle in his own mind that Jesse should be his wife some time or other, but also to impress the same notion upon her, she scarcely knew how. It was therefore almost a matter of course on every fine Sunday afternoon, for Watkins, in his bright red waistcoat, and Jesse, in her blue cotton gown and gipsy bonnet, to roam

"over the hills and far away," or else to stand side by side in the aisle of one of the neighbouring churches.

But "the course of true love never did run smooth." Even in the solitude of Longhope, a rival intervened to disturb Harry Watkins's calm security. On various occasions Jesse had been sent to Church Stretton, to cure household articles of woman's gear for dame Morgan, and, being a pretty, fresh-coloured lass, she had attracted the notice of Joe Garbett, or Larking Joe, as he was called, who was not long in making her acquaintance. Truth, Joe was by no means bashful, nor afflicted by doubts as to his personal merit. He was a slight, active fellow, with light brown hair and grey eyes, the left eye half closed, from a confirmed habit of winking. There was a knowing, jaunty air about him, which made him a favourite among the clodhoppers for "main clever," a character which he laudably endeavoured to maintain by constantly taking them in. Numberless were the pints of beer he drank at their expense, by means of tricky wagers, skilful doses of flattery; yet Joe was always a welcome guest at the taproom of the Talbot or Buck's Head, where his songs or ready-witted jests gave life and animation to the circle of heavy-headed beer-drinkers. The old farmer, indeed, shook their heads, and prophesied that he would come to no good; but among the "lads of the village," as we may add, the lasses, too, Joe was a universal favourite. He soon managed to establish himself in Jesse's good graces, who was greatly flattered by such a conquest;—indeed, he might almost be considered as her first love, for her old sweetheart she had known from a child, and change from a playfellow to a lover had been scarcely perceptible. Garbett, too, was so much more insinuating, attentive, constantly walking part of the way back with her, carrying her basket, and chatting with a gaiety which contrasted strongly with Harry Watkins's matter-of-fact conversation. He took great care, however, not to come near the farm, and there was so little intercourse between Longhope and the neighbourhood, that Jesse's new love might have remained unknown for a long time, if she herself had not given mysterious hints on the subject to Watkins. It was some time before he comprehended her and when he did, his behaviour was so outrageous, and he treated Jesse so much like a criminal for daring to have another admirer, that her spirit rose against it, and she declared her determination not to be scolded by him any more;—he need never come after her again, she added, for Joe Garbett was a hundred times kinder and handsomer and away she bounced, like a Welsh pony when a stranger tries to catch him, leaving Watkins dumb with amazement, his face rivaling in colour the scarlet waistcoat below.

The result was, that Harry Watkins, on the very next Sunday, went to Longhope, and told dame Morgan his grievances. The good dame, knowing him to be a steady respectable lad, and having heard that Garbett was a very reverse, spoke seriously to Jesse, and even insisted on her giving up this new acquaintance altogether. But her interference only made the damsel more obstinate than before, and more resolved both to be "off with the old love" and to be "on with the new." She was obliged, however, in future, to meet Larking Joe secretly, and the worthy himself took especial care not to be seen in the neighbourhood. Thus matters remained until the twenty second of August, 17—, a day to be marked blood-red in the calendar of fate, so pregnant was it with death and anguish to the inhabitants of Longhope Farm.

It was the week of Ludlow fair, and farmer Morgan had attended, as usual, both to sell his sheep and wool, and to buy fresh stock for the winter feed. The sheep sold well but winter stock being in great demand, the farmer determined not to buy at the fair, but to try his luck at Bishopscastle, where there was to be a cattle sale on Saturday. So, tying up his money, a good deal of which was in guineas and silver, in a canvass bag, he mounted his nag and made for Longhope. A ride of sixteen miles brought him to Church Stretton, where he drew up at the Buck's Head for an hour, to enjoy a pipe and tankard in the crowded taproom. Larking Joe, as usual, was one of the party and though the farmer knew nothing of the affair between him and Jesse, he had the natural contempt for him that a hard-working man is sure to feel towards an idle scapegrace, nor could all Joe's songs and jests attract his attention. But Garbett himself was not so indifferent.

The quick-witted fellow had caught the heavy sound of the money-bag in the farmer's great coat as he threw it off, and when Morgan cautiously transferred the treasure to his coat pocket for greater security, Joe's eye had lighted for an instant on the bulging canvass. That momentary glance, was enough to raise in his evil mind the ghastly vision of a horrid crime. Unconscious of the coming doom, the farmer smoked on, and when his pipe and pot were both expended, rode stoutheadedly away to his lone house among the hills. Far up the glen he saw the cheery blaze of his own hearth, kindled, most likely, for the commonest purposes, yet "it looked like a welcoming," and he pressed on the faster to gain the comfortable fire-side. A sturdy halloo brought out a herdsman, who took charge of his horse, and Morgan was soon installed in the chimney-corner, talking over the events of the day with his wife, while Jesse bustled about arranging the materials for a right substantial supper.

Rebecca Morgan suited her husband exactly. Her courageous temper, persevering industry, and good management, were just such many virtues as the stout man knew how to value; he felt a respect for his helpmate, consulted her on all occasions, and availed himself of her strong good sense without a particle of jealousy, or the least dread of being hen-pecked. There was no sentiment or refinement in either, but good old English feeling was not wanting. And when their early time of rest arrived, and the couple stood by the bed where their child lay, soft and warm, sleeping the summer's night away, the farmer's "God bless 'un" and the mother's light kiss on his cheek, were truer far, and, if rightly looked at, far more affecting, than if the expression of parental love had been clothed in daintier phrases;—yet the heart that will feel little interest in the homely affection of a rough yeoman in his lone farm-house, will soften at once beneath the

\* For an account of the labours of the Jesuits in China, and of the marvels which they there performed, see the article "China—Its Antiquity an Imposture," in No 3 of this Journal.

\* From the really excellent August number of the Metropolitan Magazine.



graceful sorrowing adieus of the cold-hearted Mary of Scotland!

Little cared the bluff farmer for such reflections. The live-long night he snored and slept with a vigorous enjoyment of rest that knew no interruption, and when Saturday morning rose bright and clear, out he tumbled, got into his clothes, dipped his head into a bucket of water, and routed out the shepherds and herdsmen with a bustle and activity that would have astonished the farmers of our degenerate days. In less than an hour he and all his men were off across the mountains in Bishopscastle, and, as Morgan intended to drive home whatever sheep he might purchase that same day, he was not likely to return before dark. As they were leaving the farm, one of the shepherds fancied he saw a man's face looking down on them from the hill top, but it vanished too quickly, and the bumpkin cared too little about the matter, to think it worth mentioning to his comrades.

While the men-folk were away, the good wife and Jesse were busily engaged the live long day in brewing a cask of home made—and hard work it was to fill the copper from the brook, ladle out the hot wort, and set it to cool in the mash tubs. But all was done before dusk; the cooled liquor thrown back again into the boilers to remain until Monday, the mash tubs all cleaned up and turned over on the floor, and everything set in order, to the high satisfaction both of mistress and maid. Dame Morgan had just sung her little Johnny to sleep, and, leaving him in the bed, had returned to the large room, which, like the cobbler's stall, served for kitchen, and parlour, and all, when she saw three men enter the farmyard and approach the house. She went to the door immediately, when one of the three stepped forward, and very civilly asked her to give them a bit of bread and cheese and a cup of beer, as they had lost their way among the hills.

Such claims on her hospitality had frequently occurred in that wild country, and she made no difficulty about giving the refreshment they required; but not liking that the room she had just cleaned up should be dirtied again by these strangers, she called Jesse, and bade her carry some bread and cheese and ale into a sort of open shed across the yard, where, in fine weather, the shepherds commonly took their meals.

The moment Jesse set eyes on the men, or, rather one of them, she started, and reddened, and cast such furtive glances at her mistress, that the latter guessed instantly that one of the men must be Joe Garbett. She felt a great inclination to pack the whole of them off without ceremony, for coming in that underhand way where they were not welcome; but, on second thoughts, she determined to wait until her husband returned, and leave him to deal with them. Jesse bustled about to hide her confusion, looked out a huge brown loaf and half a cheese, and, bidding the men follow her, she tripped gaily across the farmyard.

She had not been gone a minute before a scream roused dame Morgan's anger still more against the men who, she imagined, had been rude to her little maiden, and brimful of wrath, she hurried to the door.

Ha! there is no romping there! Shrieking in wild rrrror, the blood gushing in streams through the hands that clasped her throat, Jesse was staggering out of the shed. Close at her back followed one of the men with a bloody knife, and, cursing fiercely, thrice he stabbed the poor girl with all his might. The blows forced her against the shed, and the smallest man of the three, springing forward with an oath, caught up a broken ploughshare, and drove it on the victim's head with crushing violence;—she dropt, and there was no more shrieking.

"Murder!" issued unconsciously from dame Morgan's lips in a hoarse whisper—the next instant her own fearful danger flashed on her mind. To shut the door and down with the wooden bar was instinctive. What next? Alas! she could neither resist nor fly. There was not a moment to think. The mash tub caught her eye—she flung herself down on the floor, pulled the tub over her, and had just time to coil herself round before the ruffians burst in with fierce excoations. She heard their horrible threats, the eager search made for her, the furious rage they showed when she was not to be found. All agreed that it was impossible she could have escaped, and again and again every hiding-place was ransacked except the one—nay, two of them even sat down on the tub, and reproached one another with having murdered Jesse too soon, as they wanted her to tell them the "old 'un's" hiding-place.

There she lay close coiled, knees, elbows, and head all jammed together, not three inches from them, in fear doubtless—in mortal, agonizing fear—but still with every faculty sharpened to a painful acuteness, and not without a silent hope that the good God would even yet protect her.

O heart of proof, stand firm! She heard one of the ruffians start up, and declare that he could soon find out where she was. Then there was a cry—the cry of her little Johnny—the mother's heart sprung to her lips, for she had not thought of danger to him.

"Ay, burn the kitten," said one, with a mocking laugh, "and the old cat will soon come out."

"Well done, Joe," replied another, "clap his toes to the bars."

Mercy! mercy! they are torturing her child! His shrill screams of pain ring in her ears—there is a hissing sound as of burning flesh—oh! she cannot bear it—the devilish practice will succeed—the tub rises—no, it falls again, and the miscreants have not seen it move.

"I can't save him, I can't save him," muttered the strong-hearted woman to herself with maniac rapidity. She gnawed her arm to the bone, but it felt not, for she dared not stop her ears, and the piercing cries of her child thrilled through her brain with a bitter agony that mocked all other pain. Scream after scream continued, she knew not how long, and still, with resolute courage, she lay silent and motionless as the dead, baffling the hellish scheme of those bloody murderers. At length they too wearied of the poor infant's cries.

"Stop the reptile's squalling, Joe," said one, surlily;—the next instant there was a dull heavy sound, as of something soft swung against the wall, and the cries imme-

diately ceased. Then the mother knew that her little boy was dead.

The ruffians must have proceeded to search the house for plunder, since the next thing the miserable woman remembered was the rattling of money over her head. They had actually chosen the bottom of the mash-tub as the place on which to divide their booty, and talk over their future plans! After counting out to each other the price of blood, which was, after all, an inconsiderable sum, they spoke of her own unaccountable escape, and the danger there was that she might be able to recognize them. All agreed that they must quit that part of the country, but it was at last arranged before they went, that they would, on the following Sunday night, break into the house of a Mr. Harper, near Longden, which had been marked by the gang for plunder on account of the quantity of plate it was known to contain. And then, with brutal oaths and grumbings at their scant booty, the miscreants went away, not dreaming that a just Providence had posted in the very scene of their crimes a living witness to work out the destined retribution.

In about an hour afterwards, when it was almost dark, the farmer and his men came down the glen, driving a large flock of sheep before them. But this time no cheerful blaze greeted Morgan's return. He rode a short distance ahead, and when he found the door of his house ajar, and no light within, he dismounted hastily, and entered in some apprehension. No one was there; he called out "Becky!" "Jesse!" but they came not. Dreadfully alarmed, he rushed to the smouldering fire, thrust in some sticks, and stirred it into a blaze. The quivering light fell strongly on a white bundle at his feet, streaked with red. He lifted it up—good Heavens! it is the bloody corpse of his child! His shout of horror brought in the shepherds, and all stood gazing in dumb consternation, when, to their infinite terror, a mash tub which lay on the floor slowly rose up, and the form of a woman gradually uncoiled itself into a kneeling posture, like one rising from the grave. The face was deadly pale, and the open eyes stared vacantly upon them. At this fearful apparition, the men shrank back in superstitious dread, and even the stout farmer quailed. "Becky!" at last he uttered, in a doubtful tone. She nodded. "Becky!" he said again, more confidently. She stretched out her arms, and Morgan, recovering his self-possession, caught her up like a feather, and vehemently demanded his child. The rough embrace roused her from the trance into which she had fallen—"Johnny is dead!" she said, piteously wringing her hands—"Johnny is dead!"—and that was all she would answer.

"Search the place!" shouted the farmer furiously, "there has been murder here!"

And while the men, with lighted sticks, and what weapons they could find, hurried through the house and out-buildings, again Morgan questioned his wife as to what had happened. But it was in vain; and, carrying her to a seat by the fire, he was about to join the men in their search, when all at once she burst into a loud laugh which froze his very life-blood.

"They burned him—ha! ha! ha!" she yelled frantically—"they burned Johnny till he screamed so,"—and she imitated the poor child's cries with strange exactness, ending in a fit of violent convulsions. It took four strong men to keep her down while it lasted, but afterwards she was so weak that Morgan carried her to bed without any opposition, and she lay quiet enough, muttering to herself incoherently.

The men had brought in Jesse's dead body, and as it was quite clear that murder had been committed, one of the shepherds set off on horseback for Church Stretton, to obtain assistance. The people there were almost all in bed, but as he rode through the village, hollalaing "Murder!" at the top of his voice, every one rushed out to learn the news.

Within half an hour, all the men in the place had started for Longhope, and a rigorous examination was made, both on the farm itself, and over the neighbouring hills; but nothing was discovered, and the only chance was, that dame Morgan might be able to give some clue to the mystery. The village surgeon had already bled her, and administered a strong opiate, so nothing could well be learned from her before the morning. Meantime, the rumour of what had happened spread far and wide, and, during the forenoon of Sunday, people kept pouring in from all the neighbouring villages in crowds. Among the foremost was Harry Watkins, to whom poor Jesse's fate seemed most incredible. He shed a few natural tears on first seeing her dead body, but the sight of her gaping wounds roused his dogged temper, and all other feelings were absorbed in the one burning thirst for vengeance. As yet, however, no one could point out the murderer, and he stalked moodily about, with flushed face and set teeth, glaring without reply at any one who spoke to him.

At last it was buzzed about that dame Morgan had awoke quite sensible, and that the constable was taking her depositions; upon which Watkins forced his way to the bed-room door, where his well-known connexion with the murdered girl procured her admittance. There were only four others present, consisting of the farmer, the constable, and his assistants, to whom dame Morgan, propped up in the bed with pillows, was faintly telling her tale of horror.

"I could not save him, John, indeed I could not," she said, in a deprecating tone, as she spoke of their tortured child; and, in spite of her husband's kind assurances and hearty commendations, she looked up in his face again and again, repeating the same pathetic appeal, "Indeed and indeed I could not save him!"

The intelligence she gave showed clearly that Joe Garbett had been one of the three men. Above all, the intended robbery at Longden was of the last importance, and the constable, enjoining on all present the utmost secrecy, hurried off to make arrangements for capturing the villains that very night at Mr. Harper's. The crowd of idlers without, unable to gather any information from the man of office, closed round Harry Watkins with eager inquiries; but he only shoved them surlily aside, without noticing their questions, and strode away over the hills at

a desperate pace. Meantime preparations were made, with the utmost caution, for seizing the three desperados. Mr. Harper was warned of the intended robbery; one by one, the constables of Church Stretton and Longhope, with four assistants, dropped quietly into his house; Morgan, too, would be present, in spite of all remonstrance; the family were directed to go to church as usual, and when the bell ceased tolling, three or four men hid themselves in the front parlour, and the remaining three, with Morgan, in the drawing-room at the back. The house stood by itself, having pleasure-grounds both in front and rear, and stables and other offices at each side. Half an hour had scarcely passed before a pane of glass cracked in the drawing-room windows; one, two, three men were heard jumping in, and out burst the farmer on the foremost, with a huge oak stick in both hands, one blow of which beat the ruffian down in an instant. A second was also secured without difficulty, and Joe Garbett, the third, was seized by the collar at the same instant by the constable of Stretton and his assistant. But that alert villain threw off his coat in a twinkling, and sprang at one bound through the open window. The constable drew a pistol and blazed after him, then threw himself out headlong, closely followed by the men from the parlour. But the fugitive was lithe of limb as a greyhound;—life, dear life, hung on his speed, and he would probably have got clear off but for an unexpected aid. A man jumped from the shrubbery right in Garbett's path, dealt him a dreadful cut with a broad axe which almost shivered his cheek off, and brought him heavily to the ground. Again the axe was raised in both hands, and down it came with full swing, not on Joe's head indeed, but so close that it grazed his left ear. Before a third blow could be struck, the pursuers came up, and found their new ally was young Harry Watkins. He was perfectly mad with rage, and they had great difficulty in wrenching away the axe, and preventing him from finishing Jesse's murderer at once. As soon as Garbett recovered his senses, the three miscreants were handcuffed, and carried off to Shrewsbury gaol, there to await their trial.

The sensation created in the neighbourhood by a crime so atrocious was intense, and nothing perhaps in the whole business excited greater horror than Joe Garbett's cold-blooded murder of poor Jesse, whose sweetheart he had professed himself. People asked each other if it was possible that Joe, larking Joe, whose songs and jests they had so often laughed at, could be guilty of such unheard-of cruelties. But in truth there was nothing wonderful in it; his native wit and high animal spirit concealed a character of selfish hardness, a mind utterly callous to all human sympathies. The very habit of jesting on every one and everything, both indicated the man's heartlessness, and tended to increase it. Still, there was undoubtedly an apparent contrast between his pot-house levity of manner and his actual atrocities at Longhope, which deepened the general feeling of abhorrence against him. When the trial took place, and the jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of guilty, a loud cheer ran through the court, though promptly and sternly rebuked by the presiding judge; and as the miserable men were carried back to gaol, the mob followed with curses both loud and deep, the women, especially, loading Garbett with expressions of utter loathing and detestation.

At that period the law gave to convicted murderers but short shrift between sentence and execution, little more, in fact, than was necessary to set up a gallows. An immense crowd attended on the morning of the execution, and when the three prisoners appeared on the platform for the last time in this world, they were received with a mingled yell of exultation and abhorrence. It was the only thing that seemed to affect the wretched Garbett—that universal expression of bitter detestation by his fellow-men. Hardened as he was to all other considerations, the village favourite yet felt acutely, even at that fearful moment, the loss of his little world's applause.

The hangman's office was soon done—the white caps drawn down, the rope adjusted; the sheriff dropped his handkerchief as a signal, the bolts were drawn, the platform fell, and in a few minutes three lifeless carcasses swung in the breeze. This was all that remained of the murderers of Longhope Farm.

#### Literary Courtship.

It was in the crowded and fashionable saloon of M. Suard, where all the most distinguished wits were wont to assemble, and where Guizot saw, for the first time, the woman who was destined to exercise a noble and beneficial influence over his whole life. The circumstance which occasioned the marriage of M. Guizot was somewhat tinged with romance. Born of a distinguished family which had been ruined by the revolution, Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan had found resources in an education as solid as varied, and to support her family had thrown herself into the trying career of journalism. At the period in question she was editing the *Publiciste*. A serious malady, however, brought on by excess of toil, obliged her to desist from her labours. Her situation was a cruel one; she was almost in despair, when one day she received an anonymous letter in which, while she was besought to preserve her tranquillity, an offer was made of discharging her task during the continuance of her sickness. This offer was accompanied by an article admirably written, the deas and style of which, by a refinement of delicacy, were exactly modelled upon her own. She accepted the article, published it, and regularly received a similar contribution until her restoration to health. Profoundly affected by the incident, she related it in the saloon of M. Suard, exhausting her mind in endeavours to discover her unknown friend, and never thinking of a pale, serious young man with whom she was scarcely acquainted, and who listened to her in silence as she pursued her conjectures. Earnestly supplicated through the columns of the journal to reveal himself, the generous incognito at last went in person to receive his well-merited thanks. It was the same young man just alluded to, and five years afterwards Mademoiselle de Meulan took the name of Madame Guizot, and became the wife of the present Prime Minister of France.



### Island Adventurers.

In 1681, a Mosquito Indian was accidentally left on the island of Juan Fernandez by Captain Watling. For three years he lived upon fish, goats, seals, rock-fish, snappers, cabbage-tree, and a variety of herbs. He built himself a hut, and made his bed with goat-skins. Upon Captain Watling's revisiting the island, the Indian saw the ship at a distance; and, knowing it to be an English one, killed three goats, dressed them with leaves of the cabbage-tree, and brought them down to the shore. The ship anchored, and a Mosquito Indian who was on board, with other sailors, landed. Running to his brother Indian, he threw himself upon his face at his feet. The islander lifted him up, and then fell at his feet in the same manner. He was afterwards hailed by the crew, when his joy was signified in every action.

Not long after the departure of this Indian, Alexander Selkirk was left, with his own consent, upon the same island, and passed upon it several years\*. His history is well known. It was he that planted the oats which Commodore Anson saw growing some years afterwards. The island rises high out of the water, and has a steep shore, fine woods and savannahs. The soil in the vales consists of a black and fruitful earth; and there is good water in almost every part. It has been peopled by the Spaniards; and there is a regular garrison and a governor. From this account we learn that Juan Fernandez was stocked with goats by the discoverer; and first planted with oats by a man who was unfortunate enough to be cast upon it.

Upon a rock, twenty-nine miles north-west of Noaheevah, in the South Seas, an American passed three years. With three companions (who died soon after their landing), he had quitted his ship for the purpose of procuring feathers. The rock upon which they were cast was barren and desolate; but he contrived to live upon the flesh and blood of birds. The skulls of his companions were his only drinking vessels. In 1818 the crew of the Queen Charlotte discovered a fire on the rock, made of dried sea-weeds. Knowing the rock to be barren, their curiosity was excited; and the captain sending off a boat, they discovered the forlorn seaman, and took him to Bombay. This man had a few seeds in his pocket; and he planted them, but they refused to propagate.

In the year 1808 or 1809, a sailor, named Jeffery, on board the *Recruit*, having stolen a little spruce beer, his commander, Captain Lake, set him on shore on the uninhabited island of Sombro, in the Atlantic archipelago. Two months after this, the *Recruit* returning to the same latitude, the captain sent a boat, with several seamen, in order to retake the man on board; but he was no where to be seen:—and the crew concluded that he had been devoured by the large birds which frequent that barren rock in vast numbers. Jeffery, in the meantime, having been landed, with only the clothes he had on, was left, helpless and hopeless, to endure all the agony of the apprehension of being devoured by birds; or of dying of want. There was no shelter, and the heat of a tropical sun almost drove the unfortunate man to madness. The island being a low rock, after searching for some time, he discovered water in some of the hollows, and a considerable quantity of birds' eggs, and a few limpets. On these he lived for nine days; during which time he observed several ships pass in the distance, to which he made signals, but without effect; until he was discovered by the master of an American schooner, who took him on board, and landed him at Marblehead, in the state of Massachusetts. In the mean time, the conduct of Captain Lake having been reported to the Commander-in-Chief of the West India station, he was tried before a Court-Martial, and sentenced to be dismissed from his Majesty's service. The Parliament of Great Britain, too, having at the instance of Sir Francis Burdett, recommended a search for the unfortunate seaman, he was brought to England, and arrived in London in the month of October, 1809. When I first saw him, I was particularly struck with the modesty of his manners, and the grave simplicity of his conversation. Deeply impressed with gratitude to Heaven for his preservation, there was a solemnity of tone in the artlessness of his remarks that struck me with admiration. He was about one-and-twenty years of age. Captain Lake's family having compensated him for the sufferings he had experienced, Jeffery left London for Cornwall, where he was born, in order to visit his mother. He was met near Polpero by his father-in-law, who, soon after his first greeting, returned to apprise his mother of his arrival. The whole village now came forth to meet him; and nothing could exceed the joy with which he was welcomed. The meeting between him and his mother was affecting in the highest degree. She gazed upon him with bewildered anxiety, as if she could scarcely believe what she saw; but, recovering herself, they rushed into each other's arms, and for some moments were lost in sobs and tears. Nothing but the arrival of Jeffery was talked of; while the joy of the villagers, and the tumultuous endearments of the mother and son, consecrated an evening that will for many

years be remembered in that village with the liveliest satisfaction.

The Gallipagos islands, situate about 200 leagues west of Peru, are of volcanic origin; and every hill retains evidence of being the crater of an extinguished volcano. The only one, ever inhabited, was taken possession of by a native of Ireland (Watkins), who quitted his ship; and taking up his abode there, built a hovel, planted potatoes and pumpkins, and lived a miserable life, for several years, on tortoises and other marine animals; bartering vegetables for rum, and other necessaries.

The island of Tristan d'Acunha is an entire mass of lava. It rises 5,000 feet above the sea, in the form of a cone. With the exception of a plain, six miles in length, and two furlongs in breadth, this island is entirely covered with cope-wood; and not a day passes without rain. The common thistle, the lichen, a species of goosefoot, and storks-bill, are found there. There, too, are found two or three species of seal, of which the leonine is so little alarmed at the presence of men, that persons may get on its back, and be carried into the water. The black albatross breed there in a gregarious manner; and, upon being touched, throw out a deluge of fetid oil fluid. Wild goats and hogs, too, are seen among the bushes, a few having been left by early navigators. In 1814, this island was inhabited by three men; an American, named Lambert, a Portuguese, and a native of Minorca. They lived upon fish and birds' eggs, and covered their huts with straw and seal-skins. Lambert took possession of the islands, and constituted himself sole sovereign by a formal instrument, in which he stated, that as no power whatever had publicly claimed them, he had taken possession of them for himself and his heirs, with a right to convey them, by sale or free gift, as he or his heirs should think proper. He farther declared, that his motive for taking possession was to procure for himself and family a competence and a house far beyond the reach of chicanery and misfortune; and that in order to ensure this, he would devote himself to husbandry, and supply ships, calling there, with any articles he might be able to procure. By this document, he invited ships to lay by, opposite the cascade, where they would be visited by a boat from the shore, and supplied: and he promised, that himself and his people should be governed, in their intercourse with crews of ships, by the principles of hospitality and good fellowship. On taking possession, he built a hut, thatched it with a coarse grass, and planted cabbages, turnips, carrots, parsnips, and beet; lettuces, onions, radishes, parsley, and potatoes. All these grew better in winter than in summer, in a soil of vegetable mould. At this time, there were between three and four hundred acres of land, well adapted for cultivation; and a meadow of about fourteen acres. At the end of a year's occupation, he had a small flock of geese. The fowls bred three or four times a year:—but all his English and Muscovy ducks, and his turkeys, excepting three, died from eating the entrails of fish. He had eight sows and four boars; seven of which he caught on the island. He, as well as his pigs, lived chiefly on the flesh of sea-elephants, which abounded in two ponds of ten or twelve acres in extent. There were, also, from twelve to sixteen wild goats. The little black-cock was also in great numbers, very fat, and its flesh delicate. On the mountains were petrels, sea-hens, mollahs, the albatross, and other birds. Among the sea-cliffs they caught grampers, mackarel, and a beautiful species of cray-fish. Having collected about a thousand gallons of oil, Lambert wrote to a friend, Capt. Briggs, giving him an account of the island, and proposed, that he should purchase a schooner of about twenty-five tons, make his brother master of her, and send it for the oil and skins he had collected, with three or four boats, and provisions for twelve months: Briggs to find the money and take half the profits. Lambert remained on the island till May 17, 1812: when, under pretence of collecting wreck, he and one of his companions quitted the island in a boat; leaving his empire in possession of Currie and the native of Minorca. Currie had accompanied Lambert under an engagement of receiving wages and a share of the produce, during his stay: but received nothing. After Lambert's departure, he and his companion suffered many hardships; and the chief of their stock was taken from them by the vessels that came to the island. Upon Napoleon's arrival at St. Helena, it was deemed advisable to take possession of this island; and the Falmouth frigate was, in consequence, despatched, and arrived in the month of August, 1816. Currie and his companion immediately placed themselves under the captain's protection.

New Island (one of the Falkland Islands) has, of late, become remarkable for having been the solitary residence of a Captain Barnard, an American, whose vessel was run away with in the year 1814, by the crew of an English ship, which, on her passage from Port Jackson, had been wrecked on the south side of this island. Capt. Weddell, in his voyage from the South Polar regions, met with Capt. Barnard in 1821, and from him learnt the following account:—"Capt. Barnard was at New Island with his vessel, in the performance of a voyage for seal-furs, and when on the south side of the island, he met with the crew of a wrecked English ship. Their number was about thirty, including several passengers, some of whom were ladies. He kindly took them to his vessel, treated them with all the hospitality

which their destitute condition required, and promise to land them, on his passage home, at some port in the Brazils. Owing to the additional number of people hunting parties were frequently sent to procure supplies; and when the captain, with four of his people, were on an excursion of this kind, the wrecked crew cut the cable and in defiance of the Americans who were on board, run away with the ship to Rio Janeiro; whence they proceeded to North America." On Capt. Barnard's return he was struck with astonishment at finding his ship carried off. On reflection, however, he soon guessed the cause; which he attributed to the fear of being taken to America, where they would become prisoners of war. Nothing in the way of supplies having been left for him and his four companions, he was forced to consider how they were to subsist; and recollecting that he had planted a few potatoes, they directed their attention to them, and in the course of the second season obtained a serviceable supply. They had a dog, which now and then caught a pig; and the eggs of the albatross, which were stored at the proper season, with potatoes, formed a substitute for bread, and the skins of the seals for clothes. They built a house of stone, still remaining on the island which was strong enough to withstand the storms of winter, and they might have been comparatively happy but that they were cut off from their relations and friends. To add to the misfortunes of Capt. Barnard in being separated from his wife and children, his companions, over whom he exercised no authority, but merely dictated what he considered was for their mutual advantage, became impatient even of this mild control, took an opportunity to steal the boat, and he was left on the island alone. Being thus abandoned, he spent the time in preparing clothes from the skin of the seals, and in collecting food for winter. Once or twice a day, he used to ascend a hill, from which there was a wide prospect of the ocean, to see if any vessel approached; but always returned disappointed and forlorn:—no ship was to be observed! The four sailors, in the meanwhile, having experienced their own inability to provide properly for themselves, returned to him after an absence of some months. He still found much difficulty in preserving peace among his companions; indeed one of them had planned his death; but, fortunately, it was discovered in time to be prevented. He placed this man alone, with some provisions, on a small island in Quaker Harbour; and, in the course of three weeks, so great a change was made in his mind, and when Capt. Barnard took him off, he was worn down with reflection on his crimes, and became truly penitent. They were now attentive to the advice of their commander. In this way they continued to live, occasionally visiting the neighbouring island in search of provisions, till the end of two years, when they were taken off by an English whaler, bound for the Pacific. Capt. Barnard informed Capt. Weddell, that a British man-of-war had been sent expressly from Rio Janeiro to take them off, but by some accident the vessel, though at the Islands, did not fall in with them.—*Bucke.*

### Medical Virtues of Animals.

PERHAPS it is because the proverb says all flesh is grass, that physicians draw so largely upon plants to repair the injuries sustained by animals. Anciently, however, the goodwives and doctors, (leeches, as they were then called,) prescribed a variety of animal substances for the cure of all the ills which flesh is heir to. Insects, fish, reptiles, birds, mammals, and in short every living thing, was reckoned good against some complaint or other. We intend in this article to give the reader some idea of the medical zoology of ancient and modern times. Our examples have been collected from numerous works, old and new, which we have read at different periods.

As Spallanzani found from experiment that the gastric juice of animals will preserve meat for some time from putrefying, this fluid has been used as an antiseptic. Dr. Good observes that "physicians have availed themselves of the corrective quality of the gastric juice of various animals internally in cases of indigestion and debilitated stomach, and, externally, to check mortification, and as a stimulus to ulcers."

Our forefathers ascribed extraordinary powers to such creatures as were at all regulated by "the dark, dismal, dreamy night." Hence the bat and the hedgehog, both nocturnal animals, were thought to possess singular properties. Albertus Magnus affirms, that if we will but anoint our eyes with a hedgehog's right eye fried in oil contained in a brass vessel, we shall enjoy the faculty of seeing distinctly by night, and so we may lie in bed reading or catching fleas without the assistance of a candle. Pliny recommends, and listen to him all ye barbers and barber-surgeons, a mixture of hedgehog's gall and bat's brains for the removal of superfluous hair. We should make no objection, not the slightest, to the bat's brains; but we should hesitate in applying the hedgehog's gall, lest we should come out in prickly armour soon afterwards. Bear's grease is extensively used to promote the growth of hair and sometimes to cure the ring-worm. Album græcum, (not a Greek album, but the white manure of dogs,) was formerly used for the cure of soar throats and other disorders; and the strong smell of the fox is still supposed by some persons to repel infectious diseases. The *Viverra civetta* produces, by secretion, the drug well known by the name of civet. Castor, a secretion from the beaver is occasionally used as an antispasmodic. A writer in the *Magazine of Natural History* (vol. iv. p. 286) says that the concretion

\* Selkirk was not wrecked on the island of Juan Fernandez, as most persons suppose; but, having a great dislike to his captain, he was left there at his own desire.



variously called bezoar hystrices, bezoar porcinum, pietro del porco, or lapis malacensis and obtained from the gall bladder of the Indian porcupine, was formerly employed as an aperient and stomachic. The bezoar found in the paco is, also, prized for its medicinal virtues. The lard of the common hog is of great use in medicine, being an ingredient in various sorts of plasters, either in its pure state, or in the metamorphosed form of pomatum; and the editor of the *Maids' Wives' and Widows' Penny Magazine*,—a magazine long ago exploded,—assures his fair readers that “a rind of pork bound upon a wound from a needle pin, or nail, will prevent the lock-jaw” (vol. i. p. 14). Who, indeed, but a Jew or a Mahomedan could have a lock-jaw when near a piece of pork? We have known nurses give a baby a rind of pork, instead of a coral, to assist their teething, and who can doubt that it tempts the teeth to come sooner than they otherwise would? It is said that there is hardly a part of the rhinoceros's body but what is esteemed by the natives of the country it inhabits as an antidote to poison. Its dried blood, more especially, is in high medical repute among the Hottentots. The substance called musk, and so long celebrated as a perfume and an antispasmodic, is obtained from the Thibet *chevrotain* (*Moschus moschiferus*). It is a most powerful remedy in cases of nervous and hysterical disorders. The antlers of deer abound in that salt which is the basis of the spirit of hartshorn; and the remains of them, after the salt is extracted, being calcined, furnish the valuable astringent called burnt-hartshorn. It was once supposed that shavings from the hoof of the elk acted as a preventive of the falling sickness, &c. It was probably the horn of some species of antelope which was anciently sold at a high price as the horn of the fabulous quadruped called unicorn, and which was famed as an antidote to poison, and as a cure for many diseases. By the way, we may mention that Thomas Bartholinus wrote a most learned treatise of nearly four hundred pages, and illustrated by a variety of figures of one-horned men, women, horses, rhinoceroses, birds, snakes, and insects; and we have not been able to find any copy of it in any of our national libraries, the only one which we have seen being contained in the choice collection of ancient philosophical works in the possession of Mr. J. H. Fennell, the natural historian. In this rare treatise, entitled *De Unicorni Observationes Novæ* (Amsterdam, 1678), there is a whole chapter devoted to the medicinal uses of the horn, which was considered so precious that the Landgrave of Hesse records that he saw in the treasury of St. Denis, France, the great porphyry vase, and “the unicorn” meaning probably the precious piece of unicorn's horn, said to have been presented to the treasury of St. Denis, by Suger, and which for many centuries was regarded as one of its chief ornaments. Cuvier was of opinion that the notion of such an animal existing as the unicorn originated in some specimen of the oryx (*Antelope oryx*, Pallas) that had lost one of its horns, which are “slender, two or three feet long, straight, pointed, and round.” The paseng, or Persian wild goat (*Capra aegragus*) is the animal from whose intestines is occasionally obtained a concretion, called oriental bezoar, and one in universal repute for its medicinal virtues, though now but little esteemed, and that only where the medicinal art is not so advanced. Goldsmith tells us that “it has been given in vertigoes, epilepsies, palpitations of the heart, colic, jaundice, and in those places where the dearth, and not the value of medicines, is consulted, in almost every disorder incident to man. In all, perhaps, it is equally efficacious, acting only as an absorbent powder, and possessing virtues equal to common chalk, or crab's claws.” The blood of the ibex (*Capra ibex*) is said to be used in Germany for the cure of the pleurisy. The common goat's milk is often recommended to the sick as a substitute for asses' milk, which is also esteemed medicinal. Phthisical patients are said to have been cured by drinking warm goat's-milk, with a teaspoonful of arthorn every morning and afternoon of several successive days. Many patients used to resort to various parts of Ireland and Scotland to drink it in the form of whey. It is not improbable that the milk of the goat derives some salutary qualities from the medicinal herbs which it feeds so extensively. Dr. Mead and other writers mention the dried blood of a he-goat as a remedy for the pleurisy and inflammatory complaints. The strong and strong smell from he-goats has been regarded as beneficial to nervous and hysterical persons, and so refreshing to horses that he-goats have been kept in stables entirely on that account. Mr. Fennell, in his *Natural History of Quadrupeds* (1840), page 403, remarks that “as we know that the goat eats of many plants which would prove injurious, if not poisonous to the horse, it is not improbable that the latter is preserved by the goat picking the useful plants out of the fodder.” The breath of cows is considered good for weak lungs, and consumptive persons were, therefore, advised to frequent cow-houses. The cow's milk is recommended in fevers by some physicians, though others do not approve of it. Herds have been dignified with the title of English bezoar said to possess all the supposed virtues of the oriental bezoar. They have been employed as alexipharmica or antidotes against poison, the plague, or the small-pox. The gall, liver, spleen, and urine of bovine cattle have also a place in the materia medica.

In the second class of animals, comprising the *Cetacea*, we obtain ambergris and spermaceti from a species of whale. The lapis manati, prized by the Indians of

Guiana and the West India Islands for its reputed virtues in convulsions, colic, disuria, &c., is obtained from the *manatus*, another species of cetacean. Blumenfroh, in his *Manual*, (p. 283,) says it is “merely the bampam or bulla ossea” of the animal; but Dr. Hantley, in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, (April 1830), says that is incorrect, and that manati stones are, in reality, only certain petrous bones found within the cavity of its cranium.

In the third class of animals, comprising birds, little is to be found relative to the materia medica. New-laid eggs are regarded by Ovid as amorous incentives; and the white of new-laid eggs, mixed with lukewarm milk, is generally considered highly nutritive to weak and sickly persons. Bingley, in his *Tour through North Wales*, (1800,) says “I have been informed that a disorder similar to St. Anthony's fire, and called yr eryr, or the eagle, is supposed to be always cured, if a man or woman, whose father, grandfather, or great grandfather, have eaten the flesh of an eagle, spits upon and rubs the part affected. A servant girl belonging to a friend of mine, residing in Wales, says that she was cured of this complaint by an old man, whose grandfather had eaten of the bird's flesh; and that he assisted the charm with some words which she did not comprehend.” We opine that the saliva of a man or woman will be found to be quite as efficacious in this disorder without his or her “father, grandfather, or great grandfather” having feasted upon the flesh of the eagle or any other bird that wings the air. The Ostiars believe that the skin, bill, and claws of the kingfisher, kept in a purse as a sort of amulet, will preserve the owner from all disease; and that if a woman be touched with one of its feathers capable of floating upon water, she will become enamoured of the experimentalist. Sorry, very sorry, are we to declare, that we have touched several young ladies with the lightest of the kingfisher's feathers, and it produced no remarkable effect whatever, except in one instance, when having applied it to the nose of a charming and beautiful heiress she sneezed immediately. Ovid, who entirely overlooks the magic feather, mentions “the froth of which the halcyon builds her floating nest,” as an ingredient in a composition for removing freckles from the face, and we doubt not that if any freckled individual can succeed in finding either the said froth or floating nest, he may have some prospect of a cure thereby. Whether the South Sea bubble and sinking fund have in any way affected the halcyon's, or king-fishers affairs we know not, but certain it is that now-a-days it never uses froth in building or launches its nest upon the waters. Had we found a floating nest of froth we should have imagined it to be the pleasure yacht of some fairy publican, and have searched it, not for eggs, but for any stores of aniseed and whisky which he might have had on board to facilitate angling by intoxicating the poor, simple, and uneducated fishes. Maplett, in his scarce little work, entitled *A Greene Forest, or a Natural History*, (1567), assures us that the peacock's dung is “many wales medicinal,” and adds that the bird conceals it on that account, which to say the least is a very selfish act, quite unworthy of so beautiful a bird. Goose grease is sometimes used for the cure of ringworm. The oil which the fulmar elaborates by feeding on the blubber of the whale is esteemed at St. Kilda as a certain remedy for both internal and external complaints. Martin mentions its having been successful in cases of rheumatism in London and Edinburgh. Aristotle, Ælian, Heliodorus, and other ancient gentlemen tell us that the flesh of the sea-lark or dully, is an infallible cure for the jaundice; and some even assert that it may be immediately cured by merely looking at the bird.

Such were the vaunted properties of animals. Reptiles, fishes, and insects had also their medical value, which we shall detail in our next.

#### Scientific Miscellany.

##### ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

**THE NEBULAR THEORY.**—The discoveries of Astronomy have not only extended over the existing world of celestial bodies, but recent investigations have revealed the probable mode in which new worlds are called into being, and shown the process by which they are gradually and imperceptibly moulded into shape. Sir William Herschel, and his no less gifted son, Sir John, in conjunction with the French astronomer, Laplace, had, for a considerable period, observed certain masses of luminous vapours in different portions of the heaven, and presenting various appearances in the course of their progress towards a definite form and character, some appearing as mere films of light, others gathering into separate masses, others assuming something like a globular shape, while others presented a dense central nucleus of light surrounded by a luminous mass like the tail of a comet, so that a series was thus to be observed from groups of round bodies illuminated in their centres to separate nebulae with single nuclei, to a central disk, constituting a nebular star, and finally to an orb of light with a halo like our sun. By such a process it is conceived, that our planetary system was formed. The sun is conceived to have been once a diffused nebulosity, a scattered mass of vapour, which has condensed into its present form; and, during this process of condensation, it is believed the planets were succes-

sively thrown off, the most distant as Herschel, being the first followed by Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Earth, Venus, and Mercury. The assertion that the solid earth has condensed from a mass of vapour, will seem strange and startling to the mind unaccustomed to scientific inquiry; but when we reflect that water may be frozen into a substance, ice, which is as hard as a rock, or again may be melted into water, or sublimed into vapour, and again condensed into water, and frozen again into ice, or finally, may, by chemical decomposition, be reduced to its two component gases, oxygen and hydrogen, we may cease to wonder at phenomena which are produced by the same laws, and may be explained on similar principles.

**THUNDER STORMS.**—The distance of a thunder-storm, and consequently the danger, is not difficult to be ascertained. As light travels at the rate of about 66,420 leagues in a second, or nearly 200,000 miles in one second of time, its effects may be considered as instantaneous within any moderate distance. Sound, on the contrary, is transmitted only at the rate of 1,142 feet in a second. By accurately observing, therefore, the time which intervenes between the flash of light and the beginning of the noise of the thunder which follows it, a very accurate calculation may be made of its distance, viz., when you observe the lightning, and 10 seconds elapse before you hear the thunder, you are two miles out of danger; if five seconds elapse between, one mile out of danger; but if you only distinguish one second to elapse between the lightning and thunder, then you may estimate yourself only 1,142 feet from the dangerous fluid, and the nearer to the light you hear the thunder within one second, you may count yourself in danger. By having a knowledge of these things, there is no better means of removing apprehensions. If the thunder rumbles seven seconds, you must be aware that the electric fluid has passed through space from the atmosphere to the earth, a distance of nearly one mile and a half. Sometimes the fluid skips from one cloud to another before it comes to the earth. There is no danger to be apprehended from the thunder, but that it operates as a warning when well calculated.

**DISCOVERY OF THE FOSSILISED RELICS OF MONKEYS AND OPOSSUMS IN THE LONDON CLAY.**—A mammiferous tooth was found by a lad employed in the quarry at Kingston (there called Kyson), close to the town of Woodbridge, in Suffolk. Mr. Colchester obtained possession of it, and having shown it to Mr. Charlesworth, learned from his examination, that it was the tooth of a mammiferous animal, and would possess a high geological value if the stratum from which it came were really a bed of the London-clay formation. Subsequently, Professor Owen having seen the tooth, pronounced it to belong to one of the “mixed feeders,” and ultimately decided that it was the tooth of an opossum of the restricted genus *Didelphis* and allied to the Virginian opossum. Mr. Colchester, having obtained a second and much larger mammiferous tooth, with a considerable portion of the jaw remaining attached to it, and from the same quarry as the former one, Professor Owen compared it with the corresponding tooth of a well-known monkey of the genus *Macacus*, with which he pronounced it to be identical. Professor Owen subsequently found, however, that the first discovered tooth, instead of being as he had said, that of an opossum, belonged to one of the most common and best known of the monkey tribe—a *Macacus*. As the remains belonged to the monkey commonly exhibited in this country, Mr. S. V. Wood thought it possible that it might have been accidentally introduced into the heap of sand from which it had been sifted; but on contrast with recent jaws, its disagreement in colour, and general appearance was such as to declare it a genuine fossil. Since the discovery of these two specimens Mr. Colchester has obtained a third specimen, widely differing from either of them, and said really to belong to an opossum of the genus *Didelphis*. It should be stated that these fossil remains were found in the upper part of a bed of sand about ten feet thick, which is covered by a mass of London-clay about seventeen feet thick; and it may be added that the molar teeth of the monkey tribe, and those of the opossums, in some instances so nearly resemble, that, without the most careful examination, those of the one may be mistaken for the other.

**MACHINE FOR COMPOSING AND DISTRIBUTING PRINTING TYPES.**—The *Moniteur Industriel* states, that M. Gaubert, a teacher of mathematics at Antwerp, has invented a machine which, by merely throwing the letters into a kind of hopper, arranges them as they fall out on an inclined plane, so that they may afterwards be collected to form words by touching the keys of an instrument, resembling the key of a pianoforte. The 296 letters and characters in a compositor's letter-case are first separated into twenty-five series by an oscillating movement of the hopper and the inclined plane. The most numerous of this series contains only fifteen different characters, the thickness of which is not the same; they are separated, at the will of the compositor who touches the keys, whilst passing on plates with holes like key-holes, so adapted as only to admit each one its proper letter. It is stated that by means of this apparatus, 124,000 letters may be lifted in eight hours, whilst a skilful compositor, by the present system, can scarcely set 12,000 in the same time.



## Ode to Burns.

THE Poet to us and the world hath given  
The intellectual treasures of his soul;  
And from the face of iron power hath riven  
The masque by which the proud the poor control.  
And he has told the houseless wretch to think,  
That though an outcast, he is still a man;  
And he has taught the mighty they may sink  
Before the workings of great Nature's plan,  
Nor of creation's progress longer lead the van.

The humble cottager, the rustic hind,  
The poor mechanic, once esteemed so vile,  
By him are taught the majesty of mind,  
The worth and pride of independent toil.  
With clearer step they tread their native earth;  
With closer gaze they look on all around;  
With more content they eye their humble hearth;  
For he was but a tiller of the ground,  
And yet could charm with music's matchless sound.

The cottage maid, while sitting at her wheel,  
Will sing his songs of love, and feel them true;  
And to her breast a tender throb will steal,  
As one loved youth appears to fancy's view.  
And when he welcome comes at night, to hear  
Her warbling voice among the garden trees,  
The kiss how sweet, the clasp how fond, how dear,  
When maiden's artless bosom strives to please,  
And man his proffer'd suit accepted sees.

And woman—the first gift of heaven to man,  
With tearful eye shall read his truthful page;  
How in one tide his strong affections ran—  
How her kind smile his sorrows could assuage;  
Then she, dear woman! will delighted learn  
Her generous task how she may best fulfil—  
How she may make the soul of man to yearn,  
And mould him to her pleasurable will,  
By loving to the last, unchanged in good or ill.  
What recks the heartless world's unfeeling frown,  
If woman smiles unrummured near;  
What though despair and want have cast us down,  
If still we are to faithful woman dear.  
Her voice can charm the stricken wretch's woe—  
Can comfort him who pines and grievous mourns—  
Can bid the stream of hope rejoicing flow,  
And, as the pulse of life again returns,  
Will whisper tales of love, and sing us songs of Burns.

## The Spoiled Child.

"Oh Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!"

MR. QUICK ("Little Quick") had also a "treasure," namely, "one fair daughter, the which he loved passing well,"—too well! It followed, then, that she was in infancy so honoured, petted, and "spoiled," that in comparison with her wild and whimsical desires the famed requisition of the "top tile off the chimney," was a moderate and justifiable demand.

One day, a friend "dropping in" upon Mr. and Mrs. Quick at their dinner-hour, found these fond parents and their "treasure" already seated at table, although the dishes were yet covered. The hospitable couple insisted on their friend's participation of their homely meal; and he, in compliance with their wish, took the fourth side of the board, immediately opposite to the young mistress of the house (then about six years of age), who, by right of custom and her own sovereign will, chose, day by day, whatever position, caprice, or local speculation, connected with certain edibles, pointed out to be most desirable; and there the high chair of the little despot was ordered to be placed. On the present occasion, having forestalled her dinner by eating a lump of cake, which had palled her appetite, and rendered the present meal an unwelcome superfluity, the little dear was seated next to her doting father as a mere looker on.

The main dish upon table, when uncovered, excited the curiosity of Miss Quick, who either had not seen the joint before, or had forgotten the name of it, which she now eagerly demanded; and upon being told that it was a saddle of mutton, she stood up, and promptly announced her intention to ride upon it forthwith. To this preposterous recreation the parents were fain to treat the little imp's forbearance. In vain; for she declared saddles were made to ride upon, and to ride she was resolved. After much ado, her patient father and mother luckily suggested that the obvious heat of the seat she aspired to, and the inconvenience likely to arise from such exercise, would distress her, and spoil her new frock, the difficulty seemed surmounted, and the child desisted from further importunity; but immediately after, perceiving the dish almost overflowing with the juice of the mutton, she cried out, "Oh, let me put my foot in the gravy! I will put my foot in the gravy!" The father, albeit not unused to such eccentric fancies, was a little startled at his sweet pet's novel desire, and exclaimed in a tone of assumed wonder and of deprecation, "My precious love! what a preposterous thing you propose! it's quite out of the question. Now be a dear, good child, and let me help Mr. — to some mutton." "Oh!" reiterated the little treasure, "I will put my feet in the gravy first!" In vain the devoted parents urged, threatened, and coaxed; in vain promised that the next day, when they were without a visitor, she should do whatever she pleased; all, all in vain! for upon a more determined opposition, the sweet little angel yelled out her wishes in such a piercing key, that her mother, a very mild-mannered person, addressed her husband, "My dear Mr. Quick, I'm afraid we shall

have no peace until we allow the dear child to do as she likes." "Well, but my love," urged Mr. Quick, in reply, a little ashamed of their mutual weakness before their guest, "What will Mr. — say to such a proceeding? It is really improper." Mr. —, willing to see to what extreme parental folly could go, withheld both his opinion and permission, preferring a state of neutrality; and Mr. Quick, finding the little tyrant's determination warmer every minute, and the mutton cooler, proposed a compromise, namely, that the little darling should have another dish brought in, and placed in a corner of the room with some of the gravy in it, and then paddle about whilst themselves and friend were at dinner, and return to table when the fruit came in. No; the "treasure," at the very top of her voice, once more declared that she would have the dish, and nothing but the dish, before her; and, further, that she would not abate one drop of the gravy. At this perplexing juncture, Quick turned towards his friend, in apology for the scene before him, assuring him at the same time, that "it was of no use to thwart the dear child, who would have her way." Then calling for another dish, the poor father placed the shivering saddle upon it, and lifting that from the table containing the gravy, carried it to a remote corner of the room, where he was followed by the "little duck;" who, after a persuading kiss from the goose her father, consented to have her shoes removed, and to remain splashing about until the dessert appeared upon the table. When the little nuisance graciously allowed her foot-bath to be taken away, she reascended her high chair, and there further showed how hateful lovely infancy may become from improper indulgence, by pushing about and knocking down whatever was offered that she did not approve. Screaming forth her preference, she at length declared in favour of a large pear, the largest in the dish, upon which she had placed her affections. Mrs. Quick, unwilling to incur by fresh denial another contest with her powerful superior, with prompt kindness smilingly placed the coveted pear upon her daughter's plate; when, to the alarm of the beholders, the little fury threw it back upon her mother with all the ferocity of a full-grown termagant, exclaiming, as she did so, "Why did you give it to me? I wanted to snatch it!" Mr. Quick himself related this story to the person now telling it, at the same time congratulating himself that his child had grown into a sensible, rational woman, notwithstanding her parents' early endeavours to make her a fool.—Fraser.

## Paragraphs.

**DIFFUSION OF ORATORY.**—If we may trust our newspapers, we are a nation of orators. Every meeting overflows with eloquence. Men of all conditions find a tongue for public debate. Undoubtedly, there is much more sound than sense in our endless speeches before all kinds of assemblies and societies. But no man, I think, can attend our public meetings without being struck with the force and propriety of expression in multitudes, whose condition has confined them to a very imperfect culture. This exercise of the intellect, which has almost become a national characteristic, is not to be undervalued. Speech is not merely the dress, as it is often called, but the very body of thought. It is to the intellect what the muscles are to the principle of physical life. The mind acts and strengthens itself through words. It is the chaos till defined, organised by language. The attempt to give clear precise utterance to thought, is one of the most effectual processes of mental discipline. It is, therefore, no doubtful sign of a growing intelligence of a people, when the power of expression is cultivated extensively for the purpose of acting on multitudes.—Channing.

**WOLSEY AND MENZICOFF.**—The father of the Suffolk Cardinal was a butcher; yet the son enjoyed preferences no subject but himself ever enjoyed. Rector of Lynton; Prime Minister to Henry VIII.; Bishop of Lincoln, of Durham, and of Winchester; Archbishop of York; Administrator of Tournay; Bishop of Bath and Wells; Administrator of St. Albans; Lord Chancellor; Cardinal; joint Legate; and lastly, the Pope's Legate for life.—Ruined in a day, with all his preferences! Miserable; yet, with all his vices, not unworthy of our admiration for his abilities; and not unworthy our esteem for many great and splendid qualities.—"Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye." To the memory of this man Shakespeare has been much more faithful than historians. With the fate of Wolsey, we associate the rise, elevation, and fall of Menzicoff; who, from being the son of a soldier became the favourite of Czar Peter the First, and the conqueror of Charles the Twelfth, in defeating General Lewenhaupt. Then we hold him created field-marshal, first senator, regent;—and so rich in lands, that he could travel from Riga, in Livonia, to Derbent, on the frontiers of Persia, and sleep every night on an estate belonging to himself. His vassals consisted of one hundred and fifty thousand families: he became chief minister to Peter the First, to Catherine the Czarina, and to Peter the Second; and so powerful that kings courted his favour. In this meridian, he was stripped, in one night, of all his authority and influence; divested of all his honours and wealth, and from being the greatest of subjects, sunk into being one of the lowest. Banished to Beresow,—one of his daughters mended his clothes, and washed his linen; while the other, who had been betrothed to Peter the Second, undertook the care of his kitchen!

**THE GREAT IRON STEAMER AT BRISTOL.**—This wonderful vessel will probably combine a greater number and variety of untried principles than were ever before united in one enterprise of the same magnitude and importance. The vessel herself—her enormous magnitude (about 8,500 tons, it is said)—her material (plate-iron)—her engines, nearly 1,200 horse-power—her cylinders 120 inches in diameter! no piston rods! no beams!—the connecting rod laying hold immediately on the piston, and a moving hollow casting playing through a stuffing-box in the top of the piston to give play to the said connecting rod! an unlimited application of the expansive principle; and, to crown all, no paddle wheels! no apparent propelling power, but an unseen agent revolving under her quarters, and enabling her to "walk the waters like a quail of

life." Verily, we live in an age of wonders; and if the mechanical genius of the era give safe birth to this creature of its conception, and foster her into vigorous maturity, will be difficult henceforward to set any bounds to locomotion over the deep.

**THE DEEDS BEFORE LEPANTO.**—Lepanto is in its interesting, as giving an exact idea of an ancient Greek city, being situated in a commanding position on the side of a mountain running down to the sea, with its citadel, the top, and enclosed by walls and turrets. The port shut within the walls, which run into the sea, and are erected on the foundations of the ancient Naupactus. A distance was the promontory of Actium, where Cleopatra with her fifty ships, abandoned Antony, and left to Augustus the empire of the world; and directly before us, surface dotted with a few straggling Greek caiques, the scene of a battle which has rung throughout the world the great battle of the Cross against the Crescent, when the allied forces of Spain, Venice, and the Pope, amounting to nearly three hundred sail, under the command of Don John of Austria, humbled for ever the naval pride of the Turks. One hundred and thirty Turkish galleys were taken, and fifty-five sunk; thirty thousand Turks were killed, ten thousand taken prisoners, fifteen thousand Christian slaves delivered; and Pope Pius VI., with his fervour, exclaimed, "There was a man sent from God and his name was John." Cervantes lost his left hand in this battle; and it is to the wounds he received here that he makes a touching allusion when reproached by a rival. "What I cannot help feeling deeply is, that I am stigmatised with being old and maimed, as though it belonged to me to stay the course of time; or as though my wound had been received in some tavern broil, instead of the most lofty occasion which past ages have yet seen, or which shall ever be seen by those to come. The scars which a soldier wears on his person, instead of badges of infamy are stars to guide the daring in the path of glory. As I mine, though they may not shine in the eyes of the envious, they are at least esteemed by those who know where they were received; and even were it not yet too late to choose, I would rather remain as I am; maimed and mutilated, than be now whole of my wounds, without having taken part in so glorious an achievement." I shall perhaps, be reproached for mingling with the immortal names of Don John of Austria and Cervantes, those of George Wilson, of Providence, Rhode Island, and John Williams, a black of Baltimore, cook on board Lord Cochrane's flagship in the great battle between the Greeks and the Turkish fleets. George Wilson was a gunner on board one of the Greek ships, and conducted himself with much gallantry, that Lord Cochrane, at a dinner in commemoration of the event, publicly drank his health. In the same battle, James Williams, who had lost a finger in the United States' service under Decatur at Algiers, had conducted himself with great coolness and intrepidity in several engagements, when no Greek could be found to take the helm, volunteered his services, and was struck down by a splinter, which broke his legs and arms. The historian will probably never mention these gallant fellows in his quarto volumes: but I hope the American traveller, as he stands at sunset by the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto, and recalls to mind the great achievements of Don John and Cervantes, will not forget George Wilson and John Williams.—Stephens.

**RAILWAYS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.**—The number of railways in the United Kingdom, for which Acts of Parliament have been obtained, is seventy-one; of which fifty-four, in length 1,393 miles, are wholly open; nine are partially open, 497 miles in length, of which are now open; seven, whose length is 292 miles, are commenced, or not yet open in any part of their line.

The Baron de Beranger relates that, having secured a pick-pocket in the very act of irregular abstraction, he took the liberty of enquiring whether there was anything in his face that had procured him the honour of his being singled for such an attempt. "Why, Sir," said the fellow, "your face is well enough, but you had on thin shoes and white stockings in dirty weather, and so I made sure you were a flat."

**THE MOON.**—Mr. Arago, the celebrated astronomer, been giving lectures to crowded audiences on the nature of the moon. He contends that this planet is not an inhabited body, and that it is without any kind of vitality, either animal or vegetable. He denies also that it has cities, seas, rivers, or lakes, but admits that it has mountains and valleys, which, however, he says, are of primitive formation.

## Confession.

BY DR. BOWRING.

BUT for my father's angry talking,  
I'd frankly own that I was walking  
With one—whom he could not discover;  
Frown he or not—it was my lover.

And if my father would not scold me,  
I'd tell him what my lover told me;  
And what he gave—a secret this is—  
Scold he or not—'twas love's sweet kisses.

And if my father would not wonder,  
I'd tear the secret's veil asunder;  
Wonder or not—my lover made me  
A sweet and solemn vow to wed me.

He vowed—sincere and eager hearted—  
E'en while he kiss'd me as we parted,  
With thee he would not leave me longer,  
But claim me when the wheat is stronger.

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"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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### Social Condition of the Early Races.

THERE need be little dispute concerning the supposition that the antediluvian world was well versed in luxuries and refinements, and that its inventions and speculations approached too nearly to impiety; nor can it be doubted that the preserved remnant retained a knowledge of many arts, and practised them to some extent, on their second creation upon the solid land. Noah became a husbandman, and succeeded in the manufacture of wine. Nimrod was a mighty hunter; the bow, the javelin, and the spear must therefore have been called into use. Among the builders of Babel there must have been architects as well as artificers; nor could their labour be altogether out of love; some remuneration must necessarily have been awarded, and if the question of a metallic or a paper currency did not disturb the work, payment in kind must have given first evidence of the truck system.

But all this march towards improvement was arrested by the dispersion. Some, more acute than the rest, would cat themselves in spots, the resources of which were not altogether unknown while the weak, their resolute, and the ignorant would be driven to and fro, strangers in the land, a burden to themselves and those around them. It is not likely, at such an anxious and fearful period, that charity largely prevailed. Self-preservation would pre-empt, and the outcast be driven further and further away, until he found himself in the secluded forest, or, at least waste, a bewildered wretch, looking on the world as an enemy, ferocious and deadly in the workings of a roused soul. This was the savage—this became the progenitor of many such. What little knowledge of art the original group might possess would be forgotten with the recollections of the past—the absence of all artistical instruments would prevent knowledge, even if retained, from being transmitted to others. The stone or brick building would be hastily and gladly exchanged for the hut of bark, or reeds, or grass. The skin of the wild beast would furnish a ready-made web from which to manufacture dress, while the absence of materials, as well as the desire to outshine, would dispense with any elaborate embroidery. While larger bands, therefore, carried with them all the refinements of their elder state, the smaller parties, located in secret places, would become acquainted with wretchedness, and consume their days in ceaseless toil to procure a precarious subsistence.

Is it any stretch of fancy to suppose that of these dwellers in the wilderness many fell by famine, many by the fangs of the beasts of prey, many by their companions in starvation? Others, certainly, would prosper; having planted themselves in pleasant places, where the earth produced her choicest fruits in glad abundance, and where broad flowing streams protected them from the prowlers of the wood. Among these civilization would make some progress. The necessity of toil to which the hunter was doomed, would not compel them to be content with the most miserable existence, would not induce them to make their wives hewers of wood and drawers of water. If we may judge by what we know of women now, in a life of comparative repose they would be the first to invent articles of finery—the first to deck their hair with shells, or flowers, or berries—the first to raise the song of triumph over want and misery. They would also be the first to startle at the rising sun, to shrink at the voice of thunder, and hide themselves from the electric flash. On them would superstition cast its triple-folded pall—fear, hate, and love, making to them a mythology of unseen deities, while their senses overpowered the innate struggles of the mind, and shrouded in impenetrable darkness the glimmerings of the soul. By them would the naked and fearless youth be reared—to them would the blushing daughters of the desert listen. Age upon age would the dreams of imagination gather, until confusion sat down with ignorance, as speculation roved at will through a long, long midnight of intellectual darkness.

There were in the early ages as many classes of these wanderers as there are at present grades in civilized so-

ciety. The more happily situated at once assumed the patriarchal form of government; the younger looking up to the elder, or originator of the encampment, in the same manner as the herd looks to the wild horse who leads his troop to graze. It is well known, however, that the chieftain-horse has frequent occasion to chastise the insolence of some growing colt, who, presuming on his manhood, attempts to make free with the cherished privileges of his chief. This young rebel is driven off—seldom, however, without securing some gentle mare to share with him his fortune and his fate. So it was with the human dweller in the wild. The rising generation could not permit the patriarch absolute possession of all that was fair and beautiful in their eyes, so some eloped; while others set up an undisguised rivalry of their superior's pretensions.

These parties knowing that the patriarchal system, violated in their own persons, could not well be carried out, began another form of government, which promised greater liberty to those who sought its protection. This was the institution of tribes or clanship, by which so much was common property, and so much personal. To entrap the wild bird, to hunt the buffalo, to rob the stream, these were common duties; the treasure, however, once gained, became the victor's own. He had his hut—his wife, one or more—and he called himself happy and independent. Against this system that of the patriarchs could not uphold itself: man is an encroaching animal; he loves advancement; some fear danger, some despise it; but few desire not to be better off to-day than they were yesterday.

A man, however, could not keep a hut without repairing, beautifying, or extending it. A savage therefore, who had some pretensions to taste might adorn his wigwam with rude workmanship, or decorate it with the spoils of his spear. Others, would have their eye caught by the flowers of the field, some have their palates tickled by the simplicity of roots and herbs, which epicure and savage alike admit give an excellent zest to frequency of animal food. These small properties, while they instilled pride into their possessors, excited covetousness in the less industriously disposed. Hence small thefts led their usual course to large ones. The unsophisticated dweller in the wild, by a somewhat longer process certainly, thus beheld the necessity of laws as well as the denizen of the crowded city. Unfortunately, however, for the uncivilized, every man became his own judge, jury, and executioner; by a rapid process of condemnation, the culprit was punished when he was caught; and if his tribe or family protected him, then a war of extermination commenced, and ferocity grew and flourished like a rank and baneful weed, before whose progress healthful life fell down, a reeking oblation to ignorance and hate.

But the jurisprudence of the more polished races was not of so greatly an improved character. The economy of crime was not at all understood: the deprivation of life was the only recognised punishment. Some nations, however, set a higher value on certain virtues than others. With the warlike races, treachery and cowardice were capital offences; with the more peaceably disposed, the disruption of conjugal fidelity was esteemed, and perhaps not unjustly, the greatest crime which could be committed against the welfare of society. The Spartans encouraged successful theft as the first symptoms of genius; they punished its discovery as a certain sign of the lack of talent. Their women were heroically virtuous, yet modesty was a term unknown in their language. The girls were polished and educated savages, severely chaste but proudly indelicate. On the other hand, the Athenian women became tenderly correct, entirely bashful, yet, alas! not altogether trustworthy. Jealousy was a fever unknown in Sparta; it raged violently in Athens, and gloried in the number of its victims. Young Rome assayed to be rigidly virtuous, yet voluptuaries dazzled the eye and heart with their splendours, introduced a looseness into conversation, which then, as now, gradually swayed conduct, and led to domestic ruin and national prostration. Not all the glories of Caesar could enable him to command

the conjugal fidelity of his wife—not all the dangers of of Antony could tear him from a treacherous wanton. It is mentioned as not the least of the triumphs of Augustus, that he withstood all the wiles of a dangerous woman, and preferred the glory of the Roman name to the faithless embraces of the fair Egyptian.

Marriage, eagerly desired wedlock, was instituted by the first great countries on their formation. It appeared to the acute founders of the most majestic nations that this great social compact was the only sure and lasting bulwark against which the rage and waste of storm and time could beat in impotence; it was—and, indeed, it is—the only pillar that can be reared to which generation after generation can look; on which the lines of genealogy can be traced; and more, much more than that, it is the best and most exalted record of love; it is the only means yet given to the world by which a mother can look her children in the face without a blush; it is alone the cause why youth is compelled to reverence the beings which gave it birth, which endears their counsel, hallows their affection, and purifies, elevates, and adorns with garlands of perpetual bloom the fond solicitude of women. Yet for how long a period of the world's existence has this coveted state of existence been denied her? Even when granted to her longing heart, the method has been cruel, the purpose heartless. The Sabine rape, when the early Roman adventurers sought to perpetuate their stock by a robbery of the best and fairest of a neighbouring state, was not more remote from personal regard than royal marriages are at the present day. In the early times of kingdoms, when men struggled for existence, when policy was bewildered, and knowledge a spirit of unknown visitation, the great importance of faithful women soon became evident. Then it was, that, instead of the present fashion of a lady bringing with her a dowry, as a bribe for lordly man to accept her love, in less sophisticated ages the man purchased his wife with a good round sum, and in many cases had to give substantial security as to her well-usage. This practice, however, is now confined exclusively to the savage races—to those who for ages have been taught nothing, who have done as their revered fathers did, nor sought or sighed for change. The bargain of Jacob for his beloved Rachel should be read and studied by every damsel, that she may not make herself too cheap. Nor let impatient marriageable daughters think that such was a practice common to the Hebrews alone. If classic learning is of no other advantage it at least tells us this, that Homer speaks of it in his Iliad—he makes Agamemnon say, as a compliment of some magnitude to Achilles—pardon a free translation from the purest Greek:—"I will give thee my daughter in marriage, and seek no compensatory return." This very sensible practice of considering women of some value also obtained in ancient India, in Gaul, Thrace, Germany, and even in Spain. If we are to believe recent travellers—but they are such imaginative fellows that we can scarcely trust them—the same practice prevails, even to this day, in China, Tartary, Morocco, and, though last, oh, certainly not least,—among the majestic tribes of North America. In New Zealand, when a gentleman savage takes unto himself a wife, he leaves tribe and kindred and goes to live with his father-in-law. That is no improvement, however, on the prevalent idea of every married couple having a hut, a cottage, a "first-floor back," or a palace of their own.

The poor creatures in Turkey, under the fiat of Mahomet, are kept in no enviable condition—the prettiest girls being most securely caged. Denied to have possession of a soul, they are not expected to think or act for themselves, but merely to do as they are bid, and die when they cease to be pleasing. Somehow or other, some of them at times contrive to do a deal of mischief, in revenge for the slavery in which they are kept. If improvement can procure any sure footing among the Mussalman races, the women will have great cause of rejoicing, and a servitude of nearly five centuries be abolished. History was never better spoken by the lips of Poetry, than in the words of



Gulnare, in Byron's "Corsair." Speaking of her being the favourite of the Pacha, and of its being supposed that she admired him, she exclaims—

"My love stern Seyd's! Oh—No—No—not my love—  
Yet much this heart, that strives no more, once strove  
To meet his passion—but it would not be.  
I felt—I feel—love dwells with—with the free.  
I am a slave, a favour'd slave at best,  
To share his splendour, and seem every blest!  
Oft must my soul the question undergo,  
Of—"Dost thou love?" and burn to answer, "No!"

Another line from the same fair captive tells us the fate of the unfaithful and disobedient to the Turkish chiefs—

"There yawns the sack, and yonder rolls the sea!"

Herodotus, a garrulous old Greek, who, amongst a great many truths, relates some matters which the slow of faith are not always inclined to credit, says that in Assyria, (only about four thousand years ago!) there prevailed the very pretty practice of assembling the marriageable girls once a-year, in every village, and putting them up to auction. The more beautiful, it seems, brought rather respectable prices, which formed a fund by which to portion the less attractive though perhaps best-hearted women. Thus, an opulent gentleman could purchase a beauty; but she was not his slave; she was his wife, his equal; and he was told that he might be proud and happy of having secured so great a treasure at so cheap a rate. Then, a poor fellow who longed to have a partner, at the latter end of the sale would be asked—"Now, my good Sir, here is a very nice young woman, how much will you take to keep her well and make her comfortable? If you won't, you know, another will!" These Dutch-auction sort of bargains, be it recollected, were at all times accompanied by the important saving clause, that the purchaser must give security for his good behaviour. If any separation took place, no matter from what cause, he had to give back the money to the authorities; but what became of the discarded our historian does not mention. We may be certain, that could Herodotus have said anything to their advantage he would have done so, therefore we must suppose that there were unfortunates in old Assyria as well as everywhere else. He tells us, however, that if a lady could prove ill-usage on the part of her husband, that the law took him in charge and taught him better manners.

The progress of women has at all times been considered a safe index by which to judge of the social advancement of a country; whether or not historians have always determined correctly, would be as difficult to decide as whether woman have always acted wisely. Even yet, important as they think themselves, they are only in the position of the caged lion; they know not their strength; and it is well they do not, for truth compels us to state that they would not know how to use it. The education of woman is so much neglected, that it is not supposed necessary for her to know the history of her sex. It is not deemed requisite that her judgment should be matured, her mind expanded, and her thoughts directed towards improvement, by the lessons of antiquity—by the examples of heroic women—of faithful wives and loving daughters—of the honours which great nations have bestowed upon female virtue—of the applause with which a Greek audience used to receive the mother of a hero—of the precedence which at all times was given to the lover of him who died in the battle's van. These fountains of ever-living history have now been opened up—their treasures shall be laid at the maiden's feet as well as on the housewife's table. Come, then, all of the gentle sex and read of the mysteries of departed ages with us, for your interest and honour, as well as profit, are as much involved as are those of the hard-headed, selfish-hearted creatures who rejoice in the name if not always in the attributes of man.

### Fairy Lays and Legends of Ireland.

THE CHANGELING; OR, SPORTEEN AND THE FAIRY.  
CHAPTER II.

ERE the Sporteen had recovered from his surprise at the unexpected appearance of the imp, he was thus saluted:—

"Why, then, your sowl to this and that, Sporteen, what did you break my coach for?"

"Was it you that was in it?" asked the Sporteen, with eyes starting from his head.—"Well, be me sowl I didn't know it, though something told me your sweet voice was not altogether strange to me."

"It was me!" cried the fearsome creature, "and that was a nice way to serve me after all the good I done for you. It's long ago you'd be kicked out of Jem O'Callaghan's but for me; and often might I tell about you and Bridget—if I did what would become of you?"

"Why, Jem would stick the pitchfork to the ring in me," said the Sporteen, affecting a careless air.

"And Judy would break the tongs on your ugly head," added the denizen of the pitchfork.

"Stop there, now," said the Sporteen, "never speak about handsome heads as long as you're alive; but keep dark about Bridget, and I'll buy you a new pitcher, or I'll stale you one, which is all the same to you, I suppose."

"Oh, you're a nice boy, Sporteen," said the imp, archly eying him, "laying schemes to steal away the door man's daughter. Yes, you please the father

wheeld the mother, flatter the children, and have a fair face and a sweet word for every one, while you're whetting the knife to cut open their hearts."

"And aren't you a nice boy, too," said the Sporteen, "to be tormentin' the life out of the poor people all day, and rowlin' about the fields in your pitcher all night."

"Not a word more about that, Sporteen," said the toad, "I don't blame you in regard of Bridget; she is certainly a sweet pretty colleen, and if you hadn't interfered I had a great notion of courting her myself."

"You!" said the Sporteen in wonder; "and do you think my Bridget would look at the likes of you?"

"The like of me!" repeated the little man with an offended air, as he strutted amongst the fragments of his coach—"the like of me! why you bandy-legged wielder of a pair of shears, would you compare your sheep-face, your bandy legs, and your bony body to a nice, smart little fellow like me. If I thought her worth my wooing I could win her from you with one wink of my merry black eye."

"Why, then, all I'd have to say to that," said the tailor, "would be sweet bad luck to her taste, but she'd be a complete connishure."

"What is that you say, you long-stitching rascal?" asked the imp with a dark scowl.

"Och, nothing," answered the Sporteen, in a conciliatory tone. "But sure enough it's a fine bright eye that's in the head of you, and be me sowl you spake like the priest of the parish; it's your tongue that's well hung on its hinges any how. I would not wish to meet with a purtier spoken boy of a summer's day; but for your life don't say a word more about Bridget, or maybe I'd be tempted by something or another to let you fall in the fire or give you a loving squeeze, some day when I'd be dandin' you."

"And I suppose I'm not to mention your meeting with Bridget in the haggard, or at the well this morning?"

"If you do," answered Sporteen, "I'll swear 'twas you broke Judy O'Callaghan's pitcher."

"Well, I'll make a child's bargain with you," said the imp. "Do you keep my secret, and I'll keep yours."

"Done, and a bargain be it," cried the tailor; "but what excuse will you make about the pitcher?"

"Look at this, Sporteen," said the elf, fixing up the pieces of the broken vessel. "Poo!" and he blew upon them; they fastened together with a crash. "Now I must make haste home to old Judy," he added, "she will be looking for her morning amusement, and it would be a pity to disappoint her." He leaped into the remodelled pitcher like a flash of lightning, and turning it on its side, away he rolled as quick as the wind, singing—

"Oh—a—I am a sportin' tailyur,  
And I rove from town to town—a;  
And—a where I get a job of work  
I'm willin' to sit down—a.  
I—a—can cut a lady's mantle,  
Make a breeches for a man—a;  
And—a—the girls all cry as I pass by  
There's the sportin' journeyman—a."

"Well sung, me darlint," shouted the tailor, "every bar of it; that's my rattlin' fine pitcher; the sorrow take the one o' them like yourself; and they needn't be sorry," he added, in an under tone. "Och, be me sowl, if I knew what sort you wor before, it's I that 'ud give you a wrastle with the red coals, my boy; troth, I'd toast you at the end of the tongs, my nate little chap, be my troth I would. I'd tach you to pimp on gentleman's private affairs. I'd make the corner too hot for you. Och, Judy O'Callaghan, it's you that has the fine family of it; if there's many of them like that fellow—a nice two years' nursin' you have after your hands—it's you that may boast of it, and here's luck. A mighty sweet-tongued relation my Bridget has; and he to talk about coortin' her too. Och, the unnatural beast! Wont I have a grand brother-in-law in the king of the fairies; the devil so elegant a tailyur in the County Carlow as you'll be Sporteen."

He amused himself in soliloquies of this kind until he thought it was time to return without exciting a suspicion that he had had a meeting with Bridget. As he approached the house he could hear the piercing screams of the imp within, and he trembled as he entered. Judith had "the etirnal tarment" in her lap, trying every method to quiet and soothe him. She rubbed him with her warm hand, shook him by the heels and sprinkled him with holy water. All her efforts but seemed to add to his torments, and he shrieked and kicked as if racked with every ache and pain in the catalogue of human diseases, so bitter and incessant were his cries.

"Och, Sporteen, where in the world wor you?" cried the harassed and worn-out woman; "here I am since I got up sthrivin' to stop the screech of this sarprint of misery—baw! you devil, will you bite the nipple of me?" The Lord pursue us, sure he was sint in revinge of my sins—och; a monum beg," (my poor soul) and she fervently smote her breast; "and there's that little girl breakin' her heart at that weary churnin'. Here, take him, Sporteen, but don't hurt the poor lambie bawn—don't handle the poor creature so rough. There now, he's with his own Sporteen."

"Augh, aye," said the tailor, "give me the beauty of the world, I'll handle him as tindhers as if you had him by the hair of the head. Ah, then, Mrs. O'Callaghan jewel, war all your childher like this darlint when they wor his age?"

"Och, no, Sporteen, they wor all fine bullockes, with big heads, that 'ud eat as much strabout as a flock of mowers; but I dunna what kem across that dim at all at all; but take care of him, Sporteen—take care of the poor weeny darlint;" and she bustled out to the barn where Bridget was churning.

As soon as she went out, the little imp twisted up his features and burst into a fiendish cackle.

"Ha! ha! ha! Well, Sporteen, dont I amuse Judy in fine style?"

"Be me sowl you do," answered the Sporteen, mechanically.

"But take care, for the life you love, never on your lips to whisper what has passed between us," said the elf.

"Never fear," replied the Sporteen, and he trembled at the idea of holding such a hideous object in his arms. The creature felt him shake, and turning his fierce eyes on him. "Stop, Sporteen," said he, "stop, lay down in the cradle, don't bring me near the fire, lay down easy, you cabbaging thief; dont you think but remember what you said about dropping me in the this morning. If ever I hear a word respecting me, ever you attempt to hurt a hair of my head, I'll be on the disagreeable necessity of cutting your throat with your own shears some fine night."

"Sure, its only jokin' I was about the fire," said the tailor; "no more, upon me sowl," and he laid softly into his wicker shell; "and I'll give you leave to darn my sowl and body together, or bleed me to death with my own needle, if ever I speak a word about you."

"You're a pleasant hearty fellow, like myself, Sporteen," said the imp, "and that's what made me take such a liking to you—would you like a merry time the pipes?"

"To be sure I would," said the Sporteen; "and as was always my greatest divarshin, and the height of delight of a Sunday evenin'."

"Well, when Jude and Bridget go to the market tomorrow, I'll show you some sport, never fear. I reckoned one of the finest pipers between the sea and Shannon," said the nasty monster, with one of those demoniac sneers.

"I don't doubt you, at all, at all," said the Sporteen, "after the specimen of your singing I had this morning; I'd take your word for more than that in the music way."

"Hark! I hear a foot-fall," said the imp, lying in his cradle and feigning to be asleep.

Next day Judith and Bridget went to the market Carlow, to dispose of their butter and eggs. The father and the elder branches of his family were at their lab in the fields, and the younger children were gone to village school, so that the house was left to the management of the imp and the tailor. When all were gone sat up in the cradle.

"Shut the door, Sporteen," said the elf, "shut the door and fast; now put that long arm of yours up the chimney and hand me down my pipes." The tailor put his arm up the chimney, "in the left-hand corner you'll find them—take them down carefully, you botch," he snarled. The tailor handed him a very neat set of ivory-mouthed bagpipes, which he screwed and turned with much nicety of ear and touch. "Stand out on the floor there before me now, Sporteen," said she, "I'll give you the 'Rakes of Kildare,' in a fashion I never danced to before. Now for a caper—that's a nimble taylor—heel and toe—up and down—double treble, cut—see saw, hands across—cover the buckle double and treble again—down the middle—back again—shuffle—flourish—hurroo! hurrups!" and the little imp, in a paroxysm of delight, jumped out of his cradle and joined the tailor in the dance. Where the latter exhibited any signs of weakness or fatigue, he changed the measure and encouraged him with his "hurroo and hurrups, Sporteen," and he continued play and dance so long and with so much energy, that at length the poor tailor, breathless and exhausted, sank down motionless on the paved floor.

The tailor continued the favourite at farmer O'Callaghan's—he made rapid advances in Bridget's affections, and was "the wonder of the world" at pleasuring the wicked imp. He at length succeeded so far in the grand wish of his heart as to induce the farmer's daughter to promise to "run away with him the very first convenient opportunity, but the "eternal torment" made him dance his life out almost, whenever he could find the house alone. After some time the neighbours began to take notice of the constant noise and merriment that was carried on at the farmers in the absence of the mistress, and they soon roused her suspicion that all was not as it should be between the tailor and the child. Without imparting these suspicions to any person, she set about finding out the truth of the stories which she heard. She contrived a pretence of having some business to transact at a distance, and sent Bridget on an errand to Carlow, that she knew would detain her some space. The house, as usual, was left to the care of the tailor and the child, and when she thought a sufficient time had elapsed, she returned by a private way.

The mirth and music as she approached the house made her heart throb, and her hair stand upright. With trembling limbs she approached a back window and beheld the pair in the midst of their diversions. The



child, whom she always found unable to stand alone was now capering about the floor with the agility and vigour of a merry-andrew, while he played on the pipes and whooped and halloed to cheer on the fast-sinking tailor. She was horrified and thunderstruck—she was convinced the thing which she had believed to be her child was nothing better than a *Shee-oge*, and half-distracted she flew to an old crone in the village, well known as the oracle in all cases of the supernatural, and recognised among the peasantry by the title of "the Grand Adviser." She communicated all she had heard, all that she feared. The unfortunate tailor was sent for immediately, and terrified into a confession of every thing he knew, except what concerned himself and Bridget. He was then dismissed, and between "the Grand Adviser" and Judith they concocted a plan which may be explained in manner following:—

Judith revealed all to her husband; he was bewildered, with the strange and fearful tale, and at once entered into her scheme. That night the family was assembled round the fire. The Sporteen was in the corner playing tricks with and amusing the imp, or at whiles winking at Bridget, who sat opposite to him; the farmer and Judith were seated in front, the minor branches forming an outer circle, or occupying the spare seats in the nooks.

"Musha, then Jemmy," began the old woman, turning the stocking which she was knitting into her lap, and looking up with a simple air into her husband's face; "the sorra take me but I'll bet you any thing you wouldn't guess what's runnin' through my head these couple of days."

"Nothin' in the world, Jude agra (my love), but what a comb would take out, sure," answered Jemmy.

"Och, the goodness take you, but your 'cute—but it's not that I mane at all—guess again."

"If it's anything else I couldn't—there's nothing that had any sense about it could stop in such a foolish head," replied the farmer.

"Why, then, the sorra go from me," said she, "but I had a notion of takin' the darlin' there as far as my aunt Honor's, at Leighlin, and washin' him in the blessed well of the holy Saint Lazarene. Do you know but I think it might bring him to himself; besides, Honor is a mighty knowledgeable woman in 'arbs and all sorts of cures."

"But how can you go and leave the churn-in' to Bridget?" said the farmer, putting in feigned objections. "Besides, I can't spare the horse and car from the work." "Augh, never fear but I'll manage that," said she. "We'll be up early at the churnin', and as soon as I take my bruchwast, I'll take the darlin' dimen' o' the world on my back, and set off; and who knows but the return of the holy saint's wather, and our prayers, 'ud restore his health."

"Well, then, go in the name of the Three Best;" replied Jemmy, "may be it was the goodness put such thought in your heart; never say now or hereafter that hindered you to do the creature a service."

During this conversation the restless eyes of the imp wandered with a keen and alarmed scrutiny from the tailor to Judith, and from Judith to the farmer. He crept up his wrinkled meagre features at the Sporteen with the most malicious twist, but he, not pretending to hear what was uttered, or to notice his gestures, continued laughing, joking, and singing, in his usual manner, with the greatest apparent happiness and indifference.

The following morning the Sporteen met Bridget at the spring in the fields, and without hinting at what occurred, he laid a plan to carry her off during her mother's absence with the child, Bridget agreeing to take with her whatever money or value she could lay her hands on that was portable, and proceed immediately to Carlow, where they could easily get married before any alarm could be excited at home by her absence.

As he was returning through the glen, he again overtook the pitcher rolling before him, and the imp within himing as ever—

The lassies swear that I'm the lad  
That's pleasant to their mind—a—  
In every town that I go through  
A new sweetheart I find—a—  
To kiss them and to court them,  
And to place them is my plan—a—  
And the girls all cry, as I pass by,  
There's the sportin' journeyman—a—a.

"Well sung Pitcher," shouted the tailor, "devil a either myself could do it. Hoo—

To kiss them and to court them,  
And to place them is my plan—a—  
And the girls—"

The pitcher suddenly stopped, raised itself on one end, and the "eternal torment" stood before him with a sither and journing brow.

"Sporteen," says he, "I am afraid you are a mighty fine rogue and a very great rascal."

"What the puck do you mane," asked the tailor, "or what's the matter with you at all—at all."

"I mean that you are a traitor," said the wretch.

"Is it me?" cried the tailor, "me! Oh, honour bright, be my soul! Me, indeed! turn traitor to myself; let alone you that I have such a findher regard for—what the puck could put the like ov that into your head?"

The imp held down his head, and pausing a few moments, he resumed.

"From what I heard last night, I think you have deceived me—I fear at least that there's something wrong afoot. I do not like going such a long journey with that old cat Jude, to try her *pisherogues* on me" (superstitious incantations.)

"Och, is that all you're afraid of, oh ho! ah ha!" said the tailor, forcing a laugh. "Well, the dickens the like o' that ever I heard of. Sure it's the commonest thing in life—to be sure it is."

"If I thought there was any harm to follow," said the elf, "I could easily contrive to break her leg or her arm before she'd go far—or her neck for that matter. It is not that I care about the journey, if I was sure you did not betray me."

"Me! is it me!" cried the tailor; "by them tin crasses," and he placed the fingers of both hands crosswise, "I never whispered it even to a stone. Me! I wouldn't tell St Pether' or my mother—oh no! Will I swear by the —"

"Don't mention names, Sporteen," said the creature, interrupting him. "However, you'll have fine sport while we are away, running off with Bridget, and I'll have a pleasant ride on old Jude's back, and never say that I can play a merry tune on the pipes if I don't canter the courage out of her before we come back."

"I'd take your word for more than that," said the Sporteen; "and if I don't manage Bridget, never ask me to take a step with you again."

"Well, good morning to you, Sporteen, and I wish you success with your intended, and myself a pleasant journey" said the imp, disappearing within his pitcher, and turning it over, away he went merrily down the dell.

As soon as the morning's work at the farm-house was over, and the breakfast ended, Judith prepared herself to depart with the elfish child. The Sporteen placed "the darlin' beauty o' the world" on her back, and turned the skirt of her gown over him, which she pinned securely in front. She bid them all good bye, like one who does not intend to return for some time; and the imp, turning round and making a motion like a jockey springing in the stirrups, winked wickedly at the tailor.

As they journeyed along Judith felt her burden grow heavy and heavier at every step until she was nigh sinking with his oppressive weight. With a throbbing heart—with weak and wearied limbs, she proceeded along the high road for about two miles, when she turned off into the fields, and struck down a bye-path which led over a narrow plank that bridged a turbid stream, where it flowed to join the limpid waves of the gentle Barrow. As this was a well known short cut, no suspicious inference could be drawn from her taking it. She continued on in her plodding gait until the path descended by a winding route through a wooded slope to where the board spanned the banks of the current. The waters were confined, but black and deep-looking, with little curling eddies that whirled playfully away beneath the pendant branches of the slender-leaved willows that fringed the shores and swept the surface of the waters. She reached the plank, and slyly extracted the pin which secured the imp to her back. She touched the bridge with doubt and fear—she looked on the rolling waves and felt the creature stir on her back, and was nearly failing in her purpose. As she expressed it, "Her heart swelled, and was nearly choking her." She gazed around with a wild, bewildered eye. "Shall I turn back," she thought, as the dark stream made her shrink. "It is a dreadful trial for a weak and wicked sinner, and what if after all it should be my own child that I am about to destroy;" but then the dancing scene with the tailor flashing across her mind in all its horror, dispelled each doubt and obliterated every trace of feeling from her bosom, and she stepped firm and renewed on the tottering pass. With a slow and steady pace she reached the centre, where, suddenly wheeling round, she gave her burden to the waters.

"In the name of God, his Holy Son, and Blessed Mother, whoever or whatever you are," she cried aloud when she heard the loud splash behind her, "go back to your own people, and send my child back to his."

She turned to look—he was sitting tailor-wise on the stream, and sailing on as fast as its billows could bear him. He fixed an eye of demon-like malignity on the wonder-stricken woman, as he shook his tiny hand, and every hideous feature of his face became twisted up and corrugated, to give utterance to one fiendish snarl.

"Ha! Jude, you old vagabond," he screamed, "I am sorry now, whilst I had you in my power, that I didn't knock the life out of you. However, I have one revenge. The scheming tailor has run away with your daughter, and all that you were worth in the world. Ha, ha, ha!" and with an exulting cackle, he disappeared beneath the overhanging branches.

Judith's eyesight appeared to be forsaking her, and she was near falling into the water at this astounding intelligence. She forgot the fairy child and everything connected with him, and gathering up the loose folds of her gown, she rushed towards her home a distracted woman. She burst open her door, and searching hastily in her chest, she found that her gathering of years—her *all*—was gone. She screamed and danced about in agony and phrenzy of mind. Her cries awoke a blooming, chubby, blue-eyed innocent that was sleeping in the cradle. She went to it—it laughed up in her

face with the attractive laugh of infancy, and extended its little arms to her from its rosy slumbers. She felt—she knew it was her own child. She took it up, and it nestled like a little bird into her bosom, and her heart throbbed and warmed to it with the mysterious and undefinable mother's love. She clasped her arms over it, and falling on her knees with a fervour of devotion she never knew before—"All praise be to God in Heaven," she ejaculated; "if one is lost we have one restored, and everything that's in the hand of God is right and good."

We have now but to remark that the Sporteen and Bridget were soon after reconciled to the honest farmer and Judith. The tailor commenced business in the town of Carlow, and became a settled industrious man, and in the course of a few years attained to wealth and respectability, although never until the day he died was he recognised by any other cognomen than the Sporteen; whilst the restored child grew up, the pride of Farmer O'Callaghan's family, the comfort of his old age, and the wonder of the Barony.

### Natural Changes.

**SUBSIDENCE OF LAND.**—We have already had occasion to advert to the oscillations which portions of the solid land has undergone; in a recent number we mentioned the elevation of part of the coast of Sweden, and we have now to call attention to the opposite phenomenon of the submergence of a tract of country, and its conversion from dry land to water. This phenomenon is by no means of so rare occurrence as is commonly supposed; and one of the most recent, and most remarkable, is that recorded to have happened in 1819, at Cutch, in Bombay. A violent earthquake occurred on the 16th June of that year, in this district, which converted the principal town, Bhooli, into a heap of ruins, and threw down all its stone buildings. The most important and most lasting effects of this visitation, consisted, however, in its having converted the tract round Sindree from dry land to sea, in the course of a few hours; the newly-formed waters extending for a distance of sixteen miles on each side the fort, and probably, exceeding in area the lake of Geneva. Neither the rush of the sea into this new depression, nor the movement of the earthquake, however, threw down the small fort of Sindree; the interior of which became a tank, the water filling the space between the walls, and the four towers continuing to stand, so that on the day after the earthquake, the people in the fort who had climbed to the top of one of the towers, saved themselves in boats. Immediately after the shock the inhabitants of Sindree saw at the distance of five miles from their village, a long elevated mound, where previously there had been a low and level plain. To this uplifted tract they gave the name of Ullah Bund, or the Mound of God. This elevated country appears to be fifty miles in length, sixteen in breadth in some parts, and its elevation about ten feet throughout. For some years after this earthquake, the course of the Indus was very unsettled, till, in 1826, it burst its banks above Sindree, and forcing its way in a more direct course to the sea, cut through the Ullah Bund. The perpendicular cliffs thus laid bare, consisted of beds of clay filled with shells. In addition to this modern event, a tradition prevails of an earthquake which about three centuries before upheaved a large area of the bed of the sea, and converted it into land in the district now called the Reum of Cutch; so that numerous harbours were laid dry, and ships wrecked and engulfed; in confirmation of which account it was observed, in 1819, that in the jets of black, muddy water, thrown out of fissures in that region, there were cast up numerous pieces of wrought iron and ship nails.

**REMAINS OF MAN ENTOMBED IN BEDS OF EXISTING SEAS.**—The danger and exposure of the life of a seaman is of course proverbial, and the number annually engulfed in the bosom of the vasty deep forms a fearful and appalling amount. It is calculated that more than 500 British vessels alone, of 120 tons burthen, with all, or nearly all, on board, are annually entombed in the waters. Add a corresponding number for other nations, and we have an enormous sacrifice of human life, while in a single naval action several thousand individuals share a watery grave. Many of these corpses are devoured by predacious fish ere they reach the bottom, others when they rise to the surface float in a state of putrefaction. Many of these decompose on the floor of the ocean, where sediment of some kind is deposited over them; others fall upon a reef, where corals and shells are becoming agglutinated into a solid rock, or subside when the delta of a river is advancing; and thus these skeletons are preserved for an incalculable series of ages.

**AN EPIQUEURE IN CLIMATES.**—Mr. Bucke, in his admirable work on "Nature," says,—"Since, then, the emoluments of Nature are not to be enjoyed, to the fullest advantage, all the year, I would in this aspire to imitate the conduct of Lucullus. January, therefore, I would spend in Portugal; February in the Madeiras; and March in Spain. April in Sicily; May in Lapland; June in Italy; July in Switzerland; and August in France. September in England; October among the variegated forests of America; November in Crete, and December in the islands of the Cape de Verd."



### The Daughter.

BEING NO. V. OF THE EXPERIENCES OF BENJAMIN TRUESTEEL, ESQ.

Of our great love for woman a large proportion of the glad feeling has ever been forcibly taken possession of by little girls, although well-remembered affection is permitted to keep its place, even when the objects of its hope and pleasure have left their father's hearth, and become the bride of the stranger. How many glad faces have we seen become grave! how much gaiety have we witnessed sobering down to the placid but monotonous routine of household life! No matter. Doubtless we shall see many more rise to our knees, place their tiny hands courageously in our ample waistcoat pockets, and abstract what seemeth pleasing to them. Looking back on the early years of many happy wives and mothers, we feel some slight difficulty in selecting a heroine for our present paper: they were good daughters doubtless, but they are equally excellent helpmates, and we believe they are so satisfied with their present state, that they would rather be given to the world as obedient wives and loving mothers than in any other character. This arises from their valuable acquaintance with us—from the strict attention they have paid to our precepts, and the happiness they have experienced in walking by our counsel. We shall therefore seek for the picture among our yet young acquaintances; nor can we do wrong in selecting the only daughter of a kind and valued friend of ours, in whose happy home Benjamin is a frequent and welcome guest, and where the only strife among the sons and brothers is, who shall be the kindest and most attentive to their laughing-eyed and jocond-hearted sister.

Returning homeward from the city of an evening, our friend anxiously employed in the vain task of endeavouring to prove to us that we are getting old, he will clench his argument by saying that his daughter is of the same opinion. This he well knows will induce us on the instant to walk briskly forward, to knock familiarly at his door, and challenge the fair occupants as to the truth of the assertion. It has ever been our pride and privilege—a pride of which we frequently boast, but a privilege which we never abuse—to command the support of the female branches of a family. Whatever argument we advance, we have swift tongues in its favour; and fathers, husbands, and brothers must hide their diminished heads before the influence of Benjamin. But this article is not about ourselves—it is intended as an evening scene with our young friend Sarah.

Of her personal appearance we shall not condescend to speak, nor will womanish vanity be offended at our omission. Were she more lovely than she is,—were her eyes less bright,—or her skin of any or every hue—she would still be the same to us. What care we for rosy cheeks, if an ill-natured canker lies beneath—what are pretty lips in our estimation if they are giving to pouting—there is nothing more odious to our vision than white teeth when they encase an evil tongue. The women we love are those who are proud of their own acquirements, not of those which they can neither alter, cultivate, or improve. An amiable disposition, a cheerful temper, an obliging manner,—these are priceless treasures in the female world: they require watching, culture, pruning;—they are the best, the loveliest, and the purest adornments of woman. Possessing these, our young friend is sufficient to us, so we shall not state whether her hair is dark or light, whether she wear it in paper or shaded; her eye may be black, blue, or grey, "now brightly bold or beautifully shy;" her nose aquiline, Roman, or neither. Still we can almost say with Burns—

"Nature made her as she is,  
And never made another."

For young, dutiful, light of heart, and improved in mind, she is a pleasant specimen of Creation's handiwork.

Kind looks and happy words to her father—a joyous welcome to her brothers, a confident pressure of the hand to us, and a ready assistance to her mother, are performed at one and the same time. There is neither haste nor bustle in her movements, nor impatience at any delay in others. Should her mother become ruffled at the inattention of the servant girl, at the delay of supper, or perhaps at not being prepared to meet us as she wished, then the little laughing lips assert all matters to be correct, or the small but ready hand makes them so. There is no affection in our young friend—no disagreeable backwardness, and, more certainly, no forwardness. A chaste and elegant propriety gives grace to all her movements, while there is an entire absence of straining after effect. She knows well that her father and her father's friend look beneath the surface of intentions, and that they love her best in the unveiled modesty of nature. Her own well-cultured mind tells her also that unless her reputation is based upon generous actions, mild words, and well-considered duties, that the dear-loved name of daughter is undeserved—that the unruffled temper might be checked, or the perpetual smile which shines upon and gladdens all converted into peevish gloom. She knows that to command the good-will of her friends she must command herself. That secret she learned from us, and in return she gratifies us with the music of our youth at her piano.

One delightful evening we do remember well. We had been talking of the dreadful crimes of war, of the congregated dead, of the flying defeated—of the heartless victor—of the mourning among widows and sireless children—when our dear young friend invited us to hear the sonata of the "Battle of Prague." The slow sounds of warlike music, as if in the distance, awakened to a gallant march, in which our fancy heard the heavy tread of square and column, each step accompanied by the tumultuous swell of heaving hearts and pulses beating rapidly. Then the deep-toned wire gave out the fearful word "Advance," and the signal cannon swung its heavy boom across the field. Ere it dies away the cheery bugles sing, in an encouraging and inspiring strain, while the cavalry are heard to march in order forward. From the other end of the field the echoes are awakened by the trumpet's lordly call, and the answering cannon proclaim—"the

battle's opening roar." Shot follows shot; then comes the hurried attack, the roll of musketry scarcely heard in the drowning noise of the martial music which vibrates on the smoky field. Then the conflict slackens, the flying bullets are heard to hiss, only again to be silenced by the martial clang, and the thundering cannon's proclamation that death and havoc are rioting in gluttonous glory among flowing blood and stifled groans. Again the trumpet sounds along the plain. The infantry have retired, the clash of swords is heard, the sharp clear ring of antagonist metal dins the ear, when lo! the galloping of horses, the bounding of the fearless animal, the haughty spring of its proud rider, rushing nimbly by! Trumpets again break on the air, and the light horse come gallily on to share the battle and bestrew the plain. Then comes a sweep of cannon, winged with swift destruction, even the mimic sound of which called forth a tear. Yet at that moment, when lifeless and disfigured masses bespoke its dreadful carnage, the "hoarse dull drum" replied to the death-charged shot, and bold defiance rent the air. That long cannonade was decisive, though followed by a running and scattered fire. They flee! and the flashing sword pursues. The fiery charger leaps over the dead and the dying, his hoof enters the gash of the bleeding wretch, that his rider's sword may cleave the flying to the earth. Oh, hark! it is the trumpet of recall. The soldier wipes his bloody brand on his horse's mane, and he returns leisurely as from a good and glorious work. Low and moaning sounds break forth; there are groans, and calls for water, and stifled sighs and bursting sobs. Death is gathering up his spoils. Again the glad trumpet breaks forth: the notes of victory are proclaimed, the warlike host stands still—the martial bands advance, and in the sight of carnage, in the hearing of despair, the horrid mockery of "God save the King" is performed in the midst. The living place themselves in order: they dare not ask for friend or brother yet. The ready march is sounded; a gay Turkish air leads them from the field, the horses dancing to the bells and cymbals of the vain-hearted Ottomite. The clanging finale finishes the scene, and those who escaped the battle's danger are sent to rest, "by tower, or fort, or tented ground," to the simple melody of "Go to bed Tom."

During the performance of this really splendid piece of music, the whole family became absorbed in the sensations it produced. Much as we were taken with it, our attention was rivetted on the fair pianist, whose gentle heart at times seemed lifted up with the greatness of the subject; and ever and anon would the "laughing devil in her eye" wander from the page to demand our admiration. Never till that night did we fully understand the true meaning of the poet, where, among the attributes of female loveliness, he mentions—

"The mind—the music breathing from her face."

Nor did we think that the accomplishment of a young girl could have given such a tone and zest to family converse. There is an old proverb, which we were inclined to dispute, but now to its truth we give our willing adhesion, that grey hairs may learn wisdom from children. The proud father seemed to have victory in his eye as he glanced approvingly upon us, while the delighted mother enjoyed her pleasure quietly. The brothers held up their heads like peacocks; there was no speaking to them. A silent enjoyment appeared to pervade the happy circle, which gave us leisure to reflect on the many and varied scenes of domestic life which we had witnessed—to ponder on the anxiety, the canker, and the grief which the indiscretion of daughters have caused. Here at least was a universe within itself—order and harmony prevailing among the greater and lesser satellites. Need we say who, to us and all, was the bright and the morning star.

"She rose, where'er I turned mine eye,  
The morning star of memory."

It must not be supposed that comparative opulence is the source of all this comfort and gratification. It is our conviction, from that we know of our young friend, that were a less elevated station in society assigned her, were the fear of poverty to disturb the occupations of her sire, or the dread of household difficulties to intrude themselves on the cares of her mother, that her sweet disposition would exert its influence, and pour the same joyous balm over the nights and days of the family. Not a mere creature of circumstance or impulse, but a well-educated deep-thinking girl, guided by principles of unerring rectitude, and elevated by a pride which virtuous morality can alone instil, we believe that her playful laugh and her pleasant countenance would radiate and cheer the dulllest scene of life. Without such a conviction her present excellences would be to us only the drapery of her conduct—the veil which hid the real woman from our view. Happy and contented, not alone with the state of existence in which Providence has placed her, but with the company of her relations and friends, it is these feelings of domestic comfort which gives to her a peculiar charm, and have impelled us to select her as an example of filial duty and obedience—as one of many who, true to their name and station, make the title of daughter a household god, worshipped by all its inmates.

Yet, experiences of human happiness tell us that pleasant ring shall be broken. It is a matter of no importance when sons, like comets, fly off, and seek other systems. They are men, and can battle with the ills of life as well as those who have gone before them. But when a cherished daughter enters on a pilgrimage of matrimony, the pride of the mother—of the true and feeling hearted mother—is softened;—the boasting confidence of the father is subdued—and even the well-tried heart of old Benjamin begins to feel a fluttering sensation. It is the way of the world, and our only duty is to cultivate the guileless mind that it may know the proper path, and rejoice for ever in well-doing. When the hour of household separation comes—for, be it known, all our female friends get married, and their husbands are ever glad to see us—we shall be there to hear, and see, and feel the commingled griefs and pleasures of the day. When the parting kiss goes round, we shall not be forgotten; nor shall an old man's choicest blessings fall fruitlessly on the head of her who never caused to her parents an uneasy thought, nor ceased for a moment to be beloved by her brethren.

### The Valley of Edom.

THE historical travels of Mr. Stephens have done much to elevate the character of American literature. A denizen of the "youngest country in the world," he has been most fortunate in his visits to old places, and equally felicitous in his description of the scenes and circumstances which came under his notice. The following description of the Valley of Edom, followed as it will be by a visit to the tomb of Aaron, possesses a peculiar interest, as being remarkably plain and interesting account of one of the most wonderful places in the world:—

Petra, the excavated city, the long-lost capital of Edom, in the Scriptures and profane writings, in every language in which its name occurs signifies a rock; and through the shadows of its early history, we learn that its inhabitants lived in natural clefts or excavations made in the solid rock. Desolate as it now is, we have reason to believe that it goes back to the time of Esau, "the fath of Edom;" that princes and dukes, eight successive kings and again a long line of dukes, dwelt there before any king "reigned over Israel;" and we recognise it, from the earliest ages, as the central point to which came the caravans from the interior of Arabia, Persia, and India, laden with all the precious commodities of the East, and from which these commodities were distributed through Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, and all the countries bordering the Mediterranean; even Tyre and Sidon deriving the purple and dyes from Petra. Eight hundred years before Christ, Amaziah, the King of Judea, "slew of Edom the valley of Salt ten thousand, and took Selah (the Hebrew name of Petra) by war." Three hundred years after the last of the prophets, and nearly a century before the Christian era, the "King of Arabia" issued from his palace at Petra, at the head of fifty thousand men, horse and foot, entered Jerusalem, and uniting with the Jews, pressed the siege of the temple, which was only raised by the advance of the Romans; and in the beginning of the second century, though its independence was lost, Petra was still the capital of a Roman province. After that time, it rapidly declined; its history became more and more obscure; for more than a thousand years it was completely lost to the civilised world; and, until its discovery by Burckhardt in 1812, except to the wandering Bedouins, its very site was unknown.

And this was the city at whose door I now stood. In few words, this ancient and extraordinary city is situated within a natural amphitheatre of two or three miles in circumference, encompassed on all sides by rugged mountain five or six hundred feet in height. The whole of this area is now a waste of ruins, dwelling-houses, palaces, temples and triumphal arches, all prostrate together, in undisturbed confusion. The sides of the mountains are smooth, in a perpendicular direction, and filled with low and continued ranges of dwelling-houses, temples, a tombs, excavated with vast labour out of the solid rock, and while their summits present nature in her wildest and most savage form, their bases are adorned with all the beauty of architecture and art, with columns, and porticos and pediments, and ranges of corridors, enduring as the mountains out of which they are hewn, and fresh as if the work of a generation scarcely yet gone by.

Nothing can be finer than the immense rocky ramp which encloses the city. Strong, firm, and immovable. Nature itself, it seems to deride the walls of cities, as the puny fortifications of skillful engineers. The only access is by clambering over this wall of stone, practical only in one place, or by an entrance the most extraordinary that Nature, in her wildest freaks, has ever framed. The loftiest portals ever raised by the hands of man, the proudest monuments of architectural skill and daring, sink in insignificance by the comparison. It is, perhaps, the most wonderful object in the world, except the ruins of the city to which it forms the entrance. Unfortunately, I did not enter by this door, but by clambering over the mountains at the other end; and when I stood upon the summit of the mountain, though I looked down upon the vast area filled with ruined buildings and heaps of rubbish, I saw the mountain-sides cut away so as to form a level surface, and presenting long ranges of doors in successive tiers or stories, the dwelling and burial places of a people long since passed away; and though immediately before me was the excavated front of a large and beautiful temple I was disappointed. I had read the unpublished description of Captains Irby and Mangles. Several times the sheik had told me, in the most positive manner, that the way was no other entrance; and I was moved to indignation at the marvellous and exaggerated, not to say false representations, as I thought, of the only persons who had given any account of this wonderful entrance. I was disappointed, too, in another matter. Burckhardt had been accosted, immediately upon his entry, by a large party of Bedouins, who swore "that they should never enter the territory nor drink of their waters," and that they would shoot them like dogs if they attempted it. And I expected some immediate opposition from at least the thirty or forty, fewer than whom, the sheik had told me, we never to be found in Wady Moussa. I expected a scene of some kind; but at the entrance of the city there was no creature to dispute our passage; its portals were wide open, and we passed along the stream down into the area, and still no man came to oppose us. We moved to the extreme end of the area; and, when in the act of descending the foot of the rock on which stood the temple that had constantly faced us, we saw one solitary Arab straggling along without any apparent object, a mere wanderer among the ruins; and it is a not uninteresting fact, that this poor Bedouin was the only living being we saw in the desolate city of Petra.

For about two miles it lies between high and precipitous ranges of rocks, from five hundred to a thousand feet in height, standing as if torn asunder by some great convulsion and barely wide enough for two horsemen to pass abreast. A swelling stream rushes between them; the summits are wild and broken; in some places overhanging the opposite sides, casting the darkness of night upon the narrow defile; then receding and forming an opening above



through which a strong ray of light is thrown down, and illuminates with the blaze of day the frightful chasm below. Wild fig-trees, oleanders, and ivy were growing out of the rocky sides of the cliffs hundreds of feet above our heads; the eagle was screaming above us; all along were the open doors of tombs, forming the great Necropolis of the city; and at the extreme end was a large open space, with a powerful body of light thrown down from it, and exhibiting in one full view the facade of a beautiful temple, hewn out of the rock, with rows of Corinthian columns and ornaments, standing out fresh and clear as if but yesterday from the hands of the sculptor. Though coming directly from the banks of the Nile, where the preservation of the temples excites the admiration and astonishment of every traveller, we were roused and excited by the extraordinary beauty and excellent condition of the great temple of Petra. Even in coming upon it, as we did, at disadvantage, I remember that Paul, who was a passionate admirer of the arts, when he first obtained a glimpse of it, involuntarily cried out, and moving on to the front with a vivacity I never saw him exhibit before or afterwards, clapped his hands, and shouted in ecstasy. To the last day of our being together, he was in the habit of referring to his extraordinary fit of enthusiasm when he first came upon that temple; and I can well imagine that, entering by this narrow defile, with the feelings roused by its extraordinary and romantic wildness and beauty, the first view of that superb facade must produce an effect which could never pass away. Even now, that I have returned to the pursuits and thorough-engrossing incidents of a life in the busiest city in the world, often in situations as widely different as light from darkness, I see before me the facade of that temple: neither the Coliseum at Rome, grand and interesting as it is, nor the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens, nor the Pyramids, nor the mighty temples of the Nile, are so often present to my memory.

The whole temple, its columns, ornaments, porticoes, and porches, are cut out from and form the solid rock; and this rock, at the foot of which the temple stands like a mere print, towers several hundred feet above, its surface smooth to the very summit, and the top remaining wild and misshapen as Nature made it. The whole area before the temple is perhaps an acre in extent, enclosed on all sides except at the narrow entrance, and an opening to the left of the temple, which leads into the area of the city by a pass through perpendicular rocks, five or six hundred feet in height.

It is not my design to enter into the details of the many monuments in this extraordinary city; but to give a general idea of the character of all the excavations, I cannot do better than go within the temple. Ascending several broad steps, we entered under a colonnade of four Corinthian columns, about thirty-feet in height, into a large chamber some fifty feet square, and twenty-five feet high. The outside of the temple is richly ornamented, but the interior is perfectly plain, there being no ornament of any kind upon the walls and ceiling; on each of the three sides is a small chamber for the reception of the dead; and on the back wall of the innermost chamber I saw the names Messrs. Legh, Banks, Irby, and Mangles, the four English travellers who with so much difficulty had effected their entrance to the city; of Messieurs Laborde and Linant, and the two Englishmen and Italian of whom I have before spoken; and two or three others, which, from their character of writing, I supposed to be the names of attendants on some of these gentlemen. These were the only names recorded in the temple; and, besides Burckhardt, no other traveller had ever reached it. Many of my countrymen, probably, as was the case with me, have never known the existence of such a city; and independently of all personal considerations, I confess that I felt what I trust was not an inexcusable pride, in writing upon the innermost wall of that temple the name of an American citizen; and under it, and flourishing on its own account in temples, and tombs, and all the most conspicuous palaces in Petra, is the illustrious name of Paulo Nuzzo, dragomano.

Leaving the temple and the open area on which it fronts, and following the stream, we entered another defile much broader than the first, on each side of which were ranges of tombs, with sculptured doors and columns; and on the left, in the bosom of the mountain, hewn out of the solid rock, is a large theatre, the pillars in front fallen, and containing thirty-three rows of seats, capable of containing more than 3000 persons. Above the corridor was a range of doors opening to chambers in the rocks, the seats of the princes and wealthiest inhabitants of Petra, and not unlike a row of private boxes in a modern theatre.

The whole theatre is at this day in such a state of preservation, that if the tenants of the tombs around could once more rise into life, they might take their old places on its seats, and listen to the declamation of their favourite players. To me the stillness of a ruined city is nowhere so impressive as when sitting on the steps of its theatre; once thronged with the gay and pleasure-seeking, but now given up to solitude and desolation. Day after day these seats have been filled, and now silent rocks had echoed to the applauding shouts of thousands; and little could an ancient Edomite imagine that a solitary stranger, from a then unknown world, would one day be wandering among the ruins of his proud and wonderful city, meditating upon the fate of a race that has for ages passed away. Where are ye, inhabitants of this desolate city? ye who once sat on the seats of this theatre, the young, the high-born, the beautiful, and brave; who once rejoiced, in your riches and power, and lived as if there was no grave? Where are you now? Even the very tombs, whose open doors are stretching away in long ranges before the eyes of the wondering traveller, cannot reveal the mystery of your doom: your dry bones are gone; the robber has invaded your graves, and your very ashes have been swept away to make room for the wandering Arab of the forest.

But we need not stop at the days when a gay population were crowding to this theatre. In the earliest periods of recorded time, long before the tragic muse was known, a great city stood here. When Esau, having sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage, came to his portion among the mountains of Sier; and Edom, growing in power and

strength, became presumptuous and haughty, until, in her pride, when Israel prayed a passage through her country, Edom said unto Israel, "Thou shalt not pass by me, lest I come out against thee with the sword."

Amid all the terrible denunciations against the land of Idumea "her cities and the inhabitants thereof," this proud city among the rocks, doubtless for its manifold sins, was always marked as a subject of extraordinary vengeance. "I have sworn to myself," said the Lord, that Bozrah (the strong or fortified) shall become a desolation, a reproach, and a waste, and a curse, and all the cities thereof shall be a perpetual waste. Lo, I will make thee small among the heathen, and despised among men. Thy terriblest hath deceived thee, and the pride of thy heart, oh! thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rocks, that holdest the height of the hill; though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, said the Lord." "They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing; and thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof, and it shall be a habitation for dragons, and a court for owls."

I would that the sceptic could stand as I did, among the ruins of this city among the rocks, and there open the sacred book and read the words of the inspired penmen, written when this desolate place was one of the greatest cities in the world. I see the scoff arrested, his cheek pale, his lip quivering, and his heart quaking with fear, as the ruined city cries out to him in a voice loud and powerful as that of one risen from the dead; though he would not believe Moses and the prophets, he believes the handwriting of God himself, in the desolation and eternal ruin around him. We sat on the steps of the theatre, and made our noonday meal; our drink was from the pure stream that rolled at our feet. Paul and myself were alone. We scared the partridge before as we ascended, and I broke for a moment the stillness of the desolate city by the report of my gun.

All round the theatre in the sides of the mountains were ranges of tombs; and directly opposite they rose in long tiers one above another. Having looked into those around the theatre, I crossed to those opposite; and carefully as the brief time I had would allow, examined the whole range. Though I had no small experience in exploring catacombs and tombs, these were so different from any I had seen, that I found it difficult to distinguish the habitations of the living from the chambers of the dead. The facades or architectural decorations of the front were everywhere handsome; and in this they differed materially from the tombs in Egypt; in the latter the doors were simply an opening in the rock, and all the grandeur and beauty of the work within; while here the door was always imposing in its appearance, and the interior was generally a simple chamber, unpainted and unsculptured.

I say that I could not distinguish the dwellings from the tombs; but this was not invariably the case; some were clearly tombs, for there were pits in which the dead had been laid, and others were as clearly dwellings, being without a place for the deposit of the dead. One of these last particularly attracted my attention. It consisted of one large chamber, having on one side, at the foot of the wall, a stone bench about one foot high, and two or three broad seats, in form like the divans in the East at the present day; at the other end were several small apartments, hewn out of the rock, with partition-walls left between them, like stalls in a stable, and these had probably been the sleeping apartments of the different members of the family; the mysteries of bars and bolts, of folding-doors and third stories, being unknown in the days of the ancient Edomites. There were no painting or decorations of any kind within the chamber; but the rock out of which it was hewn, like the whole stony rampart that encircled the city, was of a peculiarity and beauty that I never saw elsewhere, being a dark ground, with veins of white, blue, red, purple, and sometimes scarlet and light orange, running through it in rainbow streaks; and within the chambers, where there had been no exposure to the action of the elements, the freshness and beauty of the colours in which these waving lines were drawn, gave an effect hardly inferior to that of the paintings of the kings of Thebes. From its height and commanding position, and the unusual finish of the work, this house, if so it may be called, had no doubt been the residence of one who had strutted his hour of brief existence among the wealthy inhabitants of Petra. In front was a large table of rock, forming a sort of court for the excavated dwelling, where probably, year after year, in this beautiful climate, the Edomite of old sat under the gathering shades of evening, sometimes looking down upon the congregated thousands and the stirring scenes in the theatre beneath, or beyond upon the palaces and dwellings in the area of the then populous city.

Farther on, in the same range, though, in consequence of the steps of the streets being broken, we were obliged to go down and ascend again before we could reach it, was another temple, like the first, cut out of the solid rock, and, like the first too, having for its principal ornament a large urn, shattered and bruised by musket-balls; for the ignorant Arab, believing that gold is concealed in it, day after day, as he passes by, levels his murderous gun, in the vain hope to break the vessel and scatter a golden shower on the ground.

But it would be unprofitable to dwell upon details. In the exceeding interest of the scene around me, I hurried from place to place, utterly insensible to physical fatigue; and being entirely alone, and having a full and undisturbed range of the ruins, I clambered up broken staircases and among the ruins of the streets; and looking into one excavation, passed on to another and another, and made the whole circuit of the desolate city. There, on the spot, every thing had an interest which I cannot give in description; and if the reader has followed me so far, I have too much regard for him to drag him about after me as I did Paul. I am warned of the consequences by what occurred with that excellent and patient follower; for before the day was over he was completely worn out with fatigue.

The shadows of the evening were gathering around us as we stood for the last time on the steps of the theatre.

Perfect as has been the fulfilment of the prophecy in regard to this desolate city, in one particular has its truth been more awfully verified than in the complete destruction of its inhabitants—in the extermination of the race of the Edomites. In the same day, and by the voice of the same prophets, came the separate denunciation against the descendants of Israel and Esau, declaring against both a complete change of their temporal condition; and while the Jews have been dispersed in every country under heaven, and are still, in every land, a separate and unmixed people, "the Edomites have been cut off for ever, and there is not any remaining of the house of Esau."

In the morning Paul and I had determined, when our companions should be asleep, to ascend Mount Hor by moonlight; but now we thought only of rest, and seldom has the pampered tenant of a palace lain down with greater satisfaction on his campied bed, than I did upon the stony floor of this tomb in Petra. In the front part of it was a large chamber, about twenty-five feet square and ten feet high; and behind this was another of smaller dimensions, furnished with receptacles for the dead, not arranged after the manner of shelves extending along the wall, as in the catacombs I had seen in Italy and Egypt, but cut lengthwise in the rock, like ovens, so as to admit the insertion of the body with the feet foremost.

We built a fire in the outer chamber, thus lighting up the innermost recesses of the tombs; and after our evening meal, while sipping coffee and smoking pipes, the sheik congratulated me upon my extreme good fortune in having seen Petra without any annoyance from the Bedouins; adding as usual, that it was a happy day for me when I saw his face at Cairo. He told me that he had never been to Wady Moussa without seeing at least thirty or forty Arabs, and sometimes three or four hundred; that when Abdel Hag (M. Linant), and M. Laborde visited Petra the first time, they were driven out by the Bedouins after remaining only five hours, and were chased down into the valley, Mr. Linant changing his dromedary every three hours on the way back to Akaba; that there he remained, pretending to be sick, for twenty-four days, every day feasting half the tribe; and during that time sending to Cairo for money, dresses, swords, guns, pistols, ammunition, &c., which he distributed among them so lavishly, that the whole tribe escorted him in triumph to Petra. This is so different from M. Laborde's account of his visit, that it cannot be true. I asked him about the visit of Messrs. Legh and Banks, and Captains Irby and Mangles; and drawing close to me, so as not to be overheard by the rest, he told me that he remembered their visit well: that they came from Kerek with three sheiks and three or four hundred men, and that the Bedouins of Wady Moussa turned out against them more than two thousand strong. His uncle was then the sheik, and he himself was a young man; and, if his account is true, which cannot, however, be, as it is entirely different from theirs, he began the life of a knave so young, that though he had no great field for exercise he ought then to have been something of a proficient; he said, that while they were negotiating and parleying, one of the strange Arabs slipped into his hands a purse with a hundred pieces of gold, which he showed to his uncle, and proposed to him that they should use their influence to procure the admission of the strangers, and divide the money between them; and so wrought upon the old man that he procured their entrance, telling the tribe that one of the strangers was sick; and if they did not admit them into Wady Moussa, he would take them to his tent; and, added the sheik, his eyes sparkling with low cunning, my uncle and I ate the whole of that gold without any one of the tribe ever knowing anything about it.

One piece of information he gave me, which I thought very likely to be true: that the road to Petra, and thence through Idumea in any direction, never could be pursued with assurance of safety, or become a frequented route, because the Bedouins would always be lying in wait for travellers, to exact tribute or presents; and although a little might sometimes content them, at others their demands would be exorbitant, and quarrels and bad consequences to the traveller would be almost sure to follow; and he added, in reference to our visit, that, as soon as the Arabs should hear of a stranger having been at Petra, they would be down in swarms; and perhaps even now would follow us into the valley. I was satisfied that I had made a fortunate escape, not, perhaps, from personal danger, but from grinding exactions, if not from robbery; and, congratulating myself upon my good fortune so far, I began to feel my way for what I now regarded as important before I had thought of the journey to Petra, namely, a visit to the tomb of Aaron.

My companions opposed my going to it, saying that no Christian had ever done so; and that none but Mussulmans went there, and they only to sacrifice a sheep upon the tomb. I told them that I also designed to sacrifice; and that, like them, we regarded Aaron as a prophet; that my visit to Petra was nothing unless I made the sacrifice; and that my conscience would not be at ease unless I performed it according to my vow. This notice of my pious purpose smoothed some of the difficulties, as the Arabs knew that after the sacrifice the sheep must be eaten. The sheik was much more liberal or more indifferent than the rest, and my desire was finally assented to; although, in winding up a long discussion about the pedigree of Aaron, one of them held out to the last that Aaron was a Mussulman, and would not believe that he lived before Mohammed. He had an indefinite idea that Mohammed was the greatest man that ever lived, and in his mind this was not consistent with the idea of any one having lived before him.

My plans for the morrow being all arranged, the Bedouins stretched themselves out in the outer chamber, while I went within; and, seeking out a tomb as far back as I could find, I crawled in feet first, and found myself very much in the condition of a man buried alive. But never did a man go to his tomb with so much satisfaction as I felt. I was very tired; the night was cold, and here I was completely sheltered. I had just room enough to turn round; and the worthy old Edomite for whom the tomb was made never slept in it more quietly than I did. Little did he imagine that his bones would one day be



scattered to the winds, and a straggling American and a horde of Bedouins, born and living thousands of miles from each other, would be sleeping quietly in his tomb, alike ignorant and careless of him for whom it was built.

### Medical Virtues of Insects, &c.

MANY reptiles have the reputation of possessing medicinal virtues. The entrails of the crocodiles that haunted the island of Pharos, on the Nile, were celebrated for removing freckles and other ungainly spots from the face, and also for blanching the skin, and hence Ovid recommends those ladies who have a swarthy complexion to use the "Pharian varnish," as he calls it. The common stellio (*Lacerta stellio*) was formerly much in repute for its medicinal qualities. In the east, the scinck (*Lacerta scincus*) is used as an antidote against poison, and as a cure for elephantiasis. The common guana (*Iguana tuberculata*) is used medicinally in the West Indies. Toads have been employed in cases of cancer. In the Appendix to Pennant's *British Zoology* (1769) vol. iii. there are some lengthy letters on this subject, addressed by Messrs. Arscott and Pitfield to Dr. Miles, and to the Bishop of Carlisle. Mr. Pitfield says he saw toads applied to the cancered breast of a woman, for eighteen or twenty days, and that they produced neither pain nor nausea. He did not expect any beneficial result from them, on account of the extremely bad nature of the case, but he doubts not that toads in such complaints may afford relief by extracting the virus, and so cleansing the affected part. He says the toads very eagerly adhered, and extracted the foulest of the virus until they dropped down dead. They often swelled and appeared agonised; perspired exceedingly; became pale; sometimes vomited and then became lively again. After sucking, he says, they increased in weight from a drachm to nearly an ounce. The first person who so applied toads is said to have been a woman near Hungerford, who used also to allow them when dead to remain in contact with her cancerous breasts, by way of cataplasms. Although toads might possibly afford relief in these cases, yet we cannot look upon them as possessed of any power to cure. The toad was also celebrated for having "a precious jewel in its head," to which medical properties were ascribed. Maplett, the old natural historian, says this stone or jewel is "available against envenoming;" and Fenton, in his *Secrets Wonders of Nature* (1569), says it has the power "to repulse poysons," and adds, that "it is a most sovereign medicine for the stone." This "precious jewel," rendered so celebrated by Shakspeare's well-known allusion to it, was variously called toadstone, crapaudina, borax, stelon, bufonites, or krottenstein. These celebrated toadstones, however, are reported to have been merely the fossil teeth of the sea-wolf or some other fish. The boa constrictor abounds in fat, which is used by the people of the plains as a remedy for rheumatic pains, ruptures, strains, &c. The Egyptian viper was in great repute among the ancient physicians, and is imported, every year, in considerable numbers to Venice, where the apothecaries use it in the composition of medicinal treacle and other compounds. It is from its great medical reputation, that the viper is represented in the ancient figures of Minerva, Medica, and Esculapius. Those patients to whom its flesh was recommended, usually eat it boiled, and in a fresh condition, that its virtues might be more powerful; but it was sometimes administered in a dry pulverised state. Pliny and Galen bear testimony to its efficacy in curing ulcers, elephantiasis, and other diseases; and Dr. Mead states that he witnessed good results from its use in a difficult case of leprosy. Sir Kenelm Digby, according to Keyser, fed his wife upon capons that were fattened upon the flesh of vipers, and though she is said not to have long survived this system of diet, yet there can be no doubt that it was prescribed by her indulgent lord from some humane medical motives. Had she died after eating only one or two of these viper-fed capons, we might give it as our verdict that she was killed with kindness; but, as it is to be inferred that she ate many of them, and as we know that the venom of snakes taken into the stomach does not prove fatal, we cannot award Sir Kenelm the merit of having destroyed his fair lady by over-kindness. Our suspicion is, that she died of the chicken-pock. In Pennant's time, the flesh of the viper was used as a restorative, but he suspects that physicians did not greatly rely on its virtues. The fat of the viper, officially termed *axungia viperina*, was formerly applied as a cure for its venomous bite. The celebrated adder-stone, or adder-gem, believed to possess the power of ensuring constant success and great patronage to its possessor, and also to assist teething, cure the chine-cough, and expel the ague, was said to be the egg of the adder; but, the fact is, it was made of glass.

Fishes' spawn is recommended by Ovid to recruit the exhausted powers of the human frame. Pennant says that the oil of the basking shark has been used as a cure for bruises, burns, and rheumatic complaints; and the pulverised eggs of the angel shark are, according to Mendelet, a sovereign remedy for diarrhæa. The swimming bladder, or sound, of the sturgeon, when cleansed and dried, constitutes the official *ichthyocolla*, or common isinglass. Gesner says that the jawbones, hearts, and gills of pike, are very useful to stop blood, to abate fevers, to cure agues, to oppose or expel the infection of the plague, and are, in many other ways, medicinal. Isaac Walton, the kingfisher of the fishers, says the

physicians of his day made "the gall, and stones in the heads of carp to be very medicinal." From the mackerel, a substance called *garum* was obtained, and used for both culinary and medicinal purposes. William Yarrell, a worthy successor to old Isaac, says, that "those persons who have been able to overcome the repugnance arising from the natural smell and taste of the oil which is extracted from the liver of the ling (*Lota lotia*), have found it effectual in severe cases of rheumatism, when taken in small beer in doses of from half an ounce to an ounce and a half. Formerly from fifty to sixty gallons of this oil, and also that from the liver of the codfish, were dispensed in one large establishment for this purpose, and it was found to act best when the perspiration was increased. The exudation from the skin of those to whom it was administered always became tainted with it." As early as the time of Dioscorides, physician to Anthony and Cleopatra, the shock of the electric ray (*Torpedo vulgaris*) was prescribed, and especially for pains in the head. It was at that early period, in fact, that medical electricity was first practised. In later times it was applied to the cure of gout; the patient keeping his feet on this electric fish until the numbing shock extended to the knees.

Insects of many sorts have been enlisted into the medical service. Pliny speaks of a Blatta (but, from his description, it appears to be the church-yard beetle (*Blaps mortisaga*), which he says will, when applied with oil of cedar, infallibly cure ulcers that defy other applications. Latreille informs us that *Blaps sulcata*, an Egyptian species, is used by the Turks to alleviate pain of the ear, and to cure the sting of the scorpion. Blumenbach says that the lady beetle (*Coccinella*) and a species of oil-beetle (*Meloe*) have been prescribed as cures for the tooth-ache. The *Cantharis vesicatoria* is extensively used as a stimulant, diuretic, and blister. Dr. Clarke relates that the Egyptian women eat the sacred beetle (*Scarabæus sacer*), believing that it renders them prolific, and hence they adopt it as the symbol of the sun that fertilizes the soil. Kirby and Spence in their comprehensive *Introduction to Entomology* (vol. i. p. 33) tell us that it was formerly conceived that "nine caterpillars of the moth of the wild teal, enclosed in a reed or goose-quill, were a remedy for the ague." The same celebrated entomologists, after alluding to the administration of cowage and pulverised spun glass as an anthelmintic, or destroyer of intestinal worms, hint the probability of equal efficacy attending the substitution of the tenacious prickly spines, or hairs, of the caterpillars of the tiger-moth (*Arctia caja*) and other lepidopterous insects. Hooper, in his *Medical Dictionary*, says "six or seven bed-bugs are given inwardly to cure the ague, just before the fits come on, and have the same effect as everything nauseous and disgusting." If we ever prescribe them it will be as emetics, and one perhaps will be a sufficient dose. In Shaw's *General Zoology* (vol. vi. p. 501) it is observed that "woodlice (*Oniscus aspidiotus*), though but slightly esteemed in the present practice of physic, once maintained a very respectable station in the materia medica, under the title of millepedes, and were regarded as aperient, resolvent, &c. They were ordered in cases of jaundice, asthma, and many other disorders, and were either taken living, being swallowed in their contracted state, as pills, or variously enveloped in syrups and marmalades, but were more generally pulverised, and then mixed with other ingredients." Honey, the produce of bees, Ovid regards as an amorous incentive. The black-pointed fangs of a large species of spider found in Campeachy, New Spain, are stated, by Camper, to be used by the natives as tooth-picks, on the supposition that they possess the power of expelling the tooth-ache. In England, the spider's web is the court-plaster, or styptic of the poor people. The spider itself is recommended by birdfanciers as an almost universal cure for disorders in birds. Wilson, the American ornithologist, recommends spiders in cases of sickness or dejection in the mocking-bird, a species of thrush. The writer of the article *Aranea*, in the *Encyclopædia Londinensis* says that "spiders are found to contain a great deal of volatile salt; in consequence of which they are sometimes useful in agues, if taken inwardly. A scruple of the spider's web, in many instances, is said to have proved successful, given an hour before the fit of an ague and an hour after it. This produces no sensible effect, and may be given when bark is not safe." Elias Ashmole, the renowned collector of natural curiosities, has left behind him the following memorandum:—"April 11, 1681. I took, early in the morning, a good dose of elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck; and they have drove my ague away. *Deo gratias*." In these times, so much are spiders neglected, we fear it would be hopeless to advise even a naturalist to hang a spider round his neck. No persuasion would overcome the aversion and other objections that would be raised.

A species of fresh-water crab (*Thelphusa*) peculiar to the south of Europe and the Levant, *le de rivière* of Rondeletius, enjoyed great celebrity among the Greeks, for its supposed medicinal virtues, and is frequently represented with the utmost accuracy, on the coins of Agrigentum. Edible snails (*Helix pomatia*) were once extensively used for the cure of consumptions, and snail-water was admitted into the pharmacopœia of the last century. Charles Howard, Earl of Arundel, introduced them into this country for the cure of his countess. It

was this species that used to be cooked and eaten by ancients in the belief that it was an incentive to lo. Leeches of the species *Hirudo medicinalis* are highly used in phlebotomy, and are very extensively imported from Italy, Spain, and Germany, into Europe and America. The latter quarter of the globe is reported to contain its waters an inexhaustible supply of these useful creatures, but the practitioners in some of its larger cities will only use those that are of foreign importation. France, they are collected for use and even for exportation; but yet a great quantity is imported at Paris. Moreau stated at a sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences (May 26, 1834,) that in 1817 the quantity imported into France amounted in value to only one hundred and seventy-seven francs, or about seven pounds sterling; but, he added in 1832, the quantity was greatly increased as to be valued at one million, seven hundred and twenty-four thousand, six hundred and francs, or nearly seventy thousand pounds sterling. Nereides, or *marine scolopendra*, are mentioned Galen and Dioscorides as ingredients in a composition for the cure of injuries received from those creatures when living. Sponge, which is considered as an anir substance, is used, either in a calcined state or in the form of lozenges, as a deobstruent.

It may be observed from the above collection of examples that, in former periods a vast number of animals were prescribed as cures for diseases, although it is plain that in most instances they could have no beneficial effect upon them whatever. Faith, and the course of nature, were the actual cures. In modern times animals perform but little in the mysteries of medicine, because physicians find it preferable and more convenient to resort to the chemical elements of which animals, as we saw plants, are composed. Still, however, we think the properties of animals deserve investigation by competent members of the medical profession.

### The Life and Age of Man.

THE natural divisions of human life are six, viz. infancy, childhood, boyhood or girlhood, adolescent manhood, old age. These epochs are marked by certain changes in the constitution, which take place at periods varying in each individual, but the average period which has been defined. Infancy extends from birth to the completion of the first set of teeth, which take place at the end of the second year: childhood extends from the completion of the first dentition to the completion of the second dentition, about the seventh or ninth year: boyhood or girlhood, from the completion of childhood to the age of puberty; adolescence, from the close of boyhood to the twenty-fourth year, and from the close of girlhood to the twentieth year of the female: manhood follows: and at periods varying according to the pursuits, and general tenor of the mode of life, old age comes on.

In the first moment of existence, the infant seems to indicate by its cries, that the new sensations it experiences are of a painful kind. The sensation of cold is in all probability the exciting cause of the infant's cries. The effect of the cries is beneficial in assisting the new function of respiration. The infant is perfectly helpless—its life is dependent upon paternal care: if left to itself, in the first three years of existence, it would infallibly perish. For two or three months it requires no food, warmth, cleanliness, and sleep; these wants are indicated by its cries, which will never for a minute be disregarded by the tender parent or nurse. The infant requires, during the first four or five months, the most simple food—the mother's milk is the proper, and should be the only, aliment. The mother should know that giving nature's food to her offspring is a duty which cannot be neglected without resigning her own best joy and risking the life and health of her offspring. Some have supposed that the moral qualities of the nurse at imbued by the infant with the milk it sucks; and the hiring milk, and hiring mind, may be received from the wet-nurse, and thus

"She who to her babe the breast denies

The sentient mind, the living man destroys."

The lining membrane of the digestive canal—of the stomach and bowels—is very irritable in infants, and readily excited to inflammatory disease, by any change from the most simple diet, or by the use of irritant medicines. In the infant's body the fluids abound; the capillary arteries are numerous; every part of the body is possessed of extreme irritability; and its actions are readily excited to a diseased state by stimulants. It is this condition of the body which renders it susceptible of injury from all unnatural food—all except the mother's milk. Many mothers indeed, cannot, from various causes, afford this nourishment to their offspring: but none will lightly forego the duty, when they consider that six out of every seven children brought up without the mother's or wet-nurse's milk, die before they attain advanced age.

The infant is very susceptible to the influence of cold the surface of the body, and the internal surface of the lungs, to which the air has access, are affected by cold air, and by it the blood is driven from these surfaces into the internal structures, and thus inflammation of the lungs is produced, which is a frequent and fatal disease in children. Remember, then, that infants are to be carefully screened from cold air, and kept in a moderate and regular temperature.

About the end of the seventh month the teeth begin to



appear through the gums; and about the second year the first set of teeth, twenty in number, are complete. Infants are liable to convulsions, and other diseases, when teething; and life at this period is very insecure, one-third of the infants born, dying before they reach the twenty-third month. Difficult teething, and the diseases caused by it, may be prevented, by care in supporting the child's health, by simple diet, cleanliness, warmth, and pure air, and by avoiding all stimulating diet and drink. At this early period of life we cannot too diligently soothe and caress the little being. The cheerful word, the tender smile, and the loving caress, of parent or nurse, have power to promote the better feelings, and retard, if not annihilate, the germs of passion in the little breast.

In the infant's body the small arteries are numerous and active; the circulation is rapid, and respiration frequent. The formation of bone is carried on in the cartilaginous extremities of the long bones. The body is soft, the outlines rounded, and the growth of the whole system is carried on. Sensations of pain and pleasure are frequent and transient. The senses of touch, seeing, and hearing, are in active exercise from an early period, and their use should be encouraged. Imitation of sounds, by the vocal organs, is observed at this early period. Round smooth bodies—agreeable colours—pleasant sounds—should be presented to the infant, and time allowed for his attention to be occupied by them.

The termination of the period of childhood is marked by the completion of the second set of teeth, and occurs from the seventh to the ninth year.

In childhood, the circulation of the blood is rapid; the respiration frequent; and the numerous capillary vessels build up and consolidate the whole system. The bones become harder—the muscles more energetic in their contraction; and the child acquires the power of walking and running, and of using all the muscular powers—lessons begun in infancy and completed in childhood. The senses are constantly acquiring food for the mental powers—stores for after life: muscular energy is quickly expended—quickly renewed; and we see the young of all animals bound with buoyant joy at simply feeling life.

In early childhood the head is liable to diseases, for it is to this part that the vital actions tend; for this cause we must avoid too early mental application in school studies. We may leave the mind to choose its own food, taking care that plenty be offered; but should direct our attention, from the earliest periods, to the moral affections. Example, precept, and encouragement should unite their powers to promote love and truth in the young breast.

Boyhood or girlhood, the age succeeding childhood and preceding puberty, is an important epoch. The circulation is less rapid and the breathing less frequent than in infancy, but the capillary branches of the arteries are still actively employed in rearing and completing the fabric of the man: the hard parts are more ossified, the muscles are firmer, the growth of the body rapid. Nutritious food, playful exercise, pure air—must be allowed in abundance to girls and boys, or the vital economy will be deranged; and scrofula, consumption, rickets, crooked backs, and other diseases, will be produced. The cerebral organ is firmer, and less mobility of mind exists; the susceptibility to impressions is great; the perceptive powers are acute; the memory retentive; and now it is that great stores of ideas are laid up, on which, in after-life, the reflective powers are exercised. Yet let not the schoolboy or girl be overworked, in the endeavour to acquire mental stores. Let us remember that this period is the prelude to the better part of life; and that by overtasking the mental powers, we may exhaust the powers of the brain and destroy the general health; and thus, while over-zealously sowing the seed, we may be destroying the fruit.

In the age of adolescence the blood in the arteries and veins becomes more nearly equalized, the respiration is less frequent, the structure of the body is completely formed and consolidated, the functions are completed; the imagination and feelings are heightened; new thoughts and feelings fill the mind, and all the future is tinged with the rosy gleam of hope. Now it is that Love exerts its powers—but we will not rudely raise the veil, though the subject claims the anxious attention of the young, and of their parents and guides. Now it behoves the youth to call reason to his aid, diligently to repress his passions, and calmly to look forward—extending his views to the whole course of his duties here and hopes hereafter.

With the age of manhood, the perfection of mind and body are attained; we are capable of persevering and long-continued exertion; changes of climate are well borne, and the body is subject to few diseases; the blood in the arteries and veins is equalized in quantity; the circulation and respiration are less frequent; the body does not increase in height, but attains more bulk and is often clothed with fat; the brain, in common with other parts of the body, is of firmer texture—less susceptible of the impressions of the senses and of the feelings—more capable of reflection and abstraction, and persevering attention; the mental view is enlarged; and man, looking around, contemplates the course appointed for him to run. Some fix their eyes on the immediate goods which are spread around them in benevolent profusion: power, riches, knowledge, pleasure—attract their gaze, fix their attention, and engross their souls; if the voice of conscience, sickness, or the death of friends throw on their field of vision a view of the goal towards

which they run, and of the unknown land beyond—they hastily avoid it, and return to their idols. Others, earnestly looking forward, see the end of their earthly course, and humbly listen to the voice which tells them of a home beyond—and yet they labour cheerfully, and execute their mission as they travel on.

Old age may be retarded by attention to the laws of health. The law of health—of culture of mind and body—is, that every organ of the body must be duly exercised. Exercise of an organ of the living body determines the vital powers to that organ: the circulation of the blood is increased in the part; the nervous energy of the ganglionic or vital nervous system is determined to the part; and the nutrition, growth, and life of the part are increased. This is true of the muscular system: active exercise increases the size and vital power of the muscles—witness the legs of the dancing-master and the arms of the sailor: this is true of the vital powers of digestion and respiration—witness the enormous powers of consuming food of men who live to eat, and the *corporation* acquired thereby; and the powers of *wind* acquired by men trained to pugilism or other active sports; this is true of the functions of the brain—witness the powers of the practised speaker in public assemblies.

So far the rule is simple—exercise increases the power of an organ: yet inordinate exercise injures or destroys an organ; and this may be effected directly, by stretching—till they burst or break the delicate vessels or fibres of which an organ is composed; or indirectly, by depriving the organs not exercised, of their due share of sanguineous and nervous energy, and thereby deranging the general health; for injury of a part of the body quickly becomes an injury of the whole.

This law of physiology is of wide import: it points out that the immoderate indulgence in the pleasures of the table tends to debase the human mind, by withdrawing the nervous power from the organ of the mind, enjoyed in its highly developed state by man alone, and centring it on the digestive organs, enjoyed in common with all other animals: it points out (though we admit the benevolence of that law which declares that man shall live by the sweat of his brow) that the inordinate labour of those who work in factories, especially of children, prevents the due culture of the mind, by depriving its organ, the brain, of a due share of the vital power, and preventing its development: it points out the erroneous notions of the ancient sages, who believed that man's intellect was capable of unlimited culture, and ultimate perfection, independent of bodily organs: it points out how sad the penalty which may be paid by the aspiring genius—the *Kirke White*—who overtakes his mind. I knew an amiable youth whose return to school had been delayed. Night and day he laboured to recover his place in his class by committing to memory three hundred lines of Homer's *Iliad*: fruitless labour! he succeeded—and was prostrated by an inflammation of the brain, the natural consequence of inordinate exertion of that organ. This law of physiology—that inordinate exercise of an organ injures the part or the whole of the body—should be borne in mind by the educators of youth. In the young, the vital powers of the circulation, and of the ganglionic or vital nervous system, are exercised in building up all the organs of the body and fitting them for the race of life. Exercise of every part is therefore required, for exercise aids in the development of every part: but the vital, nutritious, or assimilating powers especially require much exercise, to prepare the new material which is wanted for the growth of the body. If then we inordinately exercise the organ of the mind—the brain—by too much mental application (and in some constitutions a little is too much) we concentrate the powers of the body on that organ, and deprive the other organs of their due share: thus arresting nutrition, growth, and health at their source. Let your endeavour be duly to exercise every organ of the body. But remember the rule of "not too much," in your muscular exertion, in your sensual pleasures, and your intellectual occupations, and so shall you secure "a sound mind in a sound body."

Old age comes on at periods varying according to the manner in which life has been spent. With the temperate—those who have neither idly neglected, nor foolishly spurred, their mental and bodily powers—its approach is late and imperceptible. With those, on the other hand, who have led a life of sloth and sensuality; who have overtaken the mind and body in the acquisition of temporal goods; or who have been condemned, by ignorance or injustice, to unceasing and immoderate labour for their daily bread—old age comes on apace, and grievously afflicts the body.

In old age the body becomes firmer, the solids abound, the bones are very brittle, the cartilages become changed to bone, circulation and respiration are slow, the capillary arteries are fewer in number, and the greater part of the blood of the body is contained in the veins; the brains become firmer, the senses less acute; and a growing indifference to the pleasures, pursuits, and feelings of mankind precedes the total separation from them. We need not here stop to inquire why death is part of the economy of life: we cannot conceive how the present system could be carried on without it. Spring-time and harvest, the love of offspring, the hopes and fears, the trials and virtues of human life, are inseparably connected with it; and we feel that it would be as reasonable to grieve that we had not been in existence eternally, as to repine at death.

But there is a view of death which will open a glorious evidence of the Divine goodness. The death of the individual might have been more uncertain, while the death of the average number might have been equally secured by other and more distressing means. Disease, violence, famine—might have been the executioners of the Divine will. Some men might have been allowed to reach centuries, nay thousands of years, of existence on this earth; and how strongly would this chance have attracted the hopes and fears of mankind! How recklessly would the wicked man have pursued his path of sin, casting his hopes upon an eternity of existence here! Power, wealth, pleasure—would have been inconceivably more valued, and man's soul would more enthusiastically have sought them. The dread of death would have increased in some; and apparent injustice would have prevailed in the fate of the victims. Christian believers would have been sickened by hope deferred; and would have longed, apparently in vain, for the day when they might see their Redeemer's face.

But God is merciful, and in wisdom hath he done all things. Our living bodies are so constituted, that death is a consequence of life; and that too at a regulated period, varying with the species of living beings, and varying slightly in the individuals of a species. This law of growth, perfection, decay, and death, is dependent upon the action of the vessels which circulate the nutrient fluids. In the early periods of life, the small arteries called capillary arteries—whose office it is to build up and maintain all the structures of the body—are numerous, energetic in action, and exceed in volume the veins which return the blood to the heart. As life advances, the excess of number and volume of the arteries gradually diminishes, and the number of the veins increases; and in old age, the small branches of the arteries are almost lost, while the quantity of blood in the veins far exceeds that of the arteries. These conditions of the blood-vessels cause the softness, excess of fluids, and growth of the young body; the perfection of the adult; and the gradual decay of structure and loss of functions, which mark the period of old age, and terminate existence by a gentle and gradual decay.—*White's Lectures on Man.*

#### Electro-Magnetic Printing.

Mr. Bains's electro-magnetic printing machine is now exhibiting in the Royal Polytechnic Institution. It was recently introduced and explained in a succinct lecture on the subject, and by a comparison between the inventions of Professor Wheatstone and others with the ingenious instrument now for the first time brought under public notice. The principle upon which electro-magnetism has been applied already, not only to telegraphic communications, but also to clocks, &c., having been explained in this journal already, that any attempt at even a descriptive outline of the explanatory lecture would be idle repetition. Suffice it to say, therefore, that the invention which it was the object of the lecturer to describe, surpasses its predecessors in this striking and most important point—viz., that while previous inventions required the constant attention of some agent at the terminus to which the communication was to be made, this instrument might be left at the terminus wholly unprotected and unwatched, and yet the information communicated from the other extremity of the line would be found legibly in type by the curator, on his return after a short or prolonged absence. Mr. Alexander Bains, the inventor and patentee of the machine, was in attendance, and explained its capabilities. The apparatus consists of a dial-plate, inscribed with the alphabet and numerals, with a revolving hand, worked by ordinary clock-work. On the other side of the room stood the important portion of the invention—that which furnished in type the communication to be sent forth from the dial-plate already described. Between these two machines a connexion (capable of being extended in practice to any length) by means of wire conductors, communicating with two electro-magnets placed on a frame, and connected with a cylinder covered with paper, upon which the type was to leave its impression—an horizontal wheel, in which types to correspond with the letters and figures on the dial were fixed. This wheel was ingeniously brought in contact with an inking roller, and these three portions of the machine were all brought into motion horizontally. Difficult as it is to describe even a simple piece of machinery, we again essay to describe to our readers the *modus operandi*. The party directing the communication stands at the dial-plate first described, and fixes a peg under the letter desired to be communicated. The index or revolving hand performs its rotation until its progress is arrested by coming in contact with the peg. A small trigger is then pulled, the galvanic power is then brought to bear by the aid of the communicating wires upon the two electro-magnets, with their machinery on the second frame, and the letter thus communicated is printed upon the paper affixed to the cylinder. The operations excited universal admiration, and the machine itself is well worthy the attention of the curious; for, though at present it may fall as a speedy means of communicating information in print, still by the adoption of a code of signals (by which one letter or character might be construed to denote a sentence or describe a subject) the invention might be made extremely valuable in the times in which we live. A visit to the inventor will, however, be amply repaid by the interest his explanations afford.



## An Old Irish Heroine.

GRANA OF THE ISLES.

Just opposite Westport, at the entrance to Clew Bay, lies Clare Island, the residence of the ancient chieftainess of the county Mayo and of its multitude of isles—Grana Uaile. One square and strong tower yet remains of her stronghold on the island shore. Of this "heroine of the west," Mr. Otway gives the following somewhat interesting account:—

"Grace O'Mealey, which has been corrupted into Grana Uaile, was the daughter of Breanhaun Crone O'Maille, tainst or chieftain of that district of Mayo surrounding Clew Bay, and comprising its multitude of isles. This district is still called by the old people The Isles of O'Mealey; and its lord, owning, as he did, a great extent of coast, and governing an adventurous sea-faring people, had good claim to his motto, 'Terra Marique Potens.' Breanhaun Crone O'Maille dying early, left a son and daughter—the son but a child; the daughter, just ripened into womanhood, seemed to have a character suited to seize the reins of government, and rule over this rude and brave people. Setting aside, then, at once the laws of tanistry, that confined the rule to the nearest male of the family, she took upon her, not only the government, but the generalship of her sept, and far exceeded all her family in exploits as a sea-rover; and from her success, whether as smuggler or pirate, as the case might be, she won the name of Grace of the Heroes. Acting in this wild and able way, she soon gathered around her all the outlaws and adventurers that abounded in the islands, and from the daring strokes of policy she made, and the way in which she bent to her purpose the conflicting interests of the English government and the Irish races—she was called the Gambler. As a matter of policy, she took for her husband O'Flaherty, Prince of Connemara; and there is reason to suppose that the grey mare proving the better horse, the castle in Lough Corrib, was nearly lost to the Joyces, by O'Flaherty the Cock, but was saved and kept by Grana the Hen, hence it got the name which it still keeps, of *Krisblane na Rirca—the Hen's Castle*. Be this as it may, Grana's husband, the Prince of Connemara, dying soon, she was free to make another connexion, and in this she seems to have consulted more her politics than her affections, and became the wife of Sir Richard Bourke, the M'William Eigher. Tradition hands down a singular item of the marriage contract. The marriage was to last for certain (what said the Pope to this) but one year, and if at the end of that period, either said to the other 'I dismiss you,' the union was dissolved. It is said, during that year Grana took care to put her own creatures into all M'William's eastward castles that were valuable to her, and then, one fine day, as the Lord of Mayo was coming up to the castle of Corrig-a-Howly, near Newport, Grana spied him, and cried out the dissolving words—'I dismiss you.' We are not told how M'William took the snapping of the matrimonial chain; it is likely that he was not sorry to have a safe riddance of such a virago. We shortly after this find Grana siding with Sir Richard Bigham against the Bourkes, and doing battle with the English. The O'Mealeys, on this occasion, turned the fortune of the day in favour of the president of Connaught, and most of the M'William leaders being taken prisoners, six of them were hanged next day at Cloghan Lucas, 'in order to strengthen the English interest.' It is probable that it was in gratitude for this signal aid afforded to her lieutenant, that Queen Elizabeth invited Grana over to the English court; and it certainly confirms the Irish-woman's character for decision and firmness, that she accepted the invitation of the Saxon, of whose faithfulness the Irish nation had but a low opinion. Accordingly, Grana sailed from Clare Island, and before she arrived at the port of Chester was delivered of a son, the issue of the marriage with M'William Eigher. He being born on ship-board, was hence named *Tohaduah na Lung*, or *Toby of the Ship*, from whom sprung the Viscounts Mayo. It must have been a curious scene, the interview at Hampton Court between the wild woman of the west, and the 'awe-commanding, lion-porter' Elizabeth. Fancy Grana, in her loose attire, consisting of a chemise, containing thirty yards of yellow linen, wound round her body, with a mantle of frieze, coloured madder-red, flung over one shoulder, with her wild hair twisted round a large golden pin as her only head-gear, standing with her red legs unstockinged, and her broad feet unshod, before the stiff and stately Tudor, dressed out (as we see her represented in the portraits of that day) with stays, stomacher, and farthingale, cased like an impregnable armadillo—what a 'tableau vivant' this must have been! and then Grana, having made a bow, and held out her bony hand, horny as it was, with many an oar she had handled, and many a helm she had held, to sister Elizabeth, (as she called her,) sat down with as much self-possession and self-respect as an American Indian chief would do before the President of the United States. Elizabeth, observing Grana's fondness for snuff, which, though a practice newly introduced, she had picked up in her smuggling enterprises, and perceiving her inconvenienced, as snuffers usually are when wanting a pocket-handkerchief, presented her with one richly embroidered, which Grana took indifferently, used it loudly, and cast it away carelessly; and when asked by Sir Walter Raleigh, why she treated the gift of her majesty in such a way, the answer of the wild Irish girl was of that coarseness that ought not to be read by eyes polite. Moreover, it seems Elizabeth was not happy in the presents which she proffered to the Vanathess; she ordered a lap-dog, led by a silken band, to be given to her. 'What's this for?' says Grana. 'Oh, it is a sagacious, playful, faithful little creature, it will lie in you lap.' 'My lap!' says Grana; 'it's little the likes of me would be doing with such a thing:—keep it to yourself, Queen of the English, it is only fit for such idlers as you:—you may, if it likes you, fool away your day with such vermin.' 'Oh, but,' says Elizabeth, 'Grana, you are mistaken, I am not idle; I have the care of this great

nation on my shoulders.' 'May be so, said Grana, 'but as far as I can see of your ways, there's many a poor creature in Mayo, who has only the care of a barley-field, has more industry about them than you seem to have.' Of course, Elizabeth dismissed her soon; she offered, at her last audience, to create her a countess. 'I don't want your titles,' says Grana, 'arn't we both equals? if there be any good in the thing, I may as well make you one as you me. Queen of England, I want nothing from you—enough for me it is to be at the head of my nation; but you may do what you like with my little son, Toby of the Ship, who has Saxon blood in his veins, and may not be dishonoured by a Saxon title:—I will remain as I am, Grana O'Maille of the Isles.' It was on her return from England, and when driven by stress of weather into the small harbour of Howth, that the often-told circumstance occurred respecting her abduction of the young St. Lawrence. Landing from her vessel, she and some of her followers proceeded to the castle and demanded admission, but were refused, on the ground that the noble owner was at his dinner and could not be disturbed. 'Oh, the Saxon churl!' said Grana, 'it's well seen he has not a drop of Irish blood in his big body; but he shall smart for it.' And so he did, for Grana, on her return to her vessel, entering into a comfortable cottage, and finding therein a beautiful boy, the eldest son of the baron, (who was at nurse, according to the Irish fashion,) she carried him off, and brought him with her to the western land, where she kept him many a day, and did not restore him, until, besides receiving a large ransom, she made a stipulation that whenever a Lord of Howth sat at his dinner, his doors should remain open for the admission of all strangers. It is said that the St. Lawrence's have kept to the covenant ever since; if so, the observance in its spirit of open hospitality may explain why the lords of Howth are not the wealthiest of our nobility. Grana continued on her return to strengthen her power, and had strongholds guarding all the harbours along the coast of Mayo; and so active and vigilant was she, that it is said that in her castle at Clare Island, where her swiftest vessels were stationed, the cable of her chief galley was passed through a hole made for that purpose in the wall, and fastened to her bed-post, in order that she might be the more readily alarmed in case of an attempted surprise. At her death it would appear that the power which was but concentrated by individual vigour and ability, dissolved with the spirit that gave it energy."

## The Shop Milliner.

NO. II.

THE following picture of an unfortunate and ill-natured old maid, wasting her life in one unvarying round of cheerless toil, is too painfully accurate to require description. Yet why should labour and thrift not be able to secure a late independence? Why should the labourer be always poor? Why should not industrious human beings, like bees and ants, lay up a store for winter? It is a poor, unnatural, and unjust excuse to say that better prices cannot be given for their labour. Can fine ladies, when looking at their pretty bonnets in the glass, not think that cheerlessness of heart, and poverty of purse, have been the compulsory movement of its making? Perhaps they will think so yet, and the drudge be better rewarded than she is.

I understand, my dear, that you are old,  
And toothless, with a most shrivell'd skin;  
And that your breath redolent is  
With smells unsavoury and unpalatable;  
Offensive to the nasal organs of mankind;  
A lean, sallow, and unfavour'd mortal,  
The antipodes of beauty—a wretched maid,  
Doom'd for age to lead a viewless life,  
Without a spouse, childless, and friendless,  
To pass the unvaried tenor of your days  
In endless bonnet-building—to see  
The daily passing crowd, and feel  
That no one sympathises with your lot.  
And when with weariness your aching eyes  
You raise from off your work monotonous,  
The same old dreary church-yard meets your gaze,  
And then you meditate upon the many ills  
You have endured through life, and dwell  
Upon the dark prospect of the future,  
Until large tear-drops from your gummy eyes  
Chase in succession down your sallow cheeks;  
And then you hear the deep bell toll,  
And wish 'twere for yourself, having no hope  
On this side of the grave; anon  
Your melancholy reverie is disturbed  
By the harsh voice of a selfish task-master  
Inquiring about bonnets, caps, and lace:  
How ill in unison with your sad thoughts  
Are trifles such as these! Then you depart  
Unto your lonely, solitary chamber;  
Cheerless you eat your thrifty supper, and then  
Retire to bed, your earnest prayer to Heaven!  
Being—that you may never wake again

M.R.L.

## Varieties.

**HUMAN FATE.**—At Feversham we reflect on the fate that attended the ashes of Stephen, king of England: a valiant, clement, generous, and magnanimous prince: who never, even when barbarism was almost characteristic of the times, executed an enemy: and who, if he had been permitted to enjoy the throne in peace, had proved a blessing to the whole kingdom. To him are we indebted for the revival of the best portion of the Saxon laws. He died at Canterbury, and was buried at Feversham abbey. When monasteries and abbeys were dissolved, his bones were taken out of the leaden coffin, in which they were deposited, for the sake of the lead; which, being sold to a plumber, his bones were thrown into the neighbouring river!—*Bucke.*

**HOUSEHOLD BREAD.**—Take ten pounds of flour and three quarts of water which is about lukewarm if in summer, and rather warmer in winter. Put the water in a large pan, and add a table-spoonful of salt. Add a portion of the flour, stirring it up well until it is of the consistence of butter, adding rather more than half a pint of good yeast; then add some more flour, mixing the whole well and put the pan, covered with a cloth, and throwing flour over the dough, before the fire for a few minutes. About a third of the flour is to be kept back in the first operation, and is to be kneaded in when the mixture which has been placed before the fire has risen properly. Put the dough again before the fire, and let it rise for a few minutes, then knead again, and bake in a quick oven, having previously put the dough into pans, and pricked the surface of the dough with a fork, and placed it again before the fire in the pans. The baking, in an ordinary oven, requires about an hour for a four-pound loaf, and fifteen minutes for a loaf of three pounds. If a heated oven is used, it must be well heated before the dough is put into it. If potatoes be mixed with the bread in the proportion of an ounce or two ounces to the pound, the flavour will be improved. The potatoes must be first boiled in their skins, then skinned, and when dry, rubbed well with mill or water boiled and allowed to stand for a few minutes before it is used. Then add the mixture to the dish in which the dough is mixed. Rice may also be used. Take a pound of rice to ten pounds of wheat flour, boil it in quart of water until the rice has become a complete pulp. Strain off the water, and beat the rice well in a mortar until it is completely crushed, and is entirely dissolved; then add the water in which it was boiled, and a pint of milk, and boil the whole together for an hour. Strain off the liquid and add it to the dish in which the dough is made, suppressing as much water from the process as the quantity of liquid obtained from the boiling of the rice will supply. The dough must be thoroughly kneaded. Only soft water should be used for bread-making; filtered rain water is the best. If the water be hard, a drachm of carbonate of soda may be added to three quarts of water, but this is unnecessary when the water is of a soft nature. Rolls are to be made, take a portion of the dough and mix it up with a few table-spoonfuls of cream in which the whites of two or three eggs whipped have been put; knead them carefully, and add a little flour, if they be too moist. The dough for rolls should be taken off when it has risen the second time, as above stated, before the fire. After taken the dough from the fire the second time, it must be kneaded for half an hour on a board strewed with flour, intended for loaves, but the rolls will not require more than five or six minutes kneading. They are then to be baked in a quick oven until they are nicely browned. A minute or two before they are done, they should be taken out of the oven, and a brush dipped in the white of egg be passed over the top; then they are to be put into the oven again for one or two minutes. When there is reason to suspect either from the appearance or smell of the flour, that it is not good, and there is still a necessity for using it, let it be baked for an hour in a very slack oven, and add to it, when making into dough, about ten grains of fresh carbonate of ammonia, carefully powdered, for every pound of flour. This will frequently correct any bad properties of the flour, and render the bread palatable. Milk may be substituted for water in the manufacture of bread, but it does not improve the flavour if the flour be good.—*Merle's Domestic Dictionary.*

**ANGLO-SAXON SLAVES.**—The population of England at the close of the Anglo-Saxon period, has been estimated at 1,800,000. In thirty-four counties the burgesses and citizens are made to amount to 17,105, villans to 102,704, bordars to 74,823, cottars to 5,947, serfs or thral to 26,552; the remaining population consisted of freemen ecclesiastics, knights, thanes, and landowners. Two thirds of the entire population subsisted in different degrees of servitude, though the persons strictly slaves were not above one out of every seven of the higher laborious classes of villans, bordars, and cottars. The price of a slave was quadruple that of an ox. Slaves and cattle formed the living money. They passed current in the payment of debts, and in the purchase of commodities at a value fixed by law, and supplied the deficiency of coin. The manumission of a slave to be legal had to be performed in public, in the market, in the hundred court, or in the church at the foot of the principal altar. The lord, taking the hand of the slave, offered it to the bailiff, sheriff, or clergyman, gave him a sword and a lance, and told him the ways were open, and that he was at liberty to go wheresoever he pleased.

**WARLIKE VENGEANCE.**—When Clovis, the founder of France, was employed in conquering new dominions, the original settlement of his people was subjected to a terrible invasion on the part of Basin, the ancient host of King Childeric, and husband of the mother of Clovis. He brought with him across the Rhine the choicest of his Thuringian troops, and all the warriors he could allure to his standard by hopes of prey, promises of an easy victory, and of large rewards. The helpless inhabitants of the invaded districts—their protectors being at a distance—were speedily subdued and compelled to deliver to the fierce king a large number of hostages, on whom were avenged with fearful and unheard-of tortures the ingratitude of Childeric. Many had their legs and thighs slit, and were suspended from the branches of trees by the nerves separated from the flesh; others were fastened to stakes and thrown upon the high roads, where, after having heavily laden carriages driven over their bodies, they were abandoned to the wolves and birds of prey. More than two hundred young women were stripped and fastened by the arms to the necks of wild horses, which, being turned loose in the plains, lacerated and tore to pieces their helpless burdens amid the briars and stones over which they passed.

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# CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL



"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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## The Rationale of Lynch-law.

EVERYBODY talks about Lynch-law; and yet it may be doubted whether there is any portion of the American stem—for it is a necessary part of their system—which more thoroughly misunderstood, and therefore more completely misrepresented. The object of this paper is to explain to our readers what Lynch-law really is, to distinguish its several species, and, finally, to give what appears as a rational explanation of its principles. We should have called our paper an apology for Lynch-law, only that practice Lynch-law has occasionally degenerated into something distinct from its original character, and assumed features for which no apology can be made.

Many of our readers are aware that the thickly-peopled States of America, are continually pouring out a stream of population towards the newer states and territories of the north-west. America is, in truth, the largest colonizing country in the world. The older states may be said to breed people for the waste territories; and the facilities which the extensive water communications afford for these emigrations are an important item in the rapid increase of population which America exhibits.

A considerable part of this migratory population—these owners of settlement, overstep the boundaries of the existing jurisdiction, and establish themselves on lands not yet surveyed by the authorised surveyors of the government, and therefore not within the limits of any established territory.

The land regulations favour this unauthorised occupation of the soil; they give to the squatter, as he is called, a presumptive right to the land he occupies, on paying the government price of one dollar and a quarter, or about 5s. 1. per acre.

This encouraged, the squatters become considerable communities, and as they live without the pale of civilization and the ordinary legal tribunals, necessity long since compelled them to make laws for themselves: and as men from habit have a tendency to adhere to the forms of institutions to which they have been accustomed, the law so established has generally been a pretty close imitation of that which prevailed in the established territories. This species of quasi-law must have existed before the term Lynch-law was adopted; and it is still growing up on the west bank of the Mississippi, where it subverts the end of justice, even more perfectly than the established law which exists in the older portions of the union.

Mr. Cary, an American author, who has written several works on political economy, tells us that at this day, upon lands belonging to the United States, and not yet surveyed or offered for sale, are numerous bodies of people who have occupied them with the intention of availing themselves of their right of purchase when they shall be surveyed, mapped out, and brought into market. It is not to be supposed that these pioneers consist of the *élite* of the emigrants to the West, and yet Mr. Cary assures us "that they have organised a government for themselves, and that they regularly elect magistrates to attend to the execution of the laws, (meaning the laws to which they have been accustomed) and they appear in this respect to be worthy descendants of the pilgrims."

The law thus established is administered with all the forms to which the people have become accustomed, so as to impart to it that solemnity which strips the law of vindictiveness, and erects it into a sanctuary. In proof of this the following cases are selected as the most recent.

To the westward of Lake Michigan is an extensive district called Iowa. We believe it has recently been erected into a "territory," with an organized government; but until very recently it had neither been surveyed nor opened for settlement, and yet some thousands of squatters had established themselves thereon. A settlement and town had grown up, called Dubuque, and in this locality a murder was committed. The murderer was well known, and relying perhaps on the absence of regular tribunals, he did not attempt to escape. The better portion of the people of Dubuque, however, took counsel how they might

best punish this murder, and check others. They accordingly applied to the authorities of the state of Michigan, but they decided that Iowa was not within their jurisdiction. It seemed hard to the applicants, however, that a mere river should cut them off from justice upon a technicality which people can seldom understand, and as they were determined the murderer should not escape, they first chose constables, and caught their man; they then elected one of the most respectable citizens judge, another sheriff; and after the latter had impanelled a jury in due form, the murderer was tried, found guilty, sentenced to death, and executed.

At another place, called Snake's hollow, in the same district, the public found themselves compelled to take the law into their own hands, but from the peculiar circumstances of the case, they were compelled to do it less formally, and therefore ineffectually. The story is thus told by Captain Marryatt:—

"A band of miscreants, with a view of obtaining possession of some valuable diggings, lead mines which were in the possession of a grocer who lived in that place, murdered him in open day. The parties were well known, but they held together, and would none of them give evidence. As there were no hopes of their conviction, the people of Snake's hollow armed themselves, seized the parties engaged in the transaction, and ordered them to quit the territory on peril of having a rifle bullet through their heads immediately. The scoundrels crossed the river in a canoe, and were never after heard of."

Now, viewing these and similar proceedings with English eyes, there is only one objection that can be urged against them, and that objection falls to the ground when applied to America. It is a theory of the English constitution that the Queen is the fountain of justice. Any assumption of judicial authority upon British territory is therefore absolutely illegal, and any person taking part therein would render himself liable to civil action for damages at the suit of the party committed under the usurped authority. This is understood by every one, and when a case of well-administered Lynch-law, in which substantial justice was done, was stated by the writer to gentlemen of distinguished legal acquirement, the objection was at once made by him. Something of this sort may have arisen in Capt. Marryatt's mind when he speaks of the people of the West punishing under Lynch-law, "upon their own responsibility." Responsibility to whom or to what authority? We shall presently see that their only responsibility is to themselves, a feature of American constitutional law which strips Lynch-law proper of illegality.

The first principle of the American constitution is the sovereignty of the people. This is not a mere idle phrase, such as, in times of yore, whig politicians were wont to use as a clap-net at a political dinner, but is really the all-pervading spirit of the American system. In some of the state institutions, for instance, is a provision, that periodically the people shall elect a convention to revise the constitution, and if by accident the constitution of any state should become inadequate to the wants and circumstances of a growing people, there is no doubt that the people possess constitutionally the right to meet together and change the constitution so as to suit their altered condition.

A case of this kind occurred in Maryland so recently as 1836. Owing to an original defect, the constitution, like a worn out time-piece, suddenly stopped. It was found that the election of a senate became impossible, and as no legislation could take place without a senate, a convention of the people was called, and a new constitution drawn up and agreed to. Thus was a peaceful revolution effected in a few weeks.

The ultimate authority therefore rests in the whole body of the people; in theory and practice, they are the fountain of justice, and when a portion of the people occupy for the first time a new and unsurveyed section of the waste lands of the United States, the organization of proper judicial tribunals is both lawful and right.

It should now be mentioned that there is no judicial system common to the whole of the states. Each state is sovereign within itself, so that there is no superior au-

thority to which a body of the people not residing within any state or territory can be responsible, in the political sense in which Captain Marryatt has used the word.

Something analogous to Lynch-law has been established by Englishmen too, though that name has not been applied to it. In many of the islands of the Pacific which have been declared to be "territories not within her Majesty's dominions," considerable numbers reside; in Hawaii, for instance, they are sufficiently numerous to maintain a newspaper. These communities have been compelled to make law for themselves, and we believe in most cases it is found to conduce to the ends of justice. But the most remarkable case of British Lynch-law occurred in New Zealand in 1839.

In the autumn of that year a body of 1200 Englishmen, many of them of the higher and middle ranks, and all of them respectable in the classes to which they belonged, emigrated to New Zealand, their numbers being afterwards increased by subsequent emigrations.

They had applied to the government for the protection of law, and it was denied them; but as they carried with them their whole property, and their families—as they constituted a complete section of society, law and order were absolutely necessary to them. Accordingly, before their departure, they entered into an agreement to obey the laws of England, and they elected a chief magistrate to preside over its administration.

They were soon afterwards advised that this agreement among subjects of her Majesty was illegal, and they were compelled to modify their plan.

New Zealand had before been classed among those "territories and islands on which her Majesty has no authority," and after the departure of the colonists, a declaration was issued by the government in which this doctrine was reiterated, and New Zealand was designated a "substantial and independent state." The course of the colonist was now easy. They assembled the sovereign and independent chiefs who had jurisdiction on the territory the settlers occupied at Port Nicholson, and from them they received conditional authority to exercise British laws. The original agreement was then published, with the authority of the chiefs appended to it, and law and order at once reigned on the shores of Port Nicholson.

Under this law, rights were effectually maintained, and on several occasions the supremacy of the law was admirably vindicated, and so thoroughly convinced was every living soul of both the legality and the effectual character of the Lynch-law of New Zealand, that when the Queen's authority was at length happily established, the proceedings which we have described were neither disputed or disturbed.

As the Bay of Islands had been occupied by English for upwards of a quarter of a century before New Zealand became a British Colony, something in the nature of Lynch-law must have been established there, or the people could not have existed as a community. Indeed, this may be inferred from a paragraph in the Bay of Islands newspaper, in which it is broadly asserted that society was better protected before regular laws was established than it was subsequently.

If Lynch-law had been confined to the class of cases we have stated, but little objection—none in short that was not of a technical character—could be argued against it, but there is no doubt that it has been abused in America, as law has been violated in all other countries. And it is this violation of law which has brought Lynch-law into a degree of disrepute which it does not merit. Let it be recollected that of the quiet operation of Lynch-law we never hear. The efficient manner in which it serves to preserve order in the districts west of the head waters of the Mississippi is never recorded; we know nothing of the ninety and nine cases of good effected by it; and are therefore apt to judge of it by the hundredth case of exasperation which is sufficiently extraordinary or atrocious to make a newspaper story.

In all countries, the people, in cases of excitement



have snatched the administration of justice out of the hands of the constituted authorities, and have themselves inflicted the punishment which they deemed well-merited. The case of Captain Porteus is known to every one, and it is not many years since pumping and ducking was the common summary punishment inflicted on pickpockets.

In America cases of this kind are of occasional occurrence, where public opinion is in a more active state than in this country. The following somewhat amusing case is related by Captain Marryatt, whose chapter on Lynch-law is one of the best in his book, in most respects not very conspicuous for just or liberal views of the Americans. It exhibits a striking picture of the state of society in the West.

There was a bar-keeper\* at some tavern in the State of Louisiana (if I recollect right) who was a great favourite—whether from the judicious mixture of the proportions in mint juleps and gin cocktails, or from other causes, I do not know; but, what may appear strange to the English, he was elected to an office in the law-courts of the state similar to our attorney-general, and I believe was very successful; for an American can turn his hand or his head to anything. It so happened that a young man, who was in prison for stealing a negro, applied to this attorney-general to defend him in the court. This he did so successfully that the man was acquitted, but Judge Lynch was, as usual, waiting outside, and when the attorney came out with his client the latter was demanded to be given up. This the attorney refused, saying that the man was under his protection. A tumult ensued, but the attorney was firm; he drew his bowie-knife, and addressing the crowd, said, "My men, you all know me; no one takes this man unless he passes over my body." The populace were still dissatisfied, and the attorney, not wishing to lose his popularity, and at the same time wanting to defend a man who paid him well, requested the people to be quiet a moment until he could arrange the affair. He took his client aside, and said to him, "These men will have you, and will Lynch you in spite of all my efforts; only one chance remains for you, and you must accept it. You know that it is but a mile to the confines of the next state, which, if you gain, you will be secure. You have been in prison for two months; you have lived on bread and water, and ought to be in good wind; moreover, you are young and active. These men who wish to get hold of you are half drunk, and they never can run as you can. Now, I'll propose that you shall have one hundred and fifty yards' law, and then, if you exert yourself, you can easily escape." The man consented, as he could not help himself; the populace also consented, as the attorney pointed out to them that any other arrangement would be injurious to his honour. The man, however, did not succeed. He was so frightened that he could not run, and in a short time he was taken, and had the usual allowance of cow-hide awarded by Judge Lynch. Fortunately, he regained his prison before he was quite exhausted, and was sent away during the night in a steamer.

Most recent travellers in America relate cases of Lynch-law such as we have given above; but the more numerous cases, in which Lynch-law is employed for the sake of establishing order and promoting justice, afford no incidents for travellers' stories. If we have enabled the reader to distinguish between the two classes of cases, he will easily understand how numerous the first must be in proportion to the last. It only remains to add, that the title originated in the name of a person of acknowledged uprightness, who was usually elected judge in one of the newly-settled districts; and it is generally understood to be on account of the substantial justice administered by the original Judge Lynch that has caused his name to be given to his successors. If this be the case, the application of his name to the cases of the violation of law is a perversion to be regretted.

### Burns Illustrated and Explained.

#### CHAPTER VII.—THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE purpose of the present notice is to display the heroes and heroines of the cottage in their homely guise; and by the aid of Nature and her own high-priest—the Muse of Burns—to discover in their objects of interest and pleasure, as much so as if they had been the inmates of palaces, high in worldly rank, and boasting that most artificial of all claims to greatness—gentle blood and ancient pedigree. The sun that shines upon the marble hall, and glitters back from gilded tower and stately dome, sheds the same warm and healthful gleam upon the humblest hut; and kisses with as much delight the little mirror hanging on the maiden's bed, as ever it poured its noon-day ray on tapering spire or golden

\*Most likely he was by education a lawyer, who had become a bar-keeper by accident, or perhaps because he had a share in the tavern. This variety of employment is not uncommon. The writer of this paper was well acquainted with the Attorney-General of Vermont, who afterwards kept an ironmonger's shop in one of our colonies, and subsequently went back to his own state and became treasurer thereof. The writer also recollects travelling with a very intelligent companion, who for half the day, while passing through a certain district, where he appeared to be well known, was called *Judge*, and during the next half of the day he was suddenly transformed into Colonel.

minaret. The summer breeze "with healing on its wings," fans not alone the richly-adorned tresses of the noble fair, but woes as well the wildly-waving locks of the cottage maid, on whose ringlets diamond never glistened—the wealthiest treasure that ever graced her forehead being the "silken snood" her lover gave. That Being who stamped upon the brow of man the intellectual image of his greatness, has gifted with lofty thoughts and sublime imaginings the shepherd on the hills, not less worthy than are those of which peer and prelate boast possession. It informs him that it is man alone that arrogates a birthright superior to his fellows—that it is man alone who teaches submission to a star upon a fellow creature's breast, forgetful that the stars of heaven speak of the greatness of power as separated from its exercise—of the divinity of beauty as distinct from pride in its possession—of congregated millions in number, yet harmony prevailing among them all!

It is only men possessing not a spark of heaven's poetic fire—whose eyes never saw other beauty than that which was palpable to their senses—that desire to share in the power, or wealth, or comforts of others. They can imagine the appropriation of that which is, but they allow themselves not even to dream of the creation of new and other blessings. Sordid as is the unrefined essence from whence they sprung, Nature hath walked among them in all her heavenly shapes, but they have recognised her not. The right arm of independence has never been stretched forth, and envy and discontent must be their lot for ever. But he who feels the young and tender workings of a growing destiny within him—who says unto himself "I will not leave the world as I found it"—becomes a poet in his heart; even the light which leads astray is light from heaven; the hidden fire will warm his breast and cheer each onward endeavour, though it may never burst forth in flame. This little spark which heaven hath lent may only suffice to paint with joy and beauty all things he looks upon, in so far as his own eye and ear are concerned; but such a man, though he never dazzle the world with his brightness, nor leave a name of which posterity shall speak, will scatter pleasures round his path, and become the centre of a circle of enjoyments which will only cease when his grey hairs are forgotten. The world, indeed, though crowded with men like him, hath abundant need of more; and, perhaps, by opening to the inquiring eye the beauties and delights which men of immortal speech have bequeathed to all time, the flint of selfishness may yet be touched, and a spark of Nature fall among, and kindle, the softer and better qualities, which, in some corner or another, lie dormant in the coldest human breast. And to assist, however humbly, in this good work—let us look upon peace dwelling with poverty, and pleasure, purer than ever visited the glaring haunts of heartless fashion, and more lasting than all the purchased luxuries of voluptuous life, residing in a cottage on the moor.

The "Cotter's Saturday Night" is a picture of Burns's own family, ere the last misfortune had fallen upon his father's house. It originated in the effect which his father's words, "Let us worship God," had upon the poet's mind, ere the world had dashed the wilder workings of his brain. The stanza in which this striking sentence occurs was at first the commencement of the poem, ending with the prayer which the aged cottagers offer up for the prosperity of their children. It was composed while the Bard was at his daily occupation, following the plough upon the mountain side. He completed it in its present shape, introducing Jenny and her lover at the request of Mr. Robert Aiken, a gentleman who early discovered the poetic abilities of Burns, and who stood his friend till death stepped in between. The poem is inscribed to this gentleman, and was published in the first edition of the author's works. The wonder and admiration which it excited was divided between the ideas that a cottager should so spend his Saturday evening, and that a cottager could so well describe it.

My loved, my honour'd, much respected friend!  
No mercenary bard his homage pays;  
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:  
My dearest need, a friend's esteem and praise:  
To you I sing in simple Scottish lays  
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;  
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;  
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;  
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!  
November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh,  
The short'ning winter day is near a close;  
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough:  
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:  
The toil worn-cotter frae his labour goes,  
This night is weekly moil is at an end,  
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,  
And weary o'er the moor his course does hameward bend.

The scene opens near a dreary moor, on a chill November evening; the cold grey shades of twilight are giving place to the darker and more gloomy clouds of night. The miry beasts have left the field, the plough remaining in the furrow;\* the crows, which have followed the team all day, picking up the earth-

\*Who is it that has not seen, on a Sabbath morning, that solitary witness in the stubble field, without thinking of Burns and his Mountain Daisy—and of his passionate illustration of Elijah meeting Eliza, and throwing his inspiring mantle over him.

worms turned out by the plough-share, now gath' together, and take wing to their distant nests; the worn cotter collects the rude and humble instruments of his husbandry, gathering happiness with each implement of toil, for this night is not only one of ease and peace, but to-morrow is a day of rest—a day so need to the working man, that through all ages it should remain devoted to the comforts of the poor, and the relaxation of the exhausted, despite the heartless attempt of hypocrisy and fraudulent sanctity—a day so sacred in religion to the necessities of all mankind that nations who know not the object of its institution, nor the important advent which it commemorates, have by intuitive instinct set it aside as one on which the ordinary duties of life are to be disregarded. The mistake credulity of the French populace will ever remain record of its value to those who depend upon the weekly labour. In the rage for changes by the Directory, the Sabbath was set aside, and a decade instituted in its place; the working-classes then thought that the number of their idle days was lessened; yet they found that their wages were not only not increased but that nine days' toil brought no more remuneration than had that of six—a proof given by man that he is the God of the Sabbath is also the friend and protect of the poor.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;  
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher thro'  
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.  
His wee bit ingle blinking bonnily,  
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wife's smile,  
His lispin infant prattling on his knee,  
Does na' his weary kjaugh and care beguile,  
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

The old man's family of children—the rich reward of homely love—are waiting at the door; the faces glistening like the evening sun, their voices like the wood-lark singing—their footsteps pattering like rain-drops on the summer-leaf. His appearance is an instant signal for them to set off to meet him. A tip shout is raised, which never yet fell upon a parent's ear, but pleasure rained upon his heart, or else he could not be an average estimate of man. The youngest has fallen to the rear, waiting on the return of the others then, instead of running to its father, it runs away—a girl flies from her lover—in the certainty that it will soon be overtaken. He carries the little runaway to the door, having divided "his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes," to be carried by the others. The door is open and the cheerful fire attempts to cast a gleam of light and comfort to meet him at the threshold; but its kind endeavour is frustrated by the form of his wife, who with her smile must be the first to greet him to his home. The little runaway is now displaced, for there is another and a younger which claims the exclusive possession of his knee. He sits down upon an old wooden chair,—it was new on his wedding-day!—the infant prattles in his lap,—his children gather round him, young runaway standing between his knees. The door is closed by his careful wife, and she stands looking upon him, as his back is towards her, with a beam of love in her eye, and a blessing on her lips. The old man turns round to look on her, and pain, and toil and hopeless poverty are alike forgotten. There is that moment a pleasure so intense within those humble cottage walls that the human voice is not equal to its utterance; and he who would share in these enjoyments must gather materials for himself; for, assuredly poor as they are, the cottage couple have not a child to spare, nor one of their little voices to give away. To them the music of each infant tongue is like news from a far country—a promise from a better land.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,  
At service out, among the farmers round:  
Some ca' the plough, some herd, some tentie rin  
A cannie errand to a neebor town:  
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,  
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,  
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,  
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,  
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,  
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:  
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;  
Each tells the uncouth that he sees or hears;  
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years  
Anticipation forward points the view.  
The mother wi' her needle an' her shears,  
Gars add claes look amais at weel's the new;—  
The father mixes a wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command,  
The youngers a' are warn'd to obey;  
And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,  
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jaunk or play:  
And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!  
And mind your duty duly, morn and night!  
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
Implore His counsel and assisting might:  
They never sought in vain who sought the Lord aright!

It is the custom in country parts of Scotland to permit younger servants in a family to visit home each Saturday evening, and Burns, in availing himself of this privilege, has given the cottagers nearly a dozen children, a number which enables their eldest hope, their Jenny, to be sufficiently woman-grown. The affectionateness with which brothers and sisters are made to



meet, and the wonders and strange events—the *uncos*—which they rehearse to each other, are well calculated to induce a parent's partial eye to look with fondness on a numerous offspring. But present necessities give no place to future prospects. The mother, having laid aside her spinning-wheel, unties each little bundle brought home by her industrious younglings. Her needle and her shears are plied with cheerfulness, and while her son looks with wonder at the metamorphosis of his torn jacket into something of a respectable appearance, the father takes the opportunity of instilling into him that advice the value of which must ever be enhanced by the kind and affectionate manner in which it is given. If there is one thing more than another that sooner sets the seal of manhood on the brow of youth, it is the iron hand of poverty, which presses into active service the unfeeling energies before their nurturing can well have ceased. But there is a pleasure even in this early instigation to labour. The growing struggles of independence strengthen the tiny arm; and gratifying to young and old is the victorious flush upon the cheek of boyhood, when the lad first deposits in his mother's quivering hand the small reward of his weekly toil! And yet these earnestly industrious, little, very little men, are deemed by a haughty, superficial world, as less respectable than the unproductive children of an unproducing race. If there is not a more glorious spectacle upon the earth than a good man struggling against adversity, the most interesting episode in that oft-repeated drama is the advent of a boy upon the world, assisting, from his earliest years, the wants of those that gave him birth; and Robert Burns himself is the most perfect example of this sturdy independence upon record.

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door;  
Jenny, who kens the meaning o' the same,  
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,  
To do some errands and convoy her home.  
The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,  
With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,  
While Jenny haffins is afraid to speak;  
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake.  
Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;  
A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;  
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;  
The father cracks of horses, ploughs, and kye.  
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave;  
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy,  
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;  
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

Gentle, indeed, though was the lover's knock at the cottage-door, what a cannonade it sent through Jenny's simple heart. With beating heart and flushing cheek, she tells the story of her heart's first love. He came over the muir with her, to do some errands and convoy her home. But why he did this little unpretending service is the mystery of the moment; and all an anxious mother's fears are up to know the worst, as Jenny can scarcely move her lips to speak his name. "Well pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake;" and Jenny, quivering like a leaf, is permitted to open her father's door, and introduce to her notice the blushing youth, whose gainly step and manly speech, that "first made Jenny's heart leap light," at once take the mother's approving eye.

O happy love! where love like this is found!  
O heart-felt raptures!—bliss beyond compare!  
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,  
And sage experience bids me this declare—  
"If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair  
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,  
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—  
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!  
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?  
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!  
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?  
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?  
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

It is indeed the sweetest cordial that heaven hath sent to fallen man, to sit among the young and whispering trees, while the moon is silvering with her light the summer leaf, and the stars twinkle through the openings of each amorous branch,—a gentle wind from the sunny south sighing back its plaintive moans to the melodious murmurings of the passing brook—to sit with her whose pretty lips have spoken the one dear word, whose eyes are ever gazing with increasing fondness, and searching deeply in your own for responsive brightness. It is an hour of holy quiet, for speech would be profanity—it is an hour, the memory of which will steal upon the heart like a well-remembered dream, when the object herself shall have passed away; or, what is more distressing still, when she may have ceased to awaken the pleasurable sentiments of early years, and by her conduct have estranged for ever the animating hope that that hour and all its pleasures may yet return again, to bless the weary heart with smiles of love, and change the tear of woe to drops of melting joy. It needs not guilt to break a husband's heart; the absence of content, the mutterings of spleen; the untidy dress, and cheerless home;

the forbidding scowl, and deserted hearth; these, and other nameless neglects—without a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the core of many a man, and planted there beyond the reach of cure the germ of dark despair. Oh! may woman, before that long sad night arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awake and keep alive the promises she then so kindly gave; and though she may be the injured, not the injuring one—the forgotten, not the forgetful wife—a happy allusion to that hour of peace and love—a kindly welcome to a comfortable home—a smile of love to banish hostile words—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man will soften to her charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years in matchless bliss—loved, loving, and content—the soother of the sorrowing hour—the source of comfort, and the spring of joy!

### The Pitcairn Islanders.

THE peopling of Pitcairn's Island has excited much interest in Europe, and in all the British Asiatic settlements. Captain Bligh having sailed, in 1790, in order to plant the bread-fruit tree in one of the South Sea Islands, his crew mutinied, and putting him in a boat, they sailed for Otaheite, where each sailor took a wife. With these women, and six Otaheitan men servants, the mutineers again set sail; and after passing a Lagoon island, which they called, Vivini, and where they procured birds' eggs and cocoa nuts, they ran their ship ashore on Pitcairn's Island, situate 25 degrees 2 seconds south latitude, and 130 degrees west longitude. Finding the island small, having but one mountain, and that adapted for cultivation, they put up temporary houses made of the leaves of the tea-tree, until they were able to cover them with palms. In this island they found yams, taro, plantains, the bread-fruit tree, and ante, of which they made cloth. They climbed the precipices and procured eggs and birds in abundance: they made small canoes, and fished; and they distilled spirits from the roots of tea. In this manner the whole party lived four years; during which time there were born to them several sons and daughters. But a jealousy arising between the English and their Otaheitan servants, the latter revolted, and murdered all the former, except one,—Adam Smith;—whom they severely wounded with a pistol-ball. The women, upon losing their husbands, to whom they had become exceedingly attached rose in the night, and, stealing silently to the place where their countrymen lay, murdered them. By this act there remained upon the island only one Englishman (Smith), the Otaheitan woman, and the children. Thus left to their own exertions, Smith, and the women applied themselves to tilling the ground; in which they cultivated plantains, nuts, bananas, yams, and coconuts. Their animals consist of pigs and fowls; but having no boilers, they dressed their food after the manner of Otaheite. They likewise made cloth, and clothed themselves also like the Otaheitans. Thus situated, they were at length discovered by an American captain, who chanced to sail that way. At this time the children had grown to be men and women; and the population amounted to thirty-nine. They looked upon Smith as their patriarch; they spoke English; and they were brought up under his tuition, in a moral and religious manner. Some time after they were discovered, their population increased considerably; they parted with their still, and obtained a boat. Their ceremonies of marriage, baptism, and funerals, were plain and simple; none of them learned to read; but great strictness was observed in respect to religious duty. Many ships afterwards visited them; and in September, 1819, a subscription was entered into, at Calcutta, to supply them with ploughs and other useful articles. These were sent by Captain Henderson, who undertook to land them in the *Hercules*, on his voyage to Chili. In 1819, not a quarrel had taken place among the inhabitants for eighteen years!

At the time of Captain Beechey's visit, considerable apprehensions were entertained, that, by the rapid increase of the colony, the island might prove inadequate to the support of its inhabitants. It, therefore, appeared desirable to remove them to some other island, which offered a more certain prospect of support for their increasing numbers. Accordingly, an arrangement having been effected between the British Government and the authorities of Otaheite, for a grant of land for their use on that island, the *Comet* sloop, Captain Sandilands, arrived at Pitcairn's Island on the 28th of February, 1831, and offered to take on board any of the inhabitants, who were desirous of removing to Otaheite. On the 7th of March, the whole colony had accepted the offer, and, with their little property, sailed for that island. Their reception was cordial and friendly, and they were located on a rich tract of land; but the experiment did not succeed. The manners of the Otaheitans were so different from their own, and the dissolute conduct of some so disgusted them, that they were unhappy; they were also attacked with diseases new to them, and seventeen of their number died. They requested to be allowed to return, and were, accordingly, put on board an American vessel, and taken back to their native island. Subsequent accounts state, that their transient stay at

Otaheite was by no means favourable to their morals; it had unsettled them, and some had addicted themselves to drunkenness, and others to bad vices. In addition to this, John Buffet, and two other Englishmen of dissolute habits, had married native women, and settled on the island, and their influence had tended greatly to demoralise the colony. The latter, however, had been brought to a sense of their duty by the timely arrival of a respectable gentleman, named Joshua Hill, who, at the age of seventy years, had left England to settle amongst them, as their pastor and preceptor. At his suggestion they destroyed their stills, established a temperance society, and returned in some measure to their former state of order and moral discipline. They are happy at having got back; and the three Englishmen who had done so much harm by their immoral example agreed to leave the island. The latest return made their numbers seventy-nine; and a closer examination of the island has proved that it is capable of supporting one thousand persons; so that no apprehension of an overgrown population need be entertained for many years to come.

### Geological Notices.

THE TERTIARY DEPOSITS.—These are the uppermost and latest of the various deposits which make up the solid crust of the earth. At an early period of geological science they were conceived to have been all deposited on one plane, and referable to one epoch. In other terms, that they had all been spread out on one level, and at one period of time. Subsequent researches, however, have proved a fact, which is usually characteristic of all inquiries into nature, namely, that these objects are far more extensive than they were originally conceived to be—that they are all deposited in the order of superposition—and that they rival the secondary rocks beneath, in extent and importance. Indeed, far from being all referable to one period, they are of most distinct and different dates, and Mr. Lyell has the honour of being the first of our English geologists who has proposed a scale for adjusting the relative age of the separate members of these formations. The mode of calculation which he adopted is of a somewhat singular kind, being founded on the nature of the shells found in these beds, and the greater or less number of those species which are referable to those now in existence. Thus, when he discovered the largest number of shells similar to those now in being, he considered these strata to be of modern date and character, from this identity of its fossil shells with those now existing in our present seas; where a less number of living forms prevailed, he inferred the less modern character of the era; and, finally, when the living forms amounted to a very small proportion, he considered the bed to be the oldest in the series, bestowing on the various strata in question the Anglicized Greek terms of *eoecene*, *miocene*, and *pliocene*, which the English reader will understand as signifying ancient tertiary, middle tertiary, and modern tertiary, this last term being again subdivided into early modern tertiary, and late modern tertiary.

The tertiary strata have been carefully examined at the plaster quarries in the vicinity of Paris. The gypsum or plaster strata contain very remarkable species of mammalia and other animals, none like which can be found on the earth. Among them we may mention the *Palæotherium*, (so named from two Greek words signifying "the ancient beast,") one species of which was shaped like a tapir, and about the ordinary size of a horse.

THE ICHTHYOSAURUS.—In consequence of the attention now so generally devoted to natural science, discoveries are constantly made of fresh objects of interest in the fossiliferous districts; and, not a month passes without some fresh object of interest and value being brought to light. We find that Mr. Dudley, of Tewkesbury, who has for some time been an assiduous collector, has recently obtained possession of an ichthyosaurus, or fish-lizard, one of the monsters of the primeval earth, which was exhumed from a quarry in that neighbourhood. This creature, as its name indicates, was more fish than lizard, and is remarkable for uniting in its structure the characters of various animals of the present day. Thus it had the back of a porpoise, the teeth of a crocodile, the head and breastbone of a lizard, the paddles pertaining to the whale tribes, and the vertebrae of a fish.

THE PLESIOSAURUS.—This creature, as its name implies, differs from the animal just mentioned, in being more lizard than fish, and is still more remarkable for combining in itself the attributes of some half dozen animals in one, since it had the head of a lizard, the teeth of a crocodile, a neck resembling the body of a serpent, a trunk and tail of the proportions of those of a quadruped, with paddles like those of a turtle, its most remarkable feature consisting in the extraordinary length of its neck, which far surpassed that of a swan, the longest necked of all living creatures. It is conceived that while the ichthyosaurus may have dwelt in the depths of the primeval ocean feeding on the fish, who were its cotemporaries, the plesiosaurus must have lurked on the shores and shallow waters, preying in like manner on the smaller and more delicate fish, which its long neck gave it an opportunity of seizing and capturing.



### The Divinity of Water.

WHILE many nations of antiquity looked with dread and terror on the sea, few hesitated to worship running streams, and adore them as the emission of a benevolent deity, if not as god's themselves. The veneration of the Hindoos towards their sacred river, the Ganges, is sufficiently well known,\* yet not only were many of their superstitions shared by other nations who never knew such a people or such a country, but other rivers in that vast continent were idolised as divine.

The Cingalese pay their adorations to a river known by the euphonic cognomen of Mahavallagana, and the Banians bow down to the Tappi. The Tumrabunni is carried off in flasks at the cataract of Pupanassum by the holy devotees, who resort to its banks from many parts of India. The Hurdwar, too, possesses no small claims to sanctity, and those who are too lazy to go themselves, but can afford to pay for their piety, employ the poor and needy to bring vessels of this water even hundreds of miles, that it may be used at rejoicings, feasts, and other solemn festivals. Whether or not these holy water-carriers ever dip their flasks into some nearer but less sacred stream would be too much to inquire. Superstition lies always in the dark, consequently the actions of its votaries must not be closely investigated. The Ganges, however, is the chief of all their sacred rivers, and happy is he who in his lifetime has seen it flow in its victorious way, carrying with it the souls and bodies of its devotees to eternal bliss. Happier, however, are those, in their own estimation, who give their bodies to the tiger on its banks, to the alligators on its islands, or to the shark in its swelling breast, that they may the sooner be wafted to the shores of eternal rest. There was a time when an extraordinary fit of religious piety took possession of the British Government, and it resolved to relinquish the tax placed on the pilgrims to Jughernaut; but the result was so pernicious that its replacement became immediately necessary. So vast were the numbers of free-trade pilgrims, that a famine was bred in the neighbourhood; the waters on the entire route were polluted, and the native inhabitants fled to the woods to escape contamination from the human locusts which flocked upon them. At the source of the Ganges, stands a temple which the Bramins insist has been erected for at least ten thousand years (!), a period more than double since that when Noah was a little boy, and Methuselah a hale old man. The principal duty of the priests is to feed the fish in the stream with bread; these aquatic dwellers, in our enlightened eyes, have more sense than their feeders, for they know the dinner hour, and retire when they have enough. To this hallowed locality myriads travel, that they may bathe in the "foot of the goddess;" but the principal solemnity is held only once in twelve years, when the crowd is estimated to amount to at least two millions of persons! As every devotee must pay for his ablution, we may suspect that the priests can well afford bread for the fishes, and something better for themselves. The admirers of nature, while they pity and despise such mummeries, may not object to learn that the Ganges issues out of a bed of snow, and that above its frozen outlet hang huge icicles, which drop tears at its departure. At this spot the great river is at least twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, which is sufficient to account for its rapid and swollen flow to the ocean.

The Indus is the next river in holiness to the Hindoos. The old kings of India endeavoured to pacify its wrath by throwing bulls and horses into its stream at the time of its overflow; and many tribes believe that all their beauty and virtue are derived from the visitation of the sacred river to their shores.

The most remarkable fantasy connected with rivers in the Pagan world is that relating to Adonis, the cold-blooded youth who rejected the embraces of Venus, and was killed while hunting by a wild boar. Notwithstanding the goddess mentioned was the patroness of the tender passion, the women of many countries in the East celebrated the resolution of Adonis, and mourned his death. His blood was supposed to form a stream, and in whatever country the believers dwelt, a distant locality was fixed upon as the place where the red stream ran. An annual feast in commemoration of the death of the beautiful boy was held on two separate days. On the first, the women, tender souls, beat their breasts, tore their hair, and imitated the distresses of Venus when she saw her hunter slain. These solemnities prevailed through many centuries among the Phœnicians, Egyptians, Syrians, and Greeks. A respectable old gentleman, known in the polemical world as St. Cyril, gives his word and honour that a letter was written by the women of Alexandria to those of Bibalus, where the river Adonis falls into the sea, in which was conveyed the happy news that Adonis still lived.\* The careful postman was no other than the sea itself, and the letter reached its destination in seven days. The Saint does not condescend to inform us what favoured lady received the note, or how the sea knocked at the door, or what was the charge for

postage. It is sufficient for us to know that the letter was received, and that all the women who read it gave themselves up to all manner of rejoicing, believing that the gentle youth had arisen from the dead. Any one who calls in question the sacredness or utility of these annual solemnities is shown the blood-red colour at the season when they take place, and a vile infidel is he who can deny that sacred sign of their heavenly institution. There is such a thing, however, as natural science, known by many as sceptical inquiry. The time of the solemnities is fixed in the rainy season, when the floods bring down a quantity of red earth from its source in Mount Lebanon, and other places along its banks. Our readers may, as they choose, either believe that it is earth, or the blood of Adonis, that colours the stream. Those who are ruled by the opinion of the native women may believe that it is the latter; those who will be guided by us may accept the other as the only cause.

The Nile has also been long known and esteemed as a god-river. It waters nations totally unknown to each other, yet all along its majestic course it was worshipped and revered as a power in whose mighty hand resided life and death—whose going forth was to execute judgment and justice—to reward the virtuous and destroy the wicked. The Abyssinians call the Nile by a name which implies "The Giant." Vespasian, the Roman Emperor, placed in the Temple of Peace, a large block of basaltic rock representing its figure, with sixteen children playing round it. Even yet, at its annual opening, no Jew or Christian is legally allowed to be present, lest the Deity should be offended by the presence of those who attribute no sacredness to its waters.

The Russians also, even to this day, bless the waters with much religious ceremony. The rite is performed twice a year—on the 1st of August and 6th of January, old style. After mass has been celebrated at church, the priest, followed by his congregation, goes down to the nearest lake, brook, or stream; a portion of the church service is performed, and that part of Scripture relating to the pool of Bethesda is read as a lesson. The cross is then dipped by the priest three times into the water, after which he sprinkles the people around him with hallowed drops. The virtue of the water being now at its highest excellence, young men, girls, and boys, clothes and all, rush in, in loving intermixture, leaping, swimming, and careering in the wildest ecstasies of superstitious joy. Mothers dip in their children, and men their horses, that health may be secured to them, at least until the next period of ceremonial blessing.

The elder Persians deemed it sacrilege to pollute water, and so highly did they deem its extension or flowing that any person who caused a brook or spring to run whither it had not previously watered, was permitted to enjoy the benefit of his labours, even to the fifth generation. We are told by our deeply learned friend, Mr. Bucke, that the custom is still observed, and that the day on which such water is introduced is one of rejoicing among the peasantry. A fortunate hour is appointed for its being let loose, and the joyful exclamations of "May prosperity attend it," echo on every side.

By a revered law the ancient Kings of Persia, sacred in their own persons, were prevented from drinking any other water than that from the Choaspes, which was carried for their use in silver vessels throughout all their marches and regal visits. Xerxes, the famous Grecian invader, was at one time as much in danger of perishing from thirst, in consequence of the supply of royal water being expended, as he was from the "fiery Greek" and "his red pursuing spear." The crowned fool, who lashed the Hellespont with chains because it broke his bridge of boats, certainly deserved to suffer by the want of his own adored beverage.

This idea of royal water, however, is not exclusively oriental. There is a spring near Pisa of such valued qualities, that the Grand Duke drank no other. He, to his honour let it be said, did not keep the entire spring to himself, but allowed it to be sold in Florence, where, in the earlier part of the last century, it obtained a better price than ordinary wine. Now, however, it has fallen greatly in money value though still esteemed. It is said that on dropping some rose water into it in a glass, the liquid from the spring becomes as white as milk.

Some of the Tartar tribes worship water, and well they may, as the deserts they traverse only become bearable when a pool or brook relieves the eye from the almost everlasting sand. In their festivals, water in a marine shell is held up for adoration, much after the manner in which the Host is elevated in the high ceremonies of the Catholic Church. A practice is common with them, as was with the old Icelanders, of never crossing a river without taking off their hats—(such as they were), in dutiful obeisance. The torrid and frigid zones, it would thus appear, originate the same idea, of water being a necessary of life, and that whenever it escapes the absorption of sand, or encrustation of ice, it is equally an object of solicitude.

The Druids residing in an insignificant island lying to the north-west of Europe, and which, if we mistake not, is known by the name of Great Britain, also had their holy streams. The worship of these rivers, however, is now in the high keeping of their poets. Shakspeare, Pope, Thom-

son, and others dwell on the banks of rivers, and Ossian sung their praises by comparing his heroes to their proud sweeping course. In America, too, the noble savage, hears, in the foaming cataract, the dreams of his cloud-mind, and listens, with a devotion which even a bish might adore, to the midnight roar of the flowing giant which roll triumphantly through his wooded and solitary land. Throughout the world, rivers are esteemed the life-blood of the earth; and it is one of the best and most natural weaknesses of the barbarian to seek for aid from that which fertilises his unploughed fields, and brings to him the treasures of the deep to the door of his own wilderness. But we of the world, in this wicked century, are a unromantic race; steam boats plough their crystal surfaces, disturb the quiet pebbles on their banks, and absolutely frighten the fish. They have tried the same game in America, but there the rivers are too broad and long, and the lakes by much too expansive, to be easily disturbed by the puny hands of man. The Rhine and the Volga have been long since profaned, the Hellespont has lost its classic virginity, and the Ganges has been polluted by the rough embraces of a steamer. What will the world come to?

### The Zoology of August.

SINCE last month the face of nature has undergone a obvious change in the hue of its complexion. As the author of *The Mirror of the Months* observes, "the rich and unvarying green of the corn-fields has entirely and almost suddenly changed to a still richer and more conspicuous gold colour,—more conspicuous on account of the contrast it now offers to the lanes, patches, and masses of green with which it everywhere lies in contact, in the form of intersecting hedgerows, intervening meadows, and bounding masses of forest. These latter are changed too; but in hue, not in colour. They are all of them still green; but it is not the fresh and tender green of the spring, nor the full and satisfying, though somewhat dull, green of the summer; but many shades of green, that blend all tints belonging to the season just named, with others at once more grave and more bright; and the charming variety and interchange of which are peculiar to this delightful month, and are more beautiful in their general effect than those of either of the preceding periods."

In the course of this month the field-mouse and the harvest-mouse have young. The female of the former species makes her nest very near the surface of the ground, and often in a thick tuft of grass; and produces from seven to ten at a litter, and probably has more than one litter in the year. Gilbert White relates that while his servants were pulling off the lining of a hot-bed, an animal very nimble leaped out of it, but made a very grotesque figure, "no was it without great difficulty that it could be taken: when it proved to be a female field mouse, with three or four young clinging to her teats by their mouths and feet. It was amazing that her desultory and rapid motions did not oblige her litter to quit their hold, especially as it appears that they were so young as to be both naked and blind. More recently, Mr. Joseph Clark says, that a field mouse's nest having been ploughed out of the ground at Safford Walden, Essex, the female ran away, but very heavily and awkwardly, and on being overtaken and killed, two young ones were found clinging so tenaciously to her teats, that some force was necessary to remove them from their dear parent."

Common shrews (*Sorex araneus*) are, at this period frequently found dead in great numbers in the woods, fields, and roads, without any apparent marks of injury to their bodies. In the *Gardener's Gazette* of August 11 1838, Mr. J. H. Fennell says that all of several debilitated specimens which he picked up near Islington, "were infested with multitudes of very minute lice, which may perhaps be the cause of their debility and mortality at this period; or their enfeebled state may be owing to the having been violently seized upon by some preying animal, which has been compelled to release them from its grasp on account of their strong smell, which is so disagreeable that although cats will kill them, they refuse to eat them. Selby, indeed, asserts that the white owl rejects the shrew but that is incorrect, for Mr. Macgillivray found one in the stomach of that bird, and Mr. Henry Turner found the skeletons of eight shrews among the disgorged pellets of its nest, in the Cambridge Botanic Garden. Yet, notwithstanding this, it may be the case that they do not eat them when they can get less offensive meat. A similar fatality attends the American short-tailed shrew (*Sorex brevicaudatus*), which Mr. R. C. Taylor says he repeatedly saw in spring time, lying dead on the paths about the Alleghany mountains, Pennsylvania, having been destroyed and partly eaten by owls, or other enemies, which had been compelled he supposes, to abandon their prey because of its strong musky smell."

Towards the end of the month, the British yellow wagtail departs from the northern counties of Durham and Northumberland to the southern county of Devonshire. The common turnstone sometimes arrives on our shores as early in the year as the end of this month. The common whitethroat continues to frequent gardens to feed on the small fruits and berries. The duncock is silent for a short period, while undergoing his annual moult. Adult short-eared owls also moult.

The turbot and the brill deposit their spawn. The fry of the smelt are found about three inches long, swimming in shoals near the surface of our rivers; and by the Lord Mayor of London's sanction, the smelt fishery in the Thames and Medway commences on the twenty-eighth day of the month, and continues till Good Friday. Young grey mullets, now about an inch in length, enter the fresh water, "keeping," says Mr. Couch, "at some distance above the tide, but retiring as it recedes."

In badly-managed hives, the bees, for want of sufficient food, begin to plunder other hives, and to way-lay and rob other hive-bees and humble-bees, when they are on their way home and laden with honey. These burglaries and highway robberies they also commit early in the spring when, as at present, there is not an over abundance of provision for them.

\* One instance among millions we may be permitted to notice, as being so far separated from the loathsome sacrifices which are made upon the Ganges, that it even demands our admiration for its poetic beauty. When Nuncomar, minister to an Indian prince was executed by Warren Hastings, the multitude who witnessed his death rushed to the river to wash away the pollution of having looked on so barbarous a deed. In the whole wide range of Pagan mythology there is no idea comes so near the Christian belief of their Redeemer—for the Ganges is the redemption of the Hindoos)—washing away the wickedness of the world from the souls of men. Can it be that the mind of the most benighted may not wholly shut out from its vision the glimmering of an intercessor who is willing and mighty to save?

\* The ladies of Rome, who admired a handsome youth as much as their more eastern pagan sisters, could not in the paltry Tiber see any resemblance to Adonis, so it was given out that in his life-time the boy had a splendid garden, and therefore flowers were an emblem of the ill-fated youth in Rome. The sensitive ladies of the old republic used to plant herbs in pots on the day of his festival, which, being kept in a warm temperature, soon came into existence, soon blossomed, seeded, and died. Hence the shortness of love, and all its raptures, were compared to the garden of Adonis. Thus it was that semi-religion lent the charm of its influence to illegal passion, and brought ruin on numerous noble houses, as well as death to many a patrician dame. When superstition blinds the intellect to what is called fate, virtue, honesty, patriotism, and even domestic love, take the wings of the morning and are seen no more.



Dwellings that are sluttishly kept, and ill-ventilated, swarm with flies and gnats, and beds that are not properly attended to harbour most unpleasant bedfellows. Looking after these matters is a much more useful employment for young servant women than looking after soldiers and policemen. This is our curtain lecture to all who have eyes and noses in houses where vermin are tolerated, and entertained at the expense of flesh and blood. Down with the bed, and death to the intruders; and then—ah, what then? Why then to thy breakfast with what appetite you may have after the morning's hunt with the Bedfordshire pack. If every person would set earnestly about destroying them, we might soon get rid of these offensive blood-suckers, these nightly drinkers of our most precious claret.

### The House of Stuart.

THIS royal house, which existed nearly four hundred years, was ever famed for its misfortunes, the majority of its princes having died by violent means, while the few others almost all expired under the bitterness of personal or national affliction. Robert III. is said to have died of a broken heart, in consequence of his eldest son having been murdered by his uncle, while the second was detained for upwards of eighteen years a captive in England. James I., the unjustly detained prisoner, was murdered at Perth, under circumstances of the most afflicting barbarity. James II. was killed by the accidental bursting of a cannon at the siege of Roxburgh. James III. was slain in battle, near Bannockburn, while vainly endeavouring to quell a revolt among his nobles. James IV. was likewise slain a battle, at Flodden-Field. James V. died of shame, disappointment, and rage at the traitorous conduct of his nobles. Mary was beheaded; her husband blown up; and her natural mother (Regent Murray) shot by an assassin. James I. of England, her son, escaped murder by conspiracy several times, and his death was strongly suspected to have been occasioned by poison; as was also that of his eldest son, Prince Henry, a youth of eighteen, on whom the nation had fixed its hope of future honour and advancement. Charles I. suffered on the scaffold. Charles II., after being an outcast and exile, was restored to his throne and died under every symptom of poison. His brother, James II., was driven from the throne amidst the execrations of his subjects, and the uproarious shouts of his soldiers, to die in exile in a foreign land.\* His daughters, Mary and Ann, died without leaving issue, esteemed by women the greatest curse of Providence. His son, the old Pretender, lived in Italy, buoyed up by the vain expectation of acquiring the regal inheritance of his ancestry, and at his death bequeathed the hopeless acquisition of a sceptre to his sons. The eldest, Prince Charles Edward, the young Pretender, the hero of a thousand Scottish ballads; after enduring incredible hardships in Scotland, including cold, nakedness, hunger, danger from the elements, and a price upon his head, he escaped in an open boat, and went to Italy, the common refuge for discarded princes. His brother, Cardinal York, not only resigned all claim to the throne of Britain, but at his death transmitted to George III. the ancient crown jewels of Scotland, which had been worn by Mary, and including the celebrated rubies mentioned in the "Fortunes of Nigel." The Cardinal, being a Roman priest, lived a celibate, and was latterly a pensioner on the bounty of England; and with him expired this ancient bygone house, of which it has been said no experience could teach, nor misfortune humble.

\* In our eighth number we gave an outline of the character of Charles II. The following memoranda respecting his brother James II., are taken from *Fraser's Magazine*, and are not more severe than true:—In the year 1685, the queen, as was reported, gave birth to Prince James, who was pretty generally considered to be by all but the king's party merely a supposititious child—namely, a newborn infant, secretly introduced into the queen's bed under a warming-pan without being heated. The account of the birth of this supposititious heir to the crown was published in the *Court Gazette*; the cannon at St. James's Park, and at the Tower of London, announced the event; and the court annals of the time gave a circumstantial account of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other state officers and ladies of the court, being in attendance in the next apartment of that of the queen, with her majesty's door open wide; but *malgre* these mock demonstrations, to quote Samuel Butler in his *Hudibras*,

"Those persuaded 'gainst their will  
Will be of the same opinion still."

Hence the case, to use the phrase of Westminster Hall, "had not a leg to stand upon." Unfortunately for the holders of the truth of the event, it was well known to the residents of the palace that there was a jib-door, which was covered with part of the tapestry in the panel in a room close behind the head of the royal bed; and further, that there was a private staircase that communicated both upwards and downwards to this very doorway in this very apartment. Our Lady of Loretto (known to fame in England before the Reformation) had promised the royal banting to the pious supplications of his Majesty King James; but strangely enough this holy personage was not subpoenaed into court in proof of the birth, and of course we have not the authority of her evidence.

Many believed at the time, and still do believe, that this was a supposititious birth. This event, which the king had long made the object of the most ardent prayers, and from which he expected the firmest establishment of his throne, ultimately proved the cause of his downfall; for as he was now in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and the Princess of Orange was the next heir to the British throne, the nation had entertained hopes of at last obtaining a peaceable and

safe riddance of all their grievances; but when a son (real or pretended) was born to the king, they were reduced to despair, and saw no resource left except in forming a confederacy for their mutual interests; and this comprehensive union of Whigs and Tories, Churchmen and Dissenters—Protestants, speedily produced the Glorious Revolution!

In the year 1688, on the 1st of October, the Prince of Orange published a declaration, with the reasons of his intended expedition to England: and one of these was "to inquire into the birth of this supposed Prince of Wales."

So general had the public hatred spread against James in every part of the kingdom, from the flagitious acts of those about the court, and the sanction which he gave to the daily atrocities which were committed to the injury of his subjects, that the whole body of the Protestant people willingly believed every report that had got abroad to the prejudice of the house of the Stuarts; for the whole empire, with the exception of the Papists and the Jacobites, had imbibed a hatred for the name, and the wish became universal. All the judicious amongst those of the Catholic communion were alarmed and disgusted with the violent measures of the frantic James, and wisely foresaw the consequences that must of necessity ensue; but he was too self-willed to listen to advice, and blindly rushed upon his fate. But James was the victim to an incurable infatuation, and was entirely governed by the rash counsels of the bigot queen, and of his own confessor, Father Peters, a Jesuit, whom he created a privy-councillor; all was now hastening to rapid ruin, and the last act of the direful drama had reached the very threshold of the throne.

Before the arrival of the Prince of Orange, indeed, only within a very few days, all the real friends of humanity, however influential their station might seem, at once absented themselves from the court; the palace was deserted, and James was left without a friend. Every day, every hour, brought the tyrant bigot a new disaster. In his agitation, he entreated the support of certain amongst the most honoured and respected of the nobility; but his appeal was made too late.\* Some injured party answered him with the bitterness of sarcasm or reproach, and every one left him without sympathy for his fate. He had not the balm of family consolation to repose upon in his trouble,—for the last who fled from the palace was his daughter, the Princess Anne, the wife of Prince George of Denmark; which saddest sorrow he was constrained to endure without an appeal, for he had forfeited all claim to the affections of relations; and as for friends he had none, saving those who had been active abettors of his persecutions.

On the occasion of the bishops being taken to the Tower, an immense concourse assembled upon the water, and the scene was most touching, for the prelates were known to be wise, honest, and holy persons, universally and deservedly honoured and venerated accordingly. They were in consequence rowed to the place of their captivity amidst the prayers, tears, and blessings of the people. There were some accidents at the passage under London Bridge; but when these holy men attained the Traitor's Gate, where they were delivered into the custody of the authorities, and when the boats with their crews, at the returning tide, put about, their shouts were so loud and increasing, that it was asserted they were heard at the water-gate at Whitehall; and the yell of the boatmen against those who were in attendance *ex officio* at the melancholy procession surpasses the power of description. And further, it is related, that the commotion continued in the streets, and in all the public and private parts of the metropolis, during the whole succeeding night; and that even in the morning of the succeeding day, vast groups of people assembled in every street; and such was the general excitement, that fifty thousand people might have been collected together, ready to have become the perpetrators of every sort of insubordination and public mischief, had an influential person offered to become their leader. This wanton outrage committed against the independence and becoming holy zeal of the bishops sealed the evil fate of King James; for the measure of his iniquity had already been almost complete, and the reservoir of crime of late had been augmented, through so many daily and hourly streams of iniquity, that it would bear no more; when hasty ruin and dismay now pervaded the court, and every miscreant agent and abettor of his crimes thereof were driven to seek safety, either by secreting himself or in hasty flight.

The last act of James's egregious folly and short-sightedness was manifested on the day after the seven bishops were acquitted and liberated; for the king was dining in the camp at Hounslow, at the table of the General Commander, Lord Feversham. His majesty had in the morning been reviewing the troops at the camp, and all seemed to go on well; but in the midst of the dinner a general shout was heard from the camp, attended with the most extravagant symptoms of tumultuary joy.

"What is that noise?" inquired James.

"Nothing particular," answered the commander-in-chief. "It is nothing but the rejoicing of the soldiers for the acquittal of the bishops."

James was visibly affected, looked angry, suddenly became pale, and observed, "Do you call that nothing? But so much the worse for them."

"Man proposeth, and God disposeth," said the Princess Anne, when her husband, Prince George of Denmark, privately communicated this event to her. For from that moment all reliance upon the loyalty of his soldiers vanished as it had been a dream; and the fatal reality remained "that her royal father had been relying on a broken reed." She raised her prophetic hands, and exclaimed, "Now, indeed, all is lost!"

\* The share which James II., when Duke of York, had in the death of the patriotic Lord William Russell, of glorious memory, and the reply made by the Earl of Bedford to the king's request for assistance at this critical juncture of his affairs, form an admirable chapter in English history. As *Fraser* has omitted this honourable testimony to the house of Russell—(surely from no political bias)—we shall supply the deficiency in our next.

### Familiar Chapters on Science.

#### CHAPTER VI.—PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTING AND DRAWING.

THE art of photography, or taking drawings of objects by means of the action of the sun on chemically prepared paper, is an interesting modern discovery which was familiarly explained in our 5th number. At present it is our design merely to give a few suggestions to those persons who are still practising this elegant, easy, and useful method of taking faithful representations of the works of art and nature. As one among many examples that might be adduced to show that its utility extends even to the smallest objects, we may mention that at the meetings of the Entomological Society, on April 1 and May, 6, 1839, Messrs. Raddon and Shipster exhibited various photographic drawings of insects and their anatomical details.

A person, who signed himself D., sent to the editor of the "Bristol Mirror," a letter dated March 29, 1839, enclosing the two first specimens of photographic, or sun printing which had ever been executed. The following is a copy of one of them.

#### "THE SOLAR SYSTEM OF PRINTING."

His Royal Highness, the Sun, presents  
To Mr. Taylor his compliments,  
And begs to state to M. T.,  
That within a very short period, he  
(The Sun) intends to do no less  
Than to set up a photographic press.  
The Sun presents to Mr. T.,  
These lines, which were printed by one of his beams,  
And his Highness would much rejoice to see  
The same in the "Mirror" as soon as may be,  
It being the first of the solar themes:  
A "True Sun" paper would surely pay,  
For 'tis evident from my hasty rhymes  
That 'twould throw out 'new light' every day,  
And the printer would work to the end of time.

(Printed by A. Sun, whose place of abode is all over the world, at his office, 7, Redcliffe-hill.)

Mr. Taylor's photographic paper is prepared with ammonio-nitrate of silver, and fixed with hypo-sulphate of soda. This being an explosive mixture, persons should, however, be cautious not to keep any great quantity of it by them.

Mr. Cooper's photographic paper is prepared by soaking laid or water-marked paper in a boiling-hot solution of chlorate of potash, for a few minutes,—the strength of the solution is of little consequence. Then take it out, dry it, and wet it with a brush on one side with nitrate of silver, sixty grains to an ounce of water, or if not required to be very sensitive, thirty grains to the ounce will suffice. This paper has a very great advantage over any other, for it can be fixed by washing with common water. It is, however, very apt to become discoloured even in the preparing, or shortly afterwards, and is besides not so sensitive, nor becomes so dark as that made with common salt.

The albumen paper is prepared by washing paper with the white of eggs. Paper thus prepared is not immediately sensitive to light, but after a few minutes exposure to the direct rays of the sun it becomes brown, and its colour continues to increase for two or three hours, until at length it is of a very fine beautiful chocolate, infinitely finer and more glossy than the very best of the other kinds of photographic paper. Whatever paper is washed with the albumen it always becomes by this method uniform in tint throughout; and the pictures though somewhat tedious to produce, may, without being fixed, be exposed for a short time, even to direct sunlight, without injury. This albumen paper, which is very excellent for transparent objects, such as lace, flowers, &c., has a serious inconvenience,—it acts very imperfectly if not exposed to the direct light of the sun, and is therefore comparatively unserviceable with the camera obscura, or to transfer prints, &c. A correspondent to the *Athenaeum* says he has found that photographic paper made by washing it with a mixture consisting of equal quantities of the white of eggs and water, and afterwards with the solution of nitrate of silver, succeeds very well, and recommends that the drawings taken upon it be fixed with the iodide of potassium.

Another kind of photographic paper may be made by using phosphate of silver, instead of nitrate of silver, and drying it according to the ordinary method. When a drawing is taken it must be fixed by immersing the paper in a diluted solution of ammonia, and left for a short time, till all the yellow parts of the impression become white, showing that the whole of the yellow phosphate is washed out. A writer, (G.M.,) in the *Gardener's Gazette*, recommends as a mode of fixing photographic drawings, that immediately that they are taken they should be immersed in a solution of potash, instead of common salt, and asserts that the latter method will most certainly be found objectionable from its rendering the photograph liable to attract moisture from the air in damp weather. If it be intended that your photographic drawings should be seen only by candlelight, or are required only to transmit, in a portfolio, to some distant country, no fixing or preservative washing is necessary. Travellers need not wash their photographs till some future time, when they may have greater leisure, provided they keep them excluded from the light and air meanwhile.

Photographic copies of paintings on glass may be taken by throwing the light through them on to the prepared paper. The effect in this case is very singular, for as some of the colours intercept the violet rays of light, the result is often contrary to that expected. For example, if a part of the painting on the glass be yellow, we might suppose that, as this is the lightest colour, the paper beneath would become very dark; but in truth it will scarcely become changed at all, for this yellow part of the glass will intercept all the violet rays.



# Traits and Sketches of Irish Character.

## THE SISTER BRIDES.

For many years were the people of England dinned with a newspaper strife respecting the political and national evils arising out of the domestic feuds in Ireland. Acts of cruelty were rehearsed, and the demand for vengeance made; no one looked into the destroying effects of these brawls so far as regarded social existence—no one thought it useful or proper to look beneath the surface, and see how much misery pervaded the ranks of lowly life, until Mrs. Hall, in her Sketches, gave to the world some new features of Irish history, some redeeming instances of suffering as well as daring, which proved that the peasantry, though led astray by faction, and blinded by local hate, possessed all the elements of social virtue, and that they only required to be properly directed to induce the abandonment of strife, and ensure the restoration of harmony. The following story beautifully illustrates the punishment of a factious mind, its yielding to remorse, and its triumph over evil passion:—

Jack Casey was a prosperous and wealthy farmer, but his neighbours called him "hard and honest," and certainly, whatever were his claims to the latter distinction, there could be no doubt as to his meriting the former. He had two daughters, Anty and Honor; the eldest a cheerful, sunny-hearted girl; the youngest, a gentle, beautiful creature, four years younger. Anty had mirth and mischief enough in her composition to enliven half a dozen farms; she was the very consolation of her mother, who, by some unexplained obtuseness of female intellect, had never been able to discover her husband's weak points so as to turn them to domestic advantage; though married to him for twenty years, the poor woman had only become thoroughly acquainted with his obstinate ones, which she unfortunately strengthened by opposition. Anty, though afraid of her father, was the bird of his bosom—the peace-maker, the joy-giver—the harmony of the house, taking off the rough edges of unkindness by her sweet words and kindly manners, and being withal the gayest at the rustic dance, as well as the most devout at the parish chapel; her nature was warm and enthusiastic, and her mother, doubtless remembering her own young days, imported the Virgin with many a prayer to "overlook" her beloved Anastasia, and keep her from trouble. The poor woman for a long time believed her prayers were answered; but it so happened that a young farmer of a neighbouring parish was so captivated by Anty, that he took every opportunity of meeting her whenever her father was absent, well-knowing that a sort of faction-feud which had existed for many years between the Coyne, of Ballyduff, and the Caseys of Ballyran, of which each was a member, added to the impossibility of his telling down guinea for guinea with "hard Jack Casey," would effectually prevent the old man's favouring his suit; he trusted, however, to time—and chance—and "his luck"—the old man's love for his daughter—to all and everything, in fact, which lovers trust to, without looking closely into the future. To Hope he trusted, believing it would do all for them both. Anty did not care whether her lover was a Casey or a Coyne; she loved him with all the enthusiasm of a young warm heart, and without inquiring of herself why she did so. From her mother, hitherto, she had never had a secret, but she had cherished a dangerous habit of evasion and concealment with her father, a habit which extreme sternness invariably originates, and the only person in her perfect confidence was her little sister Honor. Still, the knowledge that she was carrying on a clandestine courtship damped her spirits; instead of her voice echoing through the house in merry laughter, her very footsteps descended upon the floor as though she would not have been heard. If this absence and care of manner was at all noticed, she would atone for it by a burst of merriment too boisterous to be natural even in an Irish woman, or break into some of the wild snatches of song so characteristic of a people whose feelings are easily excited.

One clear moonlight night, Anty met her lover at the old Tryst—a tree near to a Holy Well, under the shadow of which they had spent many hours together, talking over the various "nothings" which time out of mind have made up the sum of lovers' "somethings."

"My heart misgives me, John," she said; "not so much on account of my father, for sure it wouldn't be possible to do anything with him—but my mother, John dear—my kind gentle mother, that I never told a lie to about any but you—that's what's grievin' me, and making my heart heavy; and I'm thinking, John, no blessing will be over us this way; and the last time I was with the priest, he told me as much; and that's another thing, it has kept me from my duty lately; and John agra, maybe it would be better we unsaid the words that—"

Her lover would not permit her to finish the sentence. "Unsaid the words!" he repeated; do you mean, Anty Casey, that we should unsay the promise we made kneeling by that blessed well, to each other, in the sight of God, with his stars looking down upon us? haven't we the same hearts in our breasts, the same feelings towards each other? the Coyne and the Caseys are not farther off than they were. At the very last fair-day, though hurling Casey dragged his coat through the fair-green, daring a Coyne to touch it, did I lift a

finger to him? and for whose sake did I stand back with the eyes of all my people on me, but for yours? And this is my thanks? Oh, Anty, I never thought it would come to this!" and he dashed himself passionately on the ground; while poor Anty, terrified at his vehemence, stood by trembling, not knowing how to appease his anger.

"John, dear, sure I hope for the best," she said at last, while kneeling by his side; "it was for the best, I spoke only to unsay the words, until such time as I could tell my mother the truth, and maybe bring my father to reason; he's bitter intirely lately on account of Jim Coyne of the mill's boast, that you heard of, and that stirred up all the bad blood of the family. And my mother, that seldom takes part in anything, joined my father last night against every Coyne that ever broke the world's bread."

"And you agreed with her," again interrupted the impetuous young man, springing up. "You know you did Anty, or you would not be for unsaying the words; it's all because hardship has weighed heavy on the Coyne, while the Caseys have got up in the world; but I care no more than you."

"But I do care, John; God, he sees my heart, for it's light to him; and he knows I would rather beg my bread with you through Ireland's ground this minute than live in a palace with any other—and that's more," she added, turning away her face, upon which the moon shone brightly, as if ashamed of the confession—"that's more almost than I ever dare own to myself before." Her lover pressed her to his bosom, and instead of "unsaying" the words, they repeated their vows of mutual affection! kneeling before the cross which some pilgrim had carved ages ago upon the south side of the well; and was regarded with extreme veneration by the peasants—who mingle religion with the business of their lives—some call it superstition, and so it is, to a certain extent, but still it proceeds from a "looking upwards" at all times and under all circumstances—a firm belief in the omnipotence and omnipresence of the Creator; and a truth in Him, which never fails them, is never shaken, and seems to grow stronger the more they prove the instability of all worldly promises. And yet, when Anty returned home, her spirits were heavier than ever, and though her father was in excellent humour, she could hardly prevent tears from rising to and overflowing her eyelids.

"Anty, avourneen," he said, "put a brighter colour in yer cheek, and a finer polish on yer hair against this time to-morrow night—there's one will be here then that will be proud of ye, as well he may be—and you of him; Anty, a cushla, I'm not going to keep my daughters moulding at home; hold up yer heads, girls, there's money bid for ye; the best in the country know there's something in Jack Casey's house besides smoke. Come, Honor, take the plate from yer sister, and get supper; we can't have her always, nor you either, little Honor, when yer time comes; a cushla ma chree, we'll have a bright house this time to-morrow, when Alick Cotter and his father to the fore—"

"Anty, what ails you, agra!" inquired her mother: "Anty, my jewel; Anty, honey!—Oh, John, the life has left her, she's both cowlid and heavy in my arms; Anty! mother's blessing! spake to me, darlint!"—Anty had fainted on her mother's bosom.

"What ails her?" inquired her father, sternly, when she had somewhat recovered, "what ails her?"

"A wakeness came over her," said Honor, tremblingly.

"I'll have no such wakenesses come over my girls," observed the old man, in a determined tone; "I'm not going to give them what I earned by the labour of my hands and the sweat of my brow, unless they plaze me in the only thing I want them to plaze me in."

"I want nothing from you father, dear," exclaimed Anty, falling at her father's feet; "I ask nothing but to be let remain here, to slave for you and my mother to the day of my death, if you'll not ask me to marry Alick Cotter—that's all—but I'll die first—I'll never say the words for him before priest or bishop. Oh, father, sure you'll never crush the heart of your poor Anty." A loud and angry scene followed, but Anty lacked courage to confess the truth: errors in domestic management acquire fearful strength as they grow—and the first harshness—the first equivocation—the first duplicity—if not stifled in its birth, is certain to produce a base and powerful progeny.

The farmer was not to be turned from his determination. The next evening Alexander and his father arrived at Ballyran, where all was made ready to receive him; and Anty, in obedience to commands she had not the power to dispute, moved silently about the house, more changed in her appearance in twenty-four hours than if ten years of ordinary existence had passed over her head. After supper the two fathers sat at the table with the punch "screeching hot," between them, arguing stock against stock, advantage against advantage, guinea against guinea; while the lover, not consulted in any way in the transaction, was left, as was supposed, to make the best progress he could in the affections of his intended bride. In accordance with this design, he seated himself by her side on the "settle," which was close to a wall that projects in Irish cottages before the door, so as to form a sort of screen to protect those who sit round the fire from draughts. He addressed the poor girl in the rural jargon of prescribed love-making, while her

mother and sister were busy about the house. She listened to all he said as one who heard not; but on endeavouring to kiss her, she sprang from her seat, casting a look of horror and disgust on the perplexed youth, rushed from the room;—while the fathers were intent on their traffic as not to note the occurrence. Alick was sufficiently astonished to remain with his eyes fixed on the fire for some minutes, and then endeavoured to keep himself awake by setting the dog and cat to fight; a pastime they sometimes indulged in after a fashion of the master and mistress of the house, reversed, however, the finale, as the cat usually came off conquer. This, however, was put an end to by "the Misthree" throwing a pitcher of water over the combatants; and being informed by Honor, that "Anty was above in the room, and would not come down,"—the lover, imagining his duty ended, folded his arms, and fell asleep.

"And now, children," said John Casey, rising, at last "and now, children, having settled this business to entire satisfaction, it only remains for us to give ye a blessin', and fix the day for his reverence to spake words—but thunder and ages, Mr. Cotter, why, yer boy fast asleep—and—Mitty—Honor—where's Anty?" say. He continued furiously, stamping, while Honor and mother, after telling, what they believed, that she was "above in the room," shrank in affright before him, and young Cotter, roused at last, looked stupid and astonished, as sleepy-headed people do when suddenly awakened.

Anty was no where to be found; she had taken nothing with her; even her bonnet and cloak were in their accustomed places. Honor, as much terrified as her mother, at her absence, flew towards the well, a trysting-place, where she thought she might find her sister. She was followed by her father and young Cotter; it was a fine clear night, but the moon hardly showed above the horizon. "Ye needn't run so fast, Honor," said her father; "I found only this morning who had fixed her mind on, and the message she sent to me who I'd rather see her a corpse at my feet than marry to. And I fastened her pretty messenger in until this night was over, for he wouldn't tell me the rights of what she entrusted him. No need to hurry, she'll be met the well, but not by him she expected."

"Here she is, father, like a silver rod under the starlights; for the love of God, don't terrify the life out of her. Anty, I'm here," shouted Honor.

"To disgrace her family this way," muttered the old man between clenched teeth, grasping his shillelagh tightly in his hand; "to disgrace me and mine!" would appear that Anty, not meeting her lover as expected, saw who was coming, and knowing the violence of her father's nature, resolved, in a moment of desperation, that he should not overtake her. She fled like an antelope across the field.

"Father, father," exclaimed Honor, in an irrepressible agony, "she's making for my aunt's house, and the foot-bridge is broke. Oh, father, the narrow stream is broad enough there to drown ten men. Stand by, father; let me call." And she did—but in vain; unconsciously rushed forward to her doom. They ran on the edge of the bank—and then she disappeared. Honor and the young man arrived almost together at the fatal spot; nor was old Casey far behind;—in an instant both the men had plunged into the dark water from the broken edge of the frail bridge, which they talked of repairing. Once, while they were striving with the rapid stream, Honor saw, or fancied she saw her sister far below where she stood. It might have been she—or a sudden brightness of the moon—she could not tell which. Had not her screams brought help, speedily, Casey would have shared his daughter's fate—Alick's arms were strong—and he was a good swimmer—he dived, moreover, and well—but brought nothing from below save the broad leaves of the water lilies, which clung around him like a shroud. The next morning, the once light-hearted and joy-giving girl was found in a pool—about three hundred yards from where the accident occurred—into which the eddy of the stream must have hurried her, even while the voices of her father and her sister were ringing in her ears. There she lay—as if asleep—one hand grasping a bundle of rushes, the other tangled in her hair. In death, she was even more beautiful than in life; and no one would look upon ever forgot her;—bitter were the lamentations at her untimely end. The most celebrated keel in the country composed a keen expressly for her, calling her "The fair haired girl of the clear stream;" "The white dove of the valley;" "The early blossom shaken from the bough by the north wind;" "The music of waters;" and other epithets equally gentle and endearing. Her young companions kissed her in her shroud, and her broken-hearted lover presented himself at her wake; and after pouring a torrent of bitter reproach upon the grey-haired old man, demanded the privilege of carrying her head, i. e., walking under the head of the coffin, to the grave. The Coyne mingled with the Caseys at this mournful funeral. The people call the pool the Grave of the Maid, or the Maiden's Grave, this day. The village boy will not ply his idle business of angling in its waters, but cross himself, and pass to another spot. Nor do the young even now deem it lucky to meet their sweethearts under the shade of the well-tree. Coyne emigrated soon after; and a long time, elapsed before the bereaved parents were observed to go about their usual occupations. The



however, though it does not altogether obliterate, disperses sorrow.

Honor grew in stature and in beauty, and the love of both father and mother twined close, and more closely, round their surviving child.

"I'm thinking," said the old man to his wife, "I'm hinking—don't let the little colour that the trouble has left there quit your ould face intirely, agra, whenever I'm going to spake to ye; but I am thinking that Honor has more than a mind to take up with young Lawrence Coyne." "Lord, save us!" muttered the old woman, laying down her knitting, and looking over her spectacles at her husband, while she trembled violently at what might follow. "I'm sure of it; my ears hear nothing at her step and her voice, and the study of my life is to try to see into her heart!"—He paused—"if it is so," he continued, "and I know it is, I'll not put against it," as his wife clasped her hands in thankfulness, "I'll never put against it, even if it broke my heart; though the spirit's going out of the factions, and the boys are forgetting their old ways, and born foes are dying friends; still Coyne's a Coyne, and a Casey's a Casey; but I'll not put against it either for the sake of the dead or the living; if Jack Casey's heart was hard, it has had enough to soften; and you, my poor woman," he added, with the touching emotion of a stern man, the more powerful from being seldom excited, "you have had enough to break yours, poor Mitty! you war young and handsome—so like her when I had you first—and you bore that trial without ever throwing one reproach in my face—or meetin' me once, even once, with a cowlid look, though I murdered your child!" The old man laid his arrowed brow upon the faded cheek of his loving wife, and their tears mingled together.

"It was her hard fortune, John, dear; it was the will of God: and she's one of the bright angels long ago. I often think, and I laying awake in the night, I often think what time it will be when we see her in glory! But don't give way, John, agra. Shure it was the will of God."

"Not it," he exclaimed, starting up; "it was the wilfulness of man that flew in the Lord's face."

"Whisht, whisht, Alana machree, and don't be talking such wild words that's enough to lift the roof of the house—it was the will of God, avourneen! and that's my great comfort—His holy will be done!" And she covered her face with her hands and rocked herself backwards and forwards, while her husband paced up and down to subdue his emotion.

"Well!" he said at last, "but about Honor. Lawrence isn't a bad boy for a Coyne; thought he has nothing in his hands an' his heart."

"Many an Irish boy has made great way entirely in the world with no more."

"I can't take what we've got out of the world," said the man, his old hardness dictating an apology for his resent liberality.

"And if you could, dear, sure it wouldn't be any use!"

"You may tell Honor—that—she may ask Lawrence byne here,—or, do you do it; that will be better—He's a good boy, though a Coyne; one can't go past luck, and so—a Coyne must be in the family—that's sartin—his house can be mended with the thrifle she'll have at last, and in God's name, let him take home his bride—let him take home his bride—better he should take her home than death, Mitty. We know that the ould man must part with his money—better his money than his child, you know; and they'll be convenient, not far away from us in our ould age—there's no going past luck—a Coyne and a Casey, in these times!" And so he muttered to himself, and walked up and down long after his life had hastened to communicate the tidings to Honor, who could hardly believe it possible that the good news was true, and that she was at liberty to make her own choice.

In the early part of the next spring, a group was seen passing along the road leading from Ballyran to Ballynaff: the bride was "bringing home" to her husband's house, followed by her aged parents and the blessings of the people.

### The Tomb of Aaron.

A MAN rising from a tomb with all his clothes on does not require much time for the arrangement of his toilet. In less than half an hour we had breakfasted, and were again on our way. Forgetting all that had engrossed my thoughts and feelings the day before, I now fixed my eyes upon the tomb of Aaron, on the summit of Mount Hor. The mountain was high, towering above all the rest, bare and rugged to its very summit, without tree or even a bush growing on its sterile side, and our road lay directly along its base. The Bedouins began to show an unwillingness to allow my visit to the tomb; and the sheik himself told me that it would take half the day, and perhaps be the means of bringing upon me some of the horde I had escaped. I saw that they were disposed to prevent me from accomplishing my object; and I felt sure that if we met any strange Arabs, my purpose would certainly be defeated. I suspected them of stratagem, and began to think of resorting to stratagem myself. They remembered the sheep, however, and told me that the sacrifice could as well be performed at the base as on the summit of the mountain; but this, of course, would not satisfy my conscience.

With my eyes constantly fixed on the top of the mountain, I had thought for some time that it would not be impracticable to ascend from the side on which I was. Paul and I examined the localities as carefully as a couple of engineers seeking an assailable place to scale the wall of a fortified city; and, afraid to wait till they had matured some plan of opposing me, I determined to take them by surprise; and, throwing myself from my horse, and telling Paul to say that we would climb the mountain here, and meet them on the other side, I was almost out of hearing before they had recovered from their astonishment. Paul followed me, and the sheik and his men stood for some time without moving, irresolute what to do; and it was not until we had advanced considerably on the mountain that we saw the caravan again slowly moving along its base. None of them offered to accompany us, though we should have been glad to have had one or two with us on our expedition.

For some distance we found the ascent sufficiently smooth and easy—much more so than that of Mount Sinai—and, so far as we could see before us, it was likely to continue the same all the way up. We were railing at the sheik for wanting to carry us around to the other side, and congratulating ourselves upon having attempted it here, when we came to a yawning and precipitous chasm, opening its horrid jaws almost from the very base of the mountain. From the distance at which we had marked out our route, the inequalities of surface could not be distinguished, but here it was quite another thing. We stood on the brink of the chasm, and looked at each other in blank amazement; and at a long distance, as they wound along the base of the mountain, I thought I could see a quiet smile of derision lighting up the grim visages of my Bedouin companions. We stood upon the edge of the chasm, looking down into its deep abyss, like the spirits of the departed lingering on the shores of the Styx, vainly wishing for a ferryman to carry us over, and our case seemed perfectly hopeless without aid. But, when the times the genii and spirits lent their kind assistance to the sons of men are gone, if a man finds himself in a ditch, he must get out of it as well as he can; and so it was with us on the brink of this chasm. Bad, however, as was our prospect in looking forward, we had not yet begun to look back; and as soon as we saw that there was no possibility of getting over it, we began to descend; and groping, sliding, jumping, and holding on with hands and feet, we reached the bottom of the gully; and, after another half hour's toil, were resting our wearied limbs upon the opposite brink, at about the same elevation as that of the place from which we had started.

This success encouraged us; and, without caring or thinking how we should come down again, we felt only the spirit of the seaman's cry to the trembling sailor boy, "Look aloft, you lubber!" and looking aloft, we saw, through a small opening before us, though still at a great distance, the white dome that covered the tomb of the first high-priest of Israel. Again with stout hearts we resumed our ascent; but, as we might reasonably have supposed, that which we had passed was not the only chasm in the mountains. What had appeared to us slight inequalities of surface we found great fissures presenting themselves before us in quick succession,—not, indeed, as absolute and insurmountable barriers to farther progress, but affording us only the encouragement of a bare possibility of crossing them. The whole mountain, from its base to its summit, was rocky and naked, affording not a tree or a bush to assist us; and all that we had to hold on by were the rough and broken corners of the porous sandstone rocks, which crumbled in our hands and under our feet, and more than once put us in danger of our lives. Several times, after desperate exertion, we sat down perfectly discouraged at seeing another and another chasm before us, and more than once we were on the point of giving up the attempt, thinking it impossible to advance any farther; but we had come so far, and taken so little notice of our road, that it was almost as impossible to return; and a distant and accidental glimpse of the whitened dome would revive our courage, and stimulate us to another effort.

If I had never stood on the top of Mount Sinai, I should say that nothing could exceed the desolation of the view from the summit of Mount Hor, its most striking objects being the dreary and rugged mountains of Seir, bare and naked of trees and verdure, and heaving their lofty summits to the skies, as if in a vain and fruitless effort to excel the mighty pile, on the top of which the high-priest of Israel was buried. Before me was a land of barrenness and ruin—a land accursed by God, and against which the prophets had set their faces.

On the very "top of the mount," revered alike by Mussulmans and Christians, is the tomb of Aaron. The building is about thirty feet square, containing a single chamber; in front of the door is a tombstone, in form like the oblong slabs in our churchyards, but larger and higher; the top rather larger than the bottom, and covered with a ragged pall of faded red cotton in shreds and patches. At its head stood a high round stone, on which the Mussulman offers his sacrifices. The stone was blackened with smoke; stains of blood and fragments of burnt brush were still about it; all was ready but the victim; and when I saw the reality of the preparations, I was very well satisfied to have avoided the necessity of conforming to the Mussulman custom. A few ostrich eggs, the usual ornaments of a mosque, were suspended from the ceiling, and the rest of the chamber

was perfectly bare. After going out, and from the very top of the tomb surveying again and again the desolate and dreary scene that presented itself on every side, always terminating with the distant view of the Dead Sea, I returned within; and examining once more the tomb and the altar, walked carefully around the chamber. There was no light except what came from the door; and, in groping in the extreme corner on one side, my foot descended into an aperture in the floor. I put it down carefully, and found a step, then another, and another, evidently a staircase leading to a chamber below. I went down till my head was on the level of the floor, but could see nothing; all was dark, and I called to Paul to strike a light. Most provokingly he had no materials with him. He generally carried a flint and steel for lighting his pipe with; but now, when I most wanted it, he had none. I went back to the staircase, and descending to the bottom of the steps attempted to make out what the place might be; but it was utterly impossible. I could not see even the steps on which I stood. I again came out and made Paul search in all his pockets for the steel and flint. My curiosity increased with the difficulty of gratifying it; and in a little while, when the thing seemed to be utterly impossible, with this hole unexplored, Petra, Mount Hor, and the Dead Sea, appeared to lose half their interest. I ran up and down the steps, inside and out, abused Paul, and struck stones together in the hope of eliciting a spark; but all to no purpose. I was in an agony of despair, when suddenly I found myself grasping the handle of my pistol. A light broke suddenly upon me. A pile of dry brush and cotton rags lay at the foot of the sacrificial altar: I fired my pistol into it, gave one puff, and the whole mass was in a blaze. Each seized a burning brand, and we descended. At the foot of the steps was a narrow chamber, at the other end an iron grating, opening in the middle, and behind the grating a tomb cut in the naked rock, guarded and revered as the tomb of Aaron. I tore aside the rusty grating, and thrusting in my arm up to the shoulders, touched the hallowed spot. The rocks and mountains were echoing the discharge of my pistol like peals of crashing thunder; and while, with the burning brand in one hand, I was thrusting the other through the grating, the deafening reverberations seemed to rebuke me for an act of sacrilege, and I rushed up the steps like a guilty and fear-struck criminal. Suddenly I heard from the foot of the mountain a quick and irregular discharge of fire-arms, which again resounded in loud echoes through the mountains. It was far from my desire that the bigoted Mussulmans should come upon me and find me with my pistol still smoking in my hand, and the brush still burning in the tomb of the prophet; and tearing off a piece of the ragged pall, we hurried from the place and dashed down the mountain on the opposite side, with a speed and recklessness which only fear could give. If there was room for question between a scramble or a jump, we gave the jump; and, when we could not jump, our shoes were off in a moment, one leaned over the brow of the precipice and gave the other his hand, and down we went, allowing nothing to stop us. Once for a moment we were at a loss; but Paul, who in the excitement of one successful leap after another, had become amazingly confident, saw a stream of water, and made for it with the glorious boast that where water descended we could; and the suggestion proved correct, although the water found much less difficulty in getting down than we did. In short, after an ascent the most toilsome, and a descent the most hair-brained and perilous it was ever my fortune to accomplish, in about half an hour we were at the base of the mountain, but still hurrying on to join our escort.

We had only to cross a little valley to reach the regular camel-track, when we saw from behind a slightly elevated range of rocks the head and long neck of a dromedary; a Bedouin was on his back, but, riding sideways, did not see us. Another came, and another, and another; then two or three, and finally, half a dozen at a time, the blackest, grimmest, and ugliest vagabonds I had ever yet seen. A moment before Paul and I had both complained of fatigue, but it is astonishing how the sight of these honest men revived us; any one seeing the manner in which we scoured along the side of the mountain, would have thought that all our consciousness was in our legs. The course we were pursuing when we first saw them would have brought us on the regular camel-track, a little in advance of them, but now our feet seemed to cling to the sides of the mountain. We were in a humour for almost calling on the rocks to fall upon us and cover us; and if there had been a good dodging-place, I am afraid I should here have to say that we had taken advantage of it, until the very unwelcome caravan passed by; but the whole surface of the country, whether on mountain side or in valley's depth, was bare and naked as a floor; there was not a bush to obstruct the view; and soon we stood revealed to these unpleasant witnesses of our agility. They all shouted to us at once; and we returned the salute, looking at them over our shoulders, but pushing on as fast as we could walk. In civilised society, our course of proceeding would have been considered a decided cut; but the unmannerly savages did not know when they received a civil cut, and were bent upon cultivating our acquaintance; but the manner in which they did so we must leave for another chapter of Mr. Stephens's stirring adventures.



### The Conscription in Russia.

EVERY class of Russian subjects, except the nobles and the clergy, is required to furnish one recruit annually out of every four hundred males. It is found, however, more convenient that this visitation should fall upon each government or province only once in two years, when, of course, one man is called for out of every two hundred. To examine and enlist the conscripts, boards are appointed which sit from the 1st of November till the 31st of December, in the capital of each province and in some of the district towns. The board, in the government town, is composed of the vice-governor and some other functionaries, a medical man or two, a field-officer, and a subaltern, with a secretary and a number of clerks. The district boards are similarly constituted under the chairmanship of the marshal of the district. An aide-de-camp of the Emperor is always sent to see that the business is properly conducted, and that the different boards discharge their duty. He fixes his head-quarters in the government town, making occasionally excursions into the districts, and in many respects exercising the same species of superintendence as that of an assistant poor law commissioner over the proceedings of the boards of guardians within his district. It is also the duty of the Imperial aide-de-camp, when the business of the conscription is closed, and the full complement of men has been enlisted, to inspect the whole body of recruits, to make a general report of the proceedings to the Emperor, and to select the finest looking men for service in the Guards. To be made a soldier in Russia, implies being placed at the absolute disposal of the Emperor, to be employed either by sea or by land. All the sailors on board the men-of-war are soldiers, and are equipped and exercised as such. The apparent absurdity which has often been noticed, of Russian naval captains, wearing spurs as a part of their uniform, arises from their being called upon, when on shore, to do duty as field-officers. The minimum standard of height for the lines is five feet three inches, and for the Guards five feet six: the conscript, when enlisted, must be between the ages of twenty and thirty-five, and he is not entitled to his discharge until he has served for twenty-five years. The wife of a soldier is free, and his children are the property of the crown, which educates the boys as soldiers, and places them in the ranks when old enough to serve.

The dread which the Russian peasant has of the conscription is not surprising, when the severity of military service and of military discipline in the country is borne in mind, and when we remember how completely every tie of family or affection is severed, every previous hope and prospect destroyed for the victims of this iron system. In fact, to make him a soldier is the most alarming and effectual threat which a Russian can hold out to the most vicious and refractory of his peasants, and the infliction of this dreadful punishment is reserved for the worst and the most incorrigible characters. On the estates which belong to the crown, and which form nearly one-half of the landed property of the empire, the lot of furnishing a conscript falls upon each family in turn, according to the number of males of which it consists, and the selection is made by the community of peasants themselves. The same rule holds with regard to the traders, but their numbers are so small in proportion to the peasants, that the ranks of the army may be considered as almost entirely filled by the latter class.

When the families who are to furnish recruits have been fixed upon by the community, their names are sent in to the board which we have mentioned, and it is the duty of the board, and the most troublesome part of its business, to ascertain that the choice is just and proper, by referring to the registers in which the name and ages of all the male peasants on the estate are inserted, and also examining the parties themselves, and hearing all that they have to urge on their own behalf.

It not uncommonly happens that in a numerous family the sons are all too young, and that the father alone is capable of serving, while upon him the family depends for their maintenance; and when this occurs the case is truly pitiable, while, if the selection is just, the board have often no power to remedy the evil, or to refuse the conscript. When there are two or more brothers of the proper age and height, they either draw lots, or the father names which he pleases as the recruit. Although no one can be compelled to serve until the age of twenty, young men, who are not less than seventeen, and who are of the proper size, may be received, by their own consent, in the room of others. Substitutes are occasionally purchased, and in this case a legal contract is drawn up beforehand, after entering into which the substitute cannot flinch from his bargain; but before he is received as a soldier, the money, or whatever part of it remains due, must be paid to him in presence of the board; if he wishes a part to be given to any of his family, the person whom he names is immediately called in to receive it; and, finally, a statement of the whole transaction is entered on the minutes. To purchase a substitute costs sometimes not less than a hundred pounds; but the peasant on the crown estates are occasionally possessed of considerable wealth, and can afford to pay thus highly to be exempted from their turn of service.

The peasants belonging to the estates of private individuals afford, comparatively, little trouble to the board, since it has only to ascertain that the recruit is of the proper age and height, and physically qualified for service; it being the privilege of the proprietors to select any of their serfs whom they please as conscripts, and they naturally endeavour to pick out the worst characters and the most useless men for this purpose. If they have no one whom they wish to get rid of for misconduct, they generally make those families draw lots in which there are three or four grown-up sons, and which, therefore, can best spare one.

For every recruit who is received, and who afterwards proves to have been at the time of his enlistment unfit for service, owing to any physical defect, each member of the board is liable to a penalty of five hundred roubles, about twenty pounds.

Bribery often prevails to a great extent in the business

of the recruitment; masters paying to have bad characters, who are unfit for soldiers, received; and conscripts who are fit, paying to be rejected. Clerks are sometimes detected in receiving from fifty to a hundred roubles from poor fellows for promised protection, which they have no power to give; and these gentlemen, if delivered over to justice, are punished by being made soldiers themselves. The doctor, too, in examining the conscripts, not unfrequently, when he looks at their teeth, finds, not a silver spoon, but a gold piece in their mouths; this he, of course, is intended to take, and in return to pronounce the man unfit for service.

But the system of bribery is not always confined to these petty offences, the roubles are sometimes paid in thousands, and the receivers are neither the clerks nor the surgeons to the board. It is said, that the President, if he manages matters well, may clear, during the two months of the sitting, upwards of two thousand pounds; and when this is the case, of course clerks receive their mites with impunity, and gold pieces are quietly transferred from the mouths of the conscripts to the pockets of the doctor, instead of being publicly laid on the table of the board, as happens almost daily under the vigilant eye of a president known to be incorruptible himself, and not inclined to overlook the delinquencies and peculations of others.

The members, with the doctors and the secretary, are all in uniform, and wear swords; the civil uniform differing little from the military, except in the absence of epaulettes. A standard measure, which can only be lowered to five feet three inches, is placed in the room, flanked on either side by a tall corporal.

The ante-room is crowded with peasants, and there are a certain number of soldiers and gens d'armes in attendance to keep order. When a man is received as a soldier, a patch is immediately shaved on his forehead to mark him; if he is rejected, a patch is shaved at the back of his neck to show that he has been examined, and to prevent his being brought forward a second time. At the conclusion of each day's sitting, the recruits, who have been enlisted, are marched in a body to a church, where they take the oaths of allegiance and fidelity before a priest.

To return to the proceedings of the board,—we will suppose the business to begin with the examination of the conscripts furnished from the estate of a private individual. At the president's order, one of the corporals in attendance opens the door into the ante-room, and calls out for the peasants of Ivan Petrovitch Pashkoff to be in readiness; the president then reads out A. B., the first name on the list of conscripts sent by Mr. Pashkoff. "A. B. come in," shouts the corporal, and in walks A. B., stark naked. He is first placed under the standard, the corporal on each side taking care that he holds himself upright, which of course he is not very willing to do.

"Five feet four inches," says the corporal. The president enters the man's height opposite to his name in a book; the conscript is then handed over to the doctor, who pronounces him sound and fit for service. The field officer then examines him, to ascertain that there is no peculiarity in his person, such as his being very much bandy-legged or knock-kneed, or having an extraordinary shaped head, which would interfere with his wearing uniform. He pronounces his approval of the recruit; the president enters everything in his book, and simply calls out "Lop" (forehead); the corporal instantly shoves A. B. out of the room, shouting "Lop."—Lop, Lop, is repeated in the ante-room, and the man is taken straight into another apartment where his forehead is shaved, and he finds himself a soldier. In the meantime C. D. appears before the board. He is either too short, (if a sheet of paper can be passed between the man's head and the measure marking five feet three, he is rejected) or the doctor or inspecting officer find that he is physically unfit to be received. The president calls out "zatillac" (neck), C. D. is shoved out of the room, zatillac, zatillac is repeated in the ante-room the back of the man's neck is shaved, and he is set at liberty. If a man declares himself labouring under any defect, or subject to any complaint unfitting him for a soldier, and the case is such that the truth cannot be ascertained on the spot, he is sent to the hospital for examination, and a report of his case is received the following day. Of course these poor men often counterfeit fits and other infirmities, in order to avoid being enlisted, but if they are discovered, they are liable to severe punishment, and their claim to a discharge after twenty five years' service is sometimes taken away.

When the turn of the crown peasants come, three brothers perhaps enter together, one of whom is to be selected. They are accompanied by their father and mother, and their wives and children, if they have any; decency being laid aside, for the three young men are stark naked. The board, after referring to the register, and hearing all that the men, as well as their father and mother have to urge in their excuse, decide that it is justly the turn of this family to furnish a conscript; the three brothers are therefore measured and examined, and the result we will suppose is, that the eldest is tall and healthy, but he has a wife and three or four children; the second measures but five feet two inches; and the third brother is a fine tall lad of eighteen. Of the three, therefore, the youngest is under age, and the second is under size; they, therefore, are legally exempted from the conscription, and the eldest brother must be taken away from his wife and family and made a soldier, unless the lad of eighteen will voluntarily consent to serve in his stead.

A scene now ensues, which is at the same time both pathetic and ludicrous. The elder brother and his wife, the father and mother, and the little children, all throw themselves on the ground, and prostrate themselves repeatedly at the feet of the young man, beseeching him to have pity on the family of his brother, and to consent to be enlisted in his place. The poor lad looks with a bewildered air from one to another, not exactly knowing what to do, having no fancy to be a soldier, and unable to make up his mind to refuse. However, he is urged on every side, for the members of the board add their exhortations to the entreaties of his family, some bidding him be a good christian and sacrifice himself for his relations, and others encouraging him with the promise of good treatment in the

army. At last, completely overpowered, he musters up courage, crosses himself, and consents to be a soldier.

The conscription frequently gives rise to most pitiable scenes, where married men, or the sons of widows or age parents, are torn away from families of which they were the chief prop and stay. The recruits thus situated often cry and lament bitterly their hard lot when they come before the board to be examined; but the moment the are enlisted and their fate decided, they generally cheer up and recover their spirits, as if they thought it useless to grieve over what could no longer be remedied or avoided. The Russian peasants are extremely attached to one another in their families, and it rarely happens that there is any difficulty in persuading a young man to devote himself for a relation; on the contrary, they often persist in doing so, to save an elder brother, or an uncle, against the advice of all around them. A lad under twenty, whose married brother was nominated as a conscript, insisted upon coming with him, in order, as he said, to see his father. The man was accepted as a recruit, and the father coming out, said to his younger son, who was waiting in the street, "they have taken your brother, Gabriel." Gabriel without answering, rushed into the house, pressed through the crowd in attendance, and hurried, breathless, into the board-room, fearful of being too late to offer himself as a substitute for his married brother; he was, however, in good time, and being a fine young man, was of course readily received in the place of another.

The recruits, after being sworn in, receive a great coat and cap, a pair of boots, and some other necessities; and they are then quartered in barracks, detachments being occasionally draughted off from thence to the neighbouring towns. Their beards are immediately removed, the moustaches alone being left; and in severe weather it is quite pitiable to see the raw chins of these poor fellows, who have just been shaved for the first time in their lives.

### A Riddle.

I am first in the last, in the last I am found  
In the flower you will see me, though not in the ground  
In the lily, the lilac, and lotus I am hid;  
Though not seen in the eye I am known to its lid;  
In the castle I lurk, in the palace I am seen,  
Though banished, alas! from the cot on the green;  
Deep hid in the violet's bosom I dip;  
Indeed I am the very first thing on your lip;  
Though not known to the river, I am found in its flow  
Unseen in the breezes, I'm still in their blow;  
Not felt in the fire, yet I'm part of the coal;  
And am aye the last thing that is found in the bowl;  
When you turn to the right, tho' to me you're bereft,  
I'm the very first thing that you meet on your left;  
I always am heard at the toll of the bell,  
And am lying like truth at the end of a well.  
Is a lady without me, don't deign to accost her,  
You'd find her a sad begging-letter impostor.  
You will certainly own that I'm present at lunch,  
Tho' absent when dinner or breakfast you munch;  
And yet I am never away at your meals;  
You have me alike in soles, salmon, and eels.  
In mutton, beef, chickens, altho' I am missed,  
Yet in veal, and in lamb, and in fowls I exist.  
Hid on your pillow, tho' not on your bed,  
Say, gentles, my name, for my riddle is read.

ATTIC SALT.—A Russian lady being engaged to dine with M. de Talleyrand, at that time Minister for Foreign Affairs, was detained a full hour by some unexpected accident. The famished guests grumbled, and looked at the watches. On the lady's entrance, one of the company observed to his neighbour in Greek, "When a woman, neither young nor handsome, she ought to arrive betimes. The lady, turning around sharply, accosted the satirist: the same language, "When a woman," said she, "in the misfortune to dine with savages, she always arrives too soon."

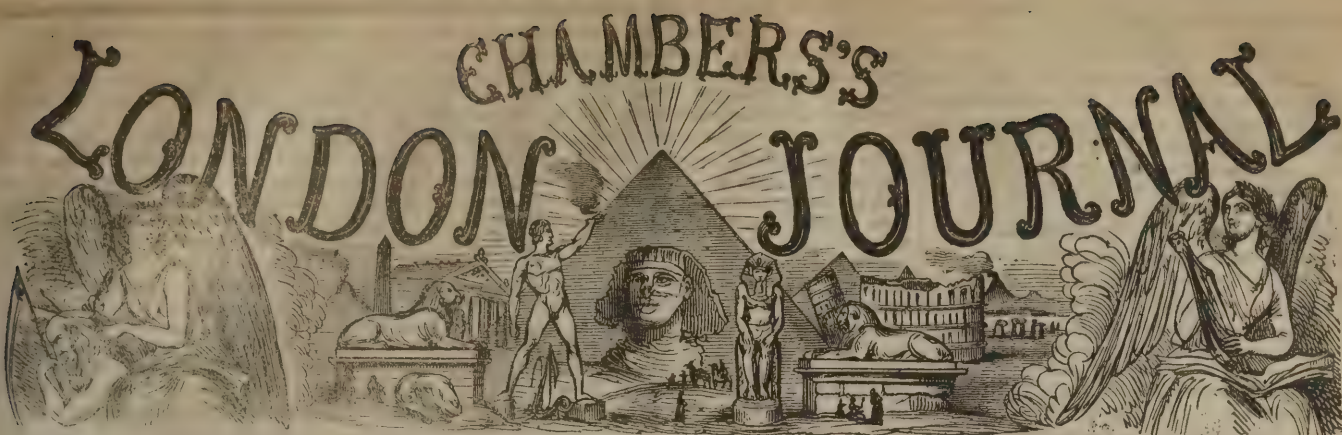
THE FIRST THEATRES IN LONDON.—In the reign of Elizabeth, theatres were just getting into vogue; as regular dramatic pieces had superseded the mysteries or moralities founded on scriptural subjects. The earliest patent for acting comedies, tragedies, &c., is dated 1574; and such was the rapid progress of this rational amusement, that, early in the next century, at least fifteen licensed theatres were open to the inhabitants of London. The best plays, especially those of Shakspeare, were acted chiefly at the Blackfriars theatre, or at the Globe, on the south side of the Thames. A flag was hoisted on the front of each theatre. The price of admission to the best place a shilling; to the inferior ones, a penny or twopenny. The critics sat on the stage, and were furnished with pip and tobacco. The curtain drew not up, but was drawn back on each side. From the railway of Sir Philip Sydney it is doubtful whether there was a change of scenes. It probable this deficiency was supplied by the names of places being written in large characters on the stage stating, for instance, that this was a wood, a garden, Thebes, Rome, or Alexandria, as the case might be. The stage was lighted with branches like those hung in son churches. Before the exhibition began, three flourishes or pieces of music, were played; and music was likewise played between the acts. The instruments chiefly used were trumpets, cornets, and hautboys. Perukes as masques formed part of the stage paraphernalia; and the female parts, for the first hundred years, were performed by young men. One dramatic piece composed the whole entertainments; and the hours of acting began about 6 in the afternoon, and lasted generally about two hours. The audience, before the performance began, amused themselves with reading or playing at cards; others drank or smoked tobacco. For some time plays were acted on Sundays only; after 1579 they were acted on Sundays and other days indiscriminately.

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# CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL



"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1841.

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## The Folly of Artesian Wells in London.

THE scientific notices which have appeared in this Journal, and the encouraging spirit in which all artistical attempts have been lauded, will be deemed amply sufficient to rescue us from a charge of deriding any attempts of genius, by which new methods may be discovered to advance the welfare and comfort of the human race. But when an attempt at imitation of a great theory is made under totally different circumstances, and an expectation held out that equally beneficial effects will follow from widely distinct causes, our love of truth, our admiration of science, and our strict regard for fact, compel us to depart, in some degree, from the merely narrative character of our Journal, and to assume a more argumentative tone.

The celebrated Artesian well at Grenoble, which, after years' labour, having produced a vast quantity of water, is offered to some half-informed adventurers the prospect of boring for a like favourable result in London. For the present, we shall content ourselves in giving some geological information respecting Paris and London, by comparing which it will at once be seen that the same results cannot be expected. In a future paper we shall take occasion to describe the different qualities of water which arise from upper and nether springs, and how the action of the atmosphere is required to soften, purify, and render fit for domestic use the clearest water which trickles in drops from its stony bed.

The bed of Paris and its villages form a basin of immense extent. It forms nearly the appearance of a saucer. That, however, would be of small consequence did not the lower strata continue to retain that appearance. Almost uniformly, whether beneath the level or rising ground, the clay and the chalk lie at parallel distances from the surface. When it is remembered that into any hole dug in the earth, water will flow, it will readily be admitted that the deeper the bore the more likely are we to acquire a greater quantity of water. This is supposed to be the true principle of Artesian wells; but such is not the case. The principle of the engineer who sunk the well in Artois, from which all others take their name, was to reject the surface-water entirely, to perforate every successive stratum until he reached the chalk. That arrived at, geology told him that beneath it a certain current of water would be found, purified from the earthy particles by percolation through the body of the chalk. Through this body, therefore, the perforation was continued, water arrived at, and plentiful was it said to be that it welled up in a powerful stream, and flowed off in immense quantities. Let the geological structure of the Parisian bed be remembered; the slopes of the country have their internal slopes of chalk, beneath which, all round the amphitheatre, the waters flow in a self-made hollow in the valley. The chemical power of water on the chalk, and the deposit which it leaves, as well as the mineral properties it retains, form no part of the subject of this paper. We confine ourselves to present quantity.

It will readily be admitted, the whole range of hills growing its percolations into a broad bed, that there the truest supply of water was to be obtained. When it is known also that this chalk stratum lies far beneath the level of the Seine, it will at once be evident that the water of the earth will have a greater tendency to drop through the chalk than to flow over it, than to rise above obstructions, or to seek emission in the river. Hence it is that the Seine, large as it is, contains no great body of new water—hence it is, that the rejected water of Paris conquers the fresh springs, and renders the Seine almost useless as a medium of domestic supply.

This short yet exact detail of the position of Paris and its environs, with respect to water, illustrates at one view how widely different its locality is from that of London. The Thames and its tributaries not only command a vast supply of thoroughly filtered water from the upper springs, but its bed is honeycombed throughout with the wellings of those deeper in the bosom of the earth. This arises in great measure from the absence of chalk, by which

absence the water extends, as well as descends, through the earth, and thus reaches, every way in its course, the tributaries and the wells which supply the Thames. Any artificial sinking of a well, however deep, in the vicinity of London, unless it perforated the chalk, is no Artesian well, but merely a deep hole into which the unfiltered surface water readily flows. We state this broadly and distinctly, in opposition to the assertion of a gentleman, calling himself a practical engineer, who, before a committee of the House of Lords stated that Artesian wells merely meant deep borings. In many, if not the major parts of London, there is no chalk whatever, consequently in these places there can be no Artesian well; any water dragged from such places must be imperfectly filtered, as, until it reaches its natural place of emission, it must not only be strongly impregnated with earthy particles, but tintured greatly with decayed vegetable matter, the more especially if taken from marshy ground. The practical engineer we have already alluded to, and some few others, it would appear, have induced a gentleman in the neighbourhood of London to allow them to drain a marshy valley in his ground from which, on sinking a tube some 120 feet, he drew by pressure from a pump, which threw two gallons at a stroke, and seventy strokes per minute, what he was pleased to call the enormous quantity of 8,400 gallons an hour—from a place too, where, according to his own account, an abundance of water had been running for centuries. In such a place, he says he was astonished that after an hour's pumping the water was as plentiful as ever! It was on such experiments, and on such a limited extent of knowledge, that this engineer gravely desired the Lords' Committee to report in favour of a company to raise a capital of four hundred thousand pounds, by which all London could be supplied with water at a rate equal to that now paid by Marylebone alone!

Although on that Committee there was at least one influential nobleman who has no objection to have his marshy ground drained at the expense of a public company, the idea appeared so preposterous that it was scouted at once. This same gentleman talked most learnedly of the lower springs rising up through the chalk to the upper springs, and of the surface water lying on the top of all. Every one knows that marshy ground retains water on the surface because the hard clay beneath will not allow it to pass downwards with sufficient rapidity; if an excavation is made in the clay, the water will leave the surface, and seek the artificial bed made for it, conveying with it, every day, and on every shower, the rotten vegetation of the marsh. But our engineer says he rejects all this surface water, and his process of showing how he does so is certainly amusing. He puts down an iron pipe, through which he says the marshy water cannot get into the well beneath. He does not appear to be aware, however, that the water which went down to the clay before the pipe was introduced can continue to do so outside the tube, even more easily than before. Let him pass his pipe through the clay, and the same result will follow; and through the chalk also, when he proves he has come to it—rather a difficult matter to do in marshy ground, for where there is chalk the water will go regularly down, and leave the ground comparatively dry—that is to say, the reverse of marshy. It is impossible that there can be any natural reservoir of chalk-filtered water near London, in consequence of its being one large plain, plentifully dotted with deep springs, which flow into the river and streams which feed it. All the marshy ground around the metropolis may be drained with advantage, but we would the water were permitted to run its natural course to the nearest rivulet, instead of being bottled up in an iron pipe and conveyed for immediate use. Let surface geologists and boring engineers say what they please, the earth itself is the best chemist, and will purify water in its heart, and send it forth at its due season to revisit the regions of day in a fit and proper state for use.

In one part of his evidence, our engineer says that in tapping several places, he came one time to a "KIND OF

ROCK." What class of rock this was, however, he did not say, and very likely could not. We believe that the merest tyro in geology is aware that rock seldom forms a bed on which marshy ground reposes. The kind of rock could be no other than the hard knotted clay, plentifully mixed with marl, on which water acting chemically, converts it into a compact substance, through the cracks in which the water gets down without being filtered, as it is through sand or chalk. On exposure to the air, however, the substances separate of their own accord. In answer to a previous question, however, we find our over-sanguine friend saying, "The springs lie eight feet deep," and that the chalk lies "just under those springs." These are scattered over a meadow, a valley about three miles and a half in length, by three quarters broad, and present to his unskilful eye a body of water capable of supplying London, and having sufficient waste to replenish the Colne, should it become dry by draining the marshes! Supplying a city like London we thought a task sufficiently herculean, but to supply a river in addition, from one series of springs, it now appears is quite an easy matter! Imagination is very pretty, "high in air ascending," but the bowels of the earth, like those of man himself, require substantial fact to satisfy them.

Another engineer, examined before the same committee, stated his disapprobation of the Artesian system, and recommended that the waters of the Colne, the drainage of the marshes, and any springs that could be collected, should be gathered into reservoirs, and an Act of Parliament passed, compelling the Water Companies of London to send their pipes there, and receive their supply from the company recommended to be formed. In laying down this plan, the gentleman gravely talked of the monopoly enjoyed by eight Water Companies as being injurious to the public, and which he thought would be beneficially altered by placing alike the public and the companies at the mercy of the new company. When the consulting engineer gave such advice, a noble lord on the committee put the following question:—

"If there was any deficiency in your supply, or anything went wrong in your supply, all London would be dry?"

"Yes, unless provided against by reservoirs."

The practical engineer, however, protests vehemently against the necessity of reservoirs; the springs are there, summer and winter; they were nothing the less when he pumped 8,400 gallons from them, and therefore they will last for ever! This logic is again contradicted by the evidence of the consulting engineer, who, in reply to the question—"The Artesian wells have failed very much in some instances?" says, "I have very little reliance upon them. The parties who came to me wished me to provide for the supply of London by Artesian wells, but I declined it."

And very judiciously resolved it was. Notwithstanding the vast employment which it must have given him, and the high remuneration to which he would have been entitled, this gentleman properly considered that his professional reputation would be injured by countenancing such a scheme. He also admitted that the drainage from land injured spring water, although it was part of his own plan to mix them with a supply from the Colne. The springs in the marshes he also admits to be of different tastes and qualities, and that it would be improper to call all the water sweet because one or two of the springs tapped were so. Nor would he answer for the quantity to be derived from the springs, nor sanction any plan unless the mixture he recommended were adopted.

When two gentlemen pecuniarily interested to so great an extent in this quixotic scheme differ so materially—when they confound drainage, boring, and Artesian sinking in one common denomination—when they rush so hastily to conclusions which their small experiments will not justify—and when they talk so disparagingly of the immense labour (setting capital aside) which has been bestowed by the existing companies to obtain a sufficient supply,—it is



abundantly evident that experience has not yet moderated the ardour of their views, nor lent its sobering influence to the speculations of a heated imagination. But let us suppose for a moment that, instead of a solitary ridge of chalk here and there, London rests on a foundation of that material, it will be a ground work on which to illustrate, in our next, a few particulars which the admirers of Artesian wells seem too much disposed to overlook.

#### An Adventure with the Bedouins.

OUR traveller, in his descent from the tomb of Aaron, endeavoured in vain to escape from the Bedouins, whose attention had been attracted by his inglorious descent from the holy mount. With a loud shout, (continues Mr. Stephens), slipping off their camels and whipping up their dromedaries, they left the track, and dashed across the valley to intercept us. I told Paul that it was all over, and now we must brazen it out; and we had just time to turn around and reconnoitre for a moment, before we were almost trodden under foot by their dromedaries.

With the accounts that we had read and heard of these Bedouins, it was not a pleasant thing to fall into their hands alone; and without the protection of the sheik we had reason to apprehend bad treatment. We were on a rising ground; and as they came bounding towards us, I had time to remark that there was not a gun or pistol among them; but every one, old and young, big and little, carried an enormous sword slung over his back, the hilt coming up towards the left shoulder; and in his hand a large club, with a knot at the end as large as a doubled fist. Though I had no idea of making any resistance, it was a satisfaction to feel that they might have some respect for our fire-arms; as even a Bedouin's logic can teach him, that though a gun or pistol can kill but one, no man in a crowd can tell but that he may be that one. Our armoury, however, was not in the best condition for immediate use. I had fired one of my pistols in the tomb of Aaron, and lost the flint of the other; and Paul had burst the priming cap on one of his barrels, and the other was charged with bird-shot.

It seemed that there was nothing hostile in their intentions; for though they came upon us with a wild and clamorous shout, their dark eyes appeared to sparkle with delight as they shook us by the hand, and their tumultuous greeting, to compare small things with great, reminded me of the wild welcome which the Arabs of Saladin gave to the litter of the Queen of England, when approaching the Diamond of the Desert on the shores of the Dead Sea. Nevertheless, I looked suspiciously upon all their demonstrations of good-will; and though I returned all their greetings, even to the kiss on their black faces, I would rather have been looking at them through the bars of an iron grating. But Paul behaved like a hero, although he was a supreme coward, and admitted it himself. I knew that every thing depended upon him; but they had come upon us in such a hurry, and so few words had passed between us, that I had no idea how he stood affected. His first words reassured me; and, really, if he had passed all his life in taming Bedouins, he could not have conducted himself more gallantly or sensibly. He shook hands with one, took a pipe from the mouth of another, kicked the dromedary of a third, and patted his owner on the back, smoking, laughing, and talking all the time, ringing the changes upon the Sheik El Alouin, Habeeb Effendi, and Abdel Hasis. I knew that he was lying, from his remarkable amplitude of words, and from his constantly mixing up Abdel Hasis (myself) with the Habeeb Effendi, the prime minister of the Pacha; but he was going on so smoothly that I had not the heart to stop him; and, besides, I thought he was playing for himself as well as for me, and I had no right to put him in danger by interfering. At length, all talking together, and Paul's voice rising above the rest, in force as well as frequency, we returned to the track, and proceeded forward in a body to find the sheik.

Not to be too heavy on Paul for the little wanderings of his tongue, I will barely mention such as he remembered himself. Beginning with a solemn assurance that we had not been in Wady Moussa or Petra (for this was his cardinal point), he affirmed that I was a Turk making a pilgrimage to the tomb of Aaron under a vow; and that when Sheik El Alouin was at Cairo, the Habeeb Effendi had taken me to the sheik's tent, and had told him to conduct me to Djebel Haroun, or Mount Hor, and from thence to Hebron (Khalil), and that, if I arrived in safety, he, the Habeeb Effendi, would pay him well for it. We went on very well for a little while; but, by-and-bye, the Bedouins began talking earnestly among themselves, and a fine wicked-looking boy leaning down from the hump of his bare-backed dromedary, with sparkling eyes thrust out his hand and whispered bucksheesh; an old dried-up man echoed it in a hoarse voice directly in my ears; and one after another joined in, till the whole party, with their deep-toned gutturals, were croaking the odious and ominous demand that grated harshly on my nerves. Their black eyes were turned upon me with a keen and eager brightness; the harsh cry was growing louder every moment; and I had already congratulated myself upon having very little about my person, and Paul was looking over his shoulders, and flourishing the Habeeb Effendi and the Sheik El Alouin with as loud a voice as ever, but

evidently with a fainting heart; bucksheesh, bucksheesh, bucksheesh! was drowning every other noise, when a sudden turn in the road brought us upon the sheik and his attendants. The whole party were in confusion; some were descending the bare sides of the mountains, others were coming down with their dromedaries upon a full run; the sheik's brother, on my horse, was galloping along the base; and the sheik himself, with his long red dress streaming in the wind, and his spear poised in the air, was dashing full speed across the plain. All seemed to catch a glimpse of us at the same moment; and at the same moment all stopped. The sheik stood for a little space, as if astonished and confounded at seeing us attended by such an escort; and then spurring again his fiery horse, moved a few paces towards us, and dismounting, struck his spear in the sand, and waited to receive us. The men came in from all quarters; and, almost at the same moment, all had gathered around the spear. The sheik seemed more alarmed than any of us, and Paul said he turned perfectly green. He had heard the report of the pistol, which had given him much uneasiness; the men had answered it, and scattered themselves abroad in search of us; and now seeing us come up in the midst of such a horde of Bedouins, he supposed that we had opened an account which could only be settled with blood.

The spirit of lying seemed to have taken possession of us. Thinking it would not be particularly acceptable to my pious friends to hear that I had been shooting in the tomb of Aaron, I told Paul to say that we had shot at a partridge. Even before saluting the strangers, with a hurrying voice and quivering lip, the sheik asked the cause of our firing; and when Paul told him, according to my instructions, that the cause was merely a simple bird, he was evidently relieved, although, unable to master his emotion, he muttered, "Cursed be the partridge, and cursed the gun, and cursed the hand that fired it." He then saluted our new companions, and all sat down around his long spear, to smoke and drink coffee. I withdrew a little apart from them, and threw myself on the ground, and then began to suffer severely from a pain which, in my constant excitement since the cause of it occurred, I had not felt. The pistol which I fired in the tomb had been charged by Paul with two balls, and powder enough for a musket; and, in the firing, it recoiled with such force as to lay open the back of my hand to the bone. While I was binding it up as well as I could, the sheik was taking care that I should not suffer from my withdrawal. I have mentioned Paul's lying humour, and my own tendency that way; but the sheik cast all our doings in the shade; and particularly, as if it had been concerted beforehand, he averred most solemnly, and with the most determined look of truth imaginable, that we had not been in Wady Moussa; that I was a Turk on a pilgrimage to Mount Hor; that when he was in Cairo waiting for the caravan of pilgrims, the Pacha sent the Habeeb Effendi to conduct him to the citadel, whither he went and found me sitting on the divan by the side of the Pacha; that the Pacha took me by the hand, told him that I was his (the Pacha's) particular friend, and that he, Sheik El Alouin, must conduct me first to Mount Hor, and then to Khalil or Hebron, and that he had given his head to Mahommed Ali for my safety. Paul was constantly moving between me and the group around the spear, and advising me of the progress of affairs; and when I heard who I was, and of my intimacy with the Pacha, thinking that it was not exactly the thing for the particular friend of the Viceroy of Egypt to be sprawling on the sand, I got up, and, for the credit of my friend, put myself rather more upon my dignity. We remained here half an hour, when, seeing that matters became no worse, I took it for granted that they were better; and, after moving about a little, I began to arrange the saddle of my horse; and, by-and-bye, as a sort of declaration of independence, I told them that I would ride on slowly, and they could follow at their convenience. The sheik remained to settle with my new friends. They were a caravan belonging to the El Alouin tribe, from the tents at the mouth of the entrance to Petra, now on their way to Gaza; and the sheik got rid of them by paying them something, and assuring them that we had not been in Petra.

Early in the afternoon a favourite camel was taken sick, stumbled, and fell; and we turned aside among the mountains, where we were completely hidden from the view of any passing Bedouins. The camel belonged to a former female slave of the sheik, whom he had manumitted and married to "his black," and to whom he had given a tent and this camel as a dowry. He had been very anxious to get away as far as possible from Wady Moussa that night; but, as soon as the accident had happened, with the expression always uppermost in the mouth of the followers of the Prophet, "God wills it," he began to doctor the animal. It was strange to be brought into such immediate contact with the disciples of fatalism. If we did not reach the point we were aiming at, God willed it; if it rained, God willed it; and I suppose that if they had happened to lay their black hands upon my throat, and strip me of everything I possessed, they would have piously raised their eyes to heaven, and cried, "God willed it." I remember Mr. Wolff, the converted Jew missionary, told me an anecdote illustrating most strikingly the operation of this fatalist creed. He was in Aleppo during an earthquake, and saw two Turks smoking their pipes at the

base of a house then tottering and ready to fall, cried out to them and warned them of their peril; they turned their eyes to the impending danger, crying, "Allah el Allah, God is merciful," were buried under the ruins.

It was not more than four o'clock when we pitched our tent. The Arabs all came under the shade to more at ease about our ascent of Mount Hor, and adventure with the Bedouins of Wady Moussa; wishing to show them that we Christians have an interest in Aaron, I read to them, and Paul explained the verses in the Bible recording his death and burial on the mountain. They were astonished and comforted at finding anything about him in a book; record of travel being entirely unknown to them, and he, therefore, regarded as of unquestionable veracity. An unbeliever of the previous night, however, was now obstinate as if he had come from the banks of Zuyder Zee. He still contended that the great priest of the Jews was a true follower of the Prophecy, and I at last accommodated the matter by allowing he was not a Christian.

That evening Paul and the sheik had a long curious conversation. After supper, and over their coffee, the sheik asked him, as a brother, why he came to that old city, Wady Moussa, so long a journey through the desert, spending so much money? and Paul told him it was to see the ruins, he took them from his mouth, and said, "That will do very well before the world; but, between ourselves, there is something else;" and when Paul persisted in it, he said to him, "Swear by your God that you do not come here to search for treasure;" and when Paul had sworn by his God, the sheik rose, and pointing to his brother as the very acme of honesty and truth, said after a moment's hesitation, "Osman, I would not believe that brother had sworn it. No," he continued, "Europeans are too cunning to spend their money looking at old stones. I know there is treasure in Wady Moussa; I have dug for it, and I mean to dig for it again;" and then again he asked Paul where he had discovered any, and where; telling him that he would aid in removing it, without letting any of the tribe know anything of the matter.

#### Burns Illustrated and Explained.

##### CHAPTER VIII.—THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT CONTINUED.

OUR humble cottagers, happy as they were with other, must either imitate the great, or supply the deficiencies of a keen appetite, by a general entertainment. The description of the viands is in the poet's style:—

But now the supper crowns their simple board,  
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food  
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,  
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:  
The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,  
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebuck, fell,  
An' aft' he's prest, an' aft' he's ca'st it guid;  
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell  
How 'twas a towmond auld sin' lint was i' the bell.

Let not the animal pride of luxury despise the cottage group, because the wholesome porridge crowns their simple board. Stalwart men and lovely women have been nourished by the frugal diet, and Burns himself had known a time when even that inexpensive diet was almost beyond his reach. Their table, though poor, is surrounded by happy hearts, and contentment smiles in radiant lustre from the healthful faces of the all. Sweet is the bread of industry; and remember Burns could say—

What though or hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hoden gray and a' that;  
Give fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
A man's a man for a' that.

And esteeming himself a man according to the charter of his creation, dependent on himself alone, or on the destiny which had planted him on the cold and winter-shaded side of a bleak hill, he says—

While ye are pleased to keep me hale,  
I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal;  
Be't water brose or muslin kail,  
Wi' cheerful face.  
As lang's the Muses dinna fail,  
To say the grace.

And the Muses dwelt with him in his poverty, forgetful of those whose brains ascend no higher than their palms and whose souls are concentrated in their stomach—of the who never uttered a generous sentiment, nor enriched the stock of human thought by a single idea, their existence being consumed, not in adding to the value of the world, but in estimating the expense at which the profit of earth has been to sustain them. Or if a flash of roman ever wandered across their mazy intellect, it was in the sad regret that they could not enjoy the more than Aldermanic privilege of eating their dinner over again as practised by Hawkie the cottar's cow, which "yont the hallan snugly chowed her cud." From this sorry sample of mankind may Poverty—dread mistress of the many—keep us free, and render us more earnest in that which shall proceed from our lips, than in that which may pass therein.

There are indeed few items of pride in a cottager's household, but the well preserved home-made cheese



the kebbuck, is generally one, and months will often elapse between the periods of its appearance on the table, to cheat the wondering eyes of the docile children. The age of the cheese is of great importance to the dignity of its proprietor; and as an extraordinary event has occurred this evening, Jenny having appeared in a new character, and her lover being present, a due sense of the compliment must be impressed on him. It was a "tome-mond auld sin' lint was i' the bell." It was a twelve-month old when flax was in the bloom—that was in May or June, and this is now November, and the cheese, in a high state of preservation both as to flavour and quantity, is therefore a year and a half old. But the young man, though rather awkward at a compliment, and thinking more of Jenny than of her mother's cheese, contrives to make his awkwardness interesting, for few can discover more readily than a mother—whether a Dowager Duchess, or a ploughman's wife—the exact reason of this bashful conduct under the peculiar circumstances.

The cheerful supper done, w' serious face,  
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;  
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,  
The big ha'-bible, once his father's pride;  
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide  
He wales a portion with judicious care;  
And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

The humble supper is finished, and they form a circle round the family fire, Jenny, of course, having accidentally placed her chair next to that of her lover, and he has equally unconsciously laid his arm over the back of her seat, the tips of his fingers wandering from Jenny's shoulders to her neck, and from her neck to the chair, as a momentary flush of recollection passes from between his half-dimmed eyes and the undefined objects around him.

It is at this particular moment of the story that the well-known picture of the Cotter's Saturday Night is taken. The old man, intended by description in the original, in the engraving represents William Burns, the father of the poet, Burns himself personating the lover, and by a peculiar incident the little runaway, assiduously employed with his mother's shears in reducing the fair proportions of the cat's tail, was a random but correct likeness of Burns's second son, "a wee ill-deedie laddie," as his father called him, lately a brave and victorious officer in the East India army, but now an inspector of factories in Scotland. The big bible, sacred to the hall—for parlours were not then in existence in cottages—was ever an heir-loom in a country family, and contained within its leaves a register of the births, marriages, and deaths, occurring under the roof-tree. Doubtless, when the old man laid it on the table, Jenny might be tempted to imagine the time when she would follow with her eye the tracings of her father's withered hand as it registered in that familiar family chronicle an event which would take her from beneath that quiet and happy roof to place her in a cottage of her own. Deem her not too selfish if she did, for few in like circumstances would be guiltless of the same wandering to a day that was yet to come.

His bonnet reverently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare.

Lyart is a word of more expression than can be compressed into one of English. The autumn's leaf, when it falls dead from the tree, with that cold dry rustle which speaks of decay and death, is called the lyart leaf. It is not the seared and yellow leaf of Shakspeare; the lyart leaf is streaked with brown or deep dark grey; the yellow has become dim, and the green has sickled into that nameless disagreeable colour which betokens dissolution, and amouldering away into that nothingness from which it budded in the spring. His haffets—his temples—are lyart—they are wearing thin and bare. The wan texture of the skin, laid bare by the departure of his once raven locks, which his wife, in the pride of her heart, used to shade across his temples, is now streaked by the cold blue veins that rise in rebellion against the stiffening and contracting skin—the flush of health no longer glazes the roots of his dull grey hairs—the autumn of his life has come, and the sighing blast passes coldly across his naked temples, telling him that the leaf has already fallen, and that the trunk itself is withering beneath the creeping but unretiring—the silent but unconquerable progress of age, against which the tide of youth returns no more. It is November with him, as it is with the seasons.\* In the beautiful and

\* Burns himself, in his sweet little song of the "Auld Man," has given a simple yet graceful portrait of poor and decrepit age:—

But lately seen in gladsome green,  
The woods rejoiced the day;  
Though gentle showers the laughing flowers  
In double pride were gay.  
But now our joys are fled,  
On winter blasts awa'  
Yet maiden May, in rich array,  
Ag ain shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe,  
Shall melt the snaws of age;  
My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,  
Sinks in time's wintry rage.  
O age has weary days  
And nights of sleeping pain;  
Thou golden time of youthful prime  
Why comest thou not again?

affecting ballad of the "Flowers of the Forest," written on the disastrous defeat of Flodden, where the flower of the nobles of Scotland fell around their slaughtered king, the women are made to lament the absence of their lovers—there is not a young man in the harvest field—they have withered away.

The bandsters are runkled, lyart, and grey.

And so is our aged cottager, but the sorrow that sighed for Flodden's fatal field

Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,  
And broken was her shield

grieves not him. His days of youth, and worldly hope and regret are past, and he builds his prospects on the surety of the Eternal.

Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide;  
He wales—[he selects]—a portion with judicious care,  
And let us worship God, he says with solemn air.

And solemn to the end of time be the repetition of those hallowed words. Not that we will presume to enter with him into the sanctuary of his soul's worship, and the spirit's holy flight; these are matters above our sphere, stretching far beyond the aim and attempt to speak of the mere created beauties of Nature; but let us ever consider that in the sainted echo of these words we discover the origin of this sublime and perfect poem; a cause sufficient for us to hear in humble quiet, and pause ere we too rashly cross the threshold of other men's motives and belief.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;  
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:  
Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,  
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;  
Or noble Elgin beats the heaven-ward flame,  
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:  
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;  
The tickled ear nae heart-felt raptures raise;  
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

These are the names of three of the tunes of Scottish psalmody; each beautiful, but widely different—the simple melody of "Dundee" is well contrasted with the majestic flowing of "Elgin;" but a more than passing word must be bestowed on the sad and almost harrowing agony which steal across the vocal energy when plaintive "Martyrs" arises in its broad volume from the commingled voices of a congregation. It is commemorative of the Covenanters, when the simple worship of the Scottish church was celebrated among the heather hills and willowy glens of a rude and sterile country. The mandate of power had gone forth, that Episcopacy must be the religion of the land, and torture, exile, or death was the daring punishment which presumptuous men awarded to a disobedience to this tyrannic law. But the hardy indwellers of that rocky soil, when their pastors were driven from their churches, met upon the mountain's brow, with sentinels on each surrounding hill, to give warning against the approach of the ruffian horse of that fearless soldier, but bold bad man, chronicled in Scottish history as the bloody Claverhouse, the instrument of a fanatic king. Many were the conflicts which his troopers encountered with a determined peasantry; their father's broad swords had been taken from their rusty sheaths, and the darkened weapon of death was laid upon the book of life, in a solemn vow and covenant to maintain the independence of their conscience, and their unrepeatable privilege of worshipping the Creator in a manner which appeared to them the best. Often have the dragoons of Claverhouse cut down a preacher who scorned to fly while engaged in prayer, and often has smoke and flame betrayed the arguments by which these agents of Prelacy sought to inculcate their doctrines on the Scottish people. In commemoration of those that fell in these struggles was this pious anthem written; and when ruin and desolation had done their worst, when the tide of vengeance had rolled back the emissaries of havoc, and triumph's broad and ample banner waved over the heroes of the Covenant, the inhabitants of each district entered not into their ruined church, nor piled a stone to rebuild its shattered walls, until they went to the spot of conflict and death, and wept for the departed—swelling the tuneful harmonies of Martyrs holy song, and uttering to Him who is mighty to save the bursting gratitude of a delivered people.

The poem then goes on to describe the religious worship of the family.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
How Abram was the friend of God on high;  
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;  
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie  
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;  
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;  
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;  
Or other holy seers that tuned the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,  
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;  
How he, who bore in Heaven the second name,  
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:  
How his first followers and servants sped,  
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:  
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,  
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand; [command.  
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's eternal king,  
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:  
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,  
That thus they all shall meet in future days:

There ever bask in uncreated rays.

No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
In such society yet still more dear;  
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
In all the pomp of method and of art,  
When men display to congregations wide  
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!  
The Power incensed, the pageant will desert,  
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;  
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,  
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;  
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

These are sublime and serious truths, which the lonely heart will cherish, and to its quiet and inobtrusive devotion we may well leave the profound subjects they unfold.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;  
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:  
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,  
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,  
That He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,  
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,  
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,  
For them and for their little ones provide;  
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

An exquisite finish to the Saturday evening scene. Jenny and her lover have by this time retired across the moor, and it needs no historian to register the important truth, that she held up her little lips with less of female pride and more of womanly affection, when her attentive suitor bade her a kind good night, in the recollection of what had passed in her father's house before her lover's eye.

### Forest Anthem.

THE Sun hath westward glided o'er the tops  
Of the dark mountain pines; his golden tints  
Are slowly blending with the hue of night,  
And broadly are the shadows of the trees  
Grotesquely length'ning upon the ground.  
The winding forest path seems, in the sun's  
Last rays, like to some vast cathedral aisle,  
Stretching away in airy shadowiness.  
The locked and gnarled boughs, that high o'erhead  
Fling wildly their broad Titan arms across,  
Do form the fretted roof, its pillars being  
The massive trunks of the strong Oak and Pine.  
The stars are leaping into glowing beauty  
Within the filmy haze above, and seem  
Like spangles in some great cerulean banner:  
And calmly sailing is the beauteous moon  
Among yon burning orbs, all joining in  
The deep and silent melody of nature;  
Upon the ocean dance those glowing lights  
And lighting up, full many a fathom deep,  
The fairy palaces and coral groves  
That far beneath its heaving bosom lie.

Hark! now begins the thrilling Forest Anthem  
Wonderously sweet, the melancholy winds  
Sob out their greeting to the night, and pass  
In rich and ringing music o'er the trees.  
Sweet are its murmurs dying in far distance,  
With sighs as gentle as the southern breeze  
Sweeps o'er a bed of flowers, and the Pines  
Bend down their crested tops, like nodding plumes  
On the dark heaves of death, as tho' they mourned  
The cold unshrouded graves of those whose bones  
Are mouldering within its solitudes.  
It fills the heart with solemn thoughts and sad!  
Rises the melody again, triumphant  
And heart-gladdening, and makes the soul of man  
To leap and to rejoice, and filling him  
With wild and joyous rapture, as he turns  
His high and bared brow up to the blast,  
And waves his arms to the unseen winds, and cries  
"Blow on! this is a land of liberty!"

Oh soothing are its tones, rich as the breath  
Of zephyrs playing amid golden harps;—  
The storm's wild music is most beautiful  
As with its gentle breath it waves the flowers,  
And then sweeps on, and on, still gath'ring strength,  
Until at last, the Forest is one roar  
Of melody.—And on it rolleth o'er  
The mountain tops, with sound like to the boom  
Of thunder, crashing in the hyaline.

First with a low  
Sweet whisper, the breeze doth onward go  
Touching the silver lined leaves, and tinted edges  
Of the trees, and playing in the waving sedges  
Of the grass below.

The many fingered wind  
Plays in the low thick branches, with a kind  
Of prelude, in a deep and sombre monotone,  
Then mounting upward to the tree tops with a moan  
Sighs the wind.

Solemn the sound  
Comes rolling in deep tones along the ground,  
Like the hoarse murmur of the sullen surge  
Dashing upon the shore, or the sad dirge  
Sung o'er the mound.

And now 'tis sighing  
Like those deep tones that pain wrings from the dying;  
Now sharply rings, like to the sullen knell  
That rises from the boding deep death bell  
As past 'tis dying.

E. F. R.



## British Fossils.

THE researches of our geologists have placed it beyond a doubt, that there was a period when the place now occupied by Great Britain was a deep sea, encased by other land, on which grew, in a climate as warm as the West Indies, tree-ferns and palms, which, in the natural course of decay, were carried into the adjoining sea, and having accumulated there for ages, have now become converted into our strata of coal. The bed of the sea must have been then broken up, and heaved above the surface of the waters, when a new state of things prevailed in the vegetable and animal creation, the sea swarming with enormous saurian reptiles. The land must afterwards have been subjected to repeated submersions and elevations before Great Britain rose from out the deep in its present form, to become, after a necessarily long preparatory interval, a dwelling-place for tigers, hyenas, bears, hippopotamii, and elephants. How many ages those wild beasts, of species different from those that now exist, were the sole inhabitants of our island, it is impossible for us to form any conjecture. It appears to be certain that not a fragment of a fossil human bone has ever been found.

Our island abounds with fossil remains of animals and vegetables, some of enormous size, but it is not till recently that their nature and origin have been correctly understood. At an early period they attracted attention when dug up; but they were for ages mistaken for the remains of existing species that were supposed to have been buried by ordinary casualties. The great size of some of them led to the notion of the former existence of giants. Till the time of John Hunter, anatomists had so imperfect a notion of comparative osteology, that it is not surprising that such ignorant ideas should have been entertained of the species to which fossil relics belonged. Even the few who recognised, or thought they recognised, the remains of elephants, &c. among the fossil treasures of our island, could only explain their occurrence by supposing that those animals had been imported from abroad, had died here, and were decently buried. In the time of James the First, Lord Cherbury was commissioned to make inquiry respecting some bones found near Gloucester. Bishop Hakewell, speaking of this affair in his *Apologie of the Power of God*, (London, 1635), says, "His lordship showed me the bones he had collected, which were a huckle-bone, part of the shoulder-blade, some parts of a tooth, and the bridge of the nose, all of a huge bigness: but his lordship's opinion was, that they were not the bones of a man, but of an elephant, because Claudius, who brought elephants into Britain, did build that city, for which he voucheth *Ponticus Verunticus de Rebus Britannicis*, who saith that the Romans had a colony thereabouts. His lordship told me, that these bones were found mingled with those of oxen, sheep, and hogs, and he showed me the tusk of a boar found amongst them. There was a great square stone lying by them, which we conceived might be the upper stone of an altar, and that the bones were the relics of some great sacrifice celebrated there. The bridge of the nose was what confirmed his lordship's and my opinion, that it could not be that of a man, for it did rather seem to be a bone very apt to bear up the long snout of an elephant. His lordship further told me, that Dr. Harvey, a great anatomist, opined that they were the bones of some great beast, as an elephant. Dr. Clayton, his Majesty's Professor of Physic at Oxford, was of the same opinion. One of the teeth of this pretended giant, by the special favour of my Lord of Gloucester, I had the happiness to see, which I found to be of a stony substance, both for hardness and weight: and it should seem by his lordship's letter to me, that he himself was not confident that it was the tooth of a man."

This extract, considered with reference to the period, is highly interesting, and although one cannot help smiling at the conclave of the lords and doctors gravely disputing whether the bones and teeth were those of an elephant or of a human being, we may adduce a full apology for their misgiving about the matter from the highest modern authority. Cuvier in his *Ossemens Fossiles*, (tome i. p. 75.) observes that "certain bones of the elephant have more resemblance with those of man, than have those of the more common animals: and thus some skilful anatomists even have been led to mistake them for human bones."

Bishop Hakewell's notice of fossils is perhaps the first distinct one in the English writers. The progress and popularity of a study is always well shown by the bibliography of it, and we shall, therefore, register in this place, those fossilological works we are acquainted with that were published in England before this study reached a state of maturity. Christopher Merrett's *Pinax Rerum Naturalium Britannicarum*, (octavo, 1667), contains an account of British fossils exclusively; William Somner's *Chartham Neues*, (quarto, with a plate, 1669), describes some strange bones lately dug up at Chartham, Kent; "a few years afterwards Dr. Plott, in one of his topographical publications, attempts to account for the appearance of fishes, shells, plants, and seeds in the centre of rocks, by supposing them to have been formed there by "plastic force;" an unintelligible property of matter, derived from the Epicurean philosophers, who fancied that it enabled the earth to bring forth animals and plants without the aid of a Creator. This foolish fancy was soon disposed of by Cudworth and Ray, whose views were less absurd. Ray insisted that all fossil remains belong to species that formerly existed, but he was unable to account for the presence of fossil fishes in the hearts of solid rocks, except by supposing that such creatures, when very young, insinuated themselves between crevices, and arrived at their final station by subterranean passages. Jacob Petiver's *Musei Petiveriani*, (octavo, 1692-1703), contains an account of a collection of fossils in his museum. Edward Luid, or Llywd, published his octavo work entitled *Lithophylacii Britannici Iconographia* at Oxford, in 1698; but the best edition, containing twenty-five plates, appeared in 1760,

and is now very scarce. This writer supposed such productions to be caused by the sperm of living things, conveyed into the air by vapours, and then deposited in fitting places, when the results, or the matters to be engendered, were determined by the nature and abundance of the sperm itself; if perfect it brought forth whole animals and plants, but if imperfect, it yielded nothing more than the teeth of fishes, single valves of shells, the jaws and bones of animals, leaves, and seeds of plants. From this theory he sagely concluded that the sperm which produced plants was in all cases imperfect, because the fossil plants with which he was acquainted consisted of ferns, mosses, and similar low tribes. These speculations seem to have been favourably regarded till the year 1723, when Scheuchzer, a Swiss botanist, seriously undertook to refute them. In 1728 appeared a curious little book entitled *British Curiosities*, from which we learn that the Royal Society then in Crane-court, Fleet-street, contained "part of the upper jaw, and eight very great double teeth, and the fragments of other bones, all petrified and found near Canterbury, seventeen feet underground; a petrified crab, hard as a pebble, dissolvable with acids; a great double tooth, five inches long and two broad, petrified; a shark's tooth, and that to which this belonged must have been thirty-six feet long; a large cylindrical piece of a petrified tree, fourteen inches in diameter, and about the like depth, brought from Antiochia, in 1695, by Benjamin Middleton, Esq.; the horns of a red deer, seven feet one inch between the tips, found in Ireland, fourteen feet deep in a bog, and given by an Irish Bishop." The writer also tells us that "stones like cockles and oysters are found on the hills near Alderley, about twelve miles south from Gloucester;" that "astrolites or star-stones, such as sparkle, are found at Shugbury, about nine miles north-east of Warwick;" "Whitby, in Yorkshire, is remarkable for stones that are found there, which resemble serpents, in stone cases; and on the shore at Huntley-Nabb, in that county, are found stones of several sizes, round as bullets, naturally, and on breaking which you find serpents, commonly without heads, wreathed up in circles;" "a prodigious skeleton of a man was found at Corbridge, in Northumberland, whose thigh bone was nearly two yards long, so that his whole length must have been about seven yards. Some parts of this skeleton are yet at Dilton, the late Earl of Derwentwaters;" "in the low grounds and champion fields of the island of Anglesea, are every day found and dugged out of the earth the bodies of huge trees with their roots, and fir-trees of a wonderful length and bigness." It was also in 1728 that Woodward published his *Natural History of British and Foreign Fossils*, (2 vols. octavo) and, likewise, his *Method of Fossils*. In the following year he published his *Natural History of English Fossils* (2 vols. octavo), now a scarce work. In 1730, Behren published, in London, his *Natural History of the Hartz Forest* (octavo), containing its fossils; and this is probably the first work that appeared in England treating solely of those of a foreign country. In 1757 appeared Da Costa's *Natural History of Fossils* (quarto, with a plate), but only the first volume was ever published. Gustavus Brander published his *Fossilia Hantoniensia* (quarto) in 1766. Hill's *Fossils arranged according to their obvious characters* (oct. 1771); and G. Edwards's *Elements of Fossiology, or an Arrangement of Fossils into classes, orders, genera, and species* (octavo, 1776), were the next publications upon this subject, which from that time has been placed in a better train for scientific inquiry and accurate elucidation. The works of Hutton, Knorr, Buckland, Lyell, Smith, Cuvier, Agassiz, and some other eminent authorities, have rapidly followed each other, and bear ample testimony to the progress which fossillogical science has made, by dint of great diligence and careful observation.

Fossil remains being very abundant in this country, and easily obtained wherever pits, wells, railway tunnels, or canals are being dug, we are surprised that so few persons, comparatively, interest themselves in forming collections of them. In the hope of stimulating our readers to engage in this study, we have expressly prepared some articles, descriptive of the most interesting collections of fossils with which we are acquainted, and which we shall from time to time take occasion to lay before them.

## The Hall and the Library.

## THE HALL.

*Blackwood's Magazine* for last month has a most excellent story, under the title of "The Announcements and Three Rooms." Almost all the parties are engaged in matrimony and jointure hunting, and neglect a poor niece of the host's. We give the scene in the Hall, as a rough-coloured picture in servant life, and that in the Library as an excellent denouement to a well-told tale. The intermediate scenes in the drawing and dining rooms describe the reception of the various visitors, and the attentions paid them at table. The hero in disguise and the niece are either neglected or insulted throughout, the latter having only been sent for by her uncle to dinner when he was informed by the attorney of her having a prospect of obtaining some portion of her father's property.

A fat man, with a very red face, rushed distractedly into the lobby of Pigston Hall, in Leicestershire; and after succeeding in getting, with difficulty, into a huge livery-coat, which was yet a good deal too small for him—throwing forward first one arm, then the other, then both together—sinking his head and raising his shoulders—and in short going through all the evolutions consequent on a tight fit, he listened attentively for a minute or two, with his ear at the key-hole of the front door, and finally, as if satisfied with the result of his observation, threw himself into an arm-chair, and said, with a sigh, which evidently gave him great relief, "It wasn't nobody after all! Such a set of lazy hounds them house-servants is!" pursued our friend—detering his scarlet cotton. "I remember when I was in Sir Charles's stables, afore I became master's butler, we managed the stable boys very different.

And I thinks I may say, without any wanty, that I neve spoke to a under-helper in my life, without either a sla over the head with a pitchfork, or a good dig in the rib with my fist; but them footmen wont stand it, and that! the reason the brutes is never in time. Thomas!—leave off a-palavering with that ere Marianne, will ye, an come here? I 'spects the company every minute."

But Thomas seemed to prefer palavering with Marianne to cooling his heels in the hall.

"Time enough?" continued the impatient butler, as in answer to some response of the dilatory Thomas. "Time enough? how is a man in the country to know whether its time enough or not? Did you ever hear of any two clocks being in the same story? Why, it's perhaps seven o'clock at Sheepsbury now, and only half after five at Swanfield. You come up here, I tell ye, or somebody sure to play a tune on the knocker afore we're ready to dance to it. Dang it!" he added, in a lower note, "if I had such a feller as that in the stable, wouldn't I stich two-prong into his shoulder—that's all!"

Whether awed by the magisterial voice of his superior, or rejected by the aforesaid Marianne, we cannot say, but Thomas at last made his appearance—his hair thickly powdered, and tremendously curled—his coat white, and yellow—his waistcoat blue velvet—his continuations of the same splendid colour and material—and his stockings flesh-coloured silk: a breathing condensation of all that is hateful and disgusting in human nature—an overfed and over-dressed flunky. "Did you require my assistance particularly, Mr. Tippings?" said Thomas, as he lounged towards the door; for at that moment I was somewhat more deliciously engaged?"

"Making love and?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Tippings; other people, perhaps, make love, and a dismal manufacture I should think it was; but some how or other, it always happens that whenever I begin speaking to a pretty girl, 'tis ready made!"

"Well, well, never mind about that," said Mr. Tippings, evidently regretting the abolition of corporal punishments, which used to be the pride and buckler of the stable service. "Where's David?"

"Here I are, and no mistake—though crickey, I feels as if I wasn't quite myself neither in these here oudacious breeches—I never was out of fustians before."

"Now, then, let's be ready," said Mr. Tippings.—You, Thomas, go and stand near the drawing-room door; you, David, be near me, and take the gentlemen's hats—if they don't take 'em in with them, and the ladies's scarfs, I'll give the name, and Thomas is sure to hear it without your bawling it out too—so do nothing but bow as the company passes. Then as soon as they're all arrived, off I goes and gets into my plain coat—for a real butler is a cut above livery—and you get the dinner on the table as hard as you can. Most of the strangers will bring their own men, so there'll be lots of waiting. Now then, steady—I hears wheels."

But as this declaration of Mr. Tipping's proved to be unfounded, we conclude it was a ruse of that worthy functionary to get quit of Thomas. Thomas proceeded to the other end of the lobby, David ranged himself beside Mr. Tippings, and that gentleman was on the very point of opening his mouth to illuminate David's understanding, when his attention was arrested by a noise at one of the side doors, and his eye rested—infated with anger and surprise—on three or four of the female domestics, who had taken up that position to have a peep of the company as they passed: it was against all Mr. Tippings' notions of propriety and etiquette. "Well, if this ain't a shindy! all the petticoats in the house come up to look at the arrivals, as if it was a trial-run for the Derby! I say, you gals! you must be off every one of ye.—Ha'n't you got your own business to attend to?"

The three other domestics tossed their heads as if disgusted at being reminded that they had any thing to do but to amuse themselves; but this demonstration did not suffice for the injured dignity of Marianne. She tripped across the hall, to the increased dismay of Mr. Tippings, and said, in not the pleasantest tones that a lady's-maid can assume—

"Did you address yourself to me, Mr. Tippings, by that very appreciating appellation?"

"What appellation?" replied Mr. Tippings, anxious to get quit of his visitor.

"Why you called me 'gal!' Now, that's a name as I wont stand from nobody. If you were a gentleman, as a butler ought, you would call us young ladies."

"Well, well—young lady, why ain't you attending your mistresses,—they're not all gone into the drawing-room yet?"

"My two young friends, Miss Vibbler and Miss Arabella—if you means them by that vulgar expression—has been there this twenty minutes. I assisted their hair myself, and gloved and shoed 'em before they went in."

"But Miss Helen?" pursued the butler—

"Oh, her! them poor relations must wait on themselves.—She's no young friend of mine."

"You should be happy to wait on such a beautiful critter, you should," said Mr. Tippings, waxing warm. "By dad!—if I could tie up hair!"

"Why don't you try?" said Marianne, with a sneer. "But a poor curate's orphan daughter should not hold her head so high."

"Her head—poor dear lady!" said the butler; "she never seems to hold up her head at all; and such a head it is to hold up—small ears, large eyes, broad front, long neck. She's regular thorough-bred,—and our master's sister was a lucky woman to marry such a true gentleman as Mr. Welby."

"A curate!" again repeated Miss Marianne, with a toss. "A man in a threadbare coat, making a small perquisite to his wages by keeping popples!"

"He was my old master, Sir Charles's younger brother, and the best judge of a horse in the country; and as to them popples, how he could help it, when it was all he had to do? Sir Charles was ruined; the old hall mortgaged; nobody gave him a living; he couldn't go into service, where he might have been comfortable, and saved a little



for his old age; and so you see, he was forced to take in three or four young gentlemen to fit them for college—and a hard enough work he found it; at least I remember when all the strappers and stable-boys was my popples at Sir Charles's, they led me the life of a dog. But never let me hear you say a word against Miss Helen,—she's the beautifullest angel on earth, and would come in very near the winning post against most of them in heaven. So be off—be off,—the company's coming at last!"

And wheels gritted on the gravel in front of the hall door. Marianne flew across the hall, David drew near to be ready to receive the visitors. Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat, tat-tat-tat! The door flew open, and down the steps of a plain yellow chariot skipped an old gentleman, a little overdressed, with bright green waistcoat, crossed by two or three gold chains—large gold seals dangling from his watch pocket—and an appearance of having paid extraordinary attention to his toilet.

"Mr. Bagsby!" said Mr. Tippings, when the gentleman had fairly entered the hall."

"Mr. Bagsby!" repeated Thomas, throwing open the drawing-room door, and in a short time the ancient dandy was lost to the admiring eye of Tippings, David, and the four maids.

"Now, David," said Mr. Tippings, you wouldn't believe, to see that 'ere little man in his Sunday clothes as he is to-day, that he's nothing but a regular-built attorney; that little fellow sits all day on a three-legged stool, poring over poor devils' title-deeds that he has got into his clutches. There ain't a gentleman within twenty miles that dares to say his land's his own, or his soul either, for old Bagsby's sure to have some mortgage or flaw, or some devilry or another, to get them all in his power. So you see, though every body hates him, and knows him to be a thief, they can't do without him; and I'll be bound that nasty little varmint is more attended to than 'er an honest gentleman in the country. It's a most aggravating circumstance, David."

Rat-tat-tat!

"Mrs. Higgles, Miss Harrabellar Higgles, Miss Juliar Higgles;"—and three ladies, dressed exactly alike, each with a white pocket handkerchief in the right hand, and a vinaigrette in the left, tripped across the hall, and were ushered by Thomas into the drawing-room.

"For my own part, David," said Mr. Tippings, "I ain't partial to mothers and daughters being all of the same age. It destroys all sort of variety in the female sex, and, besides, ain't at all fair to the young ones. That's a rich widdy and her two daughters, that goes a husband-hunting every year to Bath or Cheltenham, and come back to their villa near Melton to practise on the hunt. But it's no go—they cut it too fine; and I bet you, though I did not know the man from Adam, that old Higgles was a banker. They ha'n't the breed, and no clipping and trimming can hide the want of blood."

Rat-tat-tat!

A tall gentleman steept leisurely from a very handsome phaeton, and with as much deliberation as if he were performing the most important act of his life, gave his hat to David, and with a small pocket comb arranged the few locks he still retained, in a circle round his brow and top of his head, to hide the deficiency of the crop in these quarters, and after being joined by his companion, a young man of three or four-and-twenty, gave his name to the attentive Tippings, "Sir Hubsty Pippen."

"And the other gentleman, sir?"

"Oh—Charles—ay—never mind, say Sir Hubsty Pippen and friend."

"Sir Hubsty Pippen and friend," bawled Mr. Tippings, anxious that the announcement should reach Thomas's ears correctly; but in spite of all his bawling, that functionary failed to catch the names, and ushered them into the drawing-room as Sir Snubsy Whipping and Mr. Brend.

"Now, that Sir Hubsty Pippen, David," said the cicerone to his assistant, "is what I calls a real pervericating sort of a ticket. He hasn't a farden of his own, but he knows every body else that has fardens; so it comes to the same thing. He follows a kind of trade they call being an executor, and takes care of all the rich old gentlemen's properties till their sons come a rising twenty-two; and all the time they're colts, mind me, you wouldn't know this same Sir Hubsty for anything but the squire himself. He keeps up all the expenses, and p'raps a little more: stables choke full; subscriptions to the hunt; butchers, bakers, grocers, wine merchants, just the same;—so you see it's a jolly good thing to be an executor, David; for the little boys at school all this while, at may-be fifty pounds a year, and Sir Hubsty's a-spending all the rest to keep up the respectability of the family. I dare say, David, you never knew he wasn't owner himself of Maldon Manor, and thought he pulled down the house, and was just a building it up again, to please his own taste."

"Noa, I can't say I ever did, Mr. Tippings, 'cause I never heard tell of he before—nor Maldon Manor either."

"Never heard of Maldon Manor? the best breeding stable in this country. The young squire has been a-travelling in Rome and Italy, and other foreign continents—as they calls 'em; but he'll be home soon again, I hope, and turn old Sir Hubsty about his business."

A repetition of the rat-tat-tat of the previous visitors interrupted the stream of Mr. Tippings' eloquence, and gave admission to the Rev. Mr. Spinks and Dr. Ladle, who had walked across the fields from the neighbouring town. At last, after a long pause, Mr. Fitzwalters Sniffy, and Mr. Algernon Horatio Montalvan Smith, completed the party.

"Now, then," said Mr. Tippings, as the last echoes of Thomas's announcement died away at the drawing-room door, "tell cook to send up the dinner. I must just walk into my black clothes; and, David, you go and strike the gong the moment you hears me clap my hands at the side-board."

#### THE LIBRARY.

It was now half-past nine. The drawing-room was brilliantly lighted, the party disposed in groups pretty much after the same arrangement as during dinner. Mr. Spinks and the Doctor were doing duty as attentive listeners to the two Miss Higgleses, the two Vibblers being

of course monopolized by Mr. Sniffy and Mr. Smith. The two matrons of the party, Mrs. Vibbler and Mrs. Higgles, sat on one of the sofas, lost in the contemplation of their respective daughters; Mrs. Higgles laying it down in her own mind as an incontrovertible fact, that these two young men, of whom one evidently squinted, and the other was pitifully lame, were the two most vulgar, ignorant, and tasteless individuals in England, to leave her two finely dressed, loud-talking, and fashionable girls to the humdrum attentions of an old physician and a middle-aged divine. Mrs. Vibbler, on the other hand, thought them the two handsomest and most intellectual men in Europe; one with a peculiarly *distingue* mode of walking, particularly with the left foot, and the other with a most captivating glance, especially with his right eye. The three older gentlemen, Mr. Vibbler, Mr. Bagsby, and Sir Hubsty Pippen, occupied a sofa at the further extremity, near the window, and were engaged in a very interesting conversation, each with a cup of coffee in his hand, which had that moment been handed round by Mr. Tippings and Thomas.

"God bless me, Sir Hubsty! who would have thought it? a regular heiress, as things go—twelve thousand pound!" said Mr. Vibbler.

"With interest," added Mr. Bagsby.

"Ay; interest," continued Mr. Vibbler, "since her father's death, three years at three per cent. Why, it's thirteen thousand eight hundred pounds."

"Pardon me," said Sir Hubsty; "with interest since her father's marriage. Henry Welby, the clergyman, was a man that neither knew nor cared about money. When he married, he accepted twelve thousand pounds as his full patrimony under his father's will, and allowed it to lie on the security of the estate, with a prior right to any other creditor. Sir Charles was as thoughtless as his brother; the interest was never paid; the estate became involved, was mortgaged, the clergyman died, then Sir Charles, and if it had not been for Mr. Bagsby, I should never have thought it worth while to assume the executorship left me by the poor baronet; but already I see my way clearly enough, to assure you the sum settled on the parson, if not the whole estate, will in a very few months be in the possession of Helen Welby."

"Why, it will be twenty thousand pounds at least; and we have treated her like!"—Mr. Vibbler did not finish the sentence; but it was evident he felt some compunctions visitings for his neglect of his niece, now that he found she was no longer poor and dependent. Great plans immediately began to suggest themselves to the disinterested uncle. He would send that very night for his son, who had lately eaten his terms, and was now digesting them in a wig and gown up five pairs of stairs in Lincoln's Inn, on an allowance of a hundred and fifty pound a-year. He had hitherto kept him as much as possible from home, for fear of his being entrapped by his penniless and designing cousin; and, moreover, had imbued him so entirely with the family propensity to despise her poverty and dependence that the high-minded young gentleman had followed his sister's example on the few occasions he had seen her, in making her feel her situation as bitterly as he could. But twenty thousand pounds, with a chance of the Welby estates, and a restoration, perhaps, of the baronetcy,—la! he would have him down without one hour's delay.

These cogitations were interrupted by Sir Hubsty.

"Mr. Bagsby tells me, Mr. Vibbler, that you said something to him about a claim for expenses during the time Helen Welby has lived in the house."

"Oh, a mere trifle, Sir Hubsty; she has had every advantage, to be sure, and three hundred a-year would not repay me; but she's a dear, delightful creature, quite one of my own children, and, in fact, the favourite of them all; and I had a plan for repaying myself long before I heard of her good fortune."

"Indeed?" said both the gentlemen.

"Yes, I had indeed. Now that Alfred, my son, Sir Hubsty—a most excellent clever young man—has passed at the bar, it was my fondest hope to see them united; and Alfred is such a disinterested fellow, I have no doubt he will be disappointed when he hears she has become such a desirable match in a pecuniary point of view."

"I believe," said Sir Hubsty, drily, "that I am her guardian, as executor to her uncle, Sir Charles; and, at present, I have other views for her."

"But, my dear Sir Hubsty, let her judge for herself. My son will be here in three days."

"By that time, I think, I must claim Miss Welby myself."

"Yourself! Gracious, Sir Hubsty; the ages! Why, she's only twenty-one!"

"And I am sixty-two."

Mr. Vibbler looked ineffably taken a-back. "So it was all for this," he muttered, "the grand discovery has been made—the old, disgusting, selfish scoundrel!"

"But we had better go and consult the young lady herself," continued Sir Hubsty, as he moved across the room, accompanied by Mr. Bagsby. Mr. Vibbler slipped up to the sofa where his wife was sitting, and whispered to her—"Great things have happened; Helen Welby is worth twenty thousand pounds at least, and Alfred always insulted her. Sir Hubsty is going to marry her himself! Send for Alfred immediately."

Mrs. Vibbler started. "How? where? when? Twenty thousand pounds?" but when she looked round her husband had disappeared.

Mrs. Higgles saw something had happened.

"Dear Mrs. Vibbler, has anything occurred?"

"Yes; such a thing—no, no, nothing; only Mr. Vibbler gave me a sort of shock."

"A shock; nothing serious, I hope?" enquired Mrs. Higgles, burning with curiosity; "nothing about your daughters?"

"Oh, no; I wish it were!" said Mrs. Vibbler. "The lucky, proud, disdainful creature! She'll look down on us all now."

"What is it? for any sake tell me, I'm dying with curiosity."

"Where is she? let me see her," said Mrs. Vibbler, instead of giving a direct answer; and then she added, "let me congratulate Lady Pippen!"

"Lady Pippen; who is she? is she here? do let me see her," cried Mrs. Higgles, following her friend towards the folding door of the library. This motion of the two seniors attracted the attention of all the others, even of the two Miss Vibblers and their swains; and a general move took place towards the scene of what every one felt was an unusual occurrence, though what it could be no one had the least idea.

While these various incidents had been taking place in the drawing room, Helen had seated herself on a sofa in the study—quite unnoticed, as usual—and had been shortly afterwards joined by Mr. Brend, whose motions were equally unworthy of being observed. What their conversation may have been for the first half hour we have no means of judging; but at the moment of our recommencing our report, Helen was evidently replying to some question of her companion.

"Reject your friendship?—your love? for adversity has schooled me so well into self reliance, that I disdain to pretend to be ignorant of your meaning. See my position here—and you can't perceive one half of its wretchedness; recollect the years we have spent together in the home where both were so happy; and believe that it is only a most sacred and insuperable obligation that makes me beg that I may never see you again."

"But what can the obligation be? It is, perhaps, a misunderstanding—an obligation that no one had a right to impose on you."

"It was my father."

"I can't believe it, Helen; he loved me; I know he loved me; and it is impossible he can have laid his injunction on you to consign me to perfect misery. I won't believe it, Helen."

"Often, often he repeated it to me when you first came to Otterton, within a month of his death. It was because he loved you he did so; because he saw that we—that we—that is to say, that you!"

"Loved his daughter Helen from the moment he saw her, and all the years I lived in the same house: and that was the reason! I have been much deceived. I did not deserve such treatment."

"Oh, don't mistake him, Charles. You were rich, recollect, and he was poor. Malicious people told him when he took you as a pupil, that he had taken the surest way of providing for his girl. He bound me never to let it be said that a poor vicar's daughter!"

"And for an absurd scruple like that, you will make us both unhappy! Do you not think he would have relented, Helen, if he had lived?"

"Never; but let this conversation cease. Leave me to my own misery, and do not double it by reminding me of happier times."

Mr. Brend took Helen's hand in his—"This is perfect madness, Helen; is there no way of conquering this unfounded scruple—would it alter your resolution if you knew that I was poor?"

"Pon my word, Sir Hubsty," said Mr. Vibbler, who at this moment came to the scene of action, "your friend seems to take matters pretty coolly! You've told him, I suppose, of Miss Welby's good fortune?"

"Not I," answered Sir Hubsty; "but his own good fortune seems considerable, too, just at the present time."

"Sir, I consider it unfair," said Mr. Vibbler, in a rage; "I consider it unjust, I consider it dishonourable, to bring a person, without a penny, to run off with my niece. My son, sir, shall make answer for his conduct—he will! Was such a thing ever heard of? Here I come in, and find an impertinent fellow holding my niece's hand!"

"And continuing to hold it, as far as my want of spectacles enables me to judge," added Sir Hubsty.

"The very moment it was ascertained she had a splendid fortune!"

"A splendid fortune!" exclaimed, as if in chorus, the whole party assembled at the folding door.

"And her, to throw herself away on a protegee of Sir Hubsty Pippen—perhaps as a decoy for the objects of Sir Hubsty Pippen himself—an individual we never knew till this very day—a fellow without a shilling!"

"Is it true that this gentleman is so poor?" inquired Helen of Sir Hubsty.

"Poor? no doubt of it,—he once had good prospects, poor devil, but at present they are very black; he has nothing now but his own ingenuity to depend on."

"A builder, or artist, or something of that kind," whispered the Misses Vibbler to their respective admirers.

"Oh! I wish it were indeed the case that he was poor," said Helen.

"And that you yourself were a considerable heiress?" inquired Sir Hubsty; "and in right of your uncle's will my ward?—eh, Miss Helen? Then be quite easy on that score, you are rich."

"Then, Charles," she said, holding out the hand which she had withdrawn—"the impediment is removed."

"And you consent, like a dear, good natured delightful girl as you are," said Sir Hubsty, "to be the Lady of Maldon Manor?"

"Why, what in Heaven's name is all this about? Do you ask her for yourself, after all?" said Mr. Vibbler, bewildered.

"Oh, no," said Sir Hubsty, with a laugh—"I believe I must shut up shop in that quarter, and put up a ticket, 'removed to the opposite side of the way,' for I shall immediately go and reside in the late Sir Charles Welby's. If I manage as well for his estate as I've done for this young gentleman's!"

"Mr. Brend do you mean?"

"No, no; Charles Maldon of Maldon Manor; he had an object in concealing his name as long as he came, like a knight of old, in disguise, in search of his lady love; but now that he has found her, I suppose there is no farther need of concealment—eh, Bagsby?"

"None whatever," answered the lawyer; "we are all witnesses to her promise; and I believe if she draw back, he might recover very heavy damages. I shall be happy to be agent for the plaintiff—for a very moderate per-centage on the sum awarded."

The Vibblers, great and small—the Higgleses, young and old—the clergyman, as in duty bound—and the physician,



as might be expected, lost no time in congratulating all parties on so happy a result. Whether all of them were sincere in their felicitations, we have no means of knowing; but probably Mr. Vibbler found it as well to alter his intention of sending for his son, as that gentleman remained stationary in Lincoln's Inn. "By-the-bye, Mr. Bagsby," he said, drawing that highly gratified gentleman into one corner, "we were speaking about the allowance I might claim during the three years my niece has been here. Now that her prospects are so glorious, should you think four hundred a-year too much—eh?"

"We must speak of that afterwards; but whatever it is, you can deduct it from her mother's portion, and pay over the remainder to me."

"Her mother's fortune?—bless me! you surprise me," said Mr. Vibbler, breathless and amazed.

"My dear sir," answered old Bagsby, "in looking over poor Mr. Welby's papers, I found an engagement of your father's, to pay to Mrs. Welby two thousand pounds, or, retaining it in his own hands, burdening the estate with it at four per cent. Are you aware of its ever having been paid? But, in short, I tell you I have gone carefully over all the accounts, and it has not been paid. I will let you know the precise amount in a day or two, and both matters can be arranged at once. Is this satisfactory?"

Satisfactory it might be—and, from the gratified malice perceptible on the lawyer's visage, it probably was to Mr. Bagsby himself, but the state of affairs was viewed in a very different light by the thunderstruck Mr. Vibbler. In the midst of this happy conclusion to three years' misery on the part of two amiable young people, it pains us, as grave historians, to have to relate, that on the result of the evening's discoveries being conveyed to the servants' hall, Mr. Tippings did not behave with the equanimity and decorum befitting his years and station. It is credibly reported that he kissed the cook in the most open and barefaced manner; and threw his hat with such prodigious impetus up to the ceiling, that he made it a shocking bad hat in a very few minutes, with two or three large indentations in the rim; that he drank an innumerable number of pints of strong ale, to the health of the young couple, and finally rolled off to bed, expressing an opinion of the family whose bread he was eating—or rather whose beer he was drinking—which could by no possibility be constructed into a compliment; while, at the same time, he gave it as his decided impression, that the young people were the handsomest match in England—sweet-tempered, splendid steppers, and both regularly thoroughbred.

#### Formation of New Coal Beds.

If we extend our observations to the actively-operating agencies which are now going on in countries covered with a dense vegetation, abounding in lakes and marshes, and traversed by vast rivers, we shall no longer feel surprised at the immense quantities of vegetable matter which compose coal measures. In America, trees in prodigious quantities, the wrecks of whole forests, are borne down by the tributary streams into the great rivers, and hurried along by the mighty flood of waters, till, arrested in their course, they become entangled, and form stationary masses called rafts, which, in the Mississippi, the Missouri, and other large rivers of North America, extend over many leagues, and are of great depth; in some instances, particular species are associated together, as cedars, pines, and firs, without the intermixture of other trees. Near the mouth of the Mississippi, in many of its larger branches, rafts of great extent, composed of drifted trees brought down every spring, constitute a matted bed of vegetables, which is many yards in thickness, and stretches over hundreds of square leagues. These rafts become covered with fine mud and sand, on which other trees and plants are drifted down the following year; earthy deposits again take place, and thus alternations of vegetables, with layers of calcareous matter, are annually produced, while a profuse growth of vegetation takes place at top.

In the lower plain of the Mississippi, immense inundations continually occur from the melting of the snow, and the flood of water thus suddenly pouring into the bed of the river, and that of the Missouri, the mouths of the large tributary rivers are thus absolutely choked up, and their waters, being driven backwards, overflow their banks, and inundate the lower parts of the plain, forming lakes of twenty miles or more in length. Here we have the conditions required for the formation of future coal fields; rapid development of vegetation in swamps, and other periodical inundations of watercharged with mud and sand. That the bituminization of vegetables, and their subsequent consolidation by pressure into coal, might take place under the conditions here contemplated, we can readily conceive, from what is already known as to the conversion of peat into coal, in bogs of comparatively recent origin; but in the coal measures we have vast alternations of strata that abound in marine remains. But rafts might be drifted into the tranquil depths of the ocean, and become covered with mud and sand; and a repetition of this process, at intervals, during a long period of time, would be sufficient to produce the appearances described. The occasional vertical position of the stems, and the admirable preservation of delicate leaves, do not appear to us to invalidate this inference; for in the entangled floating forests of the American rivers, trunks of trees often occur upright; and in the interior of the rafts, grasses and tender plants are often found entire. Such masses, therefore, might be drifted thousands of miles, and yet the embedded fragile species, protected by the external network of entangled branches, remain uninjured; and, undergoing bituminization,

while enveloped by the soft mud permeating the mass, might become changed into durable forms, similar to those which exist in the fossil plants of the coal.

#### The Progress of Duelling in France.\*

##### SECTION I.

THE origin of duelling may be traced to that barbarous state of society in which personal courage was deified as the perfection of human virtue, and the exhibition of it esteemed as the noblest ornament of life. Its causes are assignable to the rude liberty of an uncivilised people, to a false conception of honour, founded upon ignorance, and to superstition. During the earliest periods of civilisation, a belief of an adequate distribution of rewards and punishments in the present life seems to have generally obtained. Hence arose the practice of making a direct appeal to the Deity in single combat, under the persuasion that the justice of heaven would infallibly declare for the innocent, and visit the guilty with dishonour and death. Although the practice of deciding public disputes or quarrels by single combat has prevailed from the earliest ages of the world, yet these cases bear little analogy to the modern duel. They were always between public enemies, not between private friends or fellow-citizens.

In the ancient history of civilised nations such a species of warfare is not to be found. No traces of it are to be met with amongst the people of Asia, nor in the communities of Greece and Rome. Caesar relates that two of his officers having a dispute, mutually defied each other, not to single combat, but to show which of them should perform the most glorious actions in the succeeding battle, and that one of them, after beating the enemy back, was on the point of falling a victim, when he was rescued by his adversary. A similar instance of heroic emulation is mentioned of two officers of Alexander the Great's army. Metellus, when challenged by Sertorius, Antigonus by Pyrrhus, and Augustus Caesar by Mark Antony, replied merely, that they were not so dissatisfied with life as their challengers. Marino, when invited by a Teutonic Chief, sent him back a rope to hang himself, if he was tired of the world.

The duel is a peculiarity of modern times, and of the northern nations of Europe. One of the earliest constitutional usages of Germany of which we read, was the custom for particular families to wage war with one another, for the expiation or satisfaction of affronts or injuries. Tacitus relates that an ordinary device of the Germans for ascertaining the event of a projected war or military expedition, was to match a prisoner of the hostile nation against a champion of their own, and that the event of the combat was regarded as a sure presage of the result of the intended enterprise. It is a fact to which sufficient attention has scarcely been paid, that in the constitution of the early German tribes, while the cognizance of all offences against the state, such as treason, deserting the banners of the chief, going over to the enemy, was by custom especially reserved for the assemblies of the people, crimes against the person or property, such as mutilation, maiming, robbery, and homicide itself, were regarded rather as civil injuries, than as offences against the public peace. The power of punishing the latter description of guilt existed in no magistrate or public authority; all that the community bound itself to do in such cases, was to procure compensation to the weaker party for the damage done. There were no crimes but those against the commonwealth, in a state where every man was deemed competent to maintain his rights, or avenge his quarrels with the sword. Family feuds and family combats from this cause became universal in Europe after the irruptions of the barbarians had destroyed the Roman empire. It is, however, from the records of France that any satisfactory account of the early history of duelling is to be collected.

Universal as it was by usages, which time had combined and settled into law, society soon loosened the ligatures by which it was bound; and, in the salique law, granted a dispensation from acting in an hostile manner, to any timid individual of belligerent families, who was inclined to desist from exacting a satisfactory vengeance for wrongs or injuries received; but, at the same time, annulled the defaulters' right of inheritance as a punishment for recreancy so ignominious. The early legislators of France, finding it impossible to put an entire stop (for that the evils were known, and its complete suppression an object to them cannot reasonably be doubted,) to the licentious abuse of courage, contented themselves with prescribing limits to it, and to do so framed the judiciary form of "Trial by Battle." Hence arose a new species of jurisprudence, which may not improperly be called, the right of the sword. This mode of deciding civil contests could not, however, in its first stages, be claimed as a mere matter of right. If the proofs in the litigation were so obviously glaring as to flash immediate conviction against the party complained of, then the Judges decided summarily, by inflicting a penalty adequate to the offence. It was only when the affair wore a doubtful complexion, that the contending parties were allowed to proceed to trial by battle.

Judicial combats are to be distinguished from the tournaments which were so much in vogue during the

days of chivalry. The latter were somewhat after the manner of the gladiatorial games in ancient Rome, except that instead of fighting by the hands of slaves, the knights fought by their own. We have an exposition of the purposes and ceremonies of tournaments in the code of laws for their regulation drawn up by René of Anjou, King of Sicily and Jerusalem, who, being despoiled of his dominions, found ample leisure for this important purpose. In these singular *pandects*, it is laid down as a fundamental rule, that jousts and tournaments are to be held in honour of the fair sex. They alone were to inspect the arms and distribute the prizes; and if any knight or esquire should speak evil of any lady, the other combatants were to maule the libeller with their swords, until the assembled fair ones adjudged the drubbing sufficient. Tournaments were strictly of the nature of spectacles or games, and could be held only by a prince or great baron. Judicial duels were upon a very different principle. They were for the redress of wrongs or the restitution of rights.

The first recorded legislation on the trial by battle is the Gombette Law, which was instituted by Gondebald King of Burgundy in 501, and allowed the expedient of duelling to those impleaders from whom the oath administered to offenders did not obtain a voluntary acquittance of the cause complained of. Charlemagne, in his statute books, allowed the litigating parties, when proper testimonies for terminating the matter in dispute had been adduced, to have recourse to the trial with quarter staff and buckler, which practice was conformable to the Lombard Law. It was not until the reign of Louis le Debonnaire, (816-840), that litigants were permitted to decide their disputes with what are specifically called arms; and from his reign, none but vassals or peasants combated with the quarter staff.

Henry II. (1031-1060), attempted to restrain the practice, by instituting "the truce of our Lord," which forbade duelling from Wednesday night to Monday morning, as a mark of veneration for those days of the week which Christ had consecrated by the last mysteries of his holy life.

Louis le Jeune followed up the attempts of his predecessor, by forbidding, in 1168, duelling in civil suits in which the debts did not exceed the sum of five sous of that period. This salutary enactment must soon have fallen into disuse, for in the time of St. Louis, (1226-1270,) a debt exceeding twelve farthings was deemed sufficient. The existence of these regulations affords ample proof how universal these combats must have been. Grave and petty causes, a dispute about a trifling sum of money, an accusation of murder, robbery, or perjury, a contested title to honours or estates, equally afforded legitimate grounds for these conflicts. Even the rights of the church, its domains and revenues, were subjected to this singular ordeal; sometimes the zeal of an ecclesiastic carried him into the lists as a champion. In the generality of cases, the cause of the church, as well as that of females, minors, the sick and the maimed, was committed to the care of some sturdy warrior, who was ready to risk his life for the benefit of others.

Along with other continental customs, William the Conqueror introduced this feature of Norman jurisprudence into England. But, like other foreign usages, it was modified by the peculiar genius of the people, and was only used in three cases; in the decision of causes in the courts martial or courts of chivalry; in appeals of felony; and in civil cases upon issue joined in a writ of right, in which last, it was, until the reign of Henry II., the only mode of decision.

When the litigation between two parties was allowed by the proper tribunals to be decided by an appeal to arms, the adverse persons, or their authorised champions, appeared on the assigned day within a ring, formed for the purpose by the officers of the court, and guarded by its functionaries. They were, if of noble blood, on horseback, and furnished with all the offensive and defensive armour of the time. They were strictly enjoined to carry a crucifix, or the image of a saint, upon their shields or banners. The heralds arranged the spectators around the ring, all of whom were on foot, no one being permitted to be present on horseback, under the penalty, if noble, of losing his steed, if not noble, of having an ear cut off. Originally, a gallows was erected at one extremity of the lists to hang the vanquished as soon as the fight was over. Two seats, covered with black, were prepared for the champions, on which they sat during the ceremonies preliminary to the combat. The presiding officer, who was generally the judge of the court from whence the proceedings issued, accompanied by a priest, caused each of the combatants to be sworn upon a cross, that the right was on his side, and that he bore upon him no enchantments or magic arms. The illustrious St. George was invoked for the truth of the oath; though even his undoubted name was not some times satisfactory, and the persons of the antagonists were often scrupulously searched for charms and bewitched weapons. When the preliminary ceremonies were gone through, the marshal of the field pronounced the signal—"Let the brave champions loose." The parties were ordered to charge, and the mortal struggle commenced. The conquered party was accounted infamous, and if he were not killed in the fight, was generally hanged or ignominiously mutilated. His arms were seized for the benefit of the presiding officer, the prevailing maxim being, "the dead must be wrong, the conquered ought to suffer." When burglars or other infe-

\* This summary of an interesting topic through a long series of years, and strictly according to history, has been drawn up at great labour, and after much research.



rior persons adventured on the trial by battle, their weapons were limited to clubs, wherewith they beat each others' heads until victory declared for one of the two. If the skull of the craven or defeated party were not so battered or smashed as to have caused death, he was without delay hanged; the conquerors were carried home in triumph and enjoyed the spoils of the defunct.\*

### The Smuggler's Grave.

#### CHAPTER I.—THE ALARM.

THE very romantically situated village of L—, in the county of Kent, was, some fifty or sixty years ago, one of the most noted smuggling stations on the coast. The noted inefficiency of the preventive service of the period only acted as a stimulus to these bold and daring men, and without checking the evil, served but to excite their ingenuity and courage—their love of adventure and thirst of wealth, the more. Many are the wild stories related of the deeds and exploits of these fearless searovers, and wonderful and numerous instances of their cunning and quickness in devising expedients, and of their dexterity and valour in carrying their plans into execution, are still told by the hoary chroniclers of the sequestered hamlet. Amongst these traditions of a rover, and perhaps not the least interesting, will be found "The Smuggler's Grave."

It was a calm and mellow evening in autumn, the slanting beams of the sinking sun were tingeing with his own golden hue the peaks and projections of the rocky shore, and making "the village windows blaze," as ten or twelve men in fisher's garb were seated upon the long bench that extended in front of the solitary village ale-house. The foaming ale was passed from hand to hand with the freedom of long tried and ready fellowship, and jest and laugh, and harmless glee, enlivened their hour of enjoyment. In the little bay in front, which seemed to have scooped itself a nest from out of the surrounding rocks, a long, low-hulled, yet high raking vessel rocked to and fro on the swells. She was alone, and held by a short cable, with her sails clewed up in such fashion that they could in one instant be shook out, at the same moment the anchor could be tripped, and she put before the breeze, and ready and able to brace any sea and dare any danger.

"Is she not a beautiful creature, Martin," said one of the men, addressing his nearest comrade, while he rested the measure on his knee, and surveyed the trim and gallant bark with a glance of admiration. "Is she not a palace for a prince—there's not such a model swims from Jersey to Jerusalem, and as right and tight as one of old Hans Vanderpumps flasks of Schniedem, with his own seal on the cork."

"Aye, aye," responded Martin, "and quiet as she looks, I warrant me she has gone through more wicked work in her time than a dozen of the king's cruisers all together."

"Well, messmates," said a third, "here's success to the jolly little Rover, and here's to

The wind that blows,  
The ship that goes,  
And the lass that loves a sailor."

and draining each his measure dry, they all joined in an enthusiastic hurrah.

"Come, Bill Barnacle," said the first speaker, turning to a young man who sat near. "Come, Bill, give a stave, a real sou'-wester lilt—like what you tip the revenue nabbers, when the little Rover is giving his Majesty's utter the go-by on a hazy night."

"Aye, Martin," replied the young man, "that is the time to sing, when the winds laugh in our bellying canass, and the waves join in chorus around us, while the little skimmer there is dancing under us as if she were nudged with life and rejoiced in her speed."

"Come, Bill, the song—the song," joined in all the rest, and the young man without hesitation, but like one who knew and felt confident in his powers, trilled out in free, manly, and sonorous tones, the following sea ditty, made expressly in praise of the idol of his heart, the lovely little Rover.

Come heave ahead, her white wings spread  
Before the sweeping breeze;  
And mark how gallantly she'll tread  
The surface of the seas.  
Lay out, lay out, spread out each sheet,  
Until you crack the mast—  
How joyously she flies to meet  
The rushing of the blast.

See how the sparkling waves at war,  
Rush on to kiss her prow;  
Oh! what cares now the Rover for  
A fellow or a foe.  
She loves the singing of the wind,  
She loves the wild waves roar,  
But most she loves to leave behind  
The false and faithless shore.

\* Wager of battle was allowed, not only between the principal parties in a suit, but between one party and a witness produced by the other. On the lie being given to a witness the combat was ordained, and if the witness was acquitted, the party producing him was held guilty of subornation. But this was not all: if the process had been tried by depositions, the losing party had a right to impeach the judgment of the Court, give the Judge the lie at the moment of pronouncing judgment, and challenge him to be field. On the other hand, the Magistrate had a right to challenge any who refused obedience.

Now where's "the sea-dog," that would dare  
To cross us in our path,  
Ah! soon the fools shall learn to fear  
The Rover in her wrath.  
She is no dolphin of the deep,  
But the fierce and fanged shark;  
For fearless hearts and hands now keep  
The bold free-trader's bark.

This song was received with reiterated cheers of applause, and the flowing measure was passed round the group with a rapturous enthusiasm. In the midst of their revelry they were joined by the landlord of the "Hostellerie" and a young man in the garb of a seaman of a superior rank from those around him. His appearance also bespoke one of a more elevated stamp of mind, while his bright unquailing eye—firm-cast, yet handsome features—his well knit, yet lithe frame, and his ample shoulders, and expanded chest, told of him as one who had the strength to do, and the recklessness and will to dare.

"Well, messmates," said the youth, sitting down amongst them, "I am proud to see you all so hearty—push about my hearts of oak, never let the jug come to an anchor while it holds a drop—our cargo is all safe—so we may defy the land sharks and give loose for one night to mirth and good fellowship. There she sits as close as a duck, and as clear as a new cutlass. That was a regular dog-watch song of yours, Bill Barnacle; come let me have a drink with you—nay, fill it man—up to the brim, 'here's success to the Jolly Rover and her crew,'" and he drained the goblet to the bottom. Again their wild hurras made the caverns of the shore resound, and his health and a life of happiness were toasted with fervor and earnest zeal. Young Harry Herne was the son of a wealthy farmer who resided near the village of L—. From his infancy an uncommon predilection for the sea led him early to associate with the fearless fishers of the coast, with whom, to the terror of his parents, he spent most part of his time; sometimes engaged in the unlawful pursuits which occupied the better share of their time and thoughts, and sometimes busied in the arduous tasks which ostensibly formed the avocation of their lives. In these desperate adventures he soon acquired a name above his compeers for daring and dexterity, and his love for this life of danger continuing to increase, his father was induced to purchase for him a share in a small coasting vessel. Here he acquired skill in the management of a trader, but soon sold his share in the coaster, and entered on board a Dutch vessel, half trader, half smuggler. He remained with the Dutch for a voyage or two, and then returned to his native village much improved in circumstances, and with a thorough confidence in his own skill and science. He got the little Rover built after a certain model, and engaging some of the boldest and most expert of his former companions, she was furnished and put to sea as a regular free trader. She proved unequalled for speed, and was always able to baffle the revenue cruisers; and once being surprised while landing a rich cargo, she fought the king's ship and so disabled her, that she was glad to be allowed to sheer off, and leave the daring smuggler to make the best hand of his contraband merchandise. Herne was now a passing wealthy man; he had a stout vessel of his own, and a brave and numerous crew devoted to his interests. His fame was the theme of every tongue, and his unparalleled successes trumpeted far and near; while his dexterity, prowess, and courage, were magnified beyond that of any other free trader that had ever visited the coast. Harry had long fixed his affections on Alice, the fair daughter of Justin Fairbrother, mine host of the British flag and the agent to the Rover. Alice, too, had long and tenderly loved Harry, and purely for himself alone. His fame and the prosperity which attended him in his illegal pursuits, and which she was taught to consider as the reward and results of his superior virtues, made her feel a double pride in being the heart's chosen of such a man. Every voice raised in his praise sounded in her ears like the words of angelic spirits, and sunk into her heart like a balm and a benediction. Harry had won her father's consent, and this was the evening on which the wedding was to take place. Everything was in happy preparation; his men were ashore, and the villagers were gathering round to celebrate the union of two fond hearts with all becoming festivity.

"Messmates," said Harry, after a short pause, "our kind landlord here informs me, that certain suspicious-looking strangers have been seen prowling about here this day or two, as if waiting our arrival, and that this very morning the rascal of an exciseman set off on horseback to Deal, where a cutter has been lying this week back."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the mariners simultaneously. "Why let 'em come, Master Herne. Bless your lively limbs, the bird has fled, the prize has vanished like the sails of a lugger in a fog-bank, and the guns, who they're stowed away as snug as if she never carried an ounce of powder since her keel left the stocks. Ha! ha! how innocent she looks—let 'em come, let 'em come."

"Why," said the landlord, "there must be something in it—something serious, and I fear treachery may be at the bottom, for as I passed through the Fisher's Glen this morning I called at the cottage of Bumps, and he was not at home. You know the disgrace he has suffered at our hands—he never will forget. Bumps is a revenge-

ful and black-hearted man. Harry Herne, I warn you to beware."

"He broke our laws three times," said the young man, "and we expelled him, but he will not turn traitor; he cannot break the oath by which he is bound—nay, he knows he dare not—he knows me too well. At the worst all he can 'peach about is the skirmish with a king's cruiser—but what of that—he dare not."

"Too much, too much," replied the landlord, "and it's bad trusting your chickens to a sleeping fox, and foolishness to walk blindfolded through the house when a halter hangs at the gate. I would not trust him, and my advice would be that you immediately be off to sea for a day or two, until all doubts are removed. If I am wrong why no harm is done—if I am right, the evil were well avoided."

"Justin Fairbrother," replied Harry, "you see more in a passing cloud than another man would in a hurricane. You have lived so long on shore that you fancy every breeze a tornado; come, man, look on the bright side of the weather—or is it that you wish to defer my happiness, are you playing me the child, Master Justin?"

"No, Henry Herne," answered the landlord, "you should know me better; my daughter's welfare has been ever held too precious for me to trifle with one who is soon to have it in his keeping. But I am done; I spoke but for your good."

"Well, here's my hand, Justin," said the young man, "it is all over. We'll have a happy night. Come, Bill Barnacle, give us t'other song: let us have one of your merriest ditties; this is no time to think about sharks or sea-bailiffs—they may all go to Davy Jones. The song, Bill, the song! Bill, as usual, without the slightest indication of bashfulness, spread his broad horny palm, on which he rested his bronzed brow, and after pausing a moment as if to recollect the words or the tune, gave out the following rude

#### SONG.

Come, fill up the sparkling glasses high,  
For a bumper it must be;  
And may his cup though life run dry  
Who would not pledge with me.  
Then here's, the wide world over,  
To hearts—the brave and the free;  
And here's to the fearless Rover,  
Whether on the land or sea.

He drinks of the rich and ruby wine  
Wherever the grape grows free,  
From the farthest East to the rolling Rhine;—  
And the Frenchman's *eau de vie*.  
The Western Isles send rum for his use,  
And brown ale the banks of Trent:  
And his is the Dutchman's Juniper juice,  
And the Spaniard's *Aguardiente*.

There is pleasure for him on every strand,  
And beauty on every shore,  
And a hope that greets him in every land,  
Makes him love his own the more.  
Then drink, the wide world over,  
To hearts that are brave and free,  
And a health to the jolly Rover,  
Whether on land or sea.

That night Harry Herne was a happy man—he had within his arms "the visioned hope of years," for the one whom he had long and faithfully loved was now his own. Many and many were the guests of the humble but comfortable hostelry, and the laugh, and the song, and the dance followed in rapid succession through the night. Articles of foreign luxury were scattered in profusion, whilst the native October, "brown and bright," followed in rivers. The bride and bridegroom had retired, but still the seamen and villagers stood stoutly to the carouse, and long and sturdily did their strong and well practised heads resist the potent effects of the liquor.

The revel was waxing dull—some were still loud and boisterous over their cups, others were nodding in half stupid weariness, and many lay prone upon the benches and the floor. The dawn was breaking in the misty east, and eclipsing with its grey light the lowly burning tapers, when a man but half dressed rushed in, and with a loud exclamation, roused the slumbering, and startled the drinkers.

"Up men, up!" he cried, "is this a time to be bawling your ballads and swilling like swine, when the little Rover has been boarded and carried by the crew of a king's cutter, and two armed boats are within a pistol's shot of the beach."

In an instant all was in confusion. Cups half drained were dashed from the lips, and those who were nodding started to their feet, and with staring eyes seemed to enquire if what they had heard as in a dream could be true. One was shouting for one thing to be done—another was ordering something else—the bold were arming, and the timid seeking for a hiding place. The wire had reached the bridal chamber, and Harry Herne made his appearance amongst them half-dressed. The matter was briefly explained.

"It is right, then," said he, "my dream is true. Arm, Rovers, arm!—it is now for life or a rope's end, and a dog's death at the yard-arm, for we are betrayed;—the traitor has sold us, but dearly shall he rue the treachery. But let us out and face them manfully;—let them not catch us under hatches until they smoke us out. Come, my lads, show them what the jolly Rovers can do once more."

So saying the smuggler led his men to the beach.



### The Chief of the Russells.

AMONG the many noble and gallant spirits who came forth in various ways to rescue their country from degradation, and its liberties from ruin, in the days of Charles II. none bore a higher character for purity of motives than did William Lord Russell; yet was he marked out by the then Duke of York, the king's brother, for his peculiar revenge, he having availed himself of the undoubted privilege of an Englishman to question the succession to the throne. Prosecuted by the infamous Jefferies, tried by an illegal jury, denied the privilege of challenge, and sworn against by perjured witnesses, he was condemned to die the death of a traitor. His lady threw herself at the king's feet, and pleaded with many tears the merit and loyalty of her father (who had been one of Charles's most faithful ministers) as an atonement for the errors of her husband. But her entreaties were of no avail. Every effort was continued to the last by his friends to save his life, and it was more than once supposed that the king would have yielded but for the machinations of his brother, who, with an indecent and fiendish vengeance, suggested that his victim should be executed before his own house, in the presence of his wife and children. Heartless as the king was, the proposal was rejected, and the noble lord gave up his valuable life in defence of a glorious principle in Lincoln's-inn-fields, on the 20th July, 1683, sustaining to the last an unexampled fortitude, and leaving a name of which his illustrious family may well hold in devout remembrance.\*

The royal encroachments on the liberties of the people succeeded for a time, the king died, and was succeeded by the Duke of York; but the troubles of the country heaved around him like a deep sea swell, and as one after another of his faithless courtiers left him to his impending fate, he personally sought assistance, among others, from the Earl of Bedford—from him who had prayed to him that his grey hairs might not be brought with sorrow to the grave by the execution of his only son—from the father-in-law of her who pleaded the services of her own father, and the claims of her children on their grandsire's merits—from the father of him, who, less than six years before, he exultingly would have executed before his victim's house. There was a sinless retribution in the Earl's reply to the solicitation of James for assistance, when he thus meanly besought him, "My Lord of Bedford, you are an honest man, have great credit, and can do me signal service." "Ah sir," replied the Earl, "I am old and feeble, BUT I HAD ONCE A SON."†

\* Like Lord Stafford, he refused to give any sign to the executioner, who having deliberately taken aim, at two strokes severed the head from the body. In the written speech circulated after his death, he expressed his belief in the reality of the popish plot; that his zeal in favour of the exclusion of James originated in a desire to obviate the danger of political papistry, and disclaimed any intention of altering the form of the Government. He denied that his offence was treason, as there were no levying of war, but admitted being present when there was some loose talk with others of surprising the guards. Upon which it was held by the crown that whoever comes into an assembly more than once, where rebellion is proposed, though he says nothing, is in law presumed to consent to it, and guilty of high-treason; it is held misprision if he does not discover it the first time.

† Mr. Wade, in his admirable summary of British history, gives the following account of the bigot king:—

James was deposed from the Government of three kingdoms with as little disturbance as a parish changes its overseer. So complete a national defection is without a parallel. A change of government was effected without bloodshed or popular commotion. Profound tranquillity prevailed throughout the country, and the administration of the prince of Orange was submitted to, as if he had succeeded in the most regular manner to the vacant throne. The fleet received his orders; the army, without murmur or opposition, allowed him to remodel them, and the city promptly supplied him with money for his present necessities. Such is the omnipotence of public opinion, and the ease and safety with which a great political revolution may be effected, when the people are unanimous in their resistance of tyranny.

The abdicated monarch had hardly any private virtues to redeem his public errors. Sincere he doubtless was in his bigotry, and disinterested even to weakness, in its maintenance, but his sincerity was that of a monk; for while making the most solemn promises to maintain the religion and liberties of the people, his whole reign was directed to their subversion. It is extraordinary that a man who was generous enough to avow his own sentiments at whatever risk, should wish by every means, fair or foul, to deprive others of the same privilege. Bravery has been imputed to him, but his courage was problematical: he did not evince it at the battle of the Boyne, nor in some of the incidents of the Dutch war. If not actively, he was passively cruel; the rewards he bestowed on Jefferies, and the brutal jests in which he indulged on the sanguinary proceedings of that ruffian judge, are an indelible stain on his memory. When shipwrecked in the north, he evinced more anxiety about the preservation of himself, his dogs, and priests, than the ship's company, or of his brother-in-law Hyde, who accompanied him, while duke of York. He had the character of a man of business, but it seems as if he merited it more by dogged industry than dispatch or discrimination. Although cold and formal in manner, he did not escape the licentious contagion of his brother's court, and had several avowed mistresses.

Upon the whole, in the love of the polite arts and the virtues of private life, James was inferior to Charles I.,

Need it be added that the King turned as if bitten by a serpent. He quietly retired.

It would be unjust to the exalted lady from whom has descended so many worthy scions of the House of Russell not to mention that her devotion to her condemned lord was unceasing, and that so completely did she bend herself to spare him every pang, that on her last parting with him she gave him no disturbance, but bound up in his presence every sob, every sigh, every tear, that a loving wife and distracted mother might well have been allowed to vent. To the end of her long life she continued a widow, faithful to the memory of her lord, and evinced through her many family trials a fortitude and devotion which have rendered her a pattern to all women. Six months after the death of her only son, one of her daughters died in childbed in her presence. By a singular coincidence another of her daughters was, on the same day, in a like condition, which rendered it necessary not only that she should conceal her sister's death, but even assume a lively manner before her surviving daughter; and in reply to inquiries respecting the sister, this strong-hearted woman replied, while her heartstrings must have been cracking, by this extraordinary colouring of the fact—"I have seen your sister out of bed to-day." Such ancestors are indeed worth being proud of, and were all the members of the aristocracy possessed of a like devoted virtue, their names would be as laden with public honour, and a people's homage, as too many of them are encumbered with reproach.

### Editorial Notices.

STAY LACING.—A very sensible young lady, "who is more desirous of possessing good health than a good (or rather a fashionable figure)" requests to be informed where the stays recommended in our Journal may be obtained. The "boddice," as we believe it is called, was invented by Mr. Hare of Leeds, and is strongly recommended by the faculty in the cure of spinal diseases; but we are not aware of its being kept ready made at any of the fashionable stay warehouses in town. Several ladies of our acquaintance, we are permitted to say, have made the article themselves, the only materials required being jain, cotton lining, cotton cord, linen thread, and a stout needle. An ordinary stay maker could very easily make the boddice, and although a trifle more might be charged than they are really worth, from their newness, that ought not to debar our fair friend from following out her excellent resolution.—The same "gentle reader and gentler purchaser" considers it but fair that we should give the men a lecture in their turn, a duty which we certainly shall perform with great pleasure. Rigid as our venerable contributor has been in his remarks on the ladies, they are milk and honey to what will be said of the men. We have no doubt that our gentlemen readers have been crowing rather ungallantly at the "Experiences;" if they have, their indiscretion shall be amply avenged.

A communication has also been received on the subject of the stays, addressed to the writer of the article thereon, by "A Young Mother." We rejoice that a lady entering on the sweet yet severe duties of a mother, has resolved to despise the prevailing fashion, and give herself up to the nurture of her family, and the care of her own health. We have only to add, that the improved stays cannot by any means be so expensive as the others, and that the great advantage they possess is in their guarding the back, instead of compressing the bust. We shall take an early opportunity of communicating with the inventor, and have no doubt but he will find it profitable to appoint an authorised agent for London.

SECRET MEETINGS.—A love-born Juliet has solicited us to give our opinion of clandestine meetings, in consequence of the object of her choice being denied the privilege of visiting at her father's house. Secret meetings are quite as vicious in domestic life as they are in political society. They are the source of present heart-burnings and future recriminations. When a woman too readily yields to the solicitations of "the stranger," to meet him when and where he pleases, she places herself too much within his power, and enables him to assume a command over her

while he had some of his worst vices. He was quite as obstinate as his father. Opposition might change his resolves but never weakened his convictions. There might be something English in this, as well as in the character of his intercourse with the French monarch. James, while receiving the money of France, was always indignant at the idea of England being considered the vassal or dependent state of that kingdom. Louis remarked on the inconsistent pride of the Stuart, by observing, "The king, my brother, is proud, but he is fond of the French pistols." In this connexion with France, as in his domestic government, he evinced his defective intellect. Meditating a great struggle with his own subjects, it was obviously his wisest policy to cultivate a cordial understanding, which he did not, with his Gallican neighbour.

James survived his dethronement ten years. As his punishment was milder than his father's, so it was productive of more enduring benefits to the nation. By his expulsion, two important constitutional advantages were secured. First, the supremacy of the law was established, and the slavish maxim,—"From God the king,—from king the law,"—corrected: it was settled that kings might do wrong, and their rights were not indefeasible. Secondly, the authority of parliament was acknowledged, and the prerogative claims more definitely ascertained. The contest lasted five hundred years, and ended by making the crown a derivative of the commons, in lieu of the contrary, as heretofore contended. It was not, however, a popular movement. The masses had no share in the revolution of 1688; it was effected by the aristocracy of church and state, who reaped its chief benefits. But it had this advantage to the people—it brought them one turn nearer the goal of political power, which in a latter age they have reached.

which he would never otherwise attempt. Let our fair correspondent obey her parents; if her swain is at all worthy, he will appreciate her conduct, and trust confidently to her constancy. Fathers are not so hard hearted as they are called, although they often forget the hasty feelings of their own youth, and judge love-sickness with uncompassionate calculation. Never mind, Juliet. Sighs, and tears, and dishevelled hair will do no good. Be cheerful, attentive, and obedient at home, and papa will soon discover that your self-betrothed is not so much to blame in loving so very nice a girl as you appear to be.

SINGING STEEL.—An admirer of Burns wants to know the meaning of the expression, in the poet's address to a Scotch Haggis:—

"Clap in his wallee nieve a blade  
He'll make it whistle."

The poem is intended to illustrate the hardness and strength of muscle which results from feeding on the Scottish ragout, and the passage alluded to implies that swordsmen so victualled, will be able to wield his claymore until it whistles in the air by the rapid evolutions of the arm. We cannot better illustrate the idea than by giving the following anecdote told by Allan Cunningham:—"To make a steel blade whistle requires a man! There was Donald Bane, when sixty-six years old, and no saxe souple as he had been, was called on to fight for the honour of the broad sword, with a foreign braggart, 'Donald (said his chief) d'ye think yere yauld (able or strong) enough for him?' With that he whipt out his claymore—a broad bright bit o' steel it was—and made it whistle in the air like a hunting hawk; weel! away he gaed up the Lawn-market to the strife, and ye'll na hinder some ane frae saying, 'Ah Donald's failed (worn out with age); I doubt he'll no do!' When Donald heard this, I wish ye had seen but his ee—it glented fire—he lap right up into the air, and seizing a lamp-iron far aboon other men's reach, lunged by at hand for a moment, sprang proudly down, and cried, 'She'll do yet!' And he did do."

STATUE OF CHARLES FIRST.—This equestrian statue was not erected by the exuberant loyalty of popular subscriptions, but came from a fund which was voted by Parliament on the 30th of January, 1678, to solemnize the funeral of the "Martyr King," and erect a monument to his memory. This grant amounted to £70,000, and was given in the same year with £40,000, as a portion to the Princess Mary on her marriage with the Prince of Orange, afterwards King William, "of pious and immortal memory." During the recess, previous to these votes, the Court gave £10,000 to the imperial ambassador, £12,000 to the Spanish envoy, and a like sum to the French ambassador, to purchase votes in the House of Commons. Charles II.'s disgraceful pension from France was this year expended in the same patriotic manner. These bribes, however, wrought their own cure; when the court and country were completely exhausted, the corrupt party saw the error of their ways, listened to the voice of patriots, declared the people sovereign, and called themselves the agents under heaven of a great and glorious revolution.

AN UNEHEEDED EARTHQUAKE.—It was during the battle of Thrasimene, between the troops of Hannibal and Flaminius, the Roman consul, that an earthquake occurred, and was unnoticed by the combatants. The Romans had been completely encircled by the mastery tactics of the Carthaginian, the consul was killed, and Roman desperation strove only to make defeat less terrible, the invaders being eager to avenge themselves for a long amount of Roman insult. Livy, the Roman historian says—"Such was their mutual animosity, so intent were they upon the battle, that the earthquake, which overthrew in great part many of the cities of Italy, which turned the course of rapid streams, poured back the sea upon the rivers, and tore down the very mountains, was not felt by one of the combatants." Byron, on visiting this remarkable spot, was elevated to a sense of its poetic and romantic fame, and infused his own high spirit into the following stanzas illustrative of the events of that stormy day:—"I roam

By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles  
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;  
For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles  
Come back before me, as his skill beguiles  
The host between the mountains and the shore,  
Where courage falls in her despairing files,  
And torrents, swoll'n to rivers with their gore,  
Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scattered o'er;  
Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds;  
And such the storm of battle on this day,  
And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds  
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,  
An earthquake reel'd unheeded away!  
None felt stern nature rocking at his feet,  
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay  
Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet;  
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet!

The earth to them was as a rolling bark  
Which bore them to eternity; they saw  
The Ocean round, but had no time to mark  
The motions of their vessel; nature's law,  
In them suspended, reek'd not of the awe  
Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds  
Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw  
From their down-topping nests; and bellowing herds  
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread has no words.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now;  
Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain  
Rent by no ravage, save the gentle plough;  
Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain  
Lay where their roots are; but a brook hath ta'en—  
(A little rill of scanty stream and bed)—  
A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain:  
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead  
Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling waters red.

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# CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL



"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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## The Pharaohs of Egypt.

THE entire history of elder Egypt is written in hieroglyphics. Some of the early Greek authors give detailed accounts of the dynasties, laws, and habits of the Egyptians, but even these remote descriptions go not sufficiently far back into the annals of time to enable us to satisfy and prove the correctness of the legendary history of this most remarkable country. The investigations which have of late years been made into the monumental inscriptions of Egypt have added greatly to the stock of public information, and although learned travellers sometimes differ in their interpretation of various remarkable passages and signs, enough has been gleaned to enable us to give a short outline of the Pharaohs. It may be remarked, however, that the history of the oldest living country in the world, is not one of war and bloodshed: it is rather one of the earnest gropings of mental darkness, which the inhabitants progressed wonderfully in knowledge, while they surpassed all their contemporaries in the wild whirling flights of speculation. The most abstruse sciences were reduced to order, their laws explained and creations determined: the arts flourished in the midst of peaceful people, and self-pride grew and waxed mighty along them. They looked with contempt on the ignorance of those around—they left the stranger to war and to despoil—they shut their gates upon him, and enjoyed without interruption all the luxuries and refinements which modern nations had long fancied to belong to these our own times.

On the extirpation of the Shepherd kings, to which we allude in our outline of the "First Kingdoms," the three provinces of Egypt were united in one, under the government of Osirtesen, who was the Pharaoh that raised up the land of Joseph, and received his brethren.\* This prince, though the direct means by which one great shepherd king was expelled from Egypt, was the immediate cause of another being introduced into the land vacated by the former. It was long a favourite argument of the sceptic, that it was not at all likely that the land of Goshen had been lying vacant for the children of Israel, nor that any sovereign would dispossess his people to accommodate a stranger; but here, by the untarnished record of enduring stone, it is proved that the dwellers in the sunny spot had been expelled for political offences: and that a grateful monarch bestowed the abandoned territory on the brethren of him whose wisdom had saved the entire country from destruction, and his people from the most fearful mode of human extermination. In the reign of this monarch the phonetic alphabet was introduced, which we can only explain by saying that it was a combination of signs and figures, as well as letters, and that it was admirably adapted to enable its founders to retain the key of knowledge in their own hands, while its less important elements were distributed among the people. This was a check on the priesthood, whose derivation and character we have already explained: common justice, however, compels us to say that their example has been well and fully followed by their successors, and that even the professors and teachers of the mild and truly humane Christian faith have not hesitated to follow such an example.

Osirtesen was one of the flourishing and successful kings of Egypt, not, as we have already observed, in foreign conquest and alien subjugation, but in obtaining the greatest possible degree of domestic success and comfort for his subjects. Let us suppose for a moment, a seven years' scarcity in the most refined of modern countries—

\* A most remarkable painting has lately been discovered in the tomb of Benihasen, traced to have been governor of the land of Goshen at this period. It is a procession composed of thirty-seven persons, which, by a learned and acute dissertation in the *Westminster Review* is shown to be emblematical of the second arrival of the younger patriarchs in Egypt. This subject is so interesting, so fraught with Biblical and Pagan truths, so replete with evidence of the historic value of the sacred writings, that we must devote an exclusive chapter to its marvellous exposition.

would not the poor, the needy, the idle, the violent make themselves acquainted with the ministers of State? Would not the disaffected, the turbulent, the selfishly ambitious harangue the crowd, and cause deeds of violence and blood? Our early and everlasting instructors, the sacred authors, tell us of nothing approaching to this, nor do the Greek historians—no, nor do the tablets, obelisks, pillars, and tombs of Egypt, graven as they are with the thrice-told tale of departed ages. Order, harmony, and confidence appear to have been the prevailing conduct of the day. The tomb of Osirtesen has not yet been discovered; but the enduring structures of this wondrous land give ample evidence that it is still in existence, and future research may yet display the marvels of his reign.

This judicious and well-counselled monarch was succeeded by Amosis, whose reign was a continuation of the same happy system of paternal government. Even in this early stage of human history, we observe that the reigns of the good and wise are passed over in comparative silence, while those of tyrants, of human despoilers, and monsters in regal robes are emblazoned on the gilded page of parasitical narrative. There never was a more true or happy observation made than this, (and it was a favourite remark of the inquiring Greek biographers,) that when little is said concerning a long reign, the reader may content himself with the reflection that the people were happy and the king beloved. Should this be true, as we believe it is, the memory of these two Egyptian monarchs we have alluded to may have been embalmed as their bodies were, amidst the tears, prayers, and regrets of those who dwelt beneath their government, and who, however wedded to a system, were convinced that the good of the many was never sacrificed for that of the few.

Amenoph I. was the successor of Amosis, having married his daughter; and although a stranger in the royal family of the Pharaohs, in right of his wife wielded the sceptre and dispensed the law. Egyptian pillars, dates upon tombs, Scripture, and Josephus, all concur in describing this as the Pharaoh "who knew not Joseph." He must have stood much in the relation to Egypt as William III. did to England; he married the king's daughter, but would not accept the cares of government unless he had the honours also. Little has yet been discovered respecting this sovereign, except that his line of issue failed, and that his successor came from another branch of the royal line. Whether or not the Egyptians failed to engross his history on his tomb, as was "their custom in the afternoon" of a monarch's life, or that his final resting place has not yet fallen into the democratic hands of the modern invader, we cannot say. We may here at least repeat the fervent wish we uttered in No. 8, respecting the opportunity now offered to Mehemet Ali, by which he may gratify the curiosity of the antiquarian world in permitting a full and leisurely investigation of the antique treasures with which his land is stored. An account or painting representing the destruction of the Egyptian host in the Red Sea, either in the monument to Amenoph, as his final exploit, or in that of Thothmos, as the cause of his acquiring the regal dignity, would be an invaluable treasure to the world, and drown the sceptic in the delirium of his own thoughts;—it would be a pagan and human acknowledgment of the most unaccountable miracle recorded in holy writ. The explanation of the defeated and destroyed on such a phenomenon would go far to explain the mysteries of Egyptian lore, and might teach the world something worth knowing, for an inquisitive and speculative people like the Egyptians could not fail to remark and ponder upon so remarkable a circumstance. Had Moses or his inveterate opponents, the magicians, been attended by short-hand reporters from a daily press, we may well suppose that Pharaoh's heart would not have been so repeatedly hardened, nor would the cavalier, who now-a-days questions the right of the Israelites to "spoil the Egyptians," have a dubious thought on which to hang a doubt. Let us all be thankful that the press has been invented, else, with all our knowledge, we might have been equally prejudiced.

The first Thothmos was succeeded by a second and third of the same name, all of which accounted Amenoph an usurper, whether on account of his misconduct or misfortunes history sayeth not. Had his treatment of the Israelites resulted in success, it is more than probable that he would have been blazoned as a hero, as a defier of Egyptian greatness, and a bulwark of its renown; but inglorious defeat having tracked his footsteps, and marked his final exit from this world of dreams, a callous people felt no compunctions in setting him down as a blot upon their records, and as a monarch at whom the fingers of scorn and reproach might safely be pointed. Ah! the fickle breath of popular applause was then, as now, only the reward of success and the punishment of failure!

Rameses I. followed, who is the famous Sesostris of Grecian history—the mighty warrior who overran Asia with his victorious troops—who took away the reproach of cowardice from Egypt; but who, like many other conquerors, made nothing of his invasions except the gratification of having destroyed his species, desolated hearths, widowed wives, and orphaned children. Such are the duties warlike monsters feel called upon to perform, and which have been lauded by ignorant and besotted dupes, until the demi-gods have almost fancied themselves privileged to harrow and destroy until the earth itself rebelled and starved the wasting combatants into common sense!

The successor of Sesostris was a splendid monarch, under whom the renown of Egypt prospered exceedingly. This was Sheshonk, the father of Solomon's wife, and the just chastiser of the insolence of King Rehoboam. The conquests of this Pharaoh are exemplified on the imperishable walls of Karnac, "even unto this day," for there may be seen the portrait of the Jewish king who threatened to chastise his people with scorpions when they made complaints of his government, and whose own chastisement is spoken in the word "captive," written under his picture on the un mouldering but not yet well understood annals of Egyptian history.\*

During all this long and eventful period the land of Egypt was undisturbed. It was sufficient for itself, and its inhabitants sought not the rarities or luxuries produced by other nations. Its hereditary priesthood continued the depositaries of its religion, of the sciences, and of the teaching of arts. Sons succeeded their fathers as tailors, shoemakers, or wood-splitters, as well as astronomers, chemists, and jewellers. Age followed upon age, and there was neither change nor variability in the habits, hopes, or appetites, of the Egyptians. At length, however, a king of the elegant name of Psammetichus opened the ports on the Mediterranean and the Red Sea to foreigners;—great encouragement was given to the Greeks, who were known to be an early offshoot of their own race. But it would not do. The Egyptians, by centuries of custom, had been secluded from intercourse with adventurous nations—they did not like them—they hated, despised, and feared. This was continued through an unwilling century, until Amasis, who certainly was a prince fitted to reign in more enlightened and cosmopolitan times, drove liberalism to its fullest verge. Like too many of our political economists, he died just as his measures were in their bloom, and an unskilful or unwilling hand was left to gather in the

\* It has long been a matter of surprise that so many antique memorials should exist in Egypt. But when it is recollected that frost and rain are there unknown, the preservation of these early memorials of human taste and industry will cease to be surprising. The rays of the sun fall harmless on the immense blocks of granite which there compose the records of sublime antiquity; and the sand, although it may hide for ages the wonders of architecture and stenography, has only to be removed to display, in all its freshness, the immortal labours of giant minds, of daring hands, and industrial energies—the workings of those who taught the world the practicability of reducing thoughts to words, and of effecting the tracery upon stone, upon paper, and upon the human heart, of all that has excited the pride, passion, and cupidity of the human race.



harvest. His son Psammenitus was forcibly intruded upon by Cambyses, the greatest of Median monarchs, who built upon the ruins of empires the immense Persian dynasty, and which, under Darius the Mede, was prostrated by Alexander of Macedon. As Egypt would not condescend to take its policy from Cambyses, that type of modern usurpers removed the independent sovereign from the helm of affairs, placed a viceroy in his stead, and made the land of marvels—the daughter of Nineveh, from which Medea itself had revolted,—a tributary to the Persian dynasty, and placed it, along with Babylon, among the countries which had been, but which shall never exist again.

Among the excesses committed by Cambyses none offended the Egyptians more than his taking the remains of Amasis from their tomb, and burning them. It was a long cherished doctrine of Egypt, that the soul would again return to the body in after ages, if the latter were preserved: hence the almost universal embalming of all who were loved and respected; and to destroy a mummy was to rob the deceased of a future state of existence, and cheat the world of the reappearance of the wise and godly. The expressed disapprobation of the Egyptians, however, only excited Cambyses the more: he insulted the priests, slew the holy bull which represented the embodied doctrines of Osiris, overthrew and broke in pieces the colossal statue of Memnon, and sent an army of twenty thousand men to destroy the temple which had been reared in the oasis to Jupiter Ammon. This band of destructives was overwhelmed in the sands of the desert; and Cambyses, arising in a furious rage murdered his wife and brother, is said to have become raving mad. He is also reported by the Egyptian records to have died of a wound he had accidentally inflicted on his thigh, precisely similar to that by which he destroyed the worshipped Apis.

On the death of this usurper, the Egyptians struggled fiercely to regain their liberty, and with varied success. Darius Hystaspes, however, succeeded in establishing himself on the throne of the Pharaohs, and reduced the land of the Nile to the low condition of a Persian province. Thus was the "mother of Greece" involved in the quarrels between the Persians and Greeks, and thus was Memphis attacked by an army of Athenians! About 414 years before the Christian era, the Egyptians made another bold attempt to throw off the Persian yoke, and partially succeeded, but deservedly failed ultimately, in consequence of the contempt with which they treated Agesilaus, king of Sparta, who came to their assistance. Artaxerxes Ochus again reduced Egypt to a submissive province of Persia, and further to degrade the conqueror, slew the sacred bull, and ordered it to be dressed for food. Assassination was in consequence the fate of the Persian king, but independence no more looked down from the Pyramids, nor girded with its strengthening might the people who were once a terror to Israel, a marvel to the world, and a reproach to themselves.

At this period Alexander the Great began to stretch his sword over continents hitherto unknown, to besprinkle the earth with blood, and prove that one madman could command the services of millions. After having subdued Persia, the Macedonian invaded Egypt, and which submitting to his dominion without opposition, he there founded the notable city of Alexandria, which bore a distinguished name beneath the government of the Roman Ptolemies, and is not devoid of honour under the pachalic of Mehemet Ali.

Such is a rapid outline of Egypt under the Pharaohs. It is, however, in its domestic history—in its stories of the loom, of the avil, and the needle, that it most commands our admiration, and in which our pen shall have grateful labour in simplifying and laying before our readers in continuous detail.

### Burns Illustrated and Explained.

#### CHAPTER IX.—THE COTTERS SATURDAY NIGHT CONCLUDED.

THE apostrophe to the scene is the outburst of a poet conscious of the truth of what he has been writing, and an invocation to the genius of his country to perpetuate the objects of his description. The glowing allusion to the time and struggles of Wallace, recalling the heroic splendours of the land to witness the peaceful avocations of its free-born sons, is just, apposite, and delicately correct—for Burns was to Scottish Poesy what Wallace was to national independence.\* It was left for Sir Walter

\* The poet had his detractors as well as the hero.—When Burns was first invited to dine at Dunlop-house, (says Allan Cunningham) a westland dame, who acted as housekeeper, appeared to doubt the propriety of her mistress entertaining a mere ploughman who made rhymes, as if he were a gentleman of old descent. By way of convincing Mrs. McGuistan, for that was her name, of the bard's right to such distinction, Mrs. Dunlop gave her "The Cotter's Saturday Night" to read. This was soon done: she returned the volume with a strong shaking of the head, saying, "Nae doubt gentlemen and ladies think mickle o' this, but for me its naething but what I saw i' my father's house every day, and I dinna see how he could ha'e tauld it o'ny other way." The McGuistans are a numerous clan; few of the peasantry personally acquainted with Burns were willing to allow that his merit exceeded their own.—"Indeed, sir," said one of these worthies, Hugh Cowan by name, to an inquiring admirer, "Robert Burns, says in

Scott, by his triumphs, and successes, and rewards, to become the victorious Bruce.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:  
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"  
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,  
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;  
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,  
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil:  
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent;  
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,  
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content;  
And, O! may heaven their simple lives prevent  
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!  
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide  
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart:  
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,  
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)  
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;  
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,  
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard.

A prayer devoutly expressed indeed, but when will the consummation come—when will another Burns arise to charm the admiring sons of earth, and sing the loves and joys of the rustic throng—when will a voice like his, steeped in the melody of truth, its words garlanded in wreaths of loveliness, scare the soulless rhymsters from their vocation, and show what poetry is—the simplicity of Nature in her robes of light, looking upon the world with a mother's eye, despising the distinctions which society has created, that the exclusive few may lord it uncontrolled above the many.

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

It is impossible that Pope or Burns could have applied this, the highest character on earth, to the mere debtor and creditor accountant, who giveth nothing as he takes not aught away. Valuable as is his quality in commercial relations, it is neither noble nor ethereal; it belongs not to the generous, nor approaches to the kind. It is only self, dressed in a holiday suit of rigid propriety, that it may not be taken up on suspicion of having committed a fraud, either on sentiment or worldly responsibility. The honesty our poets mean is that which braves the scorn and contumely of the rich, which feels not abashed at the derision of the ignorant, which chafes not at the neglect of the proud, nor hides itself in the presence of the powerful. It is that which makes a man declare the truth even when its utterance is dangerous—which defies a brawling mob that lusts for flattery—which cheats not with a delusive semblance when a perfect reality is required. It is that which acts upon the kind and generous spirit of the law, not on its heartless twisted letter—which looks in upon itself for reason and for judgment, not to unspeaking parchments and conventional treaties whose phrases are a lie, whose words are all deceit, unless the sentiment which governed the pen is openly impressed upon the characters it draws.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil.

From earliest times poets and minstrels have sung the praises of native land; the sterile strand has been made a fruitful vale;—the barren rock a blooming garden. Imagination has been taxed to invent new qualities, and credulity been stretched to believe new wonders of the parent soil.

"O Caledonia, stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child;  
Who shall untie the filial band  
That knits me to thy rugged strand?"

So sung Sir Walter Scott, but with deference to such an authority, and all of his lyric tribe, we must say that a dogmatic affection for the land of our birth is more a sentiment than a principle; and though memory will fling her dearest pleasures at our feet, and recall with vivid brightness the scenes of sunny childhood, a spectral melancholy pervades them all. None are ever so intensely wrapt in meditation of the past as to forget the present era of their existence, and as the contrast is, so will the reflection be. Repining for the past only saddens the present hour; bewailing the absent only embitters those that are near; and sighing for impossibilities makes existence worthless. Those who dwell on the pleasures of early life—on the joys of their native land—should never forget the duties of living time; for the hour we now enjoy will one day become a fading ray in memory's rainbow; let us gild it therefore while it is in our possession, and stamp upon it some pleasant recollections that we may recognise it at a future time. They who follow this line of life, (wherever they are situated,) painting every hour as it occurs with the pleasures which it brings, enjoy the secret of a happy life, and live in sunbeams of their own creating.

The wanderer through foreign climes, when danger or

clinking words, was just an ordinary man. I taught him the use of the cudgel, and should ken what he had in him; I think."

distress surprise him, he seeks comfort in the recollections of the land of his youth. As the adventurous Bruce, when he stood by the source of the mighty Tiber—encompassed with savages, surrounded with danger and death at every turn—though the object of his mission was accomplished—though the discovery which he perilled his existence had been made, he found no pleasure, no solace, in the result. Alone, at night, without a witness save the beatings of his troubled breast, he sighed for the Don and the Dee, the pleasant stream by whose banks his boyish feet had strayed.

But it is only when danger sounds the blast of war, when the ensigns of the invader are seen upon the distant hill—when the women and children fly for succour to the forest, that the people—the inhabitants generally—really and emphatically feel the tie of native affection. In all countries which have been subject to invasion, which have felt through ages the iron heel of a quest on its energies, the love of native land is strong for it has been endeared to them by distress, and twined round their affections by historic suffering. Greeks, that people of noble elements and vast destinies, never shone brighter on the world's map than when Persians sought possession of their plains—when men went forth to die; when the women spun their lives into bowstrings, and the virgins gave their girdles sword-belts; when the mother sent forth her boy soon as he could lift his slaughtered father's shield, when the maiden refused to see her lover who had stooped from the battle to obtain an interview.

In Spain, on the other hand, where internal broils are rife, and discord reigns triumphant, the *amor patrio* is indeed almost unknown. That country sent forth hordes of robbers to desolate America; but it could protect itself. If now and then a daring spirit rose like Mina or Riego—and by a partial success drew their banner a somewhat numerous host, the first reverse of fortune scattered them among the hills, and left the leaders in the gap of death. Not many years ago, Madrid presented the sickening spectacle of a coward king, a fearful prisoner in his own palace, who could not summon courage to appear even to his hired soldiery signing the death-warrant of one of Spain's few patriots, Riego; and the populace standing idly by, their eyes gazing on the murderous block, while he who had called upon them to be free, and to demand the fulfilment of the regal promise, was drawn in a hurdle to the scene of death; although sickness, disease, and wasting pain were already struggling within his frame, yet hurried execution took place, lest a traitor king should be cheated of his revenge, and legitimacy lose a victim. For he had

"Dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
And nobly died—the second glorious part."

Throughout all Spain there was found no patriot but to sing a requiem for the departed—cowardice shrunk into its hovel, and shame retired to hug the chains unriveted which the patriot had shed his blood in vain.

The American war of independence, on the contrary, abounds not more in chivalrous enterprise than personal devotion to that great and just revolt against British domination. That is a field full of generous deeds and noble aims. There, the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, driven from England by the fierce fury of the Stuarts, cherish the recollection of the struggle from which they sprung; and, speaking the same language, following the same customs, and rejoicing in the possession of the same literature, receive with avidity the offerings of the British Muse. Long have the Poems and Songs of Burns been located in the crowded cities, in her trackless prairies, and by the ocean-streaming rivers. Not there alone, but wherever the English language is spoken, and that is every part of the globe—wherever a Scotsman is to be found, that is in every country under heaven, the works of the peasant poet are read—and to read is to admire; to hear a desire to hear again. And why? because they breathe the fervent truth of Nature, which knows neither colour nor colour, tribe nor tongue, but smiles on universal man and says to him "be happy."

### The Smuggler's Grave.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE ENCOUNTER.

THE sailors were all provided with pistols, in addition to which they laid hold of whatever weapons they could catch up at the instant—bludgeons, pokers, at boat-hooks; while Herne, with his pistols in his belt, an axe in his hand, and a red handkerchief tied round his head, without coat or waistcoat, directed their motions. They were joined by most of the wedding guests, some under the false courage inspired by drunkenness, and by others through recklessness, and habitual love of excitement and enterprise.

They rushed out; the first object that met their sight was the king's flag floating from the mast-head of the little Rover—the next, two boats full of armed men just touching the yellow line of sand on the beach. Both parties advanced with rapidity, when, within about a pistol-shot distance, the officer commanding the seagang ordered his men to halt, and stepped forward a few paces.

"I command you," said he "in his Majesty's name to surrender yourselves prisoners—your sloop is already taken, and resistance is now useless."



"Why should you seize on our peaceful sloop," replied Herne, "or what crime have we committed that we should surrender ourselves prisoners?"

"You are a smuggler," said the officer, "and on the night of — you fired into his Majesty's cutter the Wizard, disabled her, and killed Lieutenant Cotterel, her commander, and four seamen."

"Yes," said an individual, wrapped in a great shaggy pea jacket, which was muffled with a huge red wollen scarf about his face, "and that is Harry Herne, the skipper of the Rover, and the very man who pointed the first gun at the Wizard."

"By Heaven!" exclaimed Harry, "it is the villain Bumps himself," and losing all self-control he fired at the traitor—the ball grazed the shoulder of the informer, but penetrated to the brain in the man immediately behind him, who fell dead with a terrific shriek. This was the signal—Herne and his party, with a wild shout, set on their opponents, who received them with a general discharge of fire arms, which brought down some three or four of the foremost—in the next moment they were all mingled in one general *melee*, hand to hand, and man to man. The king's sailors, being armed with cutlasses and boarding pikes, did dreadful and bloody work—whilst the free traders, with ruder and more homely but not less dangerous weapons, fought like demons. Herne in the midst of the conflict sought but one person, the traitor—waving his bloody axe, and dashing his enemies about on all sides, he cut his way through all opposition, until he seized his victim by the red swathing which he wore about his throat. His eye seemed leaping with exultation from his head, and he gazed on him as the tiger does upon his prey—his set teeth ground audibly against each other as he exclaimed

"Now, betrayer, take the reward of your treachery!" and crash went the weapon through his skull, and the brains and gore mingled, spouted, and scattered even into the face of his destroyer. One hoarse gurgling half-mothered yell, deep down in his breast, escaped him as he fell. His limbs quivered for an instant, and then he lay motionless and still. At the same instant a pistol bullet entered Herne's back a little below the shoulder blade—he leaped up into the air, faced about, and attempting to raise his axe, he sunk across the corpse of Bumps the informer.

His companions seeing their leader fall, set up a wild yell of revenge, and a party of fishermen making their appearance from behind a jutting crag, the king's officer ordered all his men who were not disabled to make for the boats. A rapid retreat to the beach commenced—the free traders and fishermen pursued them with fury, and out of thirty men who landed but nine escaped from that fearful encounter.

The spot is still shown where this sanguinary fray took place; it is a smooth green platform, a little above the strand. There lay the combatants, some extended in the quietness of death, others in the last mortal agonies still surveyed their enemies with looks of unsatisfied malignity. Harry Herne was not dead when his victorious party returned: they found him leaning on his elbow, and surveying with a ghastly smile the mangled features of his old comrade, Bumps the traitor. They bore him to his bride, and the bridal couch was changed into his death-bed. He lingered through the torments of that night, and expired as the dawn stole from darkness the following morning. His last words were—

"Bury me on the green where we fought; let my grave be dug in the very spot where I killed the betrayer. I shall rest softly there; the earth has drank the blood of my enemy, and my own. The hum of the sea—the sea I ever loved, will lull me in my rest, and my Alice, my own Alice, will sometimes come and drop a tear over the cold bed where her Harry is laid to sleep."

Why should we strive to describe the agony, the misery, and the despair of Alice, the bride of a few brief hours? It were a vain task. "In the dead of the night his last will was complied with;" he was laid in his narrow house "by the crew that he died with;" and a green mound above the surrounding level, nearly bordered with the sweet primrose in the spring, and the pansies of summer, points out "the Smuggler's Grave."

His bride did not long survive him—her days were spent sitting on the grassy knoll where all her hopes and affections were entombed. There would she linger, lonely and sad, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, gazing mutely on the ever-moving ocean, and listening to the dirge-like moanings of the blast; and when the shades of night were gathering around she would lay her head upon the grave and sigh herself to sleep. Her aged father beheld with many a tear the sad ruin of his beautiful child. He would not allow any one to disturb her in this her only enjoyment on earth, for all besides—the world, its strifes, interests, and passions—were forgotten by her. To sit on the grave and weep, and to gaze on the bursting billows of her native bay, was all her pleasure in this world, and to sleep beside him she so loved, was the sole wish of her life; and soon did she slumber from her sorrow; she sunk and faded; sweet and noiselessly, and like a wounded flower she withered, and was buried beside her husband.

The grassy mound still remains a monument of the truth of the tale, which still, on the long winter nights, is fondly repeated round many a cottage hearth; and the deeds of Harry Herne, the bold free-trader, and the love of the beautiful Alice, are still held up as

models for the imitation of the young and fair, who even in these days of sceptical improvement look upon the Smuggler's Grave as a sacred spot of earth.

## The Progress of Duelling in France.

### SECTION II.

It would be impossible, at this distance of time, and from the scanty and imperfect records which have come down to us, to trace all the regulations which governed the trial by battle. A few examples drawn from the old chronicles will exemplify the practice more satisfactorily than a dull narration of tedious and precise rules.

In the reign of Louis le Begue, (*circa* 374), the wife of Ingelger, Count of Gatinois, was accused of having murdered her husband, his corpse having been found in bed with her. Gontran, the most expert swordsman of his time, a near relation of the deceased, was her accuser, and defied her champion to the trial of battle. Ingelger, Count of Anjou, godson of the accused lady, at that time a youth of 16, threw himself at the king's feet, and solicited the royal permission to defend the honour of the Countess. Louis, touched by his extreme youth, attempted to dissuade the gallant boy from encountering the redoubted Gontran, whose very name was not heard unmoved by the most experienced. The young Count, with a becoming mixture of modesty and valour, thanked the king for his paternal concern, but inflexibly persisted in his determination. The Countess herself pitied her generous and daring champion, and the Court resounded with general lamentation. On the day appointed by Louis for the trial, which took place at the Castle of London, the Count took an affectionate leave of his godmother, and having heard mass and distributed alms to the poor, made the sign of the cross, mounted his charger, and entered the lists to the wonder and admiration of all the spectators. The Countess of Gatinois and Gontran having both affirmed upon oath the truth of all the articles they had severally alleged, the combatants rushed most furiously upon each other. The veteran Gontran made a violent thrust at young Ingelger's shield, which the youth having parried, drove his lance through the experienced warrior's body, and felled him from his horse. Ingelger reached the ground almost as soon as his opponent, severed his head from his body, and presented the bleeding trophy to the astonished Louis, who received it, says the narrator, with as much joy as if he had made him a present of a city. The Countess thus vindicated, was grateful; she presented her champion with the lordship and castle of London, the scene of his powers, to which reward Brantome insinuates she afterwards added personal favours, which the old historian, with what would now be considered scarcely questionable morality, remarks—"it would have been a heavy charge of ingratitude against her to have refused him."

In criminal cases not only was the party whose champion was conquered put to death, but also the vanquished, when a principle, was hanged, dead or alive, without he had a dispensation from the sovereign. The following is an example of the former practice. Gontram XI. King of Burgundy, hunting in the forest of Vosges, discovered the remains of an animal of the chase; he instantly ordered the ranger of the forest to undergo the question to force his discovery of the culprit. The ranger, in a moment of agony, accused Chandrum, the royal chamberlain, who strenuously denied the charge. The trial by combat was ordered; Chandrum, being sick, substituted as his champion one of his nephews. The trial took place before the king. Chandrum's champion mortally wounded his adversary with a thrust of his lance, and felled him to the ground, but, as he was about to cut his opponent's throat with a dagger, which he drew from his girdle, he accidentally gave himself a desperate wound, and dropt dead on the ranger's body, who, it was ascertained, expired a few moments after him, Chandrum in consequence suffered death.

Froissart and Monstrelet, as well as Des Ursino, who, however, differs from those writers as to the guilt of the accused, narrate a diabolical instance of the latter part of the practice we have mentioned. While John Carrouges, a Norman gentleman, was serving in the army against the infidels in Charles VI. of France's reign, James Le Gris, his friend, becoming passionately enamoured of his wife, determined to profit by the husband's absence. Le Gris was cupbearer to the Duke of Alençon, a prince of the blood. To defeat any trace of the criminal attempt he had projected, he, on the night fixed for the commission of the perfidious act, waited with officious attention on his master at supper, and as he poured out the wine, apparently through negligence, but really by design, let some drop on the Duke's sleeve. Released from his attendance, Le Gris mounted a swift horse, and hurried away to Carrouges' house, seven leagues distant from Alençon, where he arrived about midnight. Acquainted with the mansion, he soon found his way to the chamber of his friend's wife, whose person he violated. Having accomplished his execrable project, he quickly withdrew, remounted his steed, and made such dispatch back again, as to be present at his master's levee in the morning, where he presented him with a ewer of water. He designedly allowed some of it to fall on the duke's ruffe, who laughed at his cupbearer's seemingly repeated caselessness.

Carrouges' wife languished a prey to secret anguish until her husband's return from the war, when she related the dishonour they had both sustained, and loudly excited him to revenge. Carrouges summoned Le Gris before the Parliament to answer for his crime; the latter stoutly denied his guilt, alleging that on the very night on which it was asserted he had committed the atrocious act, he was in attendance until a late hour on the Duke Alençon. The accusation, however, being persisted in, the Parliament decreed a trial by combat between Le Gris and Carrouges. They ordered that the scene of action should be in the cloister of St. Catherine, and that the lady should be present on a scaffold.

On the day of battle, Carrouges at first had the worst of it, and Le Gris, who was possessed of immense strength, seizing him by the body, threw him with great violence on the ground; the Norman, however, quickly recovered himself, and succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in getting his adversary Le Gris under him, and holding a dagger to his throat, extorted a confession of his violence from him. Le Gris was justly hanged.

In the French History of Trials by Battle there is another example of this rule so remarkable in its circumstances as to be familiar, at least in a dramatic or legendary form, to every child. We allude to the event on which the popular melo-drama of the Dog of Montargis or the Forest of Bondy, is founded. The case occurred almost precisely as it is portrayed on the stage in the reign of Charles V. of France, about the year 1370.

The trial by battle frequently formed the subject of peculiar privileges granted by feudal lords to their vassals. The Counts of Hainault granted to the inhabitants of Valenciennes the privilege of not being prosecuted when they had killed a man in fair combat, and without any suspicion of foul play. Hence it became customary for the citizens to claim their privilege when accused of homicide, declaring that they would maintain with shield and quarter-staff that their man was fairly killed. A burgess of Valenciennes, named Mahout, having killed the relation of another, called Jacotin Clousier, the latter accused the former of having assassinated his kinsman. A trial by battle, such as was practised amongst persons of their rank, was agreed on. The enclosed list was made circular, and had but one entrance. Two chairs, covered with black cloth, were placed within it, opposite to each other, whereon the challenger and the challenged were to sit, until the signal for combat was given. The mass book being brought before them, they each swore by it that all they had uttered was true. Their dress consisted of boiled leather, tightly fitted to their persons. They were bare-footed, and their heads shaved. The nails of their hands and feet were closely paired, that they might make no offensive grappling with them. They carried the points of their shields upwards, nobility alone being allowed to carry them downwards. Both combatants were furnished with quarter-staffs of the same dimensions. Two basins-full of grease were brought before them, that they might smear their bodies; and two basins-full of ashes were presented, that they might take the grease off their hands. A piece of sugar was given to each, in order to keep the parties in wind during the conflict. They had the honour of fighting in the presence of Philip, Duke of Burgundy! On the onset violent blows were dealt on either side with the quarter-staffs. Mahout, being less robust than his antagonist, had recourse to artifice; he stooped and seized some sand, which he threw into Jacotin's eyes, and at the same time wounded him in the forehead; Jacotin, however, having laid hold of his opponent, flung him on the ground, jumped upon his body, thrust out both his eyes with a bodkin, and then dispatched him with a violent blow of his own quarter-staff on the skull.

The clergy, as well as the ladies, it has been before remarked, fought on these occasions by deputy: but we find few clerical suits thus decided, in which the valour of the champion was not aided by some miraculous interposition.

Jean d'Ypres, in his Chronicle of St. Bertin, relates that in the eleventh century this abbey had to sustain a judicial combat against the village of Caumont. The Abbot of St. Bertin was expected to witness the combat, but he came not, and the fatal hour was about to strike. Suddenly there appeared in the sky two doves, white as the drifted snow, coming from St. Bertin, and flying round the park where the champions stood. Encouraged by this omen, the champion of the monastery rushed upon his adversary, and won a glorious and superhuman victory.

### Riddles.

SO BAD THAT THEY MUST BE LAUGHED AT.

Why are gaiters sold in allies like crocodiles?—Because they are *alley* gaiters.

What Chinese philosopher would be most likely to perplex us?—*Con-fuse-us*. (Confucius)!!!

Why does Hume's continual attention to our taxes render him a personification of disease?—Because he's an *impost-hume*.

What bird is Lord Cardigan most like?—The *bottle-tit*.

When is a book like two pints?—When its a *quart-oh*.

Why is a man who is pleased at my disliking his daughter like an ancient Roman wrestler?—Because he is glad I *hate* her.

Why was the Egyptian religion commendable?—Because it was *honour* a bull.



### Quality of Water from Artesian Wells.

THE well at Grenelle being deservedly the most successful of all the attempts to perforate the upper stratum of the earth's crust for water, it is necessary that we should now consider the quality of water, which, for months, has been running freely from it, but of which little or no use has been made. At first the water was completely black with mud, and thickly impregnated with sand, earth, and the smaller portions of gravel. Gradually, however, these deteriorating intermixtures became less and less, until the water might be called partially pure. Now and then, however, a gush of discoloured water would burst suddenly up, and continue for days together; then it would again become lucid, and by the latest accounts it has remained so sufficiently long as to induce the belief that its clearness may be depended on.\* The water is now esteemed good for drinking—cool, like any other spring water, but so hard that it will not, even with the aid of soda, wash grease or sweat from linen. Being of that quality, we hesitate not to say that all green vegetables boiled in the water will come out yellow, and meat as if it had been cured with saltpetre. This no cook can remedy, be his or her knowledge or experience what it may.

The engineer of the well is about to engage himself in forming an aqueduct, by which the water, now running to waste, may be conveyed to the city; and certain we are, let the mineral properties of the water be what they may, the Parisians will be glad to see it, for their dry and fetid Seine is not fitted for human use. The engineer cannot be ignorant that the sun's rays, and the action of the atmosphere, have a most beneficial tendency to soften water; and, therefore, it is most likely that he, instead of enclosing the water in an iron pipe, as the London adventurers, in their wisdom, proposed to do, will carry it by as circuitous a route as possible to the city, at the smallest possible speed, in an open stream, something like our New River, by which the water may be greatly softened ere it reaches its domestic destination. Should the aqueduct be formed altogether of stone or brick, the process of softening will be delayed, as water is hardened by coming in contact with stone, clay, and even sand. Should the bed of the aqueduct, on the other hand, be laid with soft earth, and the water be sent into it as it gushes from the well, the whole layer will be carried away, and lodged in the cisterns of the Parisians. Should it be made to flow slowly, the layer of earth will be speedily encrusted by the chalky deposit from the water, and the bottom and sides of the aqueduct become enamelled with the sediment. Thus, there are difficulties on every hand, which all that science has yet taught us will not be able to remove. Yet the attempt, under the circumstances in which Paris is situated, commands our admiration; so very different is it from the foolish idea entertained by the parties alluded to in our last week's Journal, who suppose that water from the depths of the earth is immediately fit for all domestic purposes.†

\* A stupid story is told by those who ought to know better, of a gentleman catching a jugful of water from the stream, and receiving into it a ring which he had lost, in another part of the country, many years before! These attempts at the wonderful may do well enough for effect, and may give an air of romance to a narrative which truth alone should detail. But in their thus foolishly straining after notice, these wonder-mongers forget that no greater fault could be instanced against Artesian wells than such an assertion as that in which the ring is mentioned. If articles of this kind are thrown up, so must sand, mud, and all the decayed and rotten filthiness of the watery sediment whenever a more than ordinary accumulation takes place. Here we are forcibly reminded, as at every view we take of the subject, that water requires an up-filtering process to get rid of its mineral substances; and the smaller and more difficult of passage the orifice is, the more certain are we to obtain better water. In this, as in everything else, Nature will assert her supremacy, and art is only valuable as her handmaid, not as her opponent.

† There are many persons who suppose, when they witness water flowing slowly under the sun's rays, that it is certain to become putrid and unwholesome. They look with equal astonishment and disgust at the myriads of gnats that sport immediately above the level of the water, and are inclined to feel a sensation of horror at the appearance of the water-fly as it skims the surface, or dives gently into the body of the water as to a place of pleasurable rest. These individuals we trust will pardon us when we state, that all these flies, gnats, and millions of other animalculæ are generated by the sun's heat or atmospheric action, from the water, not into it. The whole earth teems with life—with living bodies so small that thousands upon thousands of them may be contained in a drop of water. Every one of these living creatures deposits eggs, which are carried down into springs by the percolations of the water; there they may lie dead even for centuries, and can only generate in two ways, either by the water being laid open to the atmosphere, or carried at once to the stomach; and the purer and clearer the water is, the more likely and readily are the animalculæ to start into life on a sudden change of temperature. When the water is allowed to rejoice in sunbeams, the whole mass, visible and invisible, is brought into active existence; in accordance with our common nature, the stronger prey upon the weaker; thus are myriads of newly generated animalculæ hourly devoured by insects large enough for our vision; and our only wish would be that a goodly number of frogs were encouraged in every reservoir, and a plentiful supply of carp or perch kept in streams or aqueducts from which water is taken for domestic use. These would keep the larger flies in order, and allow no class of insects to become so numerous as to follow the stream, like creatures without a will of their own, and be introduced to places where certainly they are not wanted.

Not long ago, a well was sunk through the chalk in a small town on the Rhine, at a considerable depth, and water came forth abundantly. But, lo! on analysis, it was found to contain salts in a proportion of one ounce to a quart of water! Here was a complete stoppage to all attempts to supply the town with water for domestic use, but the municipal authorities instantly anticipated other and almost greater benefits which would arise from the discovery. The well is carefully protected, the mineral water sold to all who fancy themselves ill, and crowds of rich fashionables are expected to resort to it, and make it a notable watering place. Had the engineer of this well been a practical geologist, this termination to his labours would not have come upon him by surprise; he most probably was a *surface geologist*, one of those who suppose that water has only to be clear to be wholesome. The minute chemistry of the earth impregnates water with various mineral particles without any perceptible discolouration—a fact not in the least surprising when we recollect that almost all the stronger mineral poisons are nearly if not wholly colourless.

The practical engineer of the adventurer's company stated in his evidence, before the Committee of the House of Lords, that there were one hundred and sixty-six Artesian wells in and round London! We need scarcely inform our readers that there is not one which flows like that at Grenelle; the water gathers; it never runs: but yielding for the moment that deep holes which scarcely, if ever, reach the clay, much less pierce it, are Artesian wells, we come to the inquiry promised in our last as to the quality of water they contain. For mere drinking, pure pump water is certainly the best, not because it is the least more wholesome, which it seldom is, but because it is more grateful to the palate by being impregnated with mineral substances. In very rainy weather, these pumps produce water greatly discoloured, and of a softer or less mineral quality, in consequence of the interstices in the earth being flooded by the percolating rain, and its thereby more hastily seeking the level afforded it by the well. The water at these times is not half distilled, if we may so use the term—it passes too hurriedly through the earth to carry with it the minute particles of stone, slate, lime, or any other mineral substance with which it comes in contact.

The water from Artesian wells, however, is not governed in its quality by a fall of rain. Before reclining in its bed, it has to pass through not only all the upper layers of earth artificially placed on the surface, but it has to percolate through sand, clay, and chalk to the depth of many hundreds of feet. Arrived on the limestone deposit, it is thoroughly impregnated with mineral substances, particular chalky particles: a portion of these it of course deposits on the limestone, which, acting chemically with the chalk, produce a perfect and unsoluble mixture which no artificial agency can separate. Again we repeat, this water can never be rendered soft except by exposure to the atmosphere—except by being brought to and kept on the surface for a time sufficiently long, by which the animalculæ are called into existence, and the particles brought up from the lower strata be thrown down by the action of the air, to sink, through mud, upon the solid crust of the earth.\* It is not stretching the wonders of geology too far to say, that were the water flowing from an Artesian well to linger upon a fixed area for a long space of years, that a large and ponderous bed of chalk would ultimately be formed. It is only by such flowings of water, in centuries more remote than we can calculate, that the immense and truly wonderful layers of stone, lime, chalk, clay, gravel, and sand have been laid and intermixed in their surprising order on the crust of this mighty earth.

But to return to the practical theorist, who admits that water from his Artesian wells does not rise any higher than the level of the springs in the marshes—that is, within eighteen inches of the surface. A trench dug to this depth in the ground soon becomes filled with water, and if permitted will run off! There is in these two sentences so beautiful a confusion—such an utter ignorance of geological knowledge displayed—that even the Lords' committee, we are satisfied, could not fail to observe it. In his eagerness to show what a vast quantity of water he could collect, he runs from spring to surface water, and attempts to show, because the one rises to the same elevation to which the other may be dug for, that the whole valley is a hidden treasure of the purest water. Now, confining ourselves at present to quality, we solicit our readers to recollect what we have been saying of *hard* water, which has gone down through mineral substances, and gathered itself in any opening that it can make, or may be made for it. The *marshy* water is of an entirely different quality: it is floated with decayed vegetable matter, the most unwholesome of all substances, and the most offensive when brought into contact with water, and submitted to the action of the sun's heat. This water lies on a vegetable structure, and will not godown: it expands the substances on which it rests, in the same manner that water in a cask will ultimately swell the wood, and close the crevices through which it oozes. Thus it must remain, unless trenches are dug by which it may run off, for percolate downwards it will not; but place any heavy substance on the marsh, and the water will squirt up as from a sponge. Any one who has dipped into a bog or quagmire will thoroughly understand what we mean.

Now, to draw this water off by trenches, and to convey it for immediate use, betrays a gross and utter ignorance of the qualities of water. This marshy water is not *hard*—it is indeed too soft—but nauseated with decayed vegetation, and would require, ere it is fit for use, to drop

\* When water which has of itself come back to the surface, having gradually and naturally left its mineral sediment in the earth, is still too hard for domestic purposes, (however excellent it may be for drinking, and it certainly is the best), it is palpably plain that water artificially and hurriedly dragged from the bowels of the earth, with all its up-filtering processes to undergo, must require some further artificial aid to cleanse it. The immense body of water flowing at Grenelle prevents anything being done further than giving nature an opportunity to do her work herself, by exposure to the atmosphere, in the manner we have stated.

slowly down among natural crevices in the earth, to work its way gradually through the hidden machinery of nature, and come up by a second process of filtration. As it goes down, the vegetable matter is left behind, or destroyed by the action of mineral substances—as it flows along, the grosser of these mineral particles are deposited on the bed, gradually forming a rocky channel, through which the natural spring is purified—as it rises, the water struggles with the earth; every matter, however minute, if heavier or less liquid than water, is left behind—the lighter vegetable matter which it encounters is driven away before it, and it makes for itself a course, pure as its own limpid self, and is emphatically a well. Thus are springs originated: if the water is too highly impregnated with coarse mineral substances, these deposit themselves in the channel, and choke it up; but the water itself is unconquerable; it will come forth, and work for itself another way. This is the reason why some springs become dry, and others burst forth.

Our self-styled practical engineer, who is to have the carrying on of the works, and the paying of the workmen, not under contract, but at "a fair trade price," because he is the "projector of the scheme," may very fairly be excused if he evinces a more than calm anxiety respecting the success of his project; but when he talks so largely of his own knowledge, and depreciates the opinions of all who differ from him, we must consider him fairly entitled to submit to public animadversion. This is not a speculative matter: it is not one on which the mind may have fixed impressions by intuitive instinct: it is a common, every-day, matter-of-fact topic, in which experience and close investigation must have sought results. If these results have been fairly tested, if they can be made useful to society, then all honour to the projector, although he may be a little too egotistic for a man of business. When an absence of all scientific information is repeatedly displayed, we are well entitled not only to investigate his theories, but even to scan his motives, the more especially when bitter abuse is plentifully lavished on those who differ from him. Into his motives, however, we shall not enter; because all inquiries, although they may have been selfishly instituted, are certain to result in the public good. His doctrines we have already freely commented on, and have shown that a practical acquaintance with his subject he is unfortunately not possessed of. One other idea of his, and we think we shall be able, like the Lord's committee, to dispense with his future attendance.

To mix the spring and marsh waters is a favourite idea with the great projector, but a slight investigation into their opposite properties will at once determine that neither can be improved by the mixture. That inquiry, however, we must delay to a future occasion, when we shall conclude this subject by a few domestic hints as to the vessels in which water should be kept, and the manner in which they should be cleaned.

### Something from Nothing.

THE *New Monthly Magazine* for this month is replete with excellent reading—learned, amusing, and instructive—and rejoices in the able assistance of Mr. Poole, as a future regular contributor. This very talented author has commenced a story of exuberant mirth and playful incident—being the manner in which a gentleman named Phineas Quiddy made a goodly something out of nothing, and of the various incidents and difficulties which beset him by the way. We subjoin a specimen of the author's humour, from which stand out, in high relief, the characters he has so ably drawn:—

#### CHAPTER I.

Phineas Quiddy began the world with nothing: by dint of sheer industry, as he always boasted, he became possessed of upwards of one hundred thousand pounds. We do not cite this as a rare instance of the important advantage of entering upon business with nothing: on the contrary, we could mention many others, so many, indeed, that in spite of Shakespeare, who tells us that "nothing can come of nothing," it would seem that nothing is the prolific seed from which some of the largest fortunes in London have been grown. One man walks from Leith to London, and, at his journey's end, finds himself with only three farthings in his pocket; a few years elapse, and he has converted each farthing into a plum! He proudly boasts that his fortune was achieved by sheer industry. A second begins by doling out halfpenny-worths of hazel-nuts from a basket slung across his shoulders: by-and-by, he starts forth upon the astonished world lord mayor of London: sheer industry again. A third—

Now, nothing is a term sufficiently intelligible: were it otherwise, there be thousands and thousands who could explain it, with Johnsonian precision, by simply turning their pockets inside out. But we apprehend that sheer industry is one of not so definite a signification, and that (at least in the cases we have mentioned) it must mean industry—and something more. As to what that something more may be, we may perhaps be somewhat enlightened by using the career of Phineas Quiddy as our lexicon.

Phineas Quiddy was the son of a poor labourer at the London Docks, and when about twelve years old, was placed with one Sandy Sanderson, a worthy Scot, who kept a snuff-shop of the humblest pretensions in Cow-lane, Shoreditch. Here his duties were to sweep out the shop, go errands, assist or relieve his master in serving the customers (for Sandy was falling old), and do whatever else may be required of him; for all which he received lodging and food, and sixpence a week.

A stipendiary in the enjoyment of fifty-two shillings per annum, Master Phineas thought himself a prosperous gentleman; but as out of his income he had to provide himself with clothes, he found at the end of the year, that, although his tradesmen's bills had not been numerous, they had, nevertheless, left him in possession of that which we have already noticed as the surest foundation for future fortune—nothing. But, somehow,—the consequence of his youth and inexperience, perhaps,—little Phineas did not properly appreciate the advantages of his position: he did not reflect upon the number of aldermen and lord



mayors who, by the magic of sheer industry, had converted precisely the same amount of capital as his own into India-stock and Consols, and he set himself about thinking how he might, by the end of the next year, have acquired something rather more palpable.

It happened that the greater portion of Mr. Sanderson's customers were artisans and poor labourers, who frequently, towards the end of the week, would come empty-handed for their modicum of snuff or tobacco, entreating to be supplied, and promising to pay on Saturday night. But Sandy was a strict man, and in the adjustment of his scales a very Portia—never allowing them to turn "but in the estimation of a hair." Upon these two points, the following was his instruction to his assistant: "Firstly: never, upon any account, give credit, boy: selling upon credit may lead to ruin, and buying upon credit often brings poor folks into trouble. Next: see that the beam of your scales be even: a turn above weight is a loss to me; a turn below, a wrong to the customer: 'Mony a little makes a mickle,' and a grain too much given many times a day, will amount to pounds' weight at the year's end."

To these instructions had little Quiddy hitherto most scrupulously adhered; but it now occurred to him that, from a slight evasion of one of them, he might derive profit to himself without doing the smallest injury either to his master or his master's customers. But in order to carry his scheme into execution capital was requisite; he waited therefore till the savings of his weekly wages had placed several shillings at his command. And now behold the young financier, unmoved, as usual, by the most artful persuasion to part with his master's goods upon trust, kindly offering to lend the supplicant money to supply his wants—only requiring the deposit of some article or other as security for its return on the Saturday evening, and just taking one farthing on each penny advanced, simply because (as he always said upon those occasions), "In this world nobody can't be expected to do nothing for nobody else for nothing"—a principle from which, throughout his life, he never departed. These financial operations (carried on, we need scarcely say, without the knowledge of old Sandy) were so frequently repeated, that, at the end of next year, Phineas Quiddy found himself a gainer by them of nearly five pounds—the first fruits of his boasted sheer industry.

His sheer industry served him again in another way connected with these transactions: for if the deposits, which he always took care should be worth much more than the sums advanced upon them, were not redeemed at the stipulated hour, he declared them forfeit, and exacted a fee for their restoration. In proportion as his means to serve his friends increased, so did his own little private business; till, at the age of twenty, Mr. Quiddy had the pleasure of finding that he had accumulated nearly two hundred pounds. Such is the reward of sheer industry! The infirmities of old Sanderson had, for some time past, compelled him to entrust the entire management of his shop to Quiddy, who still received but small wages. With such, however, he was satisfied, as, at the age of twenty-one, he was admitted as a partner in the business—his own little private trade, moreover, being a thriving one—when lo! just at this time poor old Sandy died, bequeathing all his earthly possessions to his widow. Now let us see what were those earthly possessions, the reward of sheer industry in the case of poor old Sandy Sanderson.

During the forty years that Sandy had kept the little snuff-shop at Shoreditch, he had never, for a single day, been absent from the receipt of custom, except when compelled by illness: never was he enticed from it by pleasure or amusement. So long as health and strength remained he required no assistance in his work, but with his own hands laboured to supply his wants. He was frugal in his habits, and, as we have shown, strictly just in his dealings. He bought his little commodities at fair prices, of fair traders, and sold them at reasonable profits. But though frugal, Sandy was no churl: he loved such of the good things of this world as are usually within the reach of persons of his class; and as he acquired by his own industry the means of procuring them, he wisely and truly considered that he might occasionally, and in moderation, partake of them. His favourite meal was supper; for, the shop being shut, and the labour of the day at an end, he could sit down with his old woman—for so, from the first day of marriage, he had always called his wife—to the uninterrupted enjoyment of it. Now and then, although seldom, a Scotch friend or neighbour would be invited to his humble board, and the evening would be wound up (as, indeed, with Sandy it always was) with a pipe, and a tumbler of comfortable, hot, whiskey-toddy. Sunday was his only holiday, and this he enjoyed with intense delight; for, after church, which was succeeded by an early dinner, he would tuck his wife under his arm, and (weather permitting) devote the remainder of the day to a pleasant ramble, for air and exercise, about the picturesque brick-fields of Hackney or Holloway.

But there was one trait in the character of Sandy Sanderson too creditable to him to be omitted: he was charitable to the extent of his limited means; and though deaf to the appeals of common beggary, a poor, if a deserving, Scot—for Sandy, not having much to give away, confined his charities almost exclusively to his own countrymen—never sought his assistance in vain. But these donations, of a shilling, or, haply, a little more, according to the necessities of the case, were always accompanied with the gentle admonition to the applicant not to come again upon a similar errand to one who had little to spare, "unless," would Sandy say, "unless you find you canna just help yourself, and then," (adding with a sigh) "Ech, guid Lord! it's a hard world for the best o' us, mon." It would sometimes happen that, in addition to the donation, the applicant would request (and a moderate request it will seem) a few pinches of snuff in a twist of paper; but this was always met by a direct refusal.

"Gie' awa' my snuff, mon! where the de'il will Sandy Sanderson find a spare shilling for a poor countryman, if he is to gie' awa' the commodities he lives by? Nae, nae; an' ye want snuff ye maun just buy it, and as weel lay out your money wi' me as wi' anither." And here-

upon would Sandy, with the same scrupulous accuracy as in other cases, weigh out a halfpenny-worth of snuff, and take payment for it out of the shilling which he had just before given—congratulating himself upon this addition to his day's profits.

Well;—Sandy Sanderson dying, left behind him about five hundred pounds, the savings of forty years of sheer industry (in the strict sense of the term), fair trading, and frugality; together with his furniture and stock in trade, which were barely worth three hundred—a charming little figure of a Highlander, with his fingers to his nostrils, which decorated one side of his shop-door, and a glossy jet-black boy on the other, being taken into the valuation.

Now let us return to the career of Mr. Sheer-industry Quiddy.

## CHAPTER II.

THE widow of Sandy being old, lame, and purblind, was but too glad to retain Quiddy in his post; till, at the stipulated period, she honourably fulfilled her late husband's promise of admitting him as a partner in the business, allowing him a one-third share of its profits. Another twelvemonth elapsed, and Janet Gray had entered her eighteenth year. Now, it was not through forgetfulness that we omitted to mention Janet Gray ere this: we purposely abstained from noticing her till we found her appearance to be useful; and, even now, she is of no further utility than as serving to mark a point in the character of Phineas Quiddy, and to illustrate his progress. Janet was a distant relative of the late worthy tobacco-nist's; and being left, about six years prior to this period, an orphan and friendless in the town of Aberdeen, was sent for by the Sandersons to officiate as their maid of all-work. In this capacity she had plenty to do; but (such are the advantages of order, and a judicious distribution of time), she nevertheless found leisure to fall deeply in love with Phineas. This would seem to have been a more difficult job than trundling a mop, scrubbing a floor, or even cooking a scrag of mutton—at least, we should think so, were we ignorant of the tricks played with the heart by the little god of love, for Phineas was neither handsome nor amiable. To say that the young gentleman returned, or even encouraged, her affections would be untrue; but as he never said or did anything to lead her to imagine the contrary, she naturally believed he did, which was, in its consequences, the same thing to her.

And thus did he prudently argue with himself: "As I can't lose anything by letting the girl go on liking me, I shan't say anything to hinder her; and as I don't see what I could get by it if I did, matters may just as well remain as they are. At all events, that can't do me any harm."

With respect to Janet's person (although quite good enough for Mr. Phineas), it was, by no means, what the world calls handsome. And although a writer of a tale of fiction intending her for his "heroine," or an imaginative auctioneer advertising her for sale, would talk about fragile and sylph-like form, roses, and lillies, and monumental alabaster—dimples, pouting lips, azure eyes, and golden tresses—we prefer describing her in the language of truth, and shall avail ourselves, therefore, of the simple, but expressive words of one of her neighbours:—

"Well, to be sure, Janet Gray is as dumpy, ugly a little body as ever was seen; but, then, bless her! what a sweet angel's temper she has got!"

Good enough, did we say! Confound him! with such a point in her favour she was forty times too good for him.

Janet had often thought to herself what a nice thing it must be to be married: Phineas had often thought the same thing. But though two minds had come to precisely the same conclusion, the arguments which led to it were totally different.

"I do love Phineas," thought Janet, "and I'm sure we should be very happy if we were married!"

"One-third share in this business is no bad thing," thought Phineas, "but the whole three-thirds would be a great deal better."

On the evening of the day upon which old widow Sanderson discarded her weeds, she was sitting quietly in the little back-parlour with Quiddy—the shop being closed, and Janet busied in the kitchen preparing supper. The old woman was seated at one side of the fire, poring over a large family Bible; Quiddy, at the other, was occupied in twiddling between the bars with the poker, looking exceedingly sheepish, and occasionally uttering a short, single cough, indicating the pressure of something upon his mind, of which something he did not know how to relieve it.

At length he summoned up resolution to unburden himself, and thus began:—

"Ahem!—Mrs.—Ma'am—Mrs. Sanderson—I—I—"

"Well, boy, speak out: what have you got to say?" said Mrs. Sanderson, at the same time closing her Bible, and placing her spectacles in it to mark the place where she had left off reading.

"Why, ma'am, I—I'm just turned two-and-twenty, and I've been thinking—I say, ma'am, I—I mean, ma'am, do you think it's a good thing to be married?" stammered Quiddy.

"I'm sure," replied Mrs. Sanderson, bursting into tears, "I'm sure it would be very wicked of me to say the contrary; for my poor, dear, dead-and-gone Sandy and I, who were man and wife nearly forty years, were as happy together as doves. Ah!" continued she, her tears increasing as she spoke, "though he was only a poor tobacco-nist, and kept the sign of the Black Boy and Highlander, at the corner of Cow-lane, Shoreditch, on this side the grave, he's a winged angel at this moment, if ever there was one."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Quiddy, sighing; "but don't cry, ma'am, for, after all, losing a husband isn't like losing one's money: if one loses that, it's a chance if one ever gets it back again; but there are such loads of men and women in the world, it is easy enough to find another husband or another wife, for which,"—and as he uttered these words, he clasped his hands, and piously turned his eyes upwards to the ceiling,—"for which we ought to be very thankful."

A pause ensued, which was broken by Mrs. Sanderson. "And so you have some thoughts of getting married?"

"Thoughts! Bent on it, ma'am," said the young tobacco-nist, in a tone of determination; adding, with extreme tenderness, "and don't you think it will be better for both of us?"

"I am satisfied of it, and the sooner still the better. You have now a third of the business, and when you are married, you shall have—"

"Oh, ma'am—oh, Mrs. Sanderson," cried the enraptured Quiddy, starting on his legs, and interrupting her; "I can't find words to tell you how happy you have made me. Stock in trade—furniture—five hundred pounds in the—"

Mrs. Sanderson, in her turn, cut through the conversation. "And poor Janet, too, will be happy when we tell her this."

Unobserved by the interlocutors, at this moment the parlour-door was partially opened, and Janet, who had caught the last words, stood withoutside, breathless and motionless.

Mrs. Sanderson continued: "Janet loves you dearly, Phineas; I know she does."

"But, ma'am," said Quiddy, somewhat astonished, "what has her love for me to do with what we are talking about? Howsoever, that's her affair; and, love me ever so, I'll take my oath I never gave her no encouragement."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Sanderson; "and don't you love Janet?"

"Love her? why bless you, ma'am, the thing is morally impossible, and not in human nature. How can one love anybody that an't got nothing?"

"Well; when Mr. Sanderson married me, I had nothing—nothing but industry and a true heart; yet you have seen how happily we lived together. However, since you have confessed you don't love the poor girl, you shan't marry her—I'll take care of that."

"Marry her!" exclaimed Quiddy; "I never dreamt of such a thing; besides, I—ma'am—my—Mrs. Sanderson—my affections is already engaged."

"And who, pray, has already engaged your affections?" "Can't you guess, ma'am?" said Quiddy, screwing his ugly face into an expression of as much tenderness as it was capable of.

"Guess? no," said the old woman; "how should I be able to guess more than others? Speak out!"

Quiddy hesitated, stammered, and twisted his thumbs; and then, by a desperate effort, delivered himself of the words—

"Oh! who should it be but your own dear self, Mrs. S.?"

"Me!—me!!—me!!!!" exclaimed Mrs. S., half stupefied with astonishment. Then, recovering herself, she said, "Why, you senseless unfeeling brute! I'm old enough to be your grandmother! Shame upon you! But, old as I am, my eyes are still clear enough to see into your dirty, interested motives."

Quiddy, who had calculated too securely upon what he might have heard, or perhaps read in a newspaper of the avidity with which an old woman will sometimes seize the offer of a young suitor, was so completely taken aback by this rebuff, as to be rendered incapable of uttering a word in reply.

Mrs. Sanderson took a huge pinch of snuff, put on her spectacles, and silently renewed the reading of her Bible; whilst her lover, pretending to cry, put his handkerchief to his eyes, and (as if the shock had taken away his breath), went through the shop, opened the door, and stood for some minutes to inhale the reviving air of Cow-lane.

Of all the burdens ever imposed upon a human being, the heaviest to carry is a sad heart. The step of that "dumpy, ugly little body," Janet Gray, was usually light and rapid. At this moment might have been heard, descending the kitchen-stairs, a tread slow, measured, and heavy.

"Well!" thought Mrs. Sanderson, as soon as she was left alone to her reflections—"Well! who would have thought it! What could have put it into his head that, at my age, I should ever dream of making such a fool of myself—worse than a fool! The heartless, the unfeeling, the money-griping—I to refuse a young, healthy, good girl like Janet, who would have been a treasure of a wife to him, and talk of marriage to an infirm old woman like me, who, mercy on me! ought to be thinking more of burying than wedding; and all this with a selfish eye to my little worldly possessions! Well! though I never gave him credit for much generosity of character, I should hardly have thought him such a— No matter; he has opened my eyes to what he really is, and I ought to be grateful to heaven for it; else a poor lone widow like me might have— Ah! dear, dear! what a world we live in."

And having terminated her mental soliloquy, she gave three taps on the floor with her crutch-stick, the usual signal to Janet that she was ready for supper. Presently Janet made her appearance, laid the cloth, and placed the humble meal upon the table. This operation (like everything else indeed that Janet had to do), had hitherto been performed with an alacrity of movement and a smiling countenance, usually accompanied by the humming of a snatch of some favourite tune. Upon this occasion she was silent and slow of motion, and seemed to lift each little article from the tray to the table, with as great an effort as if it had been a hundredweight; whilst a quicker ear than Mrs. Sanderson's might have detected something like a short half-repressed sigh.

The first effect of an unsuccessful popping of the question, when the heart is really concerned in the affair, depends greatly upon the disposition and temperament of the party rejected. One is subdued to melancholy, one excited to rage, another driven to madness; whilst the very desperate will threaten to hang, drown, or shoot himself—a threat which he would assuredly carry into execution if anybody were foolish enough to say "Don't." But there is one consequence of a love-disappointment that affects all natures, which is, that for a time it takes away the appetite; and so general is this, that we think it not improbable that it would spoil even a common-councilman



for a turtle-feast. Of this fact Quiddy appears to have been aware; for when, by Mrs. Sanderson's desire, Janet went to call him to supper, which she did with a faltering voice, addressing him, not as heretofore, by his christian name, but as Mr. Quiddy, he made no reply to her, but passing through the little back-parlour, said to the old woman (in order to give the semblance of sincerity to his passion,)—"Oh, ma'am! no supper for me; you've took away my appetite for one while." And with a grunt, which he intended for a sigh of the first magnitude, he betook himself supperless to bed.

Of this Mrs. Sanderson took no notice, but desired Janet to sit down and eat her supper, unconscious that the poor girl had any notion of what had just occurred between herself and her enamoured swain.

Now, according to the theory we have broached touching the loss of appetite, under the circumstances narrated, it will be taken for granted that Janet, who really felt "the pangs of despised love," declined her meal. No such thing: Janet was, in her small way, a heroine. She knew by so doing, she would excite the attention of Mrs. Sanderson, and that the emotion which she could not altogether suppress would be observed; so she took her supper as usual, but with this slight difference, that every morsel she swallowed went nigh to choke her. She talked too: she did not, indeed, lead conversation nor ask questions, but she answered those of her companion with apparent cheerfulness. And whenever Mrs. Sanderson looked up at Janet, she saw a smile upon her countenance; but Mrs. Sanderson being, as we have before intimated, purblind, she did not see the tear that accompanied it, the tear that would not be restrained; she did not, in short, observe that most pathetic expression of which the human countenance is susceptible, when the compulsory smile is upon it, whilst the heart is full of grief. Supper ended, they went each to her bed, and, upon bidding "good-night," the old woman, kissing Janet, added, "God bless you, my child." Though invariably kind to the girl, this was an endearment she had never before addressed to her. The heroism of the little maid-of-all-work was not proof against this: she burst into tears and rushed into her chamber. This little incident was not lost upon the old woman.

And the poor, love-lorn, grief-stricken, Quiddy!—For a full hour did he sit gloomily in the corner of his room, nor had he removed one single article of his dress. He sat like one absorbed in the meditation of some dreadful deed. He drew a small clasp-knife from his pocket—then replaced it—muttering to himself, "I shall find a larger knife there." Occasionally he rose and listened; and when all in the house was perfectly quiet, he stealthily descended the stairs to the kitchen. He opened a closet in which he knew that a weapon such as he had occasion for would be found; he seized it; and imagine when, next morning, poor Janet approached the same depository, what must have been her feelings as she exclaimed,—

"What can have become of such a quantity of bread-and-cheese!"

How Mr. Quiddy conducted himself, how he was starved by Mrs. Sanderson, and cured by Dr. M'Squills, are fully narrated in the succeeding chapters, and that in Mr. Poole's usual graphic style; but more of these next week.

### Scenes and Sketches of Military Life.

#### CHAPTER IX.—THE OLD SOLDIER'S TALK.

ENGLISHMEN are proverbial for possessing that cool reflective temperament which prevents the sudden inroads of passion and the hasty outbreaks of ire; thoughtful and calm, they are not lightly provoked, but when treated unjustly, or with wanton and unnecessary indignity, they can fearlessly and steadfastly assert their rights, and resolutely and perseveringly repel aggression, and carry their warfare to death and victory. Yet I have known one exception to this general characteristic. Peace be with thee, old John Thomas, wherever thou art; whether the sandy shroud of some Indian plain now covers thy manly remains, or that thy frank free spirit yet animates thy stalwart form, may happiness be thy portion. Thou wert not formed of philosophic clay, or kneaded of the stuff that formed the passive mass of every-day beings; thou wert fiery and impassioned as a son of Gaul, hot-headed and unthinking as a child of Erin. Thy tongue never hesitated to speak thy thought, and the truth before equal and superior; nor did thy hand waver for an instant to enact what thy heart told thee was right; never hast thou stood by and seen wrong done; never for a moment suffered insult to pass unresented; thy heart was the throne of humanity, and thy word was as sterling as thrice-proven gold!

John Thomas, when I first knew him, was "a warrior old;" in form he was tall and spare, but bony and sinewy, erect and soldierly, with a bright grey eye and thinly scattered brown hair—but his spirit was as buoyant and juvenile as unscaled eighteen. He had fought in America, the Peninsula, and the East Indies; yet with a length of servitude sufficient to entitle him to his discharge and a pension, John went with as much alacrity to New South Wales, as if he had but joined the regiment three months before, although he well knew that he should not return to Europe until he had served a certain number of years in the East Indies.

Many were the tales of wild and desperate adventure with which old John used to enliven the hours of guard, and the dull nights in the barrack-room. Well he knew every inch of the ground over which the troops marched on their route from Lisbon to Coimbra and Thomar, in 1827, and many quaint and graphic descriptions he gave of sundry incidents that occurred during the Peninsular campaigns, in different places, which he pointed out on the line of route. It was while crossing the heights of

Villa Franca that he gave us the following melancholy recital:—

"I dare say," began old John, "as how I know all these little places hereabouts nearly as well as the place where I was born. I well recollect the smart day's work we had on this very ground before we drove the French over these hills; and do ye see the olive trees far down among the villages away to the right?—well, you see, 'twas there we 'camped for the night. The men were served out with their rations the night before for the next day, and I happened to be the messman of our squad, and what should fall to my share of the bullock but the head, with the longhorns, and it all dripping blood. I didn't grumble, for I knew as I could cook our boys some of the most nourishing soup as ever they tasted out of that there great bullock's head; so I washed the blood off it, and strapped it on top of my knapsack, and there it stuck up high over my hairy cap to the great delight of the men. One of our lieutenants, as great a tyrant and as bad a soldier as ever had the command of a dozen—an old militia officer was he—when he saw my bullock's head on parade before day-light, ordered me to unstrap it and fling it away. 'Na, na, Mr. —,' said I, 'that is the squad's beef, and I dare say I'd look very blue if they'd report me for flinging away their rations; neither should I like to lie down without a something to comfort me after this day's fighting.'"

"Will you do as I bid you, sir," said he, advancing on me, his drawn sword in his hand; 'or do you attempt to mutiny?'

"No mutiny, Mr. —," said I, 'but I won't throw away the rations the men were served out with.'

"Bravo, John Thomas," said my comrade as was my rear-rank man, and the company joined him, so that the captain and other lieutenant came to see what was the matter. When I explained it to him, he turned quite serious-like to the lieutenant. 'Mr. —,' says he, 'let John Thomas be, he knows his duty, and besides he's a good soldier that takes care of number one; and Mr. —,' says he again, 'you've seen but little of this here campaigning, and if you live to get into winter quarters you'll learn to respect the soldier that takes care of his comrades' rations.'

"The captain, you see, was a bit of a prophet, for Mr. — did not live to see two days run over his head from that very morning."

"Well, we had a severe day's work with the French just hereabouts, and over there amongst the vineyards; the sharp-shooters were rattling away like winking, and there was I amongst them with my bullock's head, showing a good mark above the bushes; how as ever I escaped that day, and when we rested for the night I made a good fire and put on my bullock's head to boil. Now, thinks I, this here soup will be poor washy stuff unless I can manage to procure some vegetables, or the like, to make it a little comfortable; so I called one of the men to keep an eye over the pot while I went to forage."

"Where are you going, John Thomas," said my comrade.

"Why you see, Bill," said I, for his name was Bill Bates; 'I am just a going amongst the houses of the village here away to the right to see could I pick up any garden stuff for our soup.'

"I'll just go and help you, John," said Bill, 'for I don't feel so knocked up as I thought I would after this here day.'

"We straggled into the village and separated; Bill going one way and I taking another. I went round the skirts and among the gardens; there were no inhabitants, and everything seemed to have suffered rack and ruin; at last I came to a kind of outhouse or barn that appeared to have escaped from the general plunder, for the doors and wooden windows were all fastened up. I peeped through some splits, and saw just the very thing as I wanted in a heap on the floor, being nothing less than about a good cart load of peas. But how I was to get at them was what puzzled me above a bit. I dared not force open the door or windows, and I couldn't contrive to undo the fastenings no how. At length I walked to the back of the house and got upon the roof, where I soon made a hole large enough for what I wanted and let myself down. I had a spare pair of white overalls, and I tied a knot on each leg below the knee, and I dare say as how I was not very long until I had a trowsers-full of them 'ere peas. I soon made my way out through the roof with my prize, when just as I dropped on the outside, who should catch me by the collar but Mr. —, the militia lieutenant."

"John Thomas," says I to myself, 'you'll catch your soup without vegetables this time I dare say; and so I did.'

"I have caught you, you plundering scoundrel!" says he; 'where's your comrade?'

"Just a bit of forage in the way of no harm, Mr. —," says I.

"Where's Bates?" says he again.

"Well I am sure," says I, 'I can't say for the life o' me; he's a somewhere among the tents.'

"Didn't I watch you both leave together!" says he.

"Ho! ho!" thinks I; 'this here mangy hound has been playing the spy; but see if I don't fix him yet.' So I didn't answer him any more. He then made me take up my breeches-full of peas, and marched me into the centre of the village, where the provost marshal with his guard was ready to receive me. I was ordered

to strip, and had three dozen marked on my shoulders; tight as a thumb-screw; my peas were thrown into a stream that ran through the village, and I was advised, o pain of a repetition of that there ugly dose, to go to cam as quick as I could, and never to tell where my bac itched most.

"I was regularly savage, as much for the loss of m peas as the flogging; and felt as I could have eat nigger. However, I thought 'twas no use on being in passion, so back I went to the barn again, and filled th trousers once more, and peeping out cautiously this tim to see that the coast was clear, I dropped on the groun with my plunder, and made a clear escape to the camp."

"That there soup, I think, was just about the fin soup as ever I tasted since or before; maybe 'twas wh I suffered for it made me think it so good. However, I was ready, and the men with their canteens were a collected to get their rations, with the exception of B Bates, for you see he hadn't come back, and I was fring in regard to the militia lieutenant and the provost marshal catching Bill; but I said nothing, for there' never any use in talking about mishaps, as it wont men them, and only serves to make chaps as you don't lik laugh at you. I served out the beef and soup, and th men declared as they never was better supplied in a their life; and just as our dinner was over, Bill Bates with a face as black as his knapsack, walked in amongs us, and threw himself with his face downwards upon th ground."

"I must tell you what sort of a man poor Bill was. You see, he was not so tall as what I am, but about five feet ten or thereabouts, yet more stoutish and stronge looking, with a fine fair face, red and white like a young woman, and fair hair, and two blue eyes, as were all ways dancing fandangoes in his head. But he was a rare good-hearted chap, was Bill—share his last biscuit and lot of wine like a man as had the commissary stores at his elbow, and didn't know what to do with it. He was as good a soldier too as ever fixed a bayonet, and a real rollicking, singing, whistling, devil-may-care sort of a chap, 'till he was vexed, and then he'd tremble all over and grow black in the face and white again, and couldn't speak a word; and whenever you seed him in that fit, 'twere best you took to your scrapers, and run for your life, for death was in his eye and his hand at the same time."

"I said nothing until the men were all asleep, and then I went over to where Bill was still lying. I saw at a look that he had a drop of drink more than his allowance, and I was sure he had got himself into a mess. I went quietly and sat beside him; he raised his head and said, 'Is that you, John Thomas?'

"How is everything with you Bill?" says I. 'I'm fearing you have come across them vultures as are prowling about the village.'

"Hush, hush, for God's sake," said he; 'dout let any of them hear you speak about it, for I never could stand the shame on it, for my back's on fire, John Thomas,' says he, 'My back is burning with pain, but may my soul burn everlastingly, John Thomas, if I don't have revenge by this time to-morrow.'

"I shuddered when I heard him speak in so wild and desperate a manner, for I knew that the devil had entered him that would not be cast out. I did my best to soften him and to calm his temper, but it was no use."

"It's of no manner of use in talking, John Thomas," says he, 'for never will I survive the disgrace as is brought upon me before the regiment; and if I don't satisfy my revenge on that there cowardly villain,' says he, 'why I'll desert to the French.'

"Now, Bill, my boy," says I, 'that's worse than all; never think of that above all things—death before desertion. And as for the affair with the provost marshal, Bill,' says I, 'why it's every man's chance that goes a yard beyond the camp, and no disgrace either, when it's not punishment as is received for cowardliness or theft, or anything in that unsoldierlike way. See how quiet I takes it,' says I, 'though the pumping spy had me stopped and tattooed as smart as ever I seed a West Indian overseer lay into a black nigger; but I'll see him fainting for what wine might wet them 'ere lips of his before this here brush with the French is well over.'

"Pshaw, John Thomas," says Bill, 'that's nothing—you suffered and you can bear—well to;—but, John Thomas, he struck me when my hands were tied with a rope and I could not raise them up. He called me a d—d scoundrel thief, and I said I was as honest and as good a man as wore an epaulet; he struck me on the mouth till the blood flowed—look here, John Thomas,' and he showed me his mouth all swollen and blackened. 'I had got into a wine-house that was half burnt and torn to pieces, and knocking about some rubbish in a dark room as was not much injured, I turned up a skin of wine; I was thirsty, and took a draught or two to quench the heat as was in my breast. I then took up the skin and was bringing it here, when the spy and provost marshal's guard darted out from behind some walls and seized me; they spilled the wine about the road. He used me as I tell you, and then gave me over to be flogged, and at every lash he cried Bravo—but if death stood before me on the narrowest path that mortal man ever trod, and that Lieutenant — stood beyond him, I'd grapple him by the throat or die in the attempt!'

"I remember almost every word he said that night as well as if it was last night he spoke them. He raved all night long, and kept muttering and talking to him-



self in a manner as was frightful to listen to; for he never closed his eyes, and for that matter neither did I, and before dawn the bugle sounded, and we were scarcely assembled when we were ordered to advance in skirmishing order. Well, you must understand, comrades, that the French, though retreating before us, were fighting every inch of the ground, and about ten o'clock we fell in with a line of their sharpshooters, sheltered along the brow of a bushy hill that we had to cross over, so the Captain ordered the bugle to sound "Extend by double files," and we spread ourselves before them, and began to rap away at them like a thousand mill-clappers. Bill Bates was very near me, he being my covering file, and I observed that he did not fire a shot the whole blessed half-hour we were at work, although there was a little Frenchman in front of him, behind a big stone, blazing away at him every time he got a sight of the red coat or hairy cap. "Why, Billy man," says I, "are you going to sleep in that bit of a bush; don't you see that gallows dwarf of a Frenchman has picked off the feather of your cap; next he'll pick out your eyes!" "That must not be, John Thomas," says Bill, in the same tone as he spoke the last night. "I have use for that eye to-day." So saying, he turned round to watch the Frenchman, and bringing his piece to bear on the outside corner of the big stone, he kept it steady for a few minutes, and the Frenchman, thinking, I suppose, that he would have another easy shot, peeps out and coolly levelled his piece, when crack went Bill's musket, and the Frenchman's firelock dropt from his hand, for his arm was broken. He then coolly lifted up the piece again with the other hand, and walked away with his arm hanging, and the blood running from his fingers in a stream. Though he showed a fair mark, yet no one attempted to fire at him; he was a wounded man; there was nothing but honour and hard fighting between us and the French.

"As we advanced up the hill, we were greatly annoyed by about a dozen Frenchmen, who were snugly ensconced behind the walls of a roofless cottage, and kept everything clear around them, their sharpshooters resting on the ruin as on a centre of support. Bill and I were within shot of it, but dared not advance an inch, for every thing that showed itself was sure to be shot down. The captain was very vexed, and cursed the old cottage fifty times over. At length an order came from the captain to send an officer with a score of men to dislodge them.

"Lieutenant ———," said he, to the Militia Lieutenant, "take a score men from the rear, and clear out the old walls at the point of the bayonet."

"I was near to the cowardly villain when he received the order, and saw him turn pale; but he dared not refuse. Now the old ruin was on our left, about a musket shot in front. Bill was behind a stump, nearer to the ruin, but still on my left, so that I could have a full view of everything he did. As soon as he heard Lieutenant ———'s name mentioned, I saw him prime and load very carefully, and bring his firelock up, like a man who was determined to make the most of it. I felt a coldness come over me, and a something struck on my heart, and whispered in my ear very like the sound of the word *murder*;—and I could not keep my eye off of Bill Bates. At last on came Lieutenant ———, with Serjeant Atherton, and about a score of men in double quick time, and the bugle sounded 'file firing from the centre.' As the Lieutenant passed by where Bill was lying, he felt that Bill's eye was on him for no good, and he turned round, and as their eyes met I saw him falter and change colour. Have any of you ever remarked," appealed old John to his auditors, "that if any one was a-watching of you, or looking stedfastly after you, that something made you feel and know it, although your back might be turned to the person at the moment, and that if you turned suddenly round you would catch the eye fixed on you—I know as I have often. Well, Lieutenant ——— did not go far when something made him look round again, and sure enough there was Bill Bates, with his head and shoulders raised above the stump, and he having the Lieutenant covered as dead as a door nail. Lieutenant ——— halted, pointed with his sword where Bill was, and shouted "MURDER!" when bang went Bates's musket, and the Lieutenant fell. A number saw the act. The men halted for an instant, but Serjeant Atherton (he was a brave good fellow) waved his sword above his head, and shouted the "double quick," and in five minutes the old walls were cleared out, and the French driven over the hill. When the bugle sounded the retreat, and we joined the advance, Bill Bates was a prisoner, and I heard that Lieutenant ——— was shot in the side, that the doctor could not extract the ball, and reported that his patient could not live until morning. The captain was at that moment taking down his confession.

"Bill Bates was tried that evening by General Court Martial—the Lieutenant's confession was read, and one or two swore that they saw Bates deliberately shoot the Lieutenant, and that they saw the officer halt and point with his sword to Bill, and heard him cry "*murder*."

"I was brought up as a witness. When I came to the spot, there I saw Bill standing between two of his comrades, with their bayonets drawn, and he appeared as calm and as steady, and as unconcerned, as if he was a mere cook on. The book was put into my hand, and the oath proposed.

"Stop," says Bill, in the same cold thrilling tone; "you need not swear John Thomas—I confess that I did

shoot Lieutenant ———, and more than that, it it were to be done again and I set at liberty, I'd do it again!"

"The president said his confession could not prevent the witness from being sworn, as they must take the evidence.

"Well, then, John Thomas," said he, "tell them that you saw me do it—for I know you did."

"I told the truth—I could do nothing else—if I told a lie—a lie would not serve him. He was asked what could have tempted him to do such a horrid deed? He spoke without the slightest hesitation, and told the whole affair from the beginning. 'And now, gentlemen,' says Bill, 'I know my life is forfeit, but I give it up cheerfully. I never did a dishonourable action since I was born. I never insulted those weaker than myself, nor ever suffered one above me to insult me with impunity. I believe my spirit and temper was not what suited the army—but the man that could strike one so much below him as I was below Lieutenant ———; the man that could strike his fellow-man with his hands tied, and then laugh at his tortures, and taunt him in the midst of his sufferings, deserves what Lieutenant ——— has received from his victim. Let his fate and mine be a warning to others.'

"Lieutenant ——— died, and Bill Bates was hung on a tree the next morning by the Provost Marshal, and buried under it within the space of half an hour. In a hollow behind them vine-hills, far to the right, is the spot where my old comrade is laid;" and old John Thomas, with tears running down his furrowed and weather-beaten cheeks, pointed out the direction of the scene of the above tragedy. Gentle reader, deem not the above narrative a fiction—it is a detail taken from the lips of a man who was never known to utter a falsehood, and who was too simple-hearted to draw on his imagination, or to know in fact that he possessed such a faculty. It is a well-established fact, and many well authenticated instances of it are given, that numbers of obnoxious officers have been picked off in the course of a campaign that never received the scratch of a bullet from the foe. It was the usual and understood system in the confusion and smoke, and darkness, of a battle-field, to select out the tyrant, and send him to his account with a bullet cast in an English mould. Without talking lightly of the spirit that's gone, it has been stated it was such a bullet gave Sir John Moore his death wound.

To conclude, I have heard an old soldier relate the following anecdote:—"In some of the battles in Spain an officer not well beloved was shot down in the above style; a brother officer running to his assistance, and seeing the nature of the wound, exclaimed—"That shot never came from an enemy." The man who fired the shot was standing near. "Then," he replied with the utmost coolness, "it never came from a friend."

#### Novelties in Science.

**MUTATIONS OF THE EARTH.**—One of the most difficult lessons in Science, yet one of the earliest and most essential, is to dismiss our preconceived sentiments and opinions, and to adopt others more accordant with nature and with fact. Perhaps there is no prejudice more strongly and more generally entertained, than that which induces us to believe in the perpetuity of existing nature, and to think that everything around is as it was from the commencement of time, and will continue unaltered to its termination; and, when in the course of geological inquiry we are called on to reverse the physical conditions of the earth, and change land to sea and sea to land, and to alter the whole aspect of nature, we object to the discipline thus enforced, and we affect to be dubious and sceptical, forgetting that the error and misapprehension exist in ourselves; and that, if we apply our own conventional ideas and puny estimates to the vast scale of nature, and find our powers inadequate to the task, it becomes our duty to raise ourselves to a level with the subject, and not to degrade nature, and the God of Nature, by ideas unworthy of both. When geology teaches us that vast tracts of dry land have once been submerged beneath the deep; and, while the sea has, doubtless, once been dry land, and when we trace successions of these changes, we find the same area to have been alternately the site of land and sea, over and over again, we are by no means justified in rejecting the fact because it may not accord with our microscopic powers of observation; but, on the contrary, if we look around us, and observe nature with an attentive eye, we shall find not only that such changes have once taken place but that they are in progress now. The agencies of ultimate decay and renovation, the wasting and destroying ancient strata, and the formation of new, the wearing away of every headland and promontory, and the filling up of every bay, the shallowing or stopping the mouths of rivers, the closing or altering their courses; these, with other phenomena, have been going on along our own coasts for many centuries, and are in operation at this moment. The outline of the coast presents a very different character at the present day to that which it exhibited in those of the Romans, and even during the middle ages, and is still undergoing fresh mutations every day. The coasts of Suffolk and Norfolk have suffered considerable diminution by the inroads of the sea, and vast tracts of land are now absorbed by the ocean; the cliffs of the south-east of England have undergone similar spoliation; the church of the *Reculvers*, in Kent, though once far removed from the waters, is now about to become their prey; the church of Middleton, in Sussex,

has been demolished by an inroad of the waters some three or four winters past; many of the churches along the coast present the anomaly of a cure without souls, and almost without revenue, the lands which once furnished their congregations and yielded their stipend, having been swallowed up by the deep. The ancient town of Brighton was situated beneath the present cliffs, and was destroyed as lately as in the great storm in 1705, during the reign of Queen Anne; the modern town of Brighton is only preserved, for the present, by extensive walls and bulwarks, but is doomed to like destruction at no distant day; the old inhabitants remember the destruction, in 1784, of a battery which stood on the site of Mahomed's baths, and they recollect a time when the cliffs of Kemp Town were no cliffs at all, but sloped off in an inclined plane, covered with verdure down to the beach. These are cases most familiar and well known, but they are highly instructive, since they teach us the past by the present, and enable us to understand the bygone mutations of the earth by those which are passing before our eyes.

**GLACIERS.**—The distinguished Professor Agassiz, the celebrated writer on fossil fishes, and on other subjects of geological interest, is about to publish a work, the chief object of which will be to prove that the glaciers or fields of ice, which are now confined to the Alps of Switzerland once extended as far as Mount Jura; and the Professor having, during the last month, made a tour in the Highlands of Scotland, at the close of the meeting of Glasgow, has discovered traces of glaciers having also formerly existed in those Alpine regions; he further attributes the discoveries which have been made in Russia and in Asia, of the remains of tropical animals impacted in ice, the elephant, rhinoceros, and the like, to the existence of glaciers and fields of ice, which he conceives to have also prevailed in those regions during the primeval ages of the earth.

**GEOLOGY OF GREAT BRITAIN.**—It is a fact too obvious to be doubted that the commercial and social relations of a country, and the pursuits and the welfare of its inhabitants, are mainly influenced by its physical geography and the different formations which rise to the surface within its territory. In this respect the British islands are singularly favoured. Within a circle of comparatively limited extent formations occur the most various and diversified, such in short as are met with, in other and less favoured regions, only over areas of much greater extent. The advantage obviously accruing from so favourable a position consisting in our native islands presenting, as it were, an epitome of the whole earth, and concentrating in a limited space many of the most valuable treasures with which our planet has been stored by the bounty of a beneficent Creator. It has been forcibly remarked that if a traveller were to land on the coast of Cornwall, and continue his route through Wales and the border counties up to Scotland, he would traverse a region of primary rocks, and would find a community of miners, a population busily employed and interested in the mineral cultivation of the earth; but were he to land on the adjacent coast of Devon, and pursue his course northward to Carlisle, he would pass over the new red sand-stone, a soil admirably adapted for the purposes of agriculture, but still more valuable for the mineral treasure of coal lying beneath the surface; and as a convincing proof of the fertility and resources of the district, he would find that all the great seats of manufacture, all the busy hives of trade and population, to the extent of nineteen of the largest towns in England, are situated along the line from Exeter to Carlisle; while in the third place if our visitant were to land somewhat farther to the east, say at the isle of Portland or the coast of Sussex, he would traverse a line either of the colite or the chalk, and would find comparatively barren downs, and would meet with a pastoral people chiefly employed in grazing and tending their sheep. To this variety in the character of the strata which successively rise to the surface, and this diversity and richness of materials which they supply, this favoured country unquestionably owes much of its commercial and social prosperity.

**INSTINCT.**—A whole volume, or indeed, a series of volumes, might be written on the various manifestations of instinct displayed even by the smallest and most insignificant of the animal creation. There are two essential objects to which this faculty appears to be peculiarly directed, the one the obtaining food, the other the perpetuating the species, and the greatest care and the most admirable ingenuity are often displayed in attaining and ensuring these objects. We will select from the mass of evidence, which might be adduced, two or three instances in support of the assertion. If we gather fruit in our gardens we shall invariably find that those fruits which have been pecked by birds, or attacked by insects, are the best, they having been chosen by their assailants for their superior ripeness or flavour. In like manner there are certain shell fish, the animals of which are carnivorous, and prey on the inhabitants of other shells; and collectors are well aware, that shells which have been perforated by another shell-fish are the best, the most superior, and the finest, being invariably selected for attack; and again, the gad-fly is known to deposit its eggs in the hide of the ox, and it is a well-known fact, that tanners prefer those hides that have the greatest number of bot-holes, since the flies invariably attack the youngest and most healthy subjects,



### Joe Simple's Adventures on the First of September.

I do not like the man that would deprive the humble working classes of their out-of-door enjoyments in the midst of nature, who is so kind to us all; so I hope the editor of the *London Journal* is a liberal man that would vote in favour of our having the right to shoot pheasants, partridges, doves, rooks, and other game, as well as noblemen and gentlemen. I do not blush to declare myself a sportsman, and though I am one, I think myself as great as the first personage in the kingdom. Let us discuss this point coolly, and without no nonsense and party feeling. To shoot or not to shoot, that is the question; and which I shall answer at once thus:—Every poor man ought to be a sportsman, because if the Russians or the Romans should come for to invade this country, and plunge us all into a pickle, everybody ought to know how to shoot at them.

With this prologue I now commence my account of a shooting excursion which I, Sam Waxend, Dick Sawyer, Harry Hogsflesh, Jonathan Bigbottle, and Tom Sniffles took to Putney Heath, on last Wednesday was a fortnight. They knocked at my door precious loud that morning, at six o'clock, and up I got and opened the window, expecting to find the parish engine at the door, when they all burst out a laughing to see my red night-cap and pale terrific face. "What's the matter?" said I. "Come along with us, and have some of this fun," says Sam Waxend, pointing his gun and firing it off with such a loud crack as shook the windows. "None of those practical jokes," says I, "if you please." If you don't come at once," says Tom Waxend stamping his gun down upon the ground, "we'll exclude you from our Sporting Charity Club and cut you for life. So make up your mind at once." "Well, then, if I must come, I must," says I, so I put on my clothes, kissed my sleeping partner, and went down stairs with my Joe Manton under my arm. Having opened the street door, I took a piece of chalk out of my pocket, and wrote on the shutters an apology to my customers for shutting up shop. Then off we started. Now you must know that between the six of us we only had a couple of guns—my Manton and Sam Waxend's gun. In the matter of dogs, we were not over well provided neither, for we only had a brace—Harry Hogsflesh having brought his terrier, and Jonathan Bigbottle his missus's coach dog. The name of the first was Rattler, and the name of the second Spot. In addition to these implements, I carried my blue bag to put the pheasants in, and an umbrella in case of a shower coming on to damp the pleasure of our sport. Tom Sniffles carried a large necromantic telescope to find out the birds with, at a distance, and also, be it observed, to bring the bed-room windows of ladies' academies close to his wicked eyes. At eight o'clock we reached the Elephant and Castle, where I was forcibly struck with the politeness of a gentleman who offered to drive us anywhere in his go-cart, which we civilly declined, as we questioned whether such an act would not be degrading to us respectable tradesmen. On we went, but presently Dick Sawyer cried murder, and leaning up against a post took off his boot, when the cause was very apparent, for his cobbler, having driven a long nail into his boot, it had suddenly entered his foot. We knocked out the nail with a street door key, and resumed our journey. When we got opposite to Vauxhall Gardens, I spied a covey of sparrows perched on a *chevreux-de-fries* of glass on a wall. "First fire," says I; "stand back, don't move, hold the dogs in, make ready, present!" Bang, I fired; the dogs barked; the birds escaped; but the bottles were literally smashed to atoms. "Let's stop," says I, "till they settle again. I'm up to them, they're sure to come back." We sat down on the curb stone, and waited half an hour, but no birds showed themselves; so on we went, being resolved not to wait any longer to please any cowardly cock-sparrow. We reached Battersea Fields, where we were delighted to hear the distant song of a blackbird, and to behold a whole acre of turnips and taters, at the sight of which we one and all exclaimed, "Who would't be an Englishman?" As some of the party was very hungry they made themselves quite at home, by eating the turnips without the leave of the owner, but I believe every sportsman's privileged to pull up a turnip if he pleases. They didn't eat any taters, but they pocketed some for supper. We soon began to want a drop of summit to wash down the turnips, so accordingly we got some "heavy" out of the Lord Chancellor's Head. We played one game of skittles in the yard, and then left the place. When we had got a little further on the road, we saw several large spotted birds running along, crying "Come back, come back!" We were all much puzzled to tell what the deuce birds they were, and I thought we had met with some new specie. "Give me the gun; it's my turn to fire," says Harry Hogsflesh. So I gave him the gun, and he pulled the trigger, but having forgotten to load the barrel, in course it did not go off. At last, however, all was right, and he fired. The birds ran off, but at length one of them laid down on its side, crying out, "Come back, come back!" Jonathan let go his missus's coach-dog, and told it to go and fetch the game, when off it ran, seized the bird in its teeth, and brought it to us like a good dog. We examined the bird, but could not settle its exact specie. Sam Waxend said it must be a parrot, because it said "Come back, come back!" Dick Sawyer persisted that it must be a cockatoo, for the same reason; Harry Hogsflesh believed it was a magpie; Jonathan Bigbottle believed it was a jay; Tom Sniffles was ready to bet any money that it was an overgrown talking canary; and I maintained it was a nondescript; but they all persisted there was no bird of that specie.

Presently a country lad came in sight, and, thinking he ought to know more about birds than we did, we asked him what it was. He had opened his eyes very wide, and, pointing to Harry Hogsflesh who was holding the bird, exclaimed "Oh, very well I want you catch it for shooting our guinea-hen. Hang it, if I don't tell feyther what you've been a-doing." Off ran the boy, and down dropped both gun and guinea-hen from the trembling hand of

Harry Hogsflesh, who ran homewards as quick as his legs would carry him, that he might prove an *alibi*. He was out of sight in an instant. We thought it prudent to make our way behind the hedges to avoid detection. We were going on, and stooping down as much as possible, when suddenly some more birds ran out of the hedges, crying "Come back, come back!" "No, hang me if we will," says Tom Sniffles in a whisper. On we went, putting one foot before the t'other in pedestrian fashion, until we reached Putney Heath. When we got there we felt glad to think we were not locked up for killing the guinea-hen, and I took a *Sporting Dictionary* from my pocket to learn something about it. From its pages we ascertained that it belonged to the poultry genus and not to the game genus, and all birds of the sort are private property. The village clock struck one, our hour for dinner, so we spread our pocket handkerchiefs on the grass, and put on them such bits of cold meat and hard-boiled eggs as we had brought with us. We all then sat down in a circle to dinner; but presently we saw a most savage-looking bull running towards us, with his tail raised high up in the air. He bolted off, and climbed up some trees, but Jonathan Bigbottle took refuge in the middle of a large furze-bush. From the places of our retreat, we had the mortification of beholding the obstreperous bull tear our red pocket handkerchiefs to pieces, upset a tinder-box full of salt, and then thrusting one of his horns through the handle of our can of beer, toss its valuable contents into the air. "Crikey, there goes all the heavy,—well, I never!" exclaimed Bigbottle from the furze bush. "Such a varmint ought to be put into the pound," observed Sam Waxend. "I wish we hadn't left our guns on the grass," said Bigbottle, and he had hardly uttered the words when the bull began to turn one of the guns over, but the trigger catching against his horn the gun went off, and the report frightening the animal he leaped over the furze bush, giving Bigbottle a gentle push, and scampered off as fast as his legs could carry him. We then descended from the trees, and could not help laughing to see how the bull had scattered our cold meat, bread, and pocket handkerchiefs. We gathered up the fragments and spread them out again on the grass, having first of all agreed that Dick Sawyer should shoulder my gun and parade up and down like a sentinel while we dined, in case of any invasions from wild bulls or other ferocious denizens of Putney Heath. We dined in security, and when we had done we consented to relieve guard and to let Dick Sawyer eat his dinner; but, poor fellow, he found that we, in our absence of mind, had eaten his dinner as well as our own. However, we pursued our journey, and when we got a little further on we had the extreme pleasure of beholding a most magnificent bird with a splendid tail perched on top of a nobleman's wall. I presented the gun, pulled the trigger, missed fire,—off flew the bird, and crash went a large glasshouse or greenhouse. Out came a gentleman with a blue apron on, and who said he was the gardener, and enquired of us whether we saw any boys throw stones over the wall. "Yes," said we; "and the young rascals have bolted off round the corner. They chucked a stone at a beautiful large bird which was on top of that wall," said we, and off we went, determined to remember in future what sort of bird a peacock is. When we got at the back of the nobleman's mansion-house we saw a lot of noisy birds up in some trees, which put us very much in mind of a number of lawyers in black gowns blackguarding one another in the High Court of Chancery. Well, we presented our fire-arms, and when the signal was given, off went both guns at once, and such a sight as followed I never did see. Up flew such a lot of black noisy birds into the air, reminding one of a number of sooty chummies on May Day. "Them's not peacocks, nor guinea-hens either," says I. "Don't you know what they are, you stupid," says Tom Sniffles; "why they're black grouse, and very fine eating too." Our companions agreed that he was right, and so I thought we had better keep the said birds in sight, and follow them up. So we skulked along by the side of a thick hedge until we reached the side of a lane, where we chanced to find one of the same specie perched on top of a tree, which Tom Sniffles said was a hoak tree, but I think it was no more nor a hawthorn. We put the muzzles of our guns through the hedge, and fired at the bird, which flew off as soon as he saw the flash, but had he stopped he would have been killed as dead as mutton, beyond all question, as we had put lots of shots in. As soon as we had fired, we heard such a squalling and screaming on t'other side of the hedge that nothing could be like it, unless all the cats had been let loose from the catacombs of Egypt. When we entered the lane to see what was the matter, we discovered that our shots had penetrated the legs of a cart-horse, and that the poor animal, not liking such fun, had plunged from side to side, until he had upset the cart, throwing out the driver, two young girls, one woman, a basket of eggs, and a dead sucking-pig into the middle of a muddy ditch. Being determined to behave like gentlemen and honest sportsmen, we helped them out as well as we were able; and then rubbed them all down with some hay to get the mud off them. No person was seriously hurt, except the sucking pig and the eggs. The sucking pig's skull was fractured against a large stone, and the eggs were cracked and otherwise mutilated. We assisted them into the cart, and accompanied them to the next public-house, where we treated them liberally to gin and beer. We then asked the driver whether he saw any black game when we fired. "No," says he, "but I saw a rook on that tree, if that's what you mean." "Black game and rooks are all the same specie," said Tom Sniffles, adding that he ought to know best about that, because his father was sent to Botany Bay for shooting black game without a license. It was now getting rather dusk, so we thought we had better walk homewards before the high-waysmen should be on the road to rob us of our personal property. Accordingly we trudged back, singing sporting songs out loud to keep our courage up. I got back to my shop at nine o'clock, and found that my customers had been making a riot outside my shop for want of the coats and breeches they had left for me to repair. Such were the pleasures and consequences of my first excursion as a sportsman.—Yours, JOE SIMPLE.

### Editorial Notices

ALGERNON SYDNEY.—This gallant hearted martyr to civil and religious liberty was the following victim to court tyranny after William Lord Russell. He was arraigned at the bar of the Court of King's Bench on the 7th November 1683, on a charge of high treason. His offence was precisely this: He had written a paper in which he argued the doctrine that all power came from the people, who delegated it to parliament, to which body the King was responsible, and might be called upon to justify his conduct. This paper was taken from his desk, which had been broken open by the emissaries of the law. On the 21st of November he was tried and convicted, Judge Jefferies declaring that in law to write was to act, and that the writing of a treasonable paper, though never published, or communicated to any one, was an overt act of treason! The victim was executed on Tower-hill on the 7th of December. He proudly gloried in his death, rejoicing that it was for the good cause in which he had been engaged from youth. He was the first individual accused of such treason and condemned to die for such an offence. Amidst the judicial murders with which the reign of Charles II. is crowded, this one stands out in illuminated relief. Sydney was a man of high thoughts and generous sympathies—one well-fitted to school a people in the exercise of its duties, and strong-hearted enough to seal with his dauntless death the opinions for which he contended. The rigour with which he was pursued by the unrelenting miscreants of the court can only be explained by the fact of his having been appointed one of the high court of justice which tried and condemned Charles I. On this tribunal, however, he did not sit, yet the fate of the regicides was doomed also to be his. It would be a fearful catalogue to give all the trials and executions during this sanguinary reign, yet it might not be without its use. It is only by a knowledge of the sufferings of these martyrs that the value of their principles and labours can be appreciated.

THE KING'S EVIL.—Charles II. could condescend to any meanness or stupidity to acquire favour with the populace, although he heartily despised them. It was on the 6th of July, 1660, that the old Saxon superstition of the king touching a patient to cure him of this loathsome disease was first repeated. The ceremony was performed in the banquetting room at Whitehall, the King striking the neck or the face of the patient with both his hands, while the obsequious and blaspheming chaplain repeated the words—"He put his hands upon them, and he healed them." Against this solemn profanity no church dignitary raised his voice. In religion as well as politics, it appeared that the king could do no wrong.

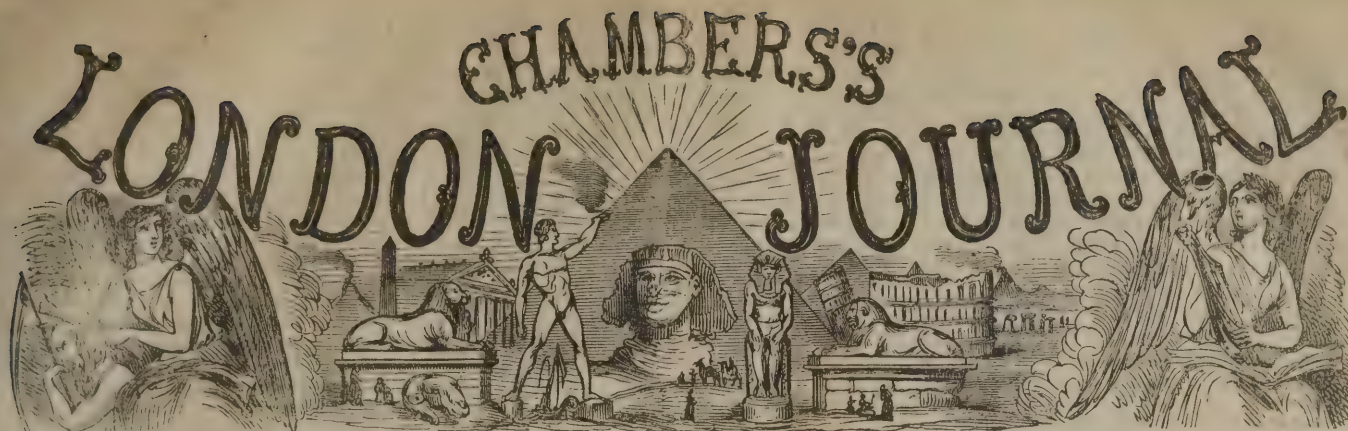
CONVOCATION OF THE CLERGY.—This body, which certain political religionists are now attempting to resuscitate, became virtually extinct in the profligate reign of Charles II., to whose unchristian and intolerant legislation the convocation had ever lent assistance. A money bill was passed by the Commons, granting two millions and a half, to be paid in three years, to the king, on the 4th of March, 1665, to which the clergy, in full convocation, had given their consent to be taxed thereby as well as the laity, on condition that they should be entitled to vote as freeholders of the lands they occupied as parsons, or as other officers in the church. By thus surrendering the exclusive privilege of raising taxes to the Commons, the Convocation became useless, and was never again needed for business purposes. In the previous year, however, they had procured the passing of an act by all the estates of Parliament, by which it was declared that any meeting of more than five persons, for any religious purpose not according to the book of Common Prayer, was prohibited under the severest penalties!

SHIPWRECK OF JAMES II.—It was on the occasion of this royal knave's visit to Scotland, when Duke of York, in the Gloucester frigate, that the vessel was lost. On the 5th of May 1682, the ship struck upon the sand at the mouth of the Humber, and was lost with almost all the crew and passengers. The duke is said to have cried childishly for himself, and to have been solicitous only for his favourites. One of these was Mr. Churchill, afterwards the celebrated Duke of Marlborough. The duke and his friends escaped in the pinnace, while the vessel went down, with the "common people" on board. The mariners are reported to have given a loud huzza when they saw the duke in safety, and sank in the relentless element with patriotic exclamations on their lips. Oh that king and princes were worthy of the devotion and sacrifices which are displayed and made towards them!

TO PRESERVE LEECHES.—Leeches being now an article of considerable commerce, it is important to know the best means of preserving them alive during a voyage, as they are of a delicate constitution, and very susceptible of harm from atmospheric changes. M. Moreau recommended pulverized charcoal to be introduced into the vessel of water containing them. They are much affected by even slight exposure to electric phenomena, and hence they are often killed by lightning, which, according to M. Derheims' experiments, coagulates their blood. Professor Sillman thinks that this might be averted by placing the vessel containing them near a good conducting body which would lead the electric fluid to the earth. In the *Bulletin Universelle* (cxiii. p. 369), we are told that the method adapted and most approved of for preserving them at the Hospital of Bamberg consists in keeping them in a vessel made of deal, and capable of containing enough water for five hundred leeches, and having a stop-cock to draw off the water when necessary. It is half filled with mud brought from whence the leeches were obtained, in which are planted two or three roots of the Florence Iris (*calquius aromaticus*), of which they are said to be fond. The usual care is taken as to their temperature and a frequent change of water, which, when stale, is drawn off slowly, while the fresh water is gently supplied through a funnel, the end of which is kept close to the bottom of the vessel.

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"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1841.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

### The Blackwall Railway.

THE history of this undertaking is chiefly remarkable for the great benefit it has conferred on one of the most crowded approaches to the City, and for the opposition which it met with from the very parties, who, of all others, ought to have been most vigorous in its support. The terminus at Fenchurch-street has thrown open a narrow thoroughfare, and converted a close and densely-crowded neighbourhood into a noble and roomy space, where elegant buildings may take the place of lanes and alleys. When the Company shall have been enabled to remove their station to Mark-lane, they will be entitled to say that they have completed a series of improvements on the streets of London, at the expense of private enterprise, which ought to have been defrayed by the Corporation. This latter body are permitted, by Act of Parliament, to tax the citizens, that they may purchase property, widen the streets, and improve the general appearance of the City; but certainly they were not justified in expending any tax-fund in opposing and endeavouring to prevent an equally desirable improvement in a quarter of the City to which their energies had not been directed.

From the Minorities and through Shadwell a vast amount of house property has been purchased—lanes and courts demolished, and new avenues opened up, by which fresh air and the light of day have been thrown into corners and crevices which never, until now, rejoiced under the blessing of a breeze or a sun-beam. An opportunity is now afforded to enterprising builders to follow out the work begun by the Company: an immense track of ground is now prepared for new erections, before the progress of which a great portion of the old and dilapidated buildings composing that locality must speedily give way. The value of property will not only be improved, but order, cleanliness, and general healthiness take the place of confusion, neglect, and squalid misery. Thus do the innovations of commercial enterprise tend to the improvement of men and manners, and thus do such undertakings deserve the notice and approbation of all who delight in practical improvement, and who rejoice at every onward step which carries with it the healthy and elevating influences of activity, industry, and approximating wealth.

The station at Fenchurch-street, although only considered temporary until the completion of the arrangements at Mark-lane, is a well-ordered and commodious building. The centre door is appropriated to passengers inward: the wing entrances for those who have left the carriages. Large flights of steps, covered with sheet lead, lead to the trains. These are congregated in a building about five hundred yards in length; along this, in the centre, runs a divided platform, on each side of which the passengers are accommodated as they enter or leave the carriages.—Standing on this platform, it appears to the spectator almost a work of magic, to witness a train of six or seven carriages come sweeping up the inclined plane without the least assistance—rushing through the long roofed gallery, and stopping suddenly as the conductor handles a powerful lever. This stoppage, which may be effected at any given spot, to the eighth part of an inch, is performed by strong curved blocks of wood being placed behind each wheel, connected in their action by massy bars of iron placed under the carriage. On wielding the lever, these blocks catch the wheels as it were in their embrace, the circle of the wheel being firmly fixed in the curve of the block, and all motion is instantly arrested. Again, on starting for Blackwall, to which we solicit our readers to accompany us, a slight push impels the carriages downwards, and by their own gravity they reach the station at the Minorities. There, seated on a level, the rope by which the carriages are drawn is fixed in an iron grip, governed in its action by a lever in the hands of the conductor. Signals (which we shall afterwards explain) being passed that the carriages at the various stations have all clasped the rope, the engines are set in motion—that at Blackwall pulling the London train down, while that at the Minorities is performing the same office by dragging the Blackwall

train to London. Standing at the signal room, we observe the conductor of an up-train, when about fifty feet from the drum round which the rope is twined, press down the lever; the grip is opened, the rope falls down, and the carriages rush over the machinery at a majestic pace, impelled by their own momentum up the plane to Fenchurch-street, a distance of about one-third of a mile.

The rope being put in motion, the train sets off: the immense drums are in rapid revolution, one coiling and the other letting loose their respective ropes. The axle of the drum is sixteen feet and a half in diameter, superadded to which is a groove of four feet and a half in depth, in which the rope is coiled. These drums are supported by massy iron pillars from the engine room, into which we beg to introduce our readers. On first entering, the beholder is awed by the sight of two pair of stupendous engines, probably the most magnificent in the world;—a neat engine is seen at work, for the purpose of maintaining the vacuum during the stoppage of the large engines. By this means steam is available at any given moment, and on the engineer turning one or two insignificant-looking cranks, the whole gigantic body is immediately in motion. The evolutions of the drums and enormous fly-wheels are governed by double engines, each of one hundred and twelve horse-power. These engines are kept at work for a week, when another double engine, of equal power, at the other side of the building, is called into use. By this alternate resting, one set of engines is completely investigated, oiled, cleaned, and repaired for next week's operations. Each of the drums are forty tons in weight: each of the fly-wheels are seventeen feet in diameter, and weigh about as many tons; each rope is about eight miles in length: three miles and a half is at all times lying along the line, an equal quantity is coiled on one or other of the drums, and the remainder, as spare rope, is divided between, but never untwined from, the drums at each end of the line. The rope is made of patented wire, twisted into small ropes, and these again twisted into one; there are two hundred wires in all, which form a rope of about three inches in circumference: it is covered over with hempen yarn, much after the manner of the wire used for ladies' bonnets when encased in cotton thread. Its weight only approximates nine pounds per yard, but when four miles of that is round a drum of thirty-four tons weight; three miles and a half of it along the line, half a mile round another drum at the opposite end of the line, and a long, heavy, crowded train of carriages attached, some idea of its strength and tension may be formed, as well as a slight notion of the immense action of the engines entertained.

The boiler-room is upon an equally large scale: it contains five furnaces, the boilers upon two of which are equal to the three others, and are used alternately with the change of engines. The quantity of coal consumed by these fires averages seven tons and a half every day. The heat of the place is not so intense as we had imagined it would be, the ventilation being most admirably arranged. The noise of the engines, fly-wheels, and drums, is so regular that we could only compare it to the roar and fall of mighty waters, while the roll of the passing carriages over head gave no bad idea of distant thunder reverberating among the clouds.

Having satisfied our curiosity respecting this congregated mass of powerful machinery, we ascended to the signal room, which is presided over by a young man, who, while on duty, has his eyes constantly fixed on a set of dials, indicating the various stations on the line. Each dial has a hand, which is governed by a wire from the station which it indicates; on the signal being given from such station the hand points to *ready*, let us suppose; the lad instantly answers that he has received and understood the signal; the other stations transmit the same intelligence, that at Blackwall perhaps among the rest. This latter, however, he does not answer until he has acknowledged all the others. This done, Blackwall is replied to, an answer is received on the instant, and the carriages proceed to their destination in the manner we have already

described. While in the signal-room its various and wonderful phenomena were politely explained to us, which we may thus retail to our readers. Along the whole line is an iron pipe, in which are from twenty-five to thirty wires. The ends of these are attached at each terminus to an electro-galvanic battery,\* as well as to the keys by which the signals are worked. On turning the Shadwell key, for instance, one way, "ready" is indicated; the reverse points to "stop": either the up or down train can be mentioned. Then there is what we may term a governing set of signals, which are telegraphed from each terminus. These explain the cause of any stoppage, the remedy required, and convey such other information as may be necessary. However surprising these results are, as showing the practical advancement which scientific knowledge has made, the period in which the signal is conveyed is truly astonishing. The wires are three miles and a half long. In our presence, the signaller sent and received a reply in less than one second! He touched a key, and a bell was struck, not by him, but from Blackwall! Although the line was as many leagues long as it is only miles, the same instantaneous result would be observable.

But the carriages are waiting for us: the train has been all linked together, the conductor in front only having the rope fixed in the grip. The drum revolves by the action of its fellow at Blackwall, and off we set at a rolling pace, the rope gliding over cylindrical wheels, by which it is raised from the ground, assisted in its motion, and kept in the centre of the line. As the rear carriages approach their respective stations, the conductors pluck the pins from the links, by which a detachment from the train takes place. The carriage thus released gradually slackens pace, the curved blocks are called into play, and the vehicle stops at its station.† The intermediate stations having had all their carriages released, the remainder of the train continues its uninterrupted course to Blackwall, the rope being let loose as already described. The inclination here not being so great as that at the Minorities station, the engines are of considerably less power, but all the other parts of the machinery are exactly counterpart to that at London. The engines are of seventy-five horse-power, and the furnaces consequently daily consume about two tons of coal less. The Company import their coal from Derwent, near Newcastle, and from Llanguenneck, in Wales. The boilers are cleaned out at least once a month, but such is the exceedingly great draught and power of the furnace, that comparatively little sediment from the water adheres to the sides of the enormous boilers, into which the water is almost continually in process of being pumped.

Two breaksmen are at all times employed on the line in regulating the action of the drums, while another two men in the engine-room guide the coiling of the rope. The former command an extensive view along the line, and can witness the *trail* of the rope to a great distance. Bells and other well-understood signals are in constant operation; there is no talking; every man is at his post; the engine room is as clean as our editorial *sanctum*, and the elegant and commodious waiting-rooms at either end evince a carefulness of public comfort which the extraordinary number of passengers daily traversing the line only can appreciate.

The railway for nearly three miles runs on a viaduct of arches; at the West India Docks it passes on a level with the ground, but at Blackwall it lies somewhat lower than the principal streets. The line crosses the Regent's canal and basin by a series of arches each ninety feet span. It stretches over the river Lea by an arch spanning at least ninety-six feet. It crosses the Minorities by a stupendous iron bridge sixty-six feet span, and elevated eighteen feet above the level of the street. Brick arches of peculiar work-

\* The structure of an electro-galvanic battery has been already explained by us in our "Familiar Chapters on Science."

† At the proper period, the conductor grips the rope in his powerful instrument, and it returns by the succeeding action of the other drum.



manship cross some of the crowded city thoroughfares, displaying the vast expenditure which has been rendered necessary to complete the line, which, estimated per mile, has cost more than any other in the kingdom. The valuable property in the City which it became necessary to purchase, and the stable and complete style in which the works are completed, as well as the liberal and careful manner in which they are conducted, fully explain how the sum of one million sterling could be expended on the undertaking.

During the first twelve months of the railway being in operation, there were carried by it two millions of passengers, and in the two months succeeding no less than five hundred thousand; yet, strange to say, without the slightest accident to any individual. Indeed, one of the great recommendations to the mode of working here adopted is the almost impossibility of an accident to a passenger. The carriages being all on six wheels, they cannot be thrown off the rails, and were a wheel even to break or fly off, the carriage would go forward on the remaining five. The hempen rope at first used broke frequently, without injury to any one, as the carriages merely remained stationary, and as the rope was generally replaced in ten or fifteen minutes, the only inconvenience to passengers was a delay of that duration; but the wire rope has never given way, and to all appearance never will. By means of this railway, and the iron steamers in communication with it, passengers are conveyed from the heart of the city to Gravesend (twenty-seven miles), within an hour and a half, at an expense of only one shilling!

At Blackwall a noble pier has been erected, which fronts the river at one of its most commanding situations. The view from the pier, which is called "The Brunswick," commands a wide prospect of hill and lawn, situated between Greenwich Park and Woolwich heights, the two reaches of the river there stretching out on either hand in bold curvature from the pier. The rates of the railway being 4d. and 6d., passengers are taken to this pier, where they may embark for Woolwich, Gravesend, &c., and thereby avoid all the delays, difficulties, and dangers of the Pool. A steamer leaving Blackwall will not reach London Bridge in less than seventy minutes—that is, were the tide in its favour, and no obstructions upon the river. A passenger by the railway may be in Fenchurch-street in seven minutes from the time of his landing at Blackwall pier. For ourselves, we may be allowed to state a little adventure which befel us a short time ago. A lady who assumes a certain control over us, had been awaiting our arrival on board the five o'clock Gravesend steamer, which sailed before our arrival. We walked leisurely to Fenchurch-street, and got to Blackwall in more than sufficient time for the boat which leaves that pier at half-past five. Nor were we a little pleased at finding ourselves comfortably seated in our lodgings for three-quarters of an hour before the arrival of the London Bridge-wharf boat, especially as we were afterwards annoyed by a long and distressing account of sundry stoppages which our gentle dame had undergone in passing through the Pool. We have not seen that part of the river since: even in going to Greenwich, we take the Blackwall railway, and cross in a wherry, should the grasshopper-legged Propeller not be in sight.

The number of accidents, collisions, and violent deaths, however, which are continually reported in the newspapers, as occurring in the dangerous Pool, painfully keep alive our attention to, the manifold dangers of the passage. Were the conservation of the river Thames as rigidly attended to as is the collection of the enormous city dues which are drawn from the traffic thereon, these lamentable occurrences might be in some measure mitigated, if not altogether provided against. But so long as the river continues in its present crowded state, so long as such immense numbers of vessels are necessarily compelled to congregate in the Pool, then so long will the same fearful waste of human life continue, and confusion, doubt, and obstruction render the navigation perilous. We hail, therefore, the completion of the Blackwall railway as a great means of lessening the dangers of the Pool, of taking away what we trust will be the largest proportion of passengers, and thus indirectly preserve many lives.

Such being the case with passengers, how much more beneficial must the railway transit be respecting sailing vessels and goods. In the immediate vicinity of the East and West India Docks, and aided by the commodious pier at Blackwall, every facility must be readily afforded to the speedy transmission of goods from the river to the heart of the city. As the railway trains run every fifteen minutes—that is, fifty-six times each way daily—a whole ship's cargo may be safely housed in any district of the City in less time than the vessel could complete her moorings in the Docks, or come within hail of any of the wharfs in the vicinity of London Bridge. However excellent it may be for passengers, "long in city pent," to get down in so short a space of time to a comparatively clear part of the river, the importance to vessels of saving one or more days in clearance, the opportunity afforded to merchants of bringing their goods sooner to market, and the great benefit which could not fail to arise from all provisions being so conveyed, sufficiently demonstrate the great and paramount necessity which existed for a railway in this busy and crowded locality. Now that the line is completed from

the pier at Blackwall to the City, we may anticipate that a considerable amount of traffic will take place, which, added to the immensity of passengers that daily avail themselves of the line, we may confidently expect will justify the enormous outlay which necessarily took place, and prove that regular and rapid intercommunication, when perfected, will at all times redeem the expenditure it has caused, and benefit the surrounding neighbourhood to an incalculable extent. Every attempt towards improvement commands our approbation; and of this one, we are entitled to say, that it deserves to be as profitable to its proprietors as it is eminently useful to the metropolis.

### Something from Nothing.

We return with pleasure to the characteristic narrative of Mr. Poole, taking up the eventful history on the morning after the mysterious disappearance of the bread and cheese.

#### CHAPTER III.

When the parties met at the breakfast table, their demeanour towards each other was somewhat different from what it had heretofore been. Janet appeared to combine a little more of affection with her habitual respect for the old woman, whilst towards Quiddy she was rather distant and reserved, exhibiting less of her former unhesitating frankness in her address to him; though, in neither case, was her altered manner so strongly marked as would have struck any but an observant eye. Mrs. Sanderson, instead of addressing Janet by name, as had been usual with her, called her "my dear;" whilst to Quiddy she scarcely spoke a word, and seemed purposely to avoid looking at him. As for the young lover, he ever and anon cast (what he intended for) a tender look at the mistress, at the same time emitting a small grunt; whilst to the maid he was morose—evidently considering her as the bar to the fulfilment of his selfish project. The resolution which Quiddy had formed in the course of the preceding night was to persist in his endeavour to obtain the old woman's hand; but, since his overt attack had failed, to try what could be effected by stratagem. He determined, therefore to play upon her sympathy and fears, and the manner in which he intended to assail them he considered as a masterpiece of invention. But here again he reckoned without his host, betraying equal ignorance of the character he had to deal with, and the real value of his own little powers. Address is one thing, small cunning another; and Quiddy, like most people of his stamp, who pride themselves upon being what is termed "cute," possessed abundance of the latter quality without one particle of the other.

"Eat your breakfast," said Mrs. Sanderson to Quiddy, who put aside the tea and toast which Janet placed before him.

"Ah, ma'am!" said Quiddy, in a doneful tone, "I am not in a state of mind to think of eating."

"If you don't eat, you'll be ill," said Janet, hesitatingly.

Had Quiddy instructed her what to say, she could have said nothing more suitable to his purpose. Unconsciously she played directly into his hand. He shook his head mournfully and grunted a sigh. Mrs. Sanderson was silent.

"No supper last night! no breakfast this morning!" continued Janet.

Mrs. Sanderson looked queerly at the loaf and the butter, which she thought to be unaccountably curtailed of their fair proportions, considering the fact just noticed by Janet; whilst Quiddy, putting his handkerchief to his eyes, rose and went into the shop, saying, "The sooner I'm out of this world the better, for I've nothing in it now worth living for."

This exclamation, as well as the whole of his conduct, he thought would be intelligible to Mrs. Sanderson only, unaware as he was that Janet had accidentally become possessed of his secret.

"A sad affair, indeed!" muttered Mrs. Sanderson, drily.

Shortly after breakfast, Mrs. Sanderson, who was too infirm to walk, desired Janet to fetch a hackney-coach. Janet obeyed, wondering, by the way, what could be the cause of so unusual an order, the old woman not having quitted the house for the last ten months after the death of her husband. On her return, she found Mrs. Sanderson prepared for her journey.

"Before you go out, ma'am," said Janet, hesitatingly, "I—I have something to say, and—" She paused.

"Well, Janet, what is it?"

"There is something that weighs heavily on my—" She had said "heart," but she repressed the word, and substituted "mind," and continued—"Last night I made a resolution; I am sure it is for the best, and—"

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Sanderson, "I haven't time to listen to you now; I am going out, for two or three hours, about a matter of consequence. I dare say we shall be left to ourselves after supper: tell me then."

Janet assisted her into the coach, which drove away at the breakneck pace (for such it was for such a vehicle in those days) of two miles an hour. Now, in these times of improvement, a hackney-coach will sometimes accomplish three—and do it with ease.

But if Janet wondered at this event, Quiddy was utterly confounded by it.

"Where can she be going?" thought he. "What can she be going about? I dare say Janet knows."

"Janet," said he, aloud, "what's the old 'oman gon out about?"

"It wasn't my business to inquire, Phineas," replied she, mildly.

She sighed, and went into the house to her work.

"I'll make it out, somehow or other," muttered Quiddy. "It can't be about no good, I'll answer for it."

At the expiration of three hours, Mrs. Sanderson returned; but not in the same coach. From this circumstance Quiddy sagaciously inferred, that wherever she might have been, her visit had been long, and the distance short; nor was this inference weakened by his observing that she gave the driver no more than a shilling for her ride.

What is the reason why hackney-coachmen have less alacrity in their movements than other functionaries? Is it the quantity of beer they drink that renders them lumbering and heavy? or the sedentary lives they lead, being for hours together motionless on their seats, whereby they acquire a sort of physical rust? or (which is the most probable explanation of the phenomenon) is it the consequence of the pernicious example they have constantly before their eyes, in their own stiff-jointed and unwilling hacks? Leaving the question as a subject for a "paper" to some retired linendraper, or greengrocer, or brushmaker, who is allowed by the Royal Society to do honour to British science in the eyes of Europe, by purchasing of them the distinguished privilege of tacking F. R. S. to his name, we will merely state, that while Coachee was slowly turning up with his left hand the right skirt of his heavy coat; slowly unbuttoning his breeches pocket; slowly putting his right hand down into it, till it reached nearly to his knee, and there depositing his shilling; slowly rebuttoning the pocket, and slowly putting his foot on the nave of the forewheel of his coach—whilst he was occupied in doing all this, Mrs. Sanderson had time to regain her little back-parlour, and take her seat.

Quiddy availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the delay to question Coachee. But Coachee, having probably been cautioned against answering questions, and being, moreover, like many his class, a wag in a certain way, the questioner "took nothing by his motion."

"I say, Coachee," said the latter, "you warn't the man as took up here three hours ago?"

"No," replied the other; "and for a most uncommon reason."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Quiddy! "and what may that be?"

"Cause it *ware* somebody *ilse*."

"I don't want none of your jokes," said Quiddy, somewhat angrily; "I want to know where you fetched the old lady from, as you just set down here?"

Coachee, having by this time mounted his box, answered, whilst adjusting the flaps of his coat about his knees, and gathering up the reins—

"I'm almost ashamed to tell you, for it *ware* such a cruel queer place!"

Quiddy pricked up his ears and looked all attention. "May I never drink again," continued Coachee, "if it warn't from a house with a door to it. So you see, master, you arn't got all the snuff in the world in your own shop, for I'm up to a little." So saying, away drove the wit.

Quiddy, annoyed at the result of his inquiries, resumed his post behind the counter: his feelings being somewhat akin to those of some patriotic M. P., who, "seeing the noble lord at the head of the — department in his place, takes the opportunity of putting a question of vital importance at the present crisis;" to which he receives an answer quite as much to the point, and fully as satisfactory, as Coachee's to his interrogator.

Quiddy's head was distracted by guesses, surmises, and conjectures, as to what could have been the object of Mrs. Sanderson's unusual visit abroad; but all to no purpose. We, of course, are in the secret, but, for the present, are not at liberty to disclose more of it, than that she went out for the purpose of carrying her resolution into effect, and that she did so to its fullest extent. What was its precise object, since she thought proper to conceal it, we are too discreet to explain.

At two o'clock, their usual dining-hour, Janet simply said to Quiddy, "Phineas, dinner's ready."

The repast consisted of the cold remains of a leg of mutton; and as Mrs. Sanderson, with the practised eye of an old housekeeper, dim though it were, perceived the instant the joint was placed upon the table, that it had considerably diminished in size since yesterday; and reflected, moreover, that it could not have become so much smaller by any act of its own, she was neither astonished nor alarmed when Quiddy again pleaded the state of his mind as the reason for declining his food. At tea-time the same game was played, and again at supper.

Janet having left the room, the old woman, with a semblance of feeling, thus addressed her disconsolate swain:—"Phineas, you are behaving very foolishly; do you intend to starve yourself to death? You generally play a very good part at table: you are as fond of eating as any one I ever happened to meet with; yet here you haven't tasted a morsel since yesterday's dinner. You'll make yourself ill."

"What does it signify, ma'am?" said Quiddy, "after what you said to me last night I have no wish to live."

"Don't talk so, Phineas," said Mrs. Sanderson: "you



are young, and will doubtless find some one who can return your affection."

"Oh, ma'am," exclaimed he, "I shall never love again; and if you are cruel—"

"Well, well," said Mrs. Sanderson. "But here comes Janet; say no more now; go to bed; a night's rest will do you good; and, as to-morrow will be Sunday, you need not get up very early in the morning."

Quiddy took her hand, which he tenderly pressed; looked unutterable things, and, with a deep sigh, betook himself (not immediately to his bed, but) to his bedroom—chuckling inwardly at what he considered to be the complete success of this portion of his scheme, and anticipating a brilliant result from that which yet remained to be executed.

"My dear," said Mrs. Sanderson to Janet, "go down stairs, put all the eatables into the cupboard, lock the door carefully, and bring me the key."

Janet, having done as she was bid, returned.

"I promised to listen to-night to what you have to say to me," said Mrs. Sanderson, "but upon reflection, we had better leave it till the morning. An unpleasant subject—and such I suspect is yours—ought never to be talked over at night: it is an uneasy pillow to sleep upon; but with a few hours of daylight and occupation before one, the mind has opportunity to settle itself down. So go to bed, child."

"But I have a word to say to you—a confession to make, and I cannot rest till I have done so. I overheard part of your conversation with Phineas last night, and I think it my duty to tell you so."

These words she uttered ingenuously, and without the slightest hesitation.

"I suspected as much," said Mrs. Sanderson.

"But," continued Janet, "it was almost by accident. I would not have my kind mistress think me capable of so mean a thing as to turn eves-dropper."

"You are a good girl, Janet," said the other. "To-morrow I will listen to the rest you have to say."

"At any rate that's off my mind, and I feel myself a great deal happier for it," said Janet, cheerfully.

We know not that the hapless lover was a somnambulist, but certain it is, that no sooner did he hear the two chamber doors close, than, as on the previous night, he softly groped his way down to the kitchen, and approached the familiar cupboard; and having, greatly to his disappointment and mortification, assured himself that the door was fast locked, and the key gone—with a sigh, a real sigh, that seemed to issue from the lowest depths of his empty stomach, sounding like wind whistling through a hollow cavern—he pensively made his way back again.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The next morning (it was Sunday), when Mrs. Sanderson came down to breakfast, she found Janet thoughtful and melancholy, sitting in a corner of the room. In answer to the inquiry, What ailed her? Janet replied that there was nothing the matter with herself; adding, "But I fear poor Phineas is very ill, for, passing his room door, I heard him groaning piteously."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Sanderson, with an air of concern, "something must be done for him."

"Hadm't I better carry his breakfast up to him?" inquired Janet.

"No," replied the other, "I'll do that, after we have taken our own. But go softly up stairs and lock his door, as gently as you can, for fear of disturbing him, poor fellow! the key is always on the outside."

Janet obeyed the order, and redescended.

The Sunday morning meal was always distinguished by some rare and exquisite delicacy. Upon this occasion it was fried bacon and eggs, the savoury fumes of which diffused themselves over all the house, penetrating through each cranny and crevice till they saluted the nostrils of the hungry invalid—for, be it remembered, his last visit to the pantry was a failure. He lay for some time expecting a summons to breakfast, which, not arriving, a fierce struggle took place between excited appetite and his resolution to carry his notable scheme through to its end. Trusting, however, to the sympathy of the ladies, which he thought would not permit him to lie there and starve, he allowed the latter to prevail.

"There can't be no manner of doubt," thought he, "that by this time I've made the old woman believe I'm ill for love of her; I wonder whether she's talking about me?"

He rose for the purpose of listening at the stair-head, but was astonished at finding his door locked without-side. This unprecedented circumstance, however, he construed into what he called "a good sign."

"It's all right," thought he; "she's bit, and has locked the door to prevent my being disturbed."

Mrs. Sanderson seemed purposely to have protracted breakfast considerably beyond the usual time of its duration; nor was it till more than an hour had elapsed that, rising from table, she exclaimed—

"Now I'll go myself and see how he is. In the meantime, Janet, do you go and fetch Doctor McSquills."

And she hobbled up stairs.

Her first three or four taps at the door Quiddy pretended not to hear. At length, in a faint voice, he inquired, "Who's there?" Having received the information which he did not need, and answered in the affirmative Mrs. Sanderson's inquiry whether she might come in, he adjusted his nightcap in the most interesting and be-

coming manner imaginable, and summed up the most pathetic look he could command.

The old woman entered, and drew a chair close to his bedside. After looking at him for a few seconds, and shaking her head, she began—

"You are looking very ill, Phineas."

"I shouldn't wonder, ma'am," replied he, in a voice scarcely audible.

"And do you feel ill?"

"Uncommon, ma'am."

"You are evidently very weak, very feeble; but that is not extraordinary, considering you haven't taken anything since the day before yesterday at dinner." So he imagined he had led her to believe. "Do you want to kill yourself?" continued she. "Only think! should anything happen to you, what is to become of me? Who will remain to take care of me? But I deserve it; it was my unkindness brought him to this condition."

"O, ma'am! O, Mrs. Sanderson!" exclaimed he, emboldened by the tenderness of her manner; "though I say it that shouldn't say it—"

Suddenly recollecting that he was a little too vigorous in utterance for a love-stricken invalid, he abruptly lowered his voice, and continued—

"When I'm dead and gone, there won't be nobody left behind me as will love you half as much as I do."

"Well, well," said she, covering her face, and holding out to him one hand whilst the other she placed across her heavy silver-rimmed spectacles, to conceal, as he fancied, a tear; "Well, well, we will not talk any more of this at present; wait till you are quite well again, and— Ah me! I'm a foolish old woman!"

These last words she uttered as if to herself, rather than as addressed to him, yet just loud enough for him to hear them.

"I've done it," thought he; and he chuckled inwardly at the success of his scheme.

"And now, Phineas, you must do me a favour."

"Favour? What wouldn't I do for you?" said he, squeezing the hand he had taken.

"I know you will be doing yourself a violence; but, to oblige me—"

"Anything to oblige you, dear Mrs. Sanderson."

"Well, then, you must take some breakfast. But, as you are not yet quite well enough to get up, you shall have it in bed."

Consistently with his scheme, this was a favour he would have refused; but ravenously hungry as he was (for really he had eaten nothing since the dinner he had smuggled nearly four-and-twenty hours before), he, after a faint objection or two, kindly consented to grant it.

"That is very good of you," said Mrs. Sanderson. "And now one thing more: this is my birthday, as you may remember; we have a hot roast goose for dinner; you must exert yourself to come down and eat some."

Quiddy's eyes sparkled, and his lips watered at the mere mention of the object which, of all others, dead or alive (money only excepted), he loved best in all the world. To this again he thought proper at first to object, knowing full well that it would be overruled.

"We shall not dine till three o'clock," said Mrs. Sanderson; "remain a-bed till then: three or four hours' quiet repose will make quite another man of you. I'll take care that no one comes to disturb you. And now," said she, rising, "I'll send Janet up with a nice little breakfast for you that won't do you any harm. May I trust to your promise that you will eat it?"

"Solemn, ma'am!" said Quiddy, in a tone and with a look which would have assured the most incredulous of his sincerity.

"But be cautious," continued the considerate old woman, "be very cautious; for as I said before, you haven't taken food for nearly eight-and-forty hours, so don't eat too much at once: part now and part by and bye; you are still in a very delicate state."

As Mrs. Sanderson opened the door, the odour of fried bacon and eggs again rose excitingly to the olfactory nerves of the sick lover; but there was scarcely need of this to whet the already keen edge of his appetite.

"I've done it," said he, rubbing his hands excessively, as he heard his fair one walking down stairs; "I've done it! How nicely I've come over her! Every stick and stiver she has got in the world is mine! Well, if I ain't a 'cute 'un, I'm a Dutchman, that's all."

Presently a gentle tap was heard at the door. Quiddy hastily turned himself in his bed with his face to the wall.

"Come in," said he, without turning to look at the speaker.

"Mrs. Sanderson desires you will take your breakfast and then go asleep: nobody will disturb you till dinner-time." And having said this, Janet left the room, closed the door, and locked it.

Quiddy listened till the footsteps of Janet were no longer audible, when, eager for his meal, he leaped out of bed. But who shall conceive his disappointment, his dismay, his horror, on perceiving that, instead of the substantial he expected, the breakfast which his considerate friend had provided for him consisted of nothing more than a small cup of weak tea, without either sugar or milk, and two thin slices—*slices*? no, that word would convey an exaggerated idea of their bulk—two exquisitely fine shavings of bread-and-butter, which seemed to have been pared off the loaf by the delicate application of a carpenter's plane.

For a time he stood motionless, gazing on the awful sight before him; at length, having in some degree recovered from the terror with which this ghost of a breakfast had inspired him, he rubbed his eyes, shook and scratched his head, as if to assure himself that he was actually awake. But there was no mistake on that point. What was he to do? Submit to starvation, or, by a sudden and premature recovery, endanger the final success of his trick which, up to this morning, he looked upon as in a prosperous way.

"It is not yet eleven," thought he, "and I have four hours to suffer till dinner-time. Well! I must bear it as I may: it is but once in a way. I have completely come over the old woman by it, that's one comfort; and when I get opposite to that goose, I'll take my revenge upon that—and that's another."

Consoling himself with these reflections, he swallowed the provisions set before him—an operation which he found neither difficult nor long—and returned to bed. But his "unreal mockery" of a breakfast served rather to increase than allay the pangs of hunger; and as the sweetest tempers are not proof against the provocations of an empty stomach, his, which certainly could not be reckoned in that class, was irritated in the extreme. Starved almost into repentance of his ingenious expedient, he lay fretting and fuming, tumbling and tossing, in vain endeavouring to sleep away some portion of the fearful four hours which stood between his appetite and his dinner.

#### Scientific Truths.

**EXISTENCE AN ENJOYMENT.**—It is an interesting and important fact which we owe to geological investigation, and the inquiries into zoology which that science has occasioned, that all the forms of animal life are, in fact, so many forms of enjoyment; and that, in conformity with the design of a benevolent Creator—to be is to be happy. A few years ago very different ideas were entertained on the subject; naturalists then conceived that various creatures were formed in an incomplete state, and a great deal of very superfluous pity was bestowed on animals, who, it was conceived, were created to be miserable. The sloth, for instance, was considered as one of these pitiable productions; its organization was considered to be so imperfect and incomplete, as to embitter its entire existence, and render its life one protracted torture. More recent and more accurate observations have fully removed this error—have shown the folly of supposing that a beneficent Deity ever created an entire race of animals for misery alone; and it is now ascertained, that the poor and despised sloth is a creature of an organization admirably fitted for that sphere of life which it is destined to fill—that, although it possesses not swiftness of locomotion, this defect is compensated by the remarkable mechanism of its claws, which enable it to cling with the utmost tenacity to the branches of trees on which it is destined to exist, by feeding on their leaves; and that in the instance of the sloth, as of the tortoise and other objects which have received the unnecessary commiseration of man, existence, instead of a curse, is a positive blessing; so that if the creature were endowed with the power of choice, it would doubtless be unwilling to change places with the eagle that cleaves the air, the elephant that roams the forest, or the whale that careers through the deep. How admirable—how instructive is this lesson, which thus vindicates the character of the Deity, and shows that to exist is but another term for happiness!

**ANCIENT SUPERSTITION.**—Allusion has already been made to the legends and fictions, which in former ages were employed to explain the phenomena of nature; a very striking instance occurs in the writings of Livy. In the 38th book of his history, he mentions two prodigies which occurred shortly before the death of Hannibal, and which so terrified the Roman people as to induce them to decree "a supplication to the gods." This was a solemnity of the highest order, in which the whole community, of all classes, repaired in procession to the temples of the deities, to avert their anticipated displeasure, by prayers, sacrifices, and offerings. The phenomena in question were as follows, and are easily explainable by the researches of modern science. The historian relates, that at the period in question it rained blood on three successive days in the Temple of Concord; and that an island, which had never appeared before, rose on a sudden on the coast of Sicily out of the sea. The first of these wonders was occasioned by a peculiar species of butterfly, which, on emerging from its chrysalis condition into its perfect state, discharges a drop of red fluid exactly resembling blood; and it was the metamorphosis of a number of these insects at the same time, which gave rise to the appearances in question, and threw the valiant Romans into such fearful consternation. A similar occurrence, which took place at Aix, in the south of France, in 1608, occasioned like alarms, which were dispelled by M. Piresc, a celebrated philosopher, residing at that place, who had paid considerable attention to entomology, and the transformations of insects. The second of these wonders is explained by a consideration of volcanic phenomena, and by reflecting, that some few years since a volcanic island rose out of the bosom of the Mediterranean, and after continuing for some time above the waters, was submerged beneath the ocean and seen no more! In this satisfactory mode does philosophy remove the prejudices of the vulgar and the terrors of superstition.



### The Waters of London.

THERE have been many hot disputes respecting the judicious mixing of liquors: it is not surprising, therefore, in these temperate times, that there should arise a discussion in regard to the mixing of water. But we shall be cool as the element of which we treat; clear in our arguments, and sparkling in our remarks. Water is decidedly not a dry subject: our eloquence shall flow like an unconquered river, our reasoning insinuate its influence as a stream through a meadow, and our wit fly off in corruscations like sunrays from—Bushy marsh. The waters at this heath, marsh, or meadow (for to all these characteristics does the boasted "meeting of the waters" lay claim), are said to be composed of two kinds, those that rise up from the springs, and those that float upon the surface, forming a real and true terraqueous body—land and water, and all that dwell therein, being joined in loving intermixture. We have already noticed that the spring water is said to rise to within eighteen inches of the surface of the hole, and that the surface water flows plentifully when trenches are dug to a like depth. These being collected together, it is proposed to pump them into an iron pipe and convey them to London for the use of all those who may choose to pay for the same.

The supply of water to such a place as London is a question of too great importance to be treated lightly; but when it is gravely proposed to collect waters of so widely different qualities, both taken roughly and improperly from the breast of nature, and to retail them without any artificial straining or filtration, we can discuss the subject only in anger or in ridicule; and being much too placid in our temperament for the former, we may be allowed to approach the latter in the tone of our remarks. These shall be very few, as we conceive the subject can be made sufficiently plain with an "alarming brevity." The quality of water forcibly dragged from the bowels of the earth we have already explained, as well as shown the deleterious matter which is kept suspended in marshy or stagnant water. These foreign bodies—mineral and vegetable—are of so opposite a character, that did two blacks make a white, the admixture of lime, chalk, or slate, with rotten vegetation, might possibly make pure water. But the result of violently throwing waters together with a force pump, and conveying them so bottled up with a portion of air, will produce a fermentation as soon as it reaches a state of repose, whether in a reservoir or cistern; the most noxious effluvia will exhale, while an offensive crowd of animalculæ will be generated, palpable, indeed, to feeling as to sight. These microscopic monsters, doubtless, will afford great amusement to the loving students of natural history, but whether they will add a flavour to soup, or a colour to tea, who shall attempt to determine? We suspect very few will be able to judge; for this somewhat plain reason, that very few will use the water.

But why should the precious element be destroyed? Why should it be brought into domestic use before it is itself prepared to advertise its own excellence? Some people appear to entertain the idea that London is gently seated on a bath, and that a sheet of the most beautiful water rests in its crystal bed beneath the couch of the vast metropolis; and therefore all we have to do, is to bore a deep hole, put down a pipe, and then the water will rise, sparkling with gratitude at being again permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon. Now, what is the truth? Water pervades, to a greater or less extent, the whole crust of the earth. What lies or exists beneath this crust no speculator has yet dared to say, not only on account of no human eye ever having been in the interior to see, but also because the state of the crust is so various, so wonderful, and so full of mysterious meaning, that geology has not been able fully to comprehend or explain them. But where did the water in the shell of the earth come from? As we mean to astonish our readers, we may as well commence with a startling yet incontestible fact. There is not in this our own sublimary sphere one drop of water, more or less, at this present good hour than there was when Adam first dipped his palm in Eden, and drank of the virgin stream! Every drop which since then has been consumed is in existence still: if it was absorbed by trees for sap, by the vine for its excellent fruit, or by the hemlock for its deadly juice, in process of time it returned either to the clouds in vapour, or to the earth in drops like rain. Although we are told by a high and indisputable authority that water split on the ground cannot be gathered up again—the hand of man being impotent at such an apparently trivial task, yet the earth itself will vomit it forth at its own good season,—pure, revived, and fit again to undergo the continual and everlasting process for which it was designed by its Great Original.

How foolish is it then to say that water can be so alloyed or putrified that it is impossible for it to come back to its pristine excellence. Were such assertion in any degree allied to truth, there would not be a drop of pure water to bless the palate of one of God's creatures on the earth;—the mighty mass on which we dwell would be a rank and fetid heap of putrescent matter, on which no life could exist, where every breath of wind would scatter pestilence and death, and noxious vapours rise by which the sun and all his glorious hosts in heaven would be hid from this great channel-house below.

But, as the blood in the human body is changed and purified by its action among the vitals, so are the foul particles loosened from the sleepless element. By one of the inconceivable laws of nature, water descends into the earth, deeper than did ever plummet sound; yet there it has its limit—the immortal fiat goes with it, and on the confines of its downward progress says—thus and no further shalt thou go. This journey to the far recesses of the earth is of course governed by many obstructions, and according to these is the descent of the water controlled. But the near or far limit being gained, the element as gradually yet as surely ascends, and works its way up until it again gladdens the fair green earth, to decorate our fields

with grass or grain, to feed our rivers, and to flow in silent majesty to the unfathomable deep, so that the evaporation therefrom by the sun may not lay bare the secrets of ocean's bed, nor change the structure or gravity of our ponderous globe.

It is evident, however, that water thus percolating through the bodies of which the upper earth is composed, can only leave its foreign particles, whether held in suspension or solution, by becoming impregnated with the mineral properties of the matter through which it passes. Thus, a heavy shower of rain dropping upon and from a well-manured field must carry with it much of the putrescent matter with which it came in violent contact on its descent from the clouds: gradually this infusion is left behind, as the water passes through the various strata, but it is not supposed to be thoroughly filtered until it has passed through chalk or lime. Having done so, the water is extremely hard, being highly impregnated with a solution of these mineral bodies. The rank matter of the surface being only held in suspension, was more easily dislodged. The mineral qualities are retained by the water until it returns to the surface: if by a natural or self-made well the element comes forth, much of the chalk or lime is separated by the up-filtering process; if the well is artificial, and the water be pumped from its bed, it is evident that we must use it in its half-cleared state. But to mix this water with that which has been floating among decayed vegetation, and prevented from undergoing its natural filtration, betrays at once that those who do so are altogether ignorant alike of the properties and qualities of water.

When a spring comes forth of its own accord, the water sparkles: this is caused by the lime being held in solution. By flowing in a stream, the rays of the sun act upon the carbonic acid gas which the lime has generated, sucks the expanding vapour from the water, and thus precipitates the lime to the bottom. The water then becomes soft: it loses its sparkle;—its beauties are less poetical; but, like a housewife faithful and true, it is better fitted for domestic purposes.

Now, to prove that all we have been saying is not absolute theory, we solicit attention to an important document which has been compiled with great care from the Parliamentary evidence of one of the most profound chemists of the day, speaking upon oath, and totally disinterested as to the merits of any party whatever. The table is a compilation of the evidence of Mr. Phillips, and is extremely valuable, not alone for the simple and perspicuous manner in which the details are given, but also as proving that the waters dug for in Bushey marsh contain even more lime than that of the Thames, notwithstanding the thorough intermixture of the former with the surface water, which, according to the showing of the favourers of that spot, is flowing plentifully and continuously.

ANALYSIS BY R. PHILLIPS, ESQ., OF ONE GALLON—  
WEIGHT TEN POUNDS.\*

	Total Resi- due.	Car- bon- ate of Lime	Sulp- of Lime and Com- mon Salt	Mechanical Impurity, Separable by Fil- tration.
Grand Junction— source at Kew..	19 $\frac{1}{10}$ gr.	16 gr.	3 $\frac{1}{10}$ gr.	nearly $\frac{7}{10}$ of a gr. in 19 pints
Do. from the Works West Middlesex— source at Barnes	19 $\frac{1}{10}$ gr.	16 gr.	3 $\frac{1}{10}$ gr.	not ascertained
Do. from the Works Chelsea—from the River.....	18 $\frac{6}{10}$ gr.	16 $\frac{6}{10}$ gr.	1 $\frac{7}{10}$ gr.	$\frac{1}{10}$ of a gr. in 19 pints
Do. from the Works River.....	19 $\frac{1}{10}$ gr.	15 $\frac{1}{10}$ gr.	4 $\frac{1}{10}$ gr.	$\frac{1}{10}$ ditto
Do. from the Works River.....	19 $\frac{1}{10}$ gr.	16 $\frac{1}{10}$ gr.	2 $\frac{9}{10}$ gr.	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ gr. in 18 pints
Do. from the Works River.....	19 $\frac{1}{10}$ gr.	16 $\frac{1}{10}$ gr.	3 $\frac{1}{10}$ gr.	nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ gr. in 19 pints
Bushey or Otters- Pool.....	21 $\frac{1}{10}$ gr.	18 $\frac{6}{10}$ gr.	2 $\frac{5}{10}$ gr.	$\frac{1}{2}$ gr. in 18 pints
Spring which sup- plies the Colne..	21 $\frac{1}{10}$ gr.	19 $\frac{6}{10}$ gr.	2 $\frac{5}{10}$ gr.	$\frac{1}{2}$ gr. in 19 pints
Colne River.....	21 $\frac{1}{10}$ gr.	18 $\frac{6}{10}$ gr.	3 $\frac{1}{10}$ gr.	nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ gr in 19 pts

It will be seen by the above that while the Thames water used by the various Companies ranges from 15 $\frac{1}{10}$  to 16 $\frac{1}{10}$  grains of lime in a gallon of water, that the Bushey springs contain nearly 19; that the Colne river retains three grains more than the Thames, while the spring supplying the Colne contains the highest quantity, namely, nineteen grains and three-tenths of a grain to a gallon. This distinctly proves that the water, in flowing from the spring and in the Colne loses, by the action of the sun and atmosphere, one grain of lime per gallon; and that the marshy water at Bushey, in which vegetable matter predominates, can only reduce the average of lime, in a gallon, half a grain from what it is at the Colne spring,—the one being three-tenths above 19, the other two-tenths below that number, making five-tenths or half a grain difference. As to the mechanical impurity, the benefits of resting or filtering are obvious. The Grand Junction water at Kew contains seven-tenths of a grain; at the works the quantity is so minute that it is not ascertainable. The West Middlesex water at Barnes also contains seven-tenths of a grain in nineteen pints, which at the works is reduced to the forty-fifth part of a hundredth. The Chelsea reduce the sand in their water from one and a half to a quarter, a practical and substantial proof of the labour and care bestowed upon the process of filtration. We do not say that all has been done of which human ingenuity is capable, but no one can state that, as far as our present knowledge extends, anything has been left untried by which improvement can be effected. Should any superior process be discovered, we shall be the first to call on the Water Companies to adopt it—the first to denounce them should they neglect to avail themselves of the discovery. In the meantime, we may be allowed to say, that the excellent springs which everywhere supply the Thames, by their own natural

\* Extract from Minutes of Evidence taken before Committee of House of Lords—Session 1840.

action, have through all tests maintained their superiority; and that the plans adopted by the engineers of the various Companies to get at the virgin waters, while the tide is in a particular state, prove that at least they understand their business, and do know the nature and qualities of the element on which they operate.

Having entered thus fully into the details of this important subject, we cannot conclude our observations without adding a few hints as to the manner in which the water is received and kept by the consumers. Nothing can be more destructive to the purity and sweetness of water than to keep it in the old and generally rotten barrels which adorn the back yards of so many houses. Pitch, even when fresh, is a very slender protection from vegetation being itself a vegetable substance; but when the coating has been for some time exposed to the sun (for by a strange perverseness, water-butts are generally kept uncovered) the oily matter is drawn off, and the water converts the pitch into slime, in which flies and gnats generate luxuriantly. Their eggs are washed from the sides of the barrel as the water flows in, and largely assist in giving the element that noxious effluvia for which many persons are inclined to blame the water, while it is exclusively their own carelessness. All water in a state of repose should be covered in, and kept in as cool a place as possible, instead of being exposed to the rays of the sun in a perverted wooden vessel. We advise all our readers to give their landlords notice of quitting unless they are furnished with lead-lined cisterns, for unless they possess them, they never can depend on keeping water sweet or fresh. In the mean time, if the butt must be retained in use, we advise the good lady of the house to clean it well, to keep it covered, and to put a piece of charcoal therein, by which much of the vegetable matter will be precipitated to the bottom, and the water preserved fresh and clear for a greater length of time. But do not pay the next quarters' rent until a leaden cistern is promised.

### The Pop.

BEING NO. VI. OF THE EXPERIENCES OF BENJAMIN TRUESTEEL, ESQ.

It is admitted on all hands that entomology is one of the most delightful of the practical sciences. Its inquiries are so varied, and the subjects for investigation so numerous, that students may pursue their inquiries to an almost unlimited extent, without being able to combat the opinions of each other on individual members of the genus. Each day new species of insects are discovered—new characteristics of others are developed, and an earnest inquiry respecting the insect tribe every now and then disturbs the equanimity of our philosophical circles. Such being the interest excited by this remarkable science, we join the crowd of minute investigators, and proceed to describe a remarkable species of grub-worm which we have frequently encountered in our experiences.

In its caterpillar state it may be recognised by wearing a jacket of diminutive dimensions, upon rather a slender carcass, the sleeves exceedingly dubious at the elbows and shrinking with dismay from the wrist. Beneath the waistcoat may be seen the suspenders from which hang trousers of venerably brown corduroy, and through which the knees peep in delicate transparency; while its ankles rebel against their covering, and show a soiled stocking at equal distances between them and the kneecap. Its shoes are brushed regularly every Sunday, its neck, arms, and feet at indefinite periods, and its hands when occasion may imperatively require. The remains of a cotton handkerchief, in imitation of a rope, encircles its neck, on one side of which a huge extent of cotton, vulgarly called linen, dangles to the shoulder, while on the other may be seen the copartner of the collar negligently lying beneath its cravat. Its hair is short and hard, and a cap, somewhat too evidently bearing witness of having been in the mud, surmounts the crown of this interesting specimen of life and activity. Its habits may shortly be stated—a great propensity to eat all that comes within its reach, to sing, whistle, or roar upon the street, to keep its hand rubbing on the wall as it passes along, and to trip up little girls who stand gaping as it pursues the noisy tenor of its way.

This is the real grub-worm of masculine humanity. Its probation in this state being completed, the chrysalis may be seen sweeping out a draper's door in the morning, carrying a parcel during the day, and assisting the pogg with the shutters in the evening. Its face is emblazoned and encrusted with soap, the cravat is less rounded, and a small collar blushes modestly beneath its jaws. The sleeves of the jacket are not only entire at the elbows, but measured to a nicety to reach the second joint on its fingers. Its ankles have consented to hide themselves from the public gaze, and its shoes bear evident tokens of having been brushed at least yesterday. Sometimes, but certainly not always, a nasal handkerchief may be seen in its breast pocket. Its hair is still short, but not quite so hard; by looking closely into the jacket it will be seen that it has been polishing its head with the clothes' brush. Instances have been known where the creature has stolen its sister's hair oil, and feloniously applied it to its own selfish purposes; but these cases are exceedingly rare in the chrysalis state. Its habits are now greatly modified. It sometimes may be heard gossiping to itself, and seen looking at the theatre bills, or admiring a well-dressed footman. It is at all times anxious to get possession of the hand-bills that are distributed about the street, no matter on what subject, and when it is refused this gratification, it scowls as fiercely as a kitten at a piece of hot-toasted cheese. It seldom continues long at one employment, and is generally lost to public view for a whole season at a time. Its chrysalis state continues from three to five years, when it merges from its obscurity, and dazzles all the milliner apprentices and servant girls in the neighbourhood. It is now a full-grown butterfly.

Few but those well versed in natural history would be



able to recognise this joyous specimen of pride and beauty as the grub-worm of former days. Sometimes, however, it encounters an unwelcome acquaintance of its youth, and displays a power and genius on these occasions truly wonderful. The eye, which a moment before was wandering in greedy search of admiration, now becomes suddenly fixed—the lounging walk is converted into a hurried pace, and the fourpenny cane which it carries strikes ominously on the pavement at every step. Numerous instances are on record where it has been observed that the phenomenon has lifted a glass to its eye, and fixed it with a wonderful mechanism between its eye-brow and cheek-bone; and all naturalists agree in declaring that this is the most complete invention yet discovered by which one person may pass another without recognition.

Its habits are now so varied that it is not possible to follow it regularly through all its sportive enjoyments, nor are we capable of describing its appearance as a species. Individual members of the genera present many differences from each other, but a few prevailing characteristics in dress and conduct will sufficiently enable all the admirers of this splendid natural wonder to discover and appreciate it when this concentration of elegance and wit honours their vision with its presence.

In its expanding state it is busily employed in imitating all the elegancies of the older members of its species. The penny given it in the morning to purchase a biscuit for lunch is carefully boarded till evening, when it may be seen gliding like a guilty thief into a tobaccoist's, and buying a cigar. The small wretch then puffs a little in the shop-girl's face, and struts out in full blaze, blowing like a porpoise, its arms swinging at a rate only less furious than its legs: its neck is in continual motion, looking to the right hand and to left, and saying with its eyes to all admiring beholders, "Aint I clever?" As the creature gets older, it walks more sedately; its hand is generally in the left pocket of its coat, the tail beautifully draped down the side instead of its back, exposing that its chair or stool is not always dusted when it seeks a sitting posture. Its hair is delightfully long; and every now and then its fingers are delicately passed through it, and a rebellious curl on the left cheek bent and twisted into the desired position. It rarely carries a watch, that being expensively ungenteel, but a silk cord or ribbon may be seen passing across its shirt, but for what purpose the closest inquirers have been unable to ascertain.\*

It is very rarely seen in the company of educated young ladies, although by its inquisitive glances, a superficial observer might suppose that its acquaintances were legion. Its conversation, however, is generally respecting the fair sex, that is to say when not talking about itself. Were it to be believed, it has more admirers in the female world than all others put together;—it can boast of private assignations, secret interviews, and invitations to tea innumerable, but it don't care for any of them—indeed, it wishes that the girls would not take such a fancy to it;—that it is absolutely employed in continually casting them off, but all will not do, it is surrounded, flattered, and caressed, until it is sickened with excess of sweet attentions. It is greatly given to boastful lying, and entertains its wondering hearers with the secret amours of all the favourite actresses:

"It speaks of beauties whom it never saw,  
And fancies raptures which it never knew.

Indeed, its female acquaintances are principally light-headed old maids, who rather than be without a male companion, condescend to patronise this sorry specimen of manhood. They invite it to tea on Tuesdays and Fridays, and to dinner on Sundays. They pay its expenses to the Eagle or to Vauxhall, and it promises to obtain an order to the theatre for them from its friend Macready. It is very sorry that Vandenhoff and Fanny Essler are in America, as they were very intimate together, and would do anything to render it a service.

\*Do not let it be supposed that we wish to include in the same class a description which may be seen with a beautifully folded collar lying over its waistcoat, with its neckerchief left at home. This species have some pretensions to the classic—they have heard some one say that Byron was a great man, and that he did not wear a neckcloth; they have actually gone to a bookseller's window in search of the frontispiece to Murray's collective edition of the poet's works, and have seen, admired, and imitated. This attempt,—a vile one certainly—to be thought intellectual may in some few instances lead to good results; because whenever a weak-minded creature imitates the appearance of an intellectual giant, instead of an animated doll, then there is hope—there is a dim prospect that a portion of the great spirit may be infused along with the patrician of the collarate imitation. We are acquainted with a lad who unfortunately possessed what is most vulgarly called a club foot. His mother unceasingly tormented herself and him with attempts to hide it. In his reading he discovered that Lord Byron was afflicted with the same infirmity; and from that moment he prided himself in his lameness: but he also attended to his tasks at school, struggled with those high in the estimation of the teacher, and "bore the chiefest prize away." The scholars called him Byron, and were as proud of him as Harrow is of the poet, and of the form on which he and Sir Robert Peel sat together. How widely different from such imitation is a new species which has recently burst into existence, viz: those sickly creatures who nurse the vision of a moustache on their upper lip, while every other particle of masculine growth is carefully removed. We never could believe that young ladies admired large bushy whiskers, covering cheek, neck and chin, but certain we are that not a few whose brains literally grow on the outside of their heads determinedly thought so. There was a rakish appearance about the object—a sort of declaration of independence against cleanliness, that well fitted the creature to become an occasional lion among those who could not discover the ass's hide beneath the shaggy front of the forest monarch's skin. But the day of that woolly class is gone: the "Albert Moth" is now the rage of fashion, and a puny, spiritless, and baby-looking insect it is.

As the summer of its life wears away, it begins to look about for winter quarters. It has always been "too proud to marry," but now considers it quite as well to make itself comfortable. It therefore pays assiduous court to a widow with a well furnished house, who keeps lodgers, or has a settled income—or to an aged milliner, whose business is respectable, and who requires some one versed in book-keeping to note her accounts. To marry a young woman, and to support her, would be an act of madness;—any one that will support it, that is the object, as young, beautiful, and accomplished as possible; if not these, then one well to do in the world; but old or young, she must support it, or some other will. Should this concentration of selfishness not succeed in such a matrimonial speculation, it makes an attempt upon a butcher's or publican's widow, and strange to state, sometimes succeeds. In cases where total failure ensues, it drops down into a lounge at the stage door of the theatre, and contrives now and then to get admittance per favour of his friend the scene shifter, or it loiters to the last at free-and-easies, in the hope of picking up a green but profitable friend. In a few years it is altogether lost sight of; or, if recognised in any future state of existence, it is as light porter in a draper's shop, or overseer of a stay maker's establishment. It amuses the young men or women, as the case may be, with reminiscences of his former glorious life, knows the world is sadly changed for the worse, and regrets that he did not marry one of the many rich young ladies who languished for him in vain.

And this is a man! This is a highly-cultivated and richly anointed stalk, from which no mental fruit or flower can ever blossom. And why? Because there is no sap in it, no germinating power to draw forth the latent energies of mind, to rouse from its long-cushioned sleep that of which man alone should boast—the intellect. But the unfortunate and pitiable wretch is not solely in fault. The miserable deficiencies in his education must share largely in the blame, and he who brought him into the world, but never taught him to think—who exercised perhaps the most rigid duties of a father with a rod or strap, but never opened a book or illustrated a subject in the midst of his inquiring children—he also must and shall feel the lash of indignant punishment which we are about to deal on all who forget their lofty station in this world's government, and who have never considered that they have been made only a little lower than the angels—that they are gifted with the heavenly endowment of thought, by the exercise of which they may reach the uttermost bounds of knowledge, happiness, and improvement.

"The boy is father to the man." Let circumstances drive or toss a human being on life's stormy ocean as they may—let prosperity elate him to dazzling tops, or hardship weld him into flint, there is a tone and feeling from his boyish days which not light nor darkness can take away. If he has been taught to think—to ponder on his actions, and reflect upon his words—he becomes a man: if he has been neglected, if he has never had recourse to the sublime monitor within, he becomes a monkey or a bear. In either of these latter characters he is unfit for society—he cannot make a good husband, he will not be a watchful father. He will only be—and care only for—himself! We shall follow such a being through the glory and dignity with which he has been crowned amidst his family on a future occasion.

### The Natural History of September.

THIS is frequently one of the finest months in the whole year. It abounds with new objects and occurrences to engage the attention of the naturalist, and a few of these we shall now mention.

Among the feathered tribes, there are some important fashionable arrivals and departures. Common Sanderlings (*Arenaria Cakdris*), arrive in great numbers on our shores. The arctic gull (*Lestris Richardsonii*) appears on the Durham shores in the course of its migration to the south, the young birds arriving in the beginning of the month; and the adults coming along with the young of the pomarine gulls (*L. pomarinus*) in the middle of the month, both species staying there about three weeks, and then disappearing. Jack-snipes arrive in Northumberland; and, about the middle of the month, grey plovers arrive in that county.

Ruffs, common sandpipers, red-backed shrikes, and grasshopper-warblers depart. The spotted fly-catcher leaves us at the end of the month. The few chance specimens of the golden oriole (*Oriolus galbula*) which visit us in the spring, leave us in this month, and betake themselves to the countries south of the Mediterranean. The pied fly-catcher, also, repairs to more southern countries. The reed warbler (*Salicaria arundinacea*) and the sedge warbler (*Salicaria phragmitis*) depart, and both, according to that excellent observer, the late Mr. Hoy, before they change their plumage. Blackcaps depart; but instances have occasionally occurred of solitary individuals being observed to stay with us during the winter months. The grey wagtail migrates from our northern to our southern counties, and British yellow wagtails depart, in flocks, from our shores. Nightingales, if not gone already, depart in this month.

The migration of birds from our island in this month offers a striking subject for our contemplation. As a writer in the *Constitutional Magazine* has well observed, "There is something mysteriously impressive in the preparatory assemblage of swallows and other birds, when on the point of their annual departure. We see them wheeling high in the air in multitudes, filling the evening sky with the music of their voices: and this occurs three or four days, and then all disappear. We miss their twitter on the house and tree-tops—we miss their joyous and agile motions when on the wing: no longer is the patient angler startled from his reverie by the splash of these sporting creatures—no longer is the solitary rambler

amused by the rapid and graceful flights of these 'children of the sun;' and with them departs much of the activity of life, which has hitherto filled the earth and the air with gladness. Many insects have utterly perished, leaving only their ova as the records of their existence; and others have already betaken themselves to their winter-quarters, or are making preparations for their long imprisonment. The instinct of migration, and of hibernation, have always seemed to us amongst the most remarkable proofs of prospective design; indeed, all the operations of instinct, differing as they do so widely from the workings of our own reasoning powers, both in their certainty and their effects, make the examination of their phenomena extremely interesting. Confinement does not lessen the disposition for departure which leads away so many of our winged choristers. If caged, they always display the impulse for flight at the usual periods, fluttering and beating the roofs of their prisons, often for hours together. From watching them during their winter confinement, we also learn that their removal from, and return to, our own shores, is not the only change of place. The same uneasiness and desire for escape is shown several times, indicating doubtless that the 'free denizens of the air' are again upon the wing. It is remarkable how little we know of the localities frequented by the migrating tribes of birds which proceed southerly: their coming and going is so remarkable an occurrence, that it cannot fail to attract the attention of the most ignorant and uncivilized people; and yet the notices brought by travellers from the places where they are supposed to inhabit in their absence from us are exceedingly meagre and hardly worthy of credit; that they do leave us is an undoubted fact—the ancient belief of their hibernating being inconsistent with their physical structure, which renders it impossible from them to remain either clustered in ponds, or buried in caves or coal-mines; and actual observation bears witness of their having been seen crossing the Spanish Sierras, and the narrow channel of the Mediterranean, near Gibraltar. That their first flight lands them on the north-western shores of Africa would seem to be determined, but what becomes of them afterwards we know nothing certain. They come to us from some far country—the heralds of summer! and they depart from us probably to usher in a similar genial season to other people. We may claim them, however, as natives; they breed and rear their young with us—the most unequivocal sign that this is their home."

The great grey trout (*salmo ferox*), which is found in Ullswater Lake, Cumberland, in the large and deep lochs of Scotland, and in Lough Neagh in Ireland, spawns. The young of the smallest sucking-fish (*Liparis Montagu*) emerge from the ova. This species, which is only about two inches and a half long, is common on the western coast of England, where it may be observed, at low tide, under stones, or adhering to rocks, its head and tail being bent close together meanwhile.

The grub of the glow-beetle, improperly called the glow-worm, may, on warm dewy evenings, be observed, on grassy-banks, emitting a faint light. The grub of the gooseberry saw-fly (*Nematus Ribesii*) now changes into a pupa underground, where it will remain until April.

The botanist may find much to interest him in this month, and he may dine out every day if he be contented to make a dinner of blackberries and other hedge fruits, which are certainly better diet than ever appeared on the table of the celebrated Duke Humphrey. Then there are nuts, and don't forget to fill your snuff box full of salt when you go a-nutting. Oh, what recollections are associated with the idea of gathering blackberries and nuts. It recalls the bright days of boyhood, the bedaubed mouth and pinafore, the scratched fingers and torn corduroys, and the refreshing draught at the rippling stream, and makes us sigh for the days that are gone. But let us be boys again; let us go again and partake of similar simple pleasures, and laugh at similar little catastrophes.

'Tis nutting time!—off, where the hazels grow,  
With book and satchel, with a bounding tread!  
Off to the quiet of the wood and mead,  
And tear rich clusters from the lavish bough!  
Shades of my boyhood's years! amid the glow  
Of ripen'd fruits my longing footsteps lead.  
Haste to some sunny orchard plot, and plead—  
Plead there with care for my enjoyment. Now  
Autumn has swept her pencil o'er the trees,  
And left a golden stain. Hedge-rows are fair  
(Fringing old lanes—round green and "cotted leas").  
With hip and haw, the blackberry, and sloe.  
Lovely the morn, with bright flowers everywhere.  
Sweet the new song of redbreast warbling low.

We would say more about the natural history of this month, but nuts, blackberries, hips, haws, and sloes having entered our thoughts, we cannot delay starting off into the fields to have a good "tuck out" of them. Good by, patient reader, till we return with the stomach ache.

### A Tribute to Art.

TO MR. DANSON, ON HIS BEAUTIFUL MODEL OF ROME.

THE summer moonlight softly fell  
On column, dome, and citadel;  
And Tiber's boat-bested stream  
Reflected far the silvery gleam.  
Tiber, that, in tranquil flow,  
Laves the Bridge of Angelo:  
And tower'd upon a distant height,  
St. Peter's,—type of prelate's might!

Entranced I saw that lovely scene,  
Erst the world's all-conquering queen.  
Bright city of the sunniest clime!  
Valiant in arms, in arts sublime!  
Where triumph'd those who rung the knell  
As mighty Carthage struggling fell!  
Where Brutus rose, whose voice decreed,  
In Justice' cause, his sons to bleed!  
Where Cato, fired with Roman zeal,  
Plunged to his patriot heart the steel!



Where sprang those Chiefs,\* in blood allied;  
Where Caesar rose, and ruled, and died!  
Where Tully roused a nation's fire!  
And Virgil strung the Aonian lyre!  
And Petrarch! bard, whose symphonies  
Drew tears from stern Rienz's eyes!—  
City, which sent to every land  
Chiefs, sages, bards,—a mighty band,  
Whose fame, undim'd, still bears the sway,  
Though time rolls on, and realms decay!

Danson, to thy famed pencil's power  
I owe a well-spent, happy hour.  
'Twas thine Rome's mighty form to trace!  
What Art could do, in fairest grace,  
Thy master-hand hath well pourtray'd;  
And sky and water lend their aid,  
Forming a scene, to raptured view,  
In beauty rich, to history true.

T. W. N.

### Woman's Love.

#### CHAPTER I.—THE WARNING.

Those who have visited the fishing town of Tenby, in South Wales, will, in all probability, remember as they descend through the antique archway to the beautiful expanse of white sand which stretches the length of some miles to the right, a very remarkable and large rock, towering, insulated, and alone, just before them; its rugged sides are barren of vegetation, but at the summit an occasional patch of coarse grass, and a pile of stones, crumbling and mouldering to decay, tell of a habitation having once been found there. These are the remains of a small chapel or hermitage, situated at the further end, and dedicated to St. Catherine.

In extent and height these ruins are inconsiderable as memorials of antiquity, but their singular situation upon a bold and craggy precipice, as seen from below, increases the effect of their solitary wildness, and renders them an object of some curiosity.

The island is accessible at low water, and may be ascended by a steep and irregular path; but tradition has said that it once formed a part of those grand and frowning rocks which rear their lofty heads just opposite, or was separated from them by so small a fissure, that the eye would scarcely have observed it. This may be as true as the legend attached to it, and which we are going to relate, without vouching, however, for the authenticity of either.

It is now some years since the ruined pile on that rock was inhabited—long after the days of Tenby's first splendour, when it was considered an important fortress, and a port of great consequence; but at the time when the town was almost entirely deserted, excepting by the poorer classes (engaged in the combing and carding of wool), and a few tradesmen, and known only for its inexhaustible fisheries.

At the time of which we speak, it was, as before stated, a portion of the main land, though still known by the name of St. Catherine's Rock, on which one cottage stood, built from the ruins of the hermitage, and standing apart from them. It was the dwelling of Matthew Owen, the most daring fisherman of the coast. Matthew was the prototype of a true British sailor;—brave, open, and free as his chosen element, reckless of danger—bold in his outward bearing, yet hiding beneath it an almost womanish tenderness of heart. At one moment he would be seen surging through an angry head-sea in his little boat, lost in the trough of its foaming waters; at another, as he rose to the crest of the dashing wave, and caught sight of land, the tear would start to his eye as he thought of his home and the anguish one was suffering for him, when she strained her searching eye over the wide expanse of water, to catch a glimpse of the tiny vessel which bore her dearest earthly treasure.

Yet these were happy days for Matthew. He had no thought beyond his own "wild unbounded sea," and the quiet hours of happiness he enjoyed by the side of Mary. There was no care for the morrow—no cloud to darken the bright horizon of his life—and if he occasionally felt the want of what we generally call the goods of this world, at least he was spared the anxiety that sometimes attends the possession of them.

But Mary was indeed a creature to cherish and to love; there was that softness, that winning gentleness of heart, pervading every word and action of her life, which rendered her at once the beloved of all those who knew her, and the idol of her husband. She had received, for the rude district in which she lived, a superior education, and by her marriage incurred the severe displeasure of her father, family, and friends, who, being themselves ranked amongst the higher order of tradesmen in the town, had considered their dignity compromised by the unequal match Mary had contracted, and had partly ceased all intercourse, which was now chiefly limited to an occasional visit from her father and mother, when chance or other adventitious circumstances led them that way.

Mary could have married a more wealthy person it is true—but she loved Matthew, and she married him; "and," she would say, as the tears gathered in her dark blue eyes, "he is so brave—so kind!" Mary was therefore content to give up the accustomed comforts of

\* The Scipios.

her home for the rude cottage on the brow of a rock. She did not feel the night wind whistling around her, through the crevices of the ill-built wall, as she sat anxiously watching for her husband's return. It was no fatigue to her to prepare his evening meal, and dry his drenched clothes, when night had far advanced before he came back to her; and it was her pride and heart pleasure to steal from his side, when exhausted and heavy he had sunk to rest, and toil all night to mend his nets, or the clothes he would require for the morrow. And Mary Owen was repaid by the adoration of him for whom she had done so much; it was the only subject which ever caused an impatient word to escape his lips—when he chid her for exerting herself beyond her strength.

It was verging towards evening, on a cloudless day, in the month of June, and Mary was seated beside the open lattice of her cottage, industriously plying her needle, and waiting the return of her husband, to partake with him in their scanty meal, when a little girl from one of the nearest cottages ran hastily to the door, saying that Mary's father was waiting to see her at the top of the cliff. This was no uncommon summons, as he frequently stopped on his way home on market days, and was unable to bring his horse down the uneven road which led to the cottage, so without delay, Mary hastily tied on her bonnet, and leaving a message with the child in case she should not immediately return, and her husband be surprised at her absence, prepared to bend her steps to the spot appointed. It was a steep and rugged path, and Mary Owen, naturally delicate, was obliged occasionally to stop and take breath ere she could gain the level road; it was now but a few steps further, when her progress was arrested by a young-looking man, emerging from behind a pile of rock and brushwood, who accosted her in a respectful tone—

"I wish to speak with you, Mary Owen."

"I cannot stay," replied Mary, in rather a hurried manner, whilst the colour mounted to her usually pale cheek. "I am on my way to meet my father, who waits my coming at the Ivy Tower."

"Your father is not there," said the man, placing himself before her to arrest her progress. "Forgive this deception of mine, the only means I could resort to in order to gain a few moments' conversation with you, uninterrupted and alone;—it is I who wish to speak with you."

"You can have nothing to say to me of such immediate and secret import—every communication between us, Joseph, has ceased for a long time; and what at this moment, or in future, may take place must equally regard my husband as myself," and she returned to retrace her steps.

"It does regard him equally with yourself, Mary Owen," said the young man, with increased eagerness, at the same time laying his hand upon her arm to detain her; "and I have only to entreat for his sake (and at these words his mouth wore a bitter smile), as well as your own Mary, that you will grant me a patient hearing. I am not going to speak of other times—I am not here to upbraid you for the past, or to dwell upon the present—I am with you to warn you of coming danger, Mary—I am here to aid you in watching over the welfare of one who has little claim indeed to my services, and which still I render to him—of your husband."

Mary instantly stopped, and, casting a glance of inquiry upon the speaker, remained silent, whilst he resumed his communication.

"Aye, you will listen to me when I speak of him. I am a smuggler, Mary—no longer the idolized boy of a fond mother—the inheritor of my father's wealth—the stay of his declining years. I have forsaken house and home. I have banished myself from family and friends. I am leagued with strangers and ruffians, in bonds that cannot be broken—whose maintenance depends, if not entirely, in a great measure at least, on acts of violence and deeds of blood. I have perilled life daily, nay, hourly, for I wish to die. I have braved the roughest seas—the most startling dangers; and all this these four and twenty months have I undergone—not for my pleasure—not from necessity—but from despair—despair caused by him whose life I am now come perchance to save, and yet not for his sake, but for yours, Mary—no, not for him who has ruined me for ever."

"Speak not thus of my husband, Joseph Howson," said Mary, in a tone of calm displeasure, whilst by her manner it was evident she did not believe the wild assertion to which she had just been listening. "Speak not so of my husband, or I will never listen to you; but onward with your strange tale, for I am in haste to be gone."

"Strange, it may be, but nevertheless true," replied the man; "and were it not for your sake, again do I repeat for your sake, never had it reached your ears—vengeance upon him is now vested in these hands—vengeance that would speedily blot out all my wrongs, and I could glory in his blood—yet I cast it from me for ever, and turn traitor in a measure to those who trust me."

"Aye, it is treacherous, indeed," said Mary, whilst a flush of anger passed over her brow, and she drew up her slender form to its fullest height. "The deadliest work of a traitor to stand thus before me—to vaunt of your coming to warn me of danger to Matthew Owen, whilst, in the same breath, you can dare to wound me by your merciless and undeserved threats. It was not

he who drove you to this course of infamy—no; rather than say it was he, reproach me openly as the cause of your wild career since we last met. I never gave you cause to think I loved you. I never did love you—for my heart had long been in the honest keeping of Matthew Owen. Again I say, speak on, or ere another moment passes away I leave you."

Abashed, and somewhat awed by her commanding tones, Howson stood for some time silent before her, but when he again spoke, his voice and manner had changed almost to tenderness, whilst an ashy pallor betrayed the conflict that raged within.

"Well, well," said he, "if it must be so, you shall never have cause to curse me, Mary. Know, then, that the smuggler captain has this night a large and valuable cargo to land, which cannot be effected without the aid and connivance of your husband. The goods, too, must be lodged in a vault beneath your cottage, and to engage him he is even now with Owen."

Mary shuddered, but remained silent. Howson continued—"By my entreaties—they guessed not the cause,—the care of having you removed from your home during the interview was confided to me: had it been in my power I had rendered you a greater service, for the smuggler should not ever have seen your husband to practise upon him those wily arts that once so deceived me; but, ever cautious and wary, Vander concealed himself to ascertain that his plan had succeeded, and when he saw your husband moor his boat, and you so unconsciously leave the cottage, I could not then prevent their meeting; but I have disclosed the secret to you, Mary Owen—at a moment, too, when, if the captain did but get a glimpse of the truth, my life would pay the forfeit. But let this pass;—beware of the crafty captain; beware of his splendid offers but hollow faith."

"You have my deepest thanks, Joseph, though the caution is unnecessary. My brave—my honest Matthew would never consent to engage in so lawless a business, however great the reward. No, no! I do not fear this. Joseph Howson, little do you know the principles of strict integrity implanted in his noble breast;" and the tears were gathering fast in her eyes, but she checked them, and then calmly continued, "but I thank you, Joseph; warmly do I thank you, and gratitude for your kindness will go with me to the grave. But ere we part, take warning from one who would ever be glad to hear of your welfare and happiest course of life. Break off, Joseph, your sad connexion with Captain Vander—think of your mother in the lone hours of night—how comfortless and in sorrow she mourns over your misguided career—think of this, and you will no longer add to the portion of her grief; but now I must hasten to our home, as a sea bird to her nest; for, alas, I fear me, danger gathers round it. Here is my hand, Joseph Howson," and she extended it to him with a smile.

The young man knelt. "I am not worthy to take that hand, Mary—I am lost—lost for ever." When suddenly springing upon his feet, with a wild exclamation of agony, he rushed from her with precipitate haste down the cliff in the direction of the shore.

"Poor youth," said Mary, as her eye followed him for an instant; but other thoughts crowding into her mind, with a step, which seemed to fear neither difficulty, fatigue, nor danger, she hastened towards the little lone cottage.

### The Progress of Duelling in France.

#### SECTION III.

MONTESQUIEU thinks that from the institution and ordinances relating to Trial by Battle, he can deduce the origin of the modern point of honour in those offensive acts, which are looked upon to be the most irritating and stinging causes for resentment, or to produce the charge of cowardice by suffering them to pass with impunity, and thus explains himself on the subject:—"If an accuser began by declaring before a judge that such a person had committed such an action, and the impleaded gave him the lie, the judge issued his order for a duel. Hence arose the custom that whenever a man received the lie, he was obliged to challenge the offenders to combat with him for having dared to offer that gross affront. When a person had declared himself both willing and ready to combat, he could not evade it afterwards, even if he attempted it, without incurring the penalty annexed to such recalcancy. Hence the custom was established, that when a man had once given his hand, the law of honour forbade him receding from it. Gentlemen encountered each other on horseback, and with arms. Plebeians fought on foot, and with a stick or quarter-staff. Hence a stick is considered as a disgraceful weapon, because whoever had been beaten with it was looked upon to have been treated as a plebeian. Plebeians only fought with their faces uncovered, and were therefore alone liable to receive blows on the face, and to have it disfigured. Hence it has followed that a blow given on that part can only be washed away with the blood of the offender, because he who had received it was treated like a plebeian."

However fair and legitimate this deduction as to the point of honour may be, it contains no account of the immediate origin of the modern duel.\* That origin is

\* M. Oelsner traces the use of European chivalry, to ante-Mahometan Arabia; Mahometanism first gave the spirit of chivalry its religious character, and communicated it by contact to the Christian nations of Europe.—Effets de la Relig. de Mahom. p. 117.



doubtless to be sought for in the History of Chivalry, and its result Knight Errantry. Whether the institution of chivalry may be, as it often has been, traced to the customs of the German tribes, recorded by Tacitus, would here be an unnecessary enquiry: certain it is that while chivalry tended much to soften the manners of the ages in which it was practised, by teaching mankind to carry the civilities of peace into the operations of war, and to mingle politeness with the use of the sword, and by producing exploits which have been the admiration of succeeding times, ennobled the human character; it is certainly gave birth to an over-fastidious refinement, and sowed the first seeds of that fantastic honour, the bitterness of whose fruits is still to be reaped in the modern duel. Once established as a mode of trial, the duel was retained after the superstition which had given rise to it had died away, and was resorted to for the purpose of wreaking vengeance, or gaining reputation by its display of courage. Then came the age of chivalry, with its worship of punctilio and personal prowess, its tilts and tournaments; and the duel, originally a mode of trial established by law, became in time, what it now is in practice, dependent on certain conventional rules of honour or of fashion.

The grounds of the single combat or duel were widely extended by the laws of chivalry. The future hero was no sooner initiated into the high honours of knighthood, than his life was devoted by the most solemn vows and religious solemnities, "to the defence of the faith, to the protection of damsels, widows, orphans, and of all persons exposed to violence and oppression." The champions of the age fought not in rancour, malice, or revenge; but in honour of their fair mistresses, or for the glory of their respective nations, and an invitation "to break a lance" was as frequent as one now to partake of a public entertainment. No banquets were given unaccompanied by feats of personal activity; they marked the ascension of a new monarch, the marriage of a royal pair, the birth of a prince, and, in short, every public demonstration of joy and festivity. Tilt and tournaments were the sports and pastimes of the age. Encouraged by the presence of his mistress in the field, each gallant knight panted to lay the spoils of his vanquished antagonist at her feet, as trophies of his bravery and devotion. Love, honour, and glory, urged champions on to the achievement of wonderful feats of valour. In the midst of this inordinate appetite for military renown, the causes of quarrel and combat were little needed. A mischievous and restless race of gallant but mistaken knights ran up and down the world in search of duels, not unlike the Irishman who dragged the tail of his long drab great-coat through the crowds of Donnybrook, exclaiming, "Will no boy be after threading upon the tail, for the glory of ould Ireland?"

In 1414, John Duke of Bourbonnois published a declaration that he would go over to England with sixteen knights, and fight to the death to relieve himself from listlessness, and to merit the good graces of his fair mistress. Seven English knights, headed by Lord Scales, visited Saintonges in the reign of Charles VII., and there published a challenge to fight any seven French knights, in honour of the superior charms of the ladies whom they admired. French valour soon gave them employment as well as chastisement. In the same reign, three Portuguese knights visited Paris, and published a defiance to all who would not acknowledge that the ladies whom they admired were the most beautiful women in the world. Three gentlemen of Gascony, however, made the intruders cravens to their lovers from the earth. The Seneschal of Hainaut challenged the whole world to fight at Conchy in Flanders; but being sadly disappointed that no adversary appeared, he publicly vowed to go forth armed *cap-a-pie*, and wreak his pugnacity on the natives of Spain. What afterwards became of his doughty hero is not known, but it is probable that the absurdity of his exploits flitted across the brain of Cervantes when he portrayed Don Quixote.

The particulars of what may almost be termed a national duel fought in the reign of John II. of France, afford a curious insight into the customs of the age. At the time it occurred, this combat excited the greatest interest amongst the brave, and knights and esquires flocked from all parts of Europe to witness the encounter. Richard Bembro, an English officer, who had the command of the fortress of Cloermel, being resolved to avenge the death his friend, Thomas Dagorne, who had fallen before the walls of Aurai, ravaged Brittany, and massacred all who fell into his hands. Beaumanoir, a French knight of Jocelyn, demanded an interview with Bembro, at which he represented to him the disgrace of a knight making war in so infamous a manner; and that a brave cavalier should choose only gentlemen, crying arms, for the objects of his resentment, not peasants and serfs. Bembro, nettled at these remonstrances, treated Beaumanoir with contempt, and affected to despise both him and the natives of Brittany. The Frenchmen retorted the insult; and the verbal dispute ended in their reciprocally giving a national challenge, each to be assisted with thirty gentlemen. The place meeting was appointed between Cloermel and Jocelyn. The knights of each party were chosen and well approved men of valour. All the nobility of the neighbouring districts were invited, with passports of safety, to be present at the combat.

On the appointed day the parties and the invited duly assembled. Bembro and Beaumanoir drew up their

respective friends in lines, and harangued them, urging them to the performance of heroic action. The former assured his followers that he had a prophecy of Merlin's in his favour, which assured him of victory. Bembro wished the combat to be deferred until each party had permission from their sovereigns, but Beaumanoir proposed to get rid of this legal objection by exclaiming, "Let the contest of the day be for asserting the superior charms of the ladies they admired." Both parties, on hearing this reply, rushed to the conflict with amazing impetuosity, each combatant making use of what arms he pleased. One English knight, Billefort, fought with a leaden mallet, weighing twenty-five pounds; another, named Hutcheson, laid about him with a large bill-book that cut on both sides. The unsparing use of these formidable implements for a time staggered the courage of Beaumanoir's friends, and several were either slain or taken prisoners.

After fighting for some time, both parties, exhausted, by mutual agreement retired for a while to breathe freely, and take refreshment; after which they charged anew with increased ferocity. Bembro attacked the French leader, and having seized him round the body, was instantly felled to the ground by Allain Raerenvais, one of his opponent's followers; Dubois, another French knight, inserting his sword in an opening in Bembro's armour, ran him through the body, and afterwards decapitated him. A general consternation seized his followers on Bembro's fall. Croquant, an English champion, perceiving this, exclaimed, "My brave countrymen, let us pay no regard to Merlin's prophecy; let our sole reliance this day be upon our own courage: therefore, stick close to each other, and copy the example I shall show you." The English, animated by this brief exhortation, obeyed the direction, and prepared to charge in a body. Beaumanoir, severely wounded, called out for some drink, to which a French knight brutally replied, "Drink your own blood, and that will quench your thirst." Provoked by this insult, Beaumanoir rushed to the conflict, but De Montauban, one of his partisans, seeing from the compactness of the English rank, the difficulty of breaking it, retired a few paces back. Beaumanoir, thinking this movement proceeded from cowardice, shouted out, "False recreant! unworthy of the name of gentleman bearing arms, whether do you fly? Mean you basely to forsake us? It will be a reproach to your family through all posterity." Montauban, conscious of the gallantry of his intentions, answered, "Perform your part well, depend upon it I shall do my duty." On saying these words, he set spurs to his charger, and drove him with such impetuosity against the English ranks, that he not only broke it, but actually bore eight English knights to the ground. Beaumanoir's partisans rushed into the opening thus made, confusion seized their opponents, and victory, after a desperate but ill-directed struggle, declared for the French. The valiant Croquant and Billefort were both taken prisoners, and the prize of heroism was, on the part of the conquered, adjudged to the former.

Notwithstanding the paltry and unworthy causes of many combats during the middle ages, they too frequently originated in the violence of passion; and that which is narrated, fabulously let us hope, of an Irishman of our own times, was then a circumstance of actual occurrence. We allude to a son being challenged by his own father. Adolphus, son of Arnold Duke of Guelderland, wished to dethrone his father, asserting that he had long enough enjoyed the sweets of sovereignty. The parent, enraged at the unnatural conduct of his child, challenged him to mortal combat in the presence of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, as his liege lord. The youth immediately accepted the challenge, but the Duke of Burgundy, in order to spare the world the sight of so horrible an exhibition, determined to remove the cause of dispute, and incorporate Guelderland with Burgundy. This singular transaction took place in 1470. In 1495, Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, fought a duel with a simple French knight, in presence of all the electors and princes of the Germanic Diet; and though he was fortunate enough to cleave his adversary's skull, he risked the very existence of the House of Austria. Edward III. of England, challenged Philip of Valois, who replied that a superior should not expose his life against a vassal. The chances of war soon after proving favourable to Edward, Philip, in his turn, became the challenger, but Edward answered he would not peril in duel the fruits of a victory. Charles IX. of Sweden, challenged Christian IV. of Denmark, who coolly sent him back the Horatian aphorism "*Naviget Anticyrum*." Charles Gustavus of Sweden, on an invitation to a duel by Frederick of Denmark, replied that king's fought only when well attended.

It is the remark of a philosophical historian that they who are desirous of detecting the germ of many of the characteristics of the manners of French high life, and of the maxims and practices of the Court, as they existed before the Revolution, ought carefully to study the reign of Francis I. The practice of duelling received great encouragement during this reign by the conduct of the monarch. His well known saying "that the lie was

\* An island famous for Hellebore, which was supposed to cure madness.

† In our own day, Napoleon's answer to the challenge of that mad monarch, Gustavus IV. of Sweden, was "I will send him the best fencer of my grenadiers as ambassador."

never to be borne without satisfaction, but by a base-born fellow," gave a fatal impetus to the pugnacity of his subjects; and his challenge to his great competitor and rival, the Emperor Charles IV., set an example which his nobles, fierce in their courage, lofty in their sentiments, and punctilious in their manners, were but too eager to follow, which all the power of his successors was scarcely able to control, and the effects of which are not yet unfelt in Europe. From this time the increase of the single combat was astonishing. The causes of affront increased in proportion, and an unguarded word, or a disdainful carriage, were often productive of the most fatal consequences. The laws of honour were defined, codified, and accurately studied, with a precision unknown at the present time, to which *Touchstone's* list of distinctions is, perhaps, the only parallel. There were said to be thirty-two species of lies, whose degrees of satisfaction were respectively determined!

#### Arab Funeral in Cairo.

AN eye-witness thus describes the burial of an Arab:—The procession approached with funeral banners and devices which I could not make out, but probably containing some precept of the Koran—having reference to death, and the grave, and a paradise of hours; and the loud wailing was almost deafening. First in the strange procession came the beggars, or santons, men who are supposed to lead peculiarly pure and holy lives, denying themselves all luxuries and pleasures, labouring not, and taking no heed for themselves, what they shall eat or what they shall drink, and living upon the willing, though necessarily stinted, charity of their miserable countrymen. I could read all this at the first glance; I could see that poverty had been their portion throughout life; that they had drunk the bitter cup to its very dregs. Their beards were long, white, and grizzled; over their shoulders and breasts they wore a scanty covering of rags, fastened together with strings, and all with some regard to propriety. This ragged patchwork covered their breasts and shoulders only, the rest of their bodies being entirely naked, and they led the funeral procession among a throng of spectators, with heads erect and proud step, under what, anywhere else, would be called indecent. Over the shoulders of these saints, or "holy beggars," were slung by ropes large jars of water, which, for charity's sweet sake, and for the love of the soul of the deceased, they carried to distribute gratis at his grave. After them came a parcel of boys, then the sheiks and two officers of the town, then the corpse, tightly wrapped from head to foot in a red sash, on a bier carried by four men; then a procession of men, and more than a hundred women in long cotton dresses, covering their heads and drawn over their faces, hiding all except their eyes.

They were the last, but by no means the least important part of the procession, as by general consent the whole business of mourning devolved upon them; and the poor Arab who was then being trundled to his grave had no reason to complain of their neglect. Smiles and tears are a woman's weapons; and she is the most to be admired, and has profited most by the advantage of education, who knows how to make the best use of them. Education and refinement can, no doubt, do wonders; but the most skilful lady in civilized life might have taken lessons from these untutored Egyptians. A group of them were standing near me, chattering and laughing until the procession came up, when all at once big tears started from their eyes, and their cries and lamentations rent the air, as if their hearts were breaking.

The tomb was square, with a round top, built of Nile mud, and whitewashed; two men were engaged in opening it, which was done simply by pulling away a few stones, and scooping out the sand with their hands. In front, but a few feet from the door, sat the old mother, so old as to be hardly conscious of what was passing around her; and near her was the widow of the deceased, dressed in silk, and sitting on the bare earth with an air of total abandonment; her hands, her breast, the top of her head, and her face, plastered with thick coats of mud, and her eyes fixed upon the door of the tomb. A few stones remained to be rolled away, and the door, or rather the hole, was opened; the two men crawled in, remained a minute or two, came out, and went for the corpse. The poor widow followed them with her eyes, and when they returned with the body, carefully and slowly dragging it within the tomb, and the feet and the body had disappeared, and the beloved head was going to be shut for ever from her eyes, she sprang up, and wildly and passionately throwing her arms towards the tomb, broke forth in a perfect frenzy of grief. "Twenty years we have lived together; we have always lived happily; you loved me, you were kind to me, you gave me bread; what shall I do now? I will never marry again. Every day I will come and weep at your tomb, my love, my life, my soul, my heart, my eyes," &c., &c.; and all this time she was walking distractedly before the door of the tomb, wringing her hands, and again and again plastering her face and breast with mud. The mourning women occasionally joined in chorus, the santons ostentatiously crying out, "Water, for the love of God and the Prophet, and the soul of the deceased." My attendant looked suspiciously upon the whole affair, particularly upon that part where she avowed her determination never to marry again. "The old Beelzebub!" said he, "she will marry to-morrow if any one asks her."



## Byron's Statue.

IN illustration of the circumstances relating to the exclusion of the statue of Lord Byron from Westminster Abbey, which a correspondent has solicited us to explain, we may state, that the last illness of the poet occurred at Missolonghi, in the beginning of April, 1824, and on the 19th of that month he expired, having unfortunately and obstinately refused to allow himself to be bled. He had just been appointed to a command in the siege against Lepanto, where the Greeks attacked the turbaned Turks in their fastness. His remains were brought to England, and buried in the family vault at Newstead. Some of his friends caused his bust to be sculptured by the eminent Danish artist, Thorwaldsen, with a view to having it placed in Westminster Abbey; but the authorities who control that building, and who act as if public property was exclusively their own, refused the bust admittance, because, as they said, a portion of his writings encouraged infidelity, outraged decency, and belied human nature.

If to denounce the impious assumptions of a worldly-minded priesthood—if to expose the secret immoralities of high life—if to prove that there are good and bad in all classes, with selfishness predominating;—then, indeed, was Lord Byron guilty—guilty in the worst and extremest sense. His infidelity, however, was neither grovelling nor morose; it was the proud emission of a daring spirit thundering against religion, not what it really is, but what mammon priests have made it. Some of his poems, such as "Heaven and Earth," "Cain," and others, certainly carry human presumption to its furthest verge; but the language there indited, however daring, is not other than the characters must be supposed to have used, nor are their thoughts less heavenward than the debates and soliloquies of Milton's fallen angels in "Paradise Lost." Even while shuddering at the impiety placed in the lips of some of Byron's characters, the mind of the reader is involuntarily impressed with the conviction, that it was not the impiety alone which drew down the wrath of the sacerdotal race, but that it was because the blasphemy was of a more lofty and humanly reasonable character than that which their schools and doctrines give out as the governing impulses of the so-called infernals. The poet's idea of the "devil," we are afraid, gave more offence than his railing against Omnipotence. If Cain is portrayed as sentimentally impious and reasonably doubtful, the wife of the first murderer is given as one, pure, holy, confiding, meek, loving—obedient to her husband, trustful in the Deity: she is indeed a ministering angel to a prostrate sinner—a daughter of which Eve might have been as proud as she was stricken with sorrow for her first-born.

Byron's immorality, too, was neither lewd nor debasing; it was the candid expression of a scornful tongue which never demeaned itself by a veiled disguise of words—of a careless being, who neither studied hypocrisy nor encouraged deceit, in such paltry matters. Had those who denounced his illustrations of fashionable life lifted up their voice against the enormous immoralities practised by its votaries, then, perhaps, Byron would have struck out another and a separate path for his denunciations, for he liked not the company of those

"Who for a mantle large and broad  
Had wrapped them in religion."

His pictures of human nature are true: many of them beautiful, all of them correct; some of them sublime and lofty, some shameless, detestable, and abhorrent; but all true, painfully true, notwithstanding, for never did invention conceive a crime, but there was human frailty lost enough to commit it; never did poet strain his imagination to colour a character black from the depths of shame, but some equally fallen wretch had, one time or another, stamped reality upon the portrait. Whether or not such characters should be traced by poet's pen, and clad in the gaudy or delicate texture of eloquent phraseology is another question. It is one which strict propriety can easily decide in the negative; but because a great poet differs from many, is his claim as a poet to be denied—is his privilege of acknowledgment among his fellows to be refused? the more especially when many of those whose busts and statues have received admittance into the national receptacle, were more impious and lewd than even him. As no one has ever matched Shakespeare in his excellences, neither have any reached his profanities or indecent allusions; and Dryden, called the "Restorer of English Poetry," was in his works the greatest scoffer and contemner of all that has been deemed chaste in morals, or sacred in religion.

There is a passage in "Childe Harold," so closely connected with the dispute respecting the statue, that it would almost appear as if the poet had had some indistinct and glimmering idea of the circumstance. Speaking of his having left England, of his pursuits in foreign countries, and of his prospect of dying in a land not his own, he says—

I've taught me other tongues—and in strange eyes  
Have made me not a stranger; to the mind  
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise;  
Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find  
A country with—ay, or without mankind;  
Yet was I born where men are proud to be,  
Not without cause; and should I leave behind  
The inviolate island of the sage and free,  
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,

Perhaps I loved it well, and should I lay  
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,  
My spirit shall resume it—if we may  
Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine  
My hopes of being remember'd in my line  
With my land's language: if too fond and far  
These aspirations in their scope incline,—  
If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,  
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar

My name from out the temple where the dead  
Are honour'd by the nations—let it be—  
And light the laurels on a loftier head!  
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—  
"Sparta hath many a worthier son than he."  
Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;  
The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree  
I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed: [seed.  
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a

Various attempts have been made to obtain the admittance of Byron's statue in the Abbey. Government has been memorialised, the Commons petitioned, but in vain. The power of refusal rests exclusively with the Very Reverend Dean, and he will not permit his sacred edifice to be polluted with a block of marble chiselled into a likeness of the features of Byron. Charity compels us to suppose that he has been equally rigid in the discharge of his other apostolic duties—that he has visited the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and kept himself unspotted from the world. There are not wanting those, however, who ascribe the exclusion to meaner and more selfish motives, and who hesitate not to say that it is owing to the influence of a clique, whose thoughts are not always at church, nor whose actions are quite consistent with the Book of Common Prayer. It would thus appear that the curse of coteries, which, in this wonderful country, is even more lasting and severe than the wrath of millions, is as powerful as it is relentless, and that he who offends a proud priesthood, or maligns that class to which the hierarchy are attached, shall be doomed for ever; that his ashes or his bust shall be under their anathemas in this world, in the same manner as his more immortal part is consigned by them to erring humanity's supposed last and fearful lodging-place.

## Brushings from our Table.

NATIONAL PRIDE v. EXUBERANT LOYALTY.—The national pride of the Scottish people is proverbial, and among its most honourable instances is the veneration with which they retained the memory of the Stuarts. "Prince Charlie," by his misfortunes, his docile manners, and the fact of his being the last adventurer of his house, has his name embalmed in the recollections alike of the nursery and the study. When George IV. visited Edinburgh, in 1822, with that tact in which he was a proficient, the monarch procured a superb Highland dress, and appeared to the representatives of the old and warlike clans in the costume endeared to them by tradition—by legends on the mountain side, by history in the annals of the land. The whole city was taken by storm—nothing was thought or spoken of but the king—all were loud in his praises, and it might have been supposed that he was the most popular sovereign on earth. In the midst of this enthusiasm, on one of "Auld Reekie's" most crowded streets, a well known piper struck up the Jacobite melodies of "You're welcome, Charlie Stuart," and "Geordie sits in Charlie's chair." A crowd collected, thoughts of Auld lang syne came back upon the heedless multitude, and a plentiful harvest of copper told the piper that he had not mistaken his co-untrymen—that, however much they might be led away by the vanity of the moment, they were still—

"True as the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shone upon."

As a sentiment, "Prince Charlie yet," shall live for ever, nor can the thrilling melody of "A wee bird came to our ha' door," be sung without the whole company repeating the concluding line—"Wae's me for Prince Charlie."

THE ROMAN VESTALS.—The worship of Vesta, the goddess of purity, dates as far back as the time of Numa, who consecrated a temple to Vesta, and appointed four priestesses to watch the sacred fire which perpetually burned at the altar, and to officiate in the services of the temple. Six more were afterwards appointed, but the number ten was never exceeded. They were chosen by the high-priests from noble Roman families, who esteemed it an honour to enrol a daughter's name amongst the Vestals. Dedicated at the early age of ten, they were bound to a service of thirty years, after which they were permitted to return to the world, and even to marry. They were held in great deference by the Roman people, places of honour near the patricians and senators were appointed for them in the amphitheatres, and the signal for the commencement of the games was given by a Vestal Virgin. When they passed along the streets, in their chariots of ivory and gold, Lictors preceded them, crying aloud, "Make way for the Vestals!" Every one stopped, and all heads were bowed in silence; it was profanation to look on them. If convicted of a breach of her vow of chastity, or of having allowed the sacred fire to expire on the altar, the Vestal was condemned to be buried alive. On those occasions, the melancholy train passed from the temple to the field (still called the Campo Scelerato) beyond the walls, where the sepulchre was prepared, not a creature was seen in the streets; every house was closed, as in a time of general mourning. The Flamens preceded the unhappy victim, who, stripped of her rich ornaments, and wrapped in grave-clothes, was consigned, after many rites and prayers, to her living tomb—a vault of small dimensions, in which was placed a couch, and on a table a small provision of bread and water, a lamp, and some oil. The entrance was then built up, and the Vestal left to her lonely and dreadful death.

RIVER SCENERY.—The Hawkesbury, in New South Wales, sometimes rises to the height of ninety feet, and with such little notice, that the inhabitants, settled on its banks, have little or no time to escape. Then a scene of great distress and confusion presents itself; for an immense expanse of water is everywhere interspersed with growing timber, stacks, and houses, crowded with horses and other cattle, with men, women, and children clinging to the boughs of trees and the roofs of houses for security, and shrieking for assistance in all the agony of despair. But of all the rivers of the earth, perhaps, the Orange of South America is the most dreadful; since it is, in every direction, infested with jackals, hyenas, zebras, tigers, koedoes, lions, and all manner of reptiles; and those so numerous that it is impossible to number them.

THE ASS.—Mr. J. H. Fennell, in his Natural History of Quadrupeds, says—In a wild state the ass feeds chiefly on the saline and bitter plants of the desert, as the *Kalis*, *Atriplices*, *Chenopodium*, &c. Cornelius Agrippa compares the domestic ass to a scholar, inasmuch as it not only patiently endures penury, labour, and harsh criticism, but it lives on little food, and is content with any sort, be it lettuces, brambles, or thistles. Pennant says it is extremely fond of the plantain. Bryant says it has the faculty of discovering distant waters by the smell; but this I apprehend is only when it inhales the saline emanations from those brackish waters which it prefers, at least in the wild state. The domestic ass is more particular in the choice of water than food, and water which a horse will gladly drink is often not clean enough for an ass. *Thersites* in "Troilus and Cressida" says—"Would my fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might wash an ass at it."—The female is much attached to her young, which is a sprightly little creature in its youth, but soon assumes the gravity of its parent when old enough to stand blows, and other maltreatment. Obscure dark bands are frequently observable on the legs of the young ass, as in other animals of its genus. The Persians eat the flesh of asses. The milk is considered very wholesome drink. Nero's wife, Poppæa, used to bathe every morning in ass's milk, which is also thought a great beautifier and preserver of the skin. Sagri, or, as we call it, shagreen, is made of the hide, which in this country is used for shoe leather. The integuments being hard and elastic, form good parchment, which is used for pocket-tables and for drums. The bones being very solid, were made into very superior flutes by the ancients. To serve the two latter purposes of literature and music, is the only honour that awaits the ass when finally released from the brutality of his master. But enough of the ass, though I am ready to say with Sterne, that "with an ass I could commune for ever." Let every man who keeps one treat it well, and use it as though he loved it.

A STRANGE EXECUTION.—In the year 1386, a sow at part of the child of a day-labourer of Falaise, named Janet. This accident reached the ears of the judge, who condemned the animal to suffer publicly the penalty of retaliation, as prescribed by law. The face and one arm of the child had been devoured: the sow was mutilated in the same manner and then hanged by the executioner in the public place amidst a concourse of people. The judge presided at the execution on horseback, with a feather in his hat. The father was forced to attend by way of punishment, for not taking proper care of his child. The culprit, when brought to the gallows, was dressed like a man, wore a waistcoat, breeches, and gloves, and a human mask before her snout. *Excursions in Normandy.*

## Man Uncultured.

BY DR. BOWRING.

The heart has tendrils like the vine,  
Which round another's bosom twine,  
Outspringing from the living tree  
Of deeply-planted sympathy;  
Whose flowers are hope, its fruits are bliss,  
Beneficence its harvest is.

There are some bosoms dark and drear,  
Which an unwater'd desert are;  
Yet there a curious eye may trace  
Some smiling spot, some verdant place,  
Where little flowers, the weeds between,  
Spend their soft fragrance all unseen;

Despise them not,—for wisdom's toil  
Has ne'er disturb'd that stubborn soil:  
Yet care and culture might have brought  
The ore of truth from mines of thought;  
And fancy's fairest flowers had bloom'd  
Where truth and fancy lie entomb'd.

Insult him not,—his blackest crime  
May, in his Maker's eye sublime,  
In spite of all thy pride, be less  
Than e'en thy daily waywardness;  
Than many a sin and many a stain  
Forgotten,—and impressed again.

There is in every human heart  
Some not completely barren part,  
Where seeds of truth and love might grow,  
And flowers of generous virtue blow:  
To plant, to watch, to water there,—  
This, as our duty, be our care!

And sweet it is the growth to trace  
Of worth, of intellect, of grace,  
In bosoms where our labours first  
Bid the young seed of spring-time burst,  
And lead it on from hour to hour,  
To ripen into perfect flower.

Hast you e'er seen a garden clad  
In all the robes that Eden had,—  
Or vale o'erspread with streams and trees,  
A paradise of mysteries,  
Plains with green hills adorning them,  
Like jewels in a diadem?

These gardens, vales, and plains, and hills,  
Which beauty gilds and music fills,  
Were once but deserts; culture's hand  
Has scatter'd verdure o'er the land,  
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,  
Where barren wilds usurp'd the scene.

And such is man. A soil which breeds  
Or sweetest flowers or vilest weeds;  
Flowers lovely as the morning light,  
Weeds deadly as the aconite;  
Just as his heart is trained to bear  
The pois'nous weed or floweret fair.

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# CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL



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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

## The Tombs of Egypt.

THE majestic pyramids, the most stupendous edifices of human art, have not yet told their origin, their builders, or the motive which induced their erection. Speculation raged upon them in wonder; its eye was dazzled, its mind was baffled, and it attempted not to answer its own inquiries. Remote history, when it mentions these gigantic buildings, speaks of them as old, venerated, and of unknown origin. They are not spoken of in Scripture, either in the time of Abraham, Joseph, or Moses. Recent explorations in the pyramids themselves, lead to the idea that they were commenced immediately after the expulsion of the Shepherd Kings—that is, shortly after the period of Abraham's visit;—but had they then approached their present extent, they must have been spoken of by the leader of the hosts of Israel. The Egyptian year, it must be recollected, was somewhat different from our own, and there now exists little doubt of its having been changed and rectified several times by the priests. This may account for the confusion of dates, a difficulty only removable by a better acquaintance with Egyptian literature. The prevailing opinion among the learned is, that the first pyramid was founded by Osirtesen, who expelled the shepherd Kings, and received Joseph; but whether as a monument of the expulsion of the one, or of the great deliverance at the hands of the other, no authentic discovery as yet been made. There can be no doubt, however, that this pyramid contains the body of Osirtesen, and that its inner walls are emblazoned with the hieroglyphic history of his eventful reign.

The largest pyramid rises from a base eight hundred feet square, about the entire area of Lincoln's Inn Fields; it is four hundred and sixty-one feet high. Built of huge stones, and sloping in large steps to the peak, it may be ascended in twenty minutes: the stones are from one to four feet in height, and form a body of two hundred and six tiers. It is calculated to contain six millions of cubic feet of stone, and its building employed a hundred thousand men for twenty years.\* Standing on that vast pile, ruin and desolation spreading all around, the mind of the spectator is hurried centuries back, when the land was in its glory and its bloom: when, instead of deserts and naked sands, chariots and horsemen swept the giddy plain, and religious rites, the most gorgeous performed by man, followed the ground where a stranger dared not tread. Now, each base of these massy buildings is lost in sand: no entrance has yet been discovered: two or three of them, however, have opened their secret portals to the inquiring traveller, and the regular yet rugged front given place to the glittering wall, to the chiselled column, to the marvellous writing, to the storied picture, to the holy font, and to the sacred bed, on which reposed the embalmed remains of a once-worshipped king.

To a people unto whom the word of revelation was never spoken, but who cherished a darkly understood opinion respecting the immortality of the soul, the doctrine of the metempsychosis was a theory as reasonable as it was sublime. Knowing only that the organ of thought could never die, and believing that, in a future stage of existence, it would yet again reanimate its habitation of clay, the Egyptians judged well, if not wisely, in preserving the mortal remains of all who were great and

good. It was the custom of judges, on the occasion of a death, to hold an inquest on the life of the deceased, to inquire into his conduct, and to consider whether his actions had given him a claim to future life. If he had been honest, just, and virtuous, his body was embalmed and carefully preserved, that his soul might return to it at the appointed time, when it should have undergone its purgatorial period, either as having given life to beast or bird. On the other hand, were it judged that the deceased's life had not been such as to entitle him to a purer state of future existence, he was committed to the earth, "unwept, unsung," that he and his crimes might be alike forgotten. Even the Pharaohs, and their princes and governors, were subject to this scrutiny; but it need not be told, that the priesthood seldom found sufficient iniquity in these cases, to debar the dead from the honours of perpetual preservation.

The worship of the gods, and the preservation of the body after death, were the two great duties of an Egyptian life. The conduct of both was in the hands of the priests, who held their lands and living from the king. Hence it is that all the remnants of antiquity in this wondrous land relate exclusively to these great objects. No trace of a human dwelling has yet been discovered in Egypt, as having been the abode of a living creature—the bull and the crocodile alone excepted. Tombs, massy and indurated, are discovered in all directions among the heaping sand, enclosing those remains which should have mouldered with the soil, and given their moisture back to the earth from which they grew. Millions upon millions of mummies lie entombed in Egypt—hundreds are scattered over the face of the globe, torn from their resting place, to enrich or decorate the museums of the learned or curious. It is in the repose of the pyramids, however, that the Egyptian dead command the greatest awe: there, surrounded by all the decorations which architecture, sculpture, and painting could bestow, encased within a pile unmatched for strength or size, and secured still further from human visitation by every intricacy and obstruction which the builders could desire, lie the perfect forms of those who held the life of millions in their breath, whose very eye, when it twinkled, made stout men tremble: there lie those who never endured contradiction, to whom all bent the knee, and upon whom a besotted people looked as to a god. Laborious and unrewarded toil groaned not under the infliction of the taskmaster; and, happily, many who met their death by accidents during the erection of these lasting memorials of human ambition, deemed that loss of life more glorious than any other which could possibly occur.

The sainted corpse, however, notwithstanding the care of the preserver, has been frequently destroyed by impious hands: the old belief has departed; another creed, scarcely an improvement on the previous, has removed all idea of holiness from the ground. The dweller asks only for money as a reward for his guidance, and there have been those, who, in their anxiety to carry with them a memorial of their visit to Egypt, have hesitated not to destroy pillars and paintings covered with brilliant hieroglyphics, explaining in once well understood characters the good and evil performed by the unmouldering tenant. One traveller unblushingly declared that he discovered the skull of a princely mummy, which he himself believed to be that of one of the Pharaohs (the body having been destroyed by the Arabs for the sake of the cloth and wood, which make excellent firewood); and he, a Christian traveller, a scientific engineer, a moralist—but, alas! also a virtuosi, took up the skull, dashed it violently against the wall, broke it in pieces, and put part of the cheek-bone in his pocket!

It is well for human learning that all lovers of antiquities have not been equally barbarous. When Belzoni first effected an entrance into one of the pyramids, he felt almost delirious with delight. The painted passages and galleries, the columned aisles and halls, the beauty and splendour of which was lighted up by torches, (the first that had profaned the wondrous spot), made his heart sad

when he discovered that the whole strength and elegance of the place led to a small chamber, in which was placed a sarcophagus of the purest alabaster. Within this lone narrow house, lay the tenant of the tomb, one of the once mighty and honourable of the earth, awaiting patiently until his soul had undergone its various transmigrations, and should again return to him when he might arise from his bed and walk, to act over again the pomp and circumstance of his kingly life. The body is now gone, but the sarcophagus is still entire: it is of the finest workmanship, and on a light being placed within it, the receptacle of the dead displays a mild transparency, a beautiful and tender illustration of the Egyptian theory, that did the soul return, the silent and weightless mass might easily be illumined; but

"We know not where is that Promethean heat  
That can the light relume."

Among the evils incident to the breaking open of the pyramids, and leaving the portal to be closed up by sand and rubbish, that of wolves and bats taking up their residence in the sculptured palaces is much to be regretted. This danger, did it only prevent ignorant and destructive travellers from visiting the recesses, might be deemed of advantage: but, on the contrary, it has caused the introduction of fire-arms, and a shot in the dark, merely to hear how it will sound, and if any beasts of prey will condescend to reply, is generally the herald of destruction, either in defacing the perfect tracery on the capitals, or in obliterating the coloured history on the walls, all of which, when not thus injured, or burned by the torches, glares in the gaudiest tints of the artist's pencil, and appears as fresh as if the drawing had been just completed.

A tableau of pictures, evidently relating to the advent of Joseph's Brethren, has recently been discovered among the excavated tombs of Beni-hassan, by an Italian traveller, of the name of Rossellini, and which may be thus described.

A royal scribe, or secretary of state, whose name has been read phonetically Nosuf and Jusuf, followed by the Jailor Roti, is introducing to a viceroy of Osirtesen, ten Hebrews, clearly identified by their physiognomies and costume, and one lad, making eleven males altogether, accompanied by females, possibly the wives of the male personages, two children, and by attendants, to the amount of thirty-seven. The viceroy of Osirtesen is represented as standing, in honour of the superior rank of the royal scribe, who, as "the prince secretary of state," and wearing the large wig peculiar to the aristocracy, similar to the specimen in the British Museum, displays a scroll, in which is written the arrival of these strangers, described as "bond slaves," in the sixth year of Osirtesen.

It is obvious that they are Hebrews who have just crossed the desert. They are accompanied by two asses of the desert, panniered and covered with a peculiarly ornamented housing, one of which conveys two children (possibly those of Judah) and the arms of the party, and the other the leather water-bottles, being exactly such as are carried now by camels and by asses in crossing the desert. They bring with them presents to their great host, such as are recommended by Jacob in the Mosiac account of the arrival of Joseph's brethren. One carries and performs on a lyre, made after the primitive Greek fashion, which has been by antiquarians identified with the Jewish "Chinnor," derived perhaps from Jubai, the lyre's scriptural inventor; two other of the brothers lead animals, which sufficiently indicate their Judean locality, the antelope and the ibex of Lebanon. The men are clad in many-coloured woollen tunics, wear the Greek sandal, and are well armed with clubs, spears, and bows and arrows. Two carry the desert water-bottles, slung over their shoulders. The females, whose resemblance would seem to indicate that they are sisters, or at all events members of one and the same family, wear tunics of the same primitive character, dyed with a peculiar pattern of stripes, intermixed with wavy lines, and short leather boots, which were never worn by the Egyptian females.

These are the main points of the tableau. The Jewish lad, the number of ten Jewish brethren with him, the high designation of the introducing personage, viz., that of a "prince secretary of state" under the reigning Pharaoh, their immediate arrival from the desert, the Judean presents they bring, the fact of the tenant of the tomb being governor of the district in the neighbourhood of Goshen,

\* To the mass of speculation respecting these wonderful abrics, we may be permitted to add one more conjecture. When Joseph purchased the people and the land, by giving them bread when the earth refused its fruits, a vast number must have been idle or unprofitably employed. A wise governor might therefore seek out for them a lasting employment by which they might be kept out of harm's way, and to what greater purpose could their labours be devoted than to erect an unequalled tomb for the sovereign to whom they owed existence. Succeeding monarchs would of course demand equally stupendous buildings, and hence the great demand for bricks with which to build the inner chambers—hence the call made on the Israelites to contribute to the work, for their pastoral occupations were an abomination to the Egyptians.



where the Jews afterwards settled, and finally of the royal secretary written "Jusaf," the present eastern name for Joseph, all point with a converging cogency of proof, scarcely admitting of a question, to the same inference, namely, that the tableau records the arrival of Joseph's brethren. It seems, moreover, to depict a peculiar point of time, namely, when Simeon being liberated from bondage, Joseph conducting his eleven brethren, including his younger brother Benjamin, and followed by the "master of his horse," spoken of in Genesis, from the presence of the Pharaoh Osirtesen, into the presence of the viceroy of the land of Goshen, where they were about to be settled, and in whose tomb this extraordinary pictorial memorial is found.

One objection, says the "Westminster Review," has been made to the number, the whole party consisting of thirty-seven; but the objection rests upon slight foundation. Not a word is said of the scriptural account of the brothers having no attendants. It is, in reality, very improbable that they should be without attendants, having loaded asses and presents to convey across the desert. Nor is it likely that Jacob should send his favourite child, a "lad," on a difficult and dangerous journey, without servants to attend and protect him. Another objection has been made to the word "bond slaves," but, independent of the fact that the Egyptians, like the modern Chinese, designated all foreigners as slaves or tributaries, it is clear from the scriptural account that the brothers were considered as "bond slaves," they having been first imprisoned as spies, Simeon being held in bond by Joseph till the return of his nine brethren with "the lad" Benjamin from Syria, and the nine who returned being, in fact, designated in the scriptural account as "bond slaves," liberated, according to modern phraseology, on their "parole."

It is not to be doubted, were a careful survey to be made of these remarkable edifices by persons competent to the task, that much new, startling, and interesting information could be gleaned, nor shall we despair of such investigation taking place so long as Mehemet Ali, or his family, remains in friendly intercourse with Europe. The short and somewhat imperfect account we have here given of this magnificent subject, will also, we are equally certain, be received by our readers as an earnest of what may yet be expected from future research, while a like description of the temples, of the ruins of Thebes, and the immense quarries from whence the blocks of stone were excavated, may possibly make them better acquainted with the giant strides Egypt must have made in the early ages, ere the arts were known in Europe, or a garment flung round the beauties who dwell on the unfrequented shores of England.

### Something from Nothing.

#### CHAPTER V.

MR. QUIDDY having been disposed of as detailed in our last, we now come to the counterplot of the aged lady of the house.

"And now, my dear, that we are alone," said Mrs. Sanderson to Janet—"By the bye, did you lock Phineas's door on the outside?"

Janet replied she had done so.

"Then, as we are in no danger of interruption, tell me what is the important affair you desire to speak to me about."

"Nothing," replied Janet.

"Nothing!" exclaimed Mrs. Sanderson; "I hope you don't mean to say you have been trifling with me." "I have not, indeed I have not," said Janet; "when I told you I had something particular to say to you, it was so. The truth is, the night before last I made a resolution; last night I reflected on it and changed it."

"And what was it?" enquired Mrs. Sanderson.

"I had resolved to leave you," replied Janet.

"Leave me! You never could have thought of such a thing. But why? What have I done to cause you even to think of such a step?" said Mrs. Sanderson, with something of displeasure.

"You done? You ma'am, have ever treated me with kindness and affection; but—" Janet paused; her head sank upon her bosom, and a tear stole gently down her cheek.

"Speak on, child," said Mrs. Sanderson, kindly; "speak to me without reserve; trust me; speak to me as to a friend—a mother."

Water for household purposes is sometimes procurable only from a spring, and requires the labour of pumping to get at it; sometimes it is more conveniently brought into the house by means of pipes, and may be had in any quantity, at a moment's notice, upon merely turning a peg. So is it with tears. With some women the lachrymal fount lies deep; others have their tears (to use the language of the water-works) "laid on"—brought up to the corners of their eyes—ready to flow as soon as wanted. In both cases, the stream from the deeper source is thought to be purer. Now, Janet seldom wept. Neither a harsh rebuke, nor any of the little troubles and annoyances to which she was occasionally subjected, would ever draw a tear from her; nor was she one of those interesting persons who can "get up a cry," whenever an object is to be gained, or an effect produced by it; all which, by the bye, led the coarse mind of Mr. Quiddy to set her down as "rather an unfeeling creechur." But touch her heart with the rod of kindness, and water gushed from it as from the rock. So (as upon a late occasion) when Mrs. Sanderson had spoken the words we have just recorded, Janet burst into a good, honest cry. This ebullition Mrs. Sanderson did not attempt to interrupt, well knowing that by allowing

her to have her cry fairly out, the sooner it would be over: As with a dull, tiresome, prosing bore, each word of interruption but serves him as a fresh starting-point; but deplete him of that advantage by listening to him in profound silence, and you will be astonished to find how much sooner he will have exhausted his means of annoyance.

Janet, having recomposed herself, proceeded—"I did intend to leave you. By accident I overheard some part of Phineas's conversation with you. I never again can be happy under the same roof with him, and that was my reason for resolving to quit this house."

"Do you love him, then?" inquired Mrs. Sanderson. This was a plain question if ever one there were; and had Janet acted according to the rules for such cases made and provided, she ought, instead of meeting it with a plain reply, to have looked down, or on one side, or on the other side, and twiddled her thumbs—in short, she ought to have looked amazingly silly, and held her tongue. But Janet herself was—alas! in more than one sense—a plain person; and as she happened at the time to be looking her interlocutor full in the face, she continued to do so, and simply, and without hesitation, replied, "I do."

Mrs. Sanderson seemed to be reflecting upon those two emphatic words, "I do," for about as long a time as this little digression has occupied, and then said—

"I was sure of it; I have long seen it; and since you are aware of what passed the other night, I do not wonder at your wish to be away from him: you can not be happy here—at least, not as happy as you have been."

"No," said Janet, with a melancholy smile, and a mournful shake of the head.

"Then why, after all, have you changed your mind, and resolved to remain here in spite of your own feelings?"

"Because," replied Janet, "I have reflected that in this world we must consider others' feelings as well as one's own. If I left you, you must take a stranger to you—one who would be long before she understood your wants and wishes as well as I do—perhaps she never would. She would serve you for hire, not for love—a cold substitute, as you soon would find—and you would be unhappy. I am young, and better able than you to bear—that must be borne. You have been as a mother to me, and in repaying your kindness with the duty and affection of a daughter, I do just what I ought—and no more."

This was the longest speech Janet had ever delivered in her life; and (which, in these days of "wholly-unprepared-as-I-am-to-address-you" oratory, is not a little extraordinary) not a line of it had been previously arranged by herself, or composed for her by another. It fell from her at the spur of the moment, and was all made out of her own—not head, but—heart.

"You are a good girl, Janet," said Mrs. Sanderson; "a great deal too good for him. However, one of these days, perhaps, he may learn to value you as you deserve, and then—"

At these words, Janet rose abruptly from her chair, and looking at the little Dutch clock, which hung in a corner of the room, said—

"It's time I should go and stuff the goose." And away she went.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Return we now to Quiddy, whom we left half-starved and restless, tumbling and tossing in his bed. Twelve o'clock! At the end of an hour, which, computed by the gnawings of hunger, appeared to him a day, the clock struck one—only one! "Yet two hours till dinner-time," muttered Quiddy; "I shall never live to see it!"

A week elapsed and the clock struck two—only two! Yet another dreadful hour. His resolution began to falter. He started from bed, and approached the door: it was still locked. "Nobody coming near me! Will they leave me to starve?" thought he.

In the hope of attracting attention, he paced heavily up and down his room, which was immediately over the little back-parlour; but greatly to his disappointment, his movements were unnoticed. Again he approached the door, and his sensitive nose detected the delicious odour of the goose which was twirling before the kitchen-fire. This reanimated his courage.

"I'll carry it on to the end," thought he; "I've suffered so long that I'll bear the other hour. I'll not spoil a ship for lack of a ha'p'orth of tar, as the saying is. I've caught the old woman in the trap. It is but another hour, and then comes my reward. Well, I am a 'cute 'un, I must say."

And with these consoling reflections, he again got into bed, and there he remained until the arrival of Dr. M'Squills, whose mode of treatment may be guessed by the following specimen.

"Come, now, make 'confidants' of Mrs. Sanderson and me; just tell us what it is that distresses you. Remember we are your friends, so speak out."

Mrs. Sanderson interposed, and requested the doctor, for her sake, not to press him upon that point—at least, for the present.

"As you will," said M'Squills; "but remember, that though there be no bodily ailment just now, I'll no answer for what may come o' it. The patient must be treated with the greatest care and attention, and kindness, and—But I say, my young friend, I'm told your fule

enough to refuse your food. That mustna be. Have you eaten any thing to-day?"

Mrs. Sanderson answered for him, and described the "nice, delicate, little breakfast" with which she had supplied him.

"Wishy-washy tea!" exclaimed the doctor; "water bewitched! Is that the breakfast to give a sick man. Is it w! sic trash ye'd keep the body and soul o' a mor thegither? I'll gar him swallow something a wee bit better than that for his dinner, or my name's not Archie M'Squills. How's your appetite, mon?"

"I think I feel as if I could come down and pick a bit," replied Quiddy.

"You shall pick a bit," said the doctor, "but there be nae coming down for you to-day. You must hae your dinner sent up, and must tak' it in bed—and I'll just bring it to you myself."

"You shall, doctor," said Mrs. Sanderson, "for I can persuade him to take his meals. And, doctor," continued she, "if you can make a dinner of hot roast goose and apple-pie, and put up with a tumbler of whisky, toddy afterwards, I should be glad of your company. This is my birthday, and I have asked a neighbour o' two to come in the evening and eat the cold remains. Besides, you will be better able to look to poor Phineas."

"There's nae harm that I ken o' in hot roast goose," replied the doctor, "and mickle guid in whisky-toddy, so I'm e'en wi' you, widow; but as a professional man I maun just tell you I canna, in conscience, recommend cold goose for supper: it's the de'il's ain bairn for indigestion." And drawing in his breath, and emitting again with a sound something between a hiss and a whistle, he added,—"However, it's ae comfort to think that what the neebors are like to see o' the puir bird, cold, after Archie M'Squills has looked at it hot and reeking from the fire, won't do them any injury to fast about."

"But your patient, doctor?" said Mrs. Sanderson, with an air of concern.

"I'll no conceal it," replied the doctor, "he's varra ill, but he'll be greatly better after he has had his dinner. Don't you think so yoursel', Meester Quiddy?"

"Certain—sure of it, doctor," replied the latter.

"And now, Meester Quiddy, just gie me your hand."

Quiddy extended his hand, which M'Squills seized in his huge right fist, shaking it, and tightening his grasp, at every pause in his speech, till the water streamed from poor Quiddy's eyes.

"Meester Quiddy," said the doctor, gravely, "ye'r varra ill—ye'll be a wee bit better for your dinner;—but—if by to-morrow morning—I don't mak' ye as well as ever ye were in your life—I'll consent—to forfeit my professional-reputation—Meester Quiddy."

Hereupon the doctor and Mrs. Sanderson left the room, the former locking the door, and putting the key into his pocket. The doctor had his dinner off the goose, but the condition of the invalid, who passed an hour in listening to the clatter of knives and forks (his impatience aggravated by the tantalising odour of his favourite bird)—may—to use a phrase which is not of the newest—be better conceived than described. At length greatly to his satisfaction, he heard the approaching foot steps of M'Squills. His mouth watered by anticipation of what he has about to enjoy.

"Weel, Meester Quiddy, and how d'ye find yersel' by this time, mon?" I hope ye're in a condition to enjoy your dinner?"

"Dying for it, doctor," eagerly replied Quiddy.

"An angel of a goose!" exclaimed the doctor; "dead to a turn, and the stuffing like a nosegay. Janet's braw lassie, and—but here she comes wi' your dinner so sit up in bed, mon, and prepare for it."

Janet appeared, bringing with her a huge basin covered with a plate, in which lay two rusks.

"That's weel, Janet; put it on yonder table, bring the table to the bed side, and leave me alone wi' my patient."

Janet did as she was told. At the same time the doctor took from his pocket a pill-box, and a phial filled with an ugly coloured liquid, both of which he placed beside the basin.

"What's that?" cried Quiddy, with mingled astonishment and horror, as the doctor removed the plate from the basin, and discovered about a quart of thin water gruel.

"Your dinner," coolly replied the doctor; "some nice wholesome water-gruel, without sugar or spice (to sic condiments would be bad for your complaint), and two delicate wee rusks."

"That my dinner?" said, or rather screamed, the famishing invalid.

"Thae foolish women!" said the doctor, not replying to this question, but deliberately stirring the gruel "thae foolish women; to gie a sick bodie wishy-washy tea, when there's siccan a thing to be had as guid comfort gruel. Then, they'd hae gane as far wide the mark the ither way: they'd hae sent you Lor knows what quantity of the goose, whilk wud ha' gon nigh to be the death o' you, if I had not providential been here to prevent it. And noo, Meester Quiddy, eat your dinner."

Quiddy was about to remonstrate, when M'Squills rising to his full height, and grasping him by the shoulder, which he pressed till he made the very tip of Quiddy's fingers tingle, firmly and deliberately addressed these words to him:—"Hark ye, Meester



The exhibition he underwent not only became the universal topic of conversation for the time, but commentaries on his humble situation in life were added, which hurt his feelings, and inspired him with a desire of revenge upon those who had thus gifted him with an unenviable notoriety. He looked not long for a means of retaliation. Though professing to be members of the gospel of peace and charity, he found his rebukers animated by selfish feelings, seeking with clutching hands the acquirement of that filthy lucre they so much denounced in their homilies; jealous to the last degree of each other's prosperity, and cherishing an unextinguishable desire to excel in the extent of their worldly influence—boastful of their popularity with the multitude, and glorying, not in the number of haughty souls they reduced to humility, but in the gaudy crowds who came to hear them. Burns also discovered that instead of preaching the meek and lowly doctrine of the Divine founder of their creed—instead of encouraging the doubting and strengthening the weak heart by a knowledge of goodness and mercy, they sought to sway the souls of thousands by the chains of fear—to imprison the intellects in a dungeon of despair and keep in continual alarm their half-wakened, half-educated flocks, by a perpetually glowing picture of the burning lake. There was no heaven in their doctrine, no place for the broken hearted on which to rest—no covert from the tempest—no shadow of a great rock in a weary land. This conduct, the result of clerical ignorance and selfishness, was a topic of observation—it was a mark at which to dart the barbed arrows of his revenge, a target at which to fling with untiring hand the javelins of his sarcasm. Among the most severe of his pictures of their conduct is the Holy Fair, a highly coloured caricature of the manner in which the clergy of his time used to conduct themselves on a sacramental occasion, as well as the convenience to which their parishioners converted the sacred purpose, in making it a place of business and pleasure, much more than for religious ordinances. On a sacramental day, it was customary, from the great crowds that attended, for the clergyman to preach in the open air, the minister being assisted by one or two of his neighbours or the day. As the people came from many miles distant, they usually brought provisions with them, and booths were in contiguous readiness to supply them with animating liquors—only to enable them to endure the fatigues of their journey, not of course for the purpose of enjoying themselves, or enabling them to forget that a sermon was being delivered in the neighbourhood, while they might be glorying in the possession of the flesh-pots of Egypt. On such an occasion as this the sarcastic poem of the Holy Fair was written. The poet thus states how he was invited, and who was his companion on the way:—

Upon a simmer Sunday morn,  
When Nature's face is fair,  
I walked forth to view the corn,  
And snuff the caller air.  
The rising sun owre Galston muirs  
Wi' glorious light was glintin';  
The hares were hirplin down the furs,  
The lay'r rocks they were chantin'  
Fu' sweet that day.  
As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,  
To see a scene so gay,  
Three hizzies, early at the road,  
Cam skelpin up the way;  
Twa had manteles o' dolefu' bisk,  
But ane wi' lyart lining;  
The third, that gaed a-wee a-back,  
Was in the fashion shining,  
Fu' gay that day.  
The twa appear'd like sisters twin,  
In feature, form, and claes;  
Their visage wither'd, lang, an' thin,  
An' soor as any slaes:  
The third came up, hap-step-an'-lowp,  
As light as any lambe,  
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,  
As soon as c'er she saw me,  
Fu' kind that day.  
Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,  
I think you seem to ken me;  
I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face,  
But yet I canna name ye."  
Quo' she, an' laughin' as she spak,  
An' taks me by the hands,  
"Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck  
Of a' the ten commands—  
A screed some day.  
"My name is Fun—your cronie dear,  
The nearest friend ye hae;  
An' this is Superstition here,  
An' that's Hypocrisy.  
I'm gann to Mauchline holy fair,  
To spend an hour in daffen:  
Gin ye'll go there, you runkl'd pair,  
We will get a famous laughin'  
At them this day."  
Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't;  
I'll get my Sunday's sark on,  
An' meet you on the holy spot;  
Faith we'se hae fine remarkin'!"  
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,  
An' soon I made me ready;  
For roads were clad, frae side to side,  
Wi' monie a wearie body,  
In droves that day.

It is not the least of the excellences of our poet that even in his fiercest pieces, where his sarcasm breaks out and bursts upon the objects of his anger, there are some of the sweetest, most beautiful, and truly natural descriptions of the loveliness around him,—some quiet and kind feelings gushing gently from his heart, and flowing forth in love and peace, to introduce him to our affections and regard as that same high-souled, gentle-hearted being, whom Nature dignified with an eye to animate with light,

and a voice to sing with power, the joys and loves, the labour and the rest, the cares and the contentment, of the independent poor. How truthful and how touching is his description of a summer Sunday morning in the country, and exquisitely delicate is his manner of introducing himself in that happy scene, employed as a poet should ever be, in looking on the beauties of Nature, that he might love them more, and paint them better in his everlasting page. He had been walking among the waving corn, inhaling the freshness of the wholesome air; the sun, with its glorious light, was streaming over the moors, its radiance lighting up the heather and blue bells, which sparkled with the morning's dew: the hares, those cowards on their native soil, are discovered walking lamely down the strips of grain, stealing noiselessly along to bite the tender blade; while the larks are high at heaven's gate singing, like a choir of unseen angels uttering peace to earth and man. While so employed in his poetic vocation, three women are seen coming up the road, and described as walking with that earnestness and determination so common to their sex when they have an hour and place of meeting. Women, when so employed, look neither to the right nor to the left, they pass by flowers unheeded, and stumble over stones and ruts with philosophic indifference; the lark might sing for ever, but, unless it could tell them that they were near the place of assignation, and that a young man was waiting for them, they would hear it not. He saw at once that the three females had some object in view, by the rate at which they were travelling, but he also discovered that there was a vast difference between them. Two were clad in dolorous black mantles, one of them having lyart lining, that is, the inner lining was streaked with various colours, to announce that although she wore the outward semblance of sobriety, there was that within which told of secret and untold passions: one was Superstition, all black together; the other could be none else than Hypocrisy. The third, however, was young, laughing-faced, and dressed in all the gaieties of fashion; and she, with the license due to Merriment, comes up to him with her laughing eye, and shakes him heartily by the hand.

Superstition has made millions slaves to prejudice, and power has stood in the way of every improvement, and closed with many massy bolts the door of intellect to the advances of truth and knowledge. By superstition alone are the nations of India gradually becoming slaves to Britain, although one united and courageous effort would sweep the invaders from coast to coast, and destroy the largest and most securely-built fabric that a conquering horde ever raised up in a hostile country. By superstition are the Russian serfs retained in bondage, toiling all their lives without a hope or desire of advancement, but permitting a patrician race, as ignorant and as prejudiced as themselves, to reap the fruits of their profitless industry. But not alone in less cultivated countries does superstition hold her penal sway; even in our land there is a greater amount than we are willing to acknowledge. What is it but superstition that tells a man to receive another's version of the truth, instead of boldly inquiring for himself? But if superstition keeps those in slavery who fall in that lamentable state, hypocrisy makes men slaves of a lower caste—slaves even to themselves, and outcasts to the world. The social world consists only in the free interchange of thought, by which the roughness of each other's peculiarities are rubbed off, and the mind becomes smooth, like as pebbles are polished by action on each other through the medium of the tide. But hypocrisy nails a man up in a cobwebbed closet, and makes him guilty of every meanness that a coward heart can commit. These two characters are personified in the poem by two withered beldames, who are proceeding to the Holy Fair to pursue their avocations. One to gape and listen in blind belief to all she hears—the other to hear and despise, or pretend to oppose, but only as far as personal advantage is likely to result from the adoption.

The poet, abashed, takes off his ploughman's bonnet, and inquires who it is that speaks to him; he knew her face, but could not tell her name. Having learned that it was his old companion Fun, and that she was on the way to Mauchline Holy Fair, he readily agrees to meet her on the holy spot, ejaculating with awakened curiosity and simplicity, "Faith we'se hae fine remarkin'," as if it were for no other purpose that the conventicle was then and there to be held. So home he goes at crowdie time, determined like a prudent Scotsman not to lose his porridge, for he knew that a hungry man could be no fit companion for Fun at any time. As she was dressed so very gaily, of course he could not do less than put on his best shirt, and make himself as respectable as possible, well knowing that he would be the observed of all observers if he was the least genteelly attired among the assembly. The roads were crowded with droves of people, all pressing onward to the appointed place; he does not imitate, however, the women in their manner of walking, looking straight on and seeing nothing. He looks about him, and writes down what he sees; the description of the road, thus clad with all kinds of people is racy in the extreme, and we trust our readers will come with us at least part of the way in the next chapter.

### The American Races.

LITTLE did we suppose, when we ventured to suggest in our eighth number the idea that America had been peopled by an Egyptian or Phœnician stock, that a strong and confirmatory proof would have been so soon afforded us by a talented traveller, whose accounts of Edom and Mount Hor we have already inserted. It appears that Mr. Stephens has been lately employed in a public mission, and has given to the world the result of his researches in a valuable work, entitled "Central America." The following extract will sufficiently prove that our historic research has not been in vain, and that not a few important discoveries are about to be made, by which the world will become better acquainted with its ancient history. The untracked shores of the Great Pacific are volumed with

historic lore. Should they tell the same mysteries as Egypt, a new and powerful light shall yet illumine the present age, and all that has been dark or dubious in the history of the world and man become brilliant as the noontide sun. Speaking of the few remains of ancient grandeur known to exist in America some few years ago, our author says—

"The first new light thrown upon this subject, as regards Mexico, was by the great Humboldt, who visited that country at a time when, by the jealous policy of the Government, it was almost as much closed against strangers as China is now. No man could have better deserved such fortune. At that time the monuments of the country were not a leading object of research; but Humboldt collected from various sources information and drawings, particularly of Mitla, or the Vale of the Dead; Xochicalco, a mountain hewed down and terraced, and called the Hill of Flowers; and the great pyramid, or Temple of Cholula, he visited himself, of all which his own eloquent account is within reach of the reader. Unfortunately, of the great cities beyond the vale of Mexico, buried in forests, ruined, desolate, and without a name, Humboldt never heard, or, at least, never visited them. It is but lately that accounts of their existence reached Europe and our own country. These accounts, however vague and unsatisfactory, had roused our curiosity; though I ought perhaps to say that both Mr. C. and I were somewhat sceptical, and when we arrived at Copan, it was with the hope, rather than the expectation, of finding wonders. Since the discovery of these ruined cities, the prevailing theory has been, that they belonged to a race long anterior to that which inhabited the country at the time of the Spanish conquest. With regard to Copan, mention is made by the early Spanish historians of a place of that name, situated in the same region of country in which these ruins are found, which seem to indicate that the city referred to was inferior in strength and solidity of construction, and of more modern origin.

The wall is of cut stone, well laid, and in a good state of preservation. We ascended by large steps, in some places perfect, and in others thrown down by trees which had grown up between the crevices, and reached a terrace, the form of which it was impossible to make out, from the density of the forest in which it was enveloped. Our guide cleared away with his machete, and we passed, as it lay half buried in the earth, a large fragment of stone elaborately sculptured, and to the angle of a structure with steps on the sides, in form and appearance, so far as the trees would enable us to make it out, like the sides of a pyramid. Diverging from the base, and working our way through the thick woods, we came upon a square stone column, about 14 feet high, and two feet on each side, sculptured in very bold relief, and on all four of the sides, from the base to the top. The front was the figure of a man curiously and richly dressed, and the face, evidently a portrait, solemn, stern, and well fitted to excite terror. The back was of a different design, unlike anything we had ever seen before, and the sides were covered with hieroglyphics. This our guide called an 'Idol'; and before it, at a distance of three feet, was a large block of stone, also sculptured with figures and emblematical devices, which he called an altar. The sight of this unexpected monument put at rest at once and for ever in our minds all uncertainty in regard to the character of American antiquities, and gave us the assurance that the objects we were in search of were interesting, not only as the remains of an unknown people, but as works of art, proving, like newly-discovered historical records, that the people who once occupied the continent of America were not savages. With an interest perhaps stronger than we had ever felt in wandering among the ruins of Egypt, we followed our guide, who, sometimes missing his way, with a constant and vigorous use of his machete, conducted us through the thick forest, among half buried fragments, to fourteen monuments of the same character and appearance; some with more elegant designs, and some in workmanship equal to the finest monuments of the Egyptians; one displaced from its pedestal by enormous roots; another locked in the close embrace of branches of trees, and almost lifted out of the earth, another hurled to the ground, and bound down by huge vines and creepers; and one standing, with its altar before it, in a grove of trees which grew around it, seemingly to shade and shroud it as a sacred thing; in the solemn stillness of the woods, it seemed a divinity mourning over a fallen people. The only sounds that disturbed the quiet of this buried city were the noise of monkeys moving among the tops of the trees, and the cracking of dry branches broken by their weight. They moved over our heads in long and swift procession, 40 or 50 at a time; some, with little ones wound in their long arms, walking out to the end of boughs, and holding on with their hind legs or a curl of the tail, sprang to a branch of the next tree, and, with a noise like a current of wind, passed on into the depths of the forest. It was the first time we had seen these mockeries of humanity, and, with the strange monuments around us, they seemed like wandering spirits of the departed race guarding the ruins of their former habitations.

We returned to the base of the pyramidal structure, and ascended by regular stone steps, in some places forced apart by bushes and saplings, and in others thrown down by the growth of large trees, while some remain entire. In parts they were ornamented with sculptured figures, and rows of death's heads. Climbing over the ruined top, we reached a terrace overgrown with trees, and, crossing it, descended by some steps into an area so covered with trees, that at first we could not make out its form, but which, on clearing the way with the machete, we ascertained to be a square, and with steps on all sides, almost as perfect as those of the Roman amphitheatre. The steps were ornamented with sculpture, and on the south side, about half-way up, forced out of its place by roots, was a colossal head, evidently a portrait. We ascended these steps, and reached a broad terrace 100 feet high, overlooking the river, and supported by the wall which he had seen from the opposite bank. The whole terrace was covered with trees, and even at this height



from the ground were two gigantic ceibas, or wild cotton trees of India, above 20 feet in circumference, extending their half-naked roots 50 or 100 feet around, binding down the ruins, and shading them with their wide-spreading branches. We sat down on the very edge of the wall, and strove in vain to penetrate the mystery by which we were surrounded. Who were the people that built this city? In the ruined cities of Egypt, even in the long lost Petra, the stranger knows the story of the people whose vestiges are around him. America, say historians, was peopled by savages; but savages never reared these structures, savages never carved these stones. We asked the Indians who made them, and their dull answer was, "Quien sabe?" "Who knows?"

### Woman's Love.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE BRIBE.

MATTHEW OWEN had returned that evening rather earlier than usual, and was surprised to find his wife from home. She had been called away only a few minutes before to attend a summons from her father; on receiving this message, Owen thanked the little girl, who immediately left the cottage: he then took his nets, and began occupying himself in mending them, in order to wile away the time of her absence; but he was anxious and restless, and having left his work beside the cabin door, where he had established himself, he paced up and down the little chamber with something of impatience, till a step was heard almost upon the threshold, and with a smile which brightened at once his whole countenance, he advanced to meet his wife; but the expression changed instantly, when, instead of Mary, the figure of a stranger presented itself before him. It was that of a tall weather-beaten man, with something wild in his look and appearance generally, as almost to amount to ferocity; and even Owen himself drew back and flushed beneath the steadfast and searching gaze of his small grey eyes, rendered more piercing by the dark and shaggy brows that overhung them, surmounted as they were by a quantity of coarse matted locks, which fell in disorder on either side of his face. A rough jacket added somewhat to the gigantic appearance of his large and muscular limbs, and as he bent his head to enter the fisherman's dwelling, the low and narrow doorway appeared as though it would scarcely afford him an entrance.

There was silence on both sides, and some embarrassment on the part of the stranger, as he rather strode than walked across the small apartment and seated himself in a large chair placed in the chimney corner. "I know you well, Matthew Owen," said the stranger, throwing open his jacket, and discovering two heavily mounted pistols and a silver whistle, suspended from his large neck by a silken cord, "though doubtless you find in me a new face—but as we are henceforward, I hope, to be friends, there shall be no concealment on my part; you may judge, therefore, with what confidence I treat you, and what reliance I place on your well-known bravery and honour, when I fearlessly tell you that I am Evan Vador, the smuggler."

He paused for an instant, as though to observe what effect the communication would have upon his auditor. Owen carelessly folded his arms, and remained standing opposite to him, without breaking silence. Vador was obliged to continue.

"I am come, Owen, with a proposal, started by myself, and sanctioned by my comrades, that you should engage to enlist yourself amongst us, and become our look-out man and help upon this side of the coast. We know that you are a good seaman—that your bravery is unquestioned, and your knowledge of every creek, inlet, and sea-mark, as well as every rock or shallow where a cargo can be run in, is as perfect as our own. Yours is a toilsome and far more dangerous life in the capacity of fisherman. You will therefore exchange the worse for the better, whilst that very profession will the easier disguise the craft you are about to undertake, as nobody will give themselves the trouble to learn whether, when Matthew Owen shoves off his boat, he is going to catch fish for the dainty palates of our squeamish gentry, or to bear a hand with Evan Vador and his staunch comrades to bring a venture on shore. You are therefore the man upon whom we fix, and you have nothing at this moment to answer me but aye or no. We are not accustomed amongst ourselves to allow much time for consideration, about risk on the one hand and profit on the other, when we consent to engage in what some are pleased to term a lawless trade. If we have good luck, why we enjoy it; and if, as sometimes must happen, we have bad, why death is the very worst that can befall us: and he were a poor seaman who could not look the grim herald in the face, which, sooner or later, awaits the best of us, saint or sinner."

"Captain Vador," was Owen's steady reply, "I have been an honest man all my life, and my father before me. I have been a poor man too, and a hard-working man, but all I have gained, were it ever so little, I was never ashamed of owning by what means I obtained it. Many and many has been the time that I have had nothing to put between my teeth but a bit of biscuit, and not much of that, after the toil of many hours, night and day; but I eat it with a thankful heart and a quiet one."

I have married, and see there;" and Owen softly opened a door showing his sleeping holdfast of affection, upon whose face played a gentle smile, "and yet you ask me to give up all this without consideration, and without weighing in my mind the consequences of dishonesty. I say then, without hesitation, as you desire me—No: your accomplice or your comrade I never can be."

"Well, well," replied the smuggler, as he half arose from his seat with an impatient air, but again seated himself more quietly, "we are not arguing upon honesty or dishonesty. If we only bring goods ashore which are received, bought, and sold by others, there is not much question in my mind that the dishonest part of the transaction lies rather more with the rich, who employ us, than with us poor devils who must have employment somewhere. But there's no time for considering, your answer I must have, and if you won't serve us a turn—why I'll find somebody else who will not stand to consider, I take it, whether he will be the winner of a few hundreds or no."

Vador, at the conclusion of this sentence again rose from his seat, but Owen was penetrating enough to observe, that although the smuggler assumed a look and bearing of the most perfect indifference, he was both disappointed at his refusal, and fearful of its being made absolute. Matthew maintained unbroken silence.

"Well, now, I'll tell you what," said his visitor, advancing towards him, and placing his large brawny hand upon the fisherman's arm, "your help we must have. Listen to me. I have a cargo now waiting off Giltar Point, which this night must be landed, and, moreover, this cottage must be its first landing-place."

Owen disengaged himself from the smuggler's grasp, and looking at him sternly, retreated a few paces. The captain was somewhat abashed, and resumed his conversation by adding "its first landing-place, Mat, with your consent: for beneath this very floor there is a cave which has served me many a good turn when our brave comrade, Davy Williams, was alive and lived here, and I only ask for the loan of it and your services for this one night, if I can engage you to nothing more, for which, without reservation I offer you the sum of one hundred pounds. Come, what say you?"

As these words fell from the lips of the smuggler captain there was evidently some fearful struggle passing in the mind of Matthew Owen.

"For one night only?" he asked, his lips slightly quivering.

"For one night only!" gruffly echoed the smuggler. "And after that night I shall never more hear of you, Captain Vador, or your comrades, or be in any way connected with you."

"I solemnly swear never," answered Vador. "To-night then I am at your service," rejoined Matthew Owen, in a suppressed whisper.

"Remember, then," said the captain in the same tone; "to-night—twelve o'clock—on the sands beneath the headland—here is your earnest beforehand," and throwing him a large leathern bag upon the table, he fastened his huge jacket and left the cottage, where Matthew Owen followed with his eye the form of the smuggler threading its way down the precipitous rocks to the water's edge.

#### CHAPTER III.—THE CONSENT.

Scarcely had the smuggler left the cabin, when the light steps of Mary Owen were heard upon the threshold, when, snatching the bag of gold from the table, and depositing it in a small cupboard, Owen advanced to meet his wife.

"I am afraid you have thought me a truant wife," said Mary; "but I am come back to you at last. I had hoped it would have been before your return, but you look haggard and weary, Matthew. You are faint and in want of your supper."

It was fortunate for her husband that Mary busied herself in preparing her evening meal without waiting for a reply, for Matthew's heart was full, and he could not dare trust his voice, but stepping outside the door, he busied himself with his nets awhile, thinking upon the gold, and that he was the possessor of what appeared to him boundless wealth, murmuring at the same time, "for your sake, my Mary; for your sake;" he then after a short period, returned to her calm and even cheerful.

Perhaps it was a fear of detection, or perhaps the consciousness only that something must be concealed, till it should be past, from her who had ever shared with him each thought and feeling, that made Owen observe, or, think he observed, a shade of care, on his wife's brow that night, as if searching and penetrating into every uneasy look or action on his part. "She had perceived there was a weight at his heart, however strenuously he laboured to conceal it. This idea took stronger possession of his mind, when after their frugal meal, Mary reached down the book of prayer, as was their usual custom and offered up her praises and thanksgivings for the blessings of the day in a weaker voice than ordinary, and when she came to the simple supplication with which she closed her nightly service to the Almighty, to preserve and watch over her husband, she was for an instant unable to proceed, for large tears were falling over her husband's cheek."

Mary arose from her knees, and retired to the open casement, whilst her husband was arranging his fishing tackle and nets, for the toil to which his laborious life often called him, even before the first break of morning. It was there she stood, silently gazing upon the clear blue

sea, just tinged by the least crimson rays of the setting sun.

"Do come and see how glorious a scene lies stretched before us, Matthew," she exclaimed with enthusiasm whilst he rapidly obeyed her wish. "It were surely a happiness to live in this humble cottage, were it but to gaze upon such a sea as this."

Owen encircled her waist, and felt more perhaps that instant than any other, how much he yearned to disclose the secret he had determined to reserve even from her. He knew it would cause her deep anxiety and the wish was checked as soon as it was formed.

"You are weary, my Mary, to night, or perchance you have heard more of those bitter taunts upon the power of your husband which has grieved you. You have your father."

"No, Matthew," replied Mary, in a sad tone, which she could not suppress—"it was not that, but I was just then thinking what a fearful life a smuggler's must be—a life of danger and conflict with the laws of the country, of toil without the wages of honest industry, of risk, without honor, and without the reward of a conscience telling him that a duty has been done." He Mary paused, for she could perceive her husband shudder as if the words she had uttered thrilled through his frame.

"What has distressed my Mary to-day?" asked Owen eagerly, and pressing his lips to her fair cheek, though he almost feared to ask the question. "You are not wont to have these melancholy thoughts; who has saddened you thus? Is it your father—or have I been the cause."

"Oh no, Matthew, my father has not grieved me, and you never grieved me, and I know what was told me is false—is all false; my brave husband would never consent to hold converse with a ruffian and a smuggler."

Mary looked at her husband earnestly whilst he spoke, and Owen gradually lowered his head upon his breast and stood silent before her.

"Have you seen the smuggler, Matthew? Have you bound yourself to that bad man? Look up my husband, tell me all; confide in your wife. If you have kept the concealed from me, I know it was in kindness, Matthew, but though I should anger you with these entreaties, still—still confide in me, for were you to lift up your hand to strike and lay me prostrate at your feet, you know I would still love you—cling fondly to you still. Then, how much more if you are but tempted or misled. Then speak to me—trust me; though I am but a poor weak woman, I am still your wife, the sharer of your misfortunes, as well as the partner in your joys."

"Mary," said her husband in a calm tone "I am and I am not guilty. The smuggler, Captain Vador, has indeed been here, and I rejected his offer of league with myself with his hand; but when he told me that for the services of one night—yes, Mary, one night only, this was to be my reward," and he took the gold from the cupboard and placed it exultingly in her hands; "this which should secure me the pain of ever again seeing you toil for me as you have often done, which should keep your husband constantly beside you to protect—to support you as you should be. When I saw the mean within my reach of giving you those comforts, which this poor cottage so ill affords! Oh! my Mary, my heart would have broken to have cast it from me," and the fisherman drew his rough sleeve across his eyes.

"God bless you, Matthew, God bless you," said his wife as she endeavoured to soothe his agitation. "Have I ever done enough for such a husband as you are to me but still do not venture your dear life, your well known honest character, only for this consideration. I never could repine at my home—at our poverty, when they shared with you, my dear husband—that were to me happiness enough had we but half we now possess. It is not yet too late to return that hideous gold, Matthew. Would I not rather toll all night and day than have you run such peril, even for a few hours. No, no; return the gold, and with it give back your hasty pledge of service to Captain Vador. Tell him you cannot—you dare not. Tell him your wife will not hear of your complying with what he demands. Tell him she had rather lay down her life than sacrifice your honest heart. Tell him anything rather than go with him for one night, or even for one hour."

"But it is only for this once, my Mary, and then we are happy for ever. I shall never again risk my life on a stormy day, or tempt the angry waves at night, as sometimes I am now obliged to do;—then your heart will never more be sad, or your eyes heavy with weeping for my sake."

"Oh yes, that is true," said his wife clasping her hands at the idea that at least during stormy weather he would never be obliged to venture on the dreary sea, but another thought rose quickly as she called to mind what Joseph Howson had said, and the happy look faded away. "But, supposing they want your help again, Matthew? perchance they will ask for your boat, your humble dwelling, and when they have made our fortunes, some return will be expected. How can we refuse them, then?"

"Oh! my Mary," answered her husband, his face beaming with joy at the thought, "you shall fly far from this perilous rock—you shall be placed where I shall be proud to see you, Mary, in comfort and happiness—ever your father shall not look sternly upon me then, and I shall force him to confess, that though not given to



Queddy, I'm no' to be trifled wi'; I am a professional mon; you complained of being varra ill, and I was sent for to cure you. I ken as weel as you do what ails you, and muckle better than you do how to treat your complaint. Noo—ye'll tak' either the gruel or the physic before two minutes are past—nae mair—" He drew his watch from his fob, and held it in his hand—"or, by St. Andrew, I swear, I'll just brak every bone o' your body."

Resistance was in vain, so Quiddy set too with the best grace he could to swallow the gruel (that being a little less repugnant to his taste than the pills and the potion), the doctor encouraging him by occasionally exclaiming, "That's right, mon, lap it up." "That's my braw lad!" cried the doctor, who overlooked his patient till he had taken the last spoonful. "It's half past four: I'm thinking ye'll no be wanting anything mair till supper-time—indeed, ye'll no' get quytin' mair if ye should—so I'll pay you anither visit at half past-ten, just before I go away; and have some hope that by the morning ye'll be aw weel again. So noo I'll go down to my whisky-toddy." Saying which, the doctor quitted the room, locked the door, and again put the key into his pocket.

Quiddy had plenty of time for reflection, the result of which was a keen suspicion that his masterly stratagem was a dead failure. He could scarcely doubt that the shrewd Scot had seen through the trick; nor, when he heard the lady of his love joining in the loud and frequent laugh below, was he without some disagreeable misgivings that her lately-expressed concern for his indisposition was about as genuine as that indisposition itself. As evening drew in, darkness added to the discomforts of his situation; and when at length the clattering of knives, forks, and plates, intimated that preparations were afoot for supper, he could endure it no longer: the contrast of pleasures and enjoyments of the party below with his own sufferings—his own *real* sufferings—was intolerable. Punctual to the minute, in the evening Doctor M'Squills returned to his patient. He silently took his seat, and placed a lighted candle, together with the fearful phial and pill-box, upon the table. After some by-play in conversation, the Doctor concluded thus: "In short, Meester Queddy, you feel as if you could almost devour the hard egg, and the we bit o' dry toastie, and the cup o' milk and water, that—and here comes Janet wi' it. That's weel, lassie; put it on the table, and leave us. This is something better than gruel, eh, sir? Little by little ye get on, you observe; and I have great hopes that to-morrow morning ye'll just be weel enough to go doon an open the shop, and attend to your business, and mak' as guid a breakfast as any time before your present alarming indisposition."

"Doctor," said Quiddy, (the tears forced from his eyes by vexation and disappointment), "I'm weel now, as well as ever I was in my life; and if I'm to have nothing more than this till morning, I shall—"

"Haud your tongue, mon, haud your tongue; wud you have me be the death o' ye by overloading your stomach on a sudden. Slow and sure, Meester Queddy. Plague, mon! wud you pretend to know better than me what's guid for your complaint? This is all I shall allow you to-night; so come, sir, choose your supper, and quickly, for it's getting late." These words the doctor accompanied with a significant glance at the phial and pill-box.

Quiddy, as a last hope, roared out "Doctor, doctor, I had better confess than be staryed. I am not ill; I have been weel from the first; I have deceived you, and—"

"Nae, nae, mon; dinna insist upon that, if you have pay regard for your personal comfort, or I'll no' leave a hair o' your skin, e'en were they a' made of iron pokers. You are a 'cute bairn, Meester Queddy, but not quite sic an a conjuror as to deceive' old Archie M'Squills. So come, quick, to your supper."

It was evident to Quiddy that his medical adviser would take no denial; so of the choice of delicacies presented to him he decided for—we need hardly say not those of the doctor's own preparing.

Having waited till Quiddy had finished his meal—a work that required no very long time—

"That's weel," said the doctor, rising, and taking up the candle. "And noo, Meester Queddy, let me once more remind you, I have undertaken to cure you of your present ailment by to-morrow morning. I shall pay you a visit at nine o'clock; and if I find that my present system is too mild by itself, I shall back it wi' a leetle phleesicking, bleeding, and blistering, and we shall see what virtue there is in that. So guid-night, and pleasant dreams to you—Meester Queddy."

At seven o'clock in the morning, Janet knocked at his door. She was the bearer of an inquiry from Mrs. Sanderson, whether he was anything better, and a recommendation from the considerate old lady that, if not, he would keep his room for another day—she undertaking, with the assistance of Janet, to get through the business of the shop. But Quiddy was happy to inform her that he was so well, that he should be quite ashamed to put either of them to so much trouble; and declared that, if Janet would unlock the door, he would be down at that short period of time which he graphically designated "a jiffy." Janet, accordingly, did unlock the door, and Quiddy dressed himself and descended to his duties. When breakfast was ready, Mrs. Sanderson came down, and took her place at table. Quiddy being called, entered the room, and (looking pale, haggard, and

exceedingly sheepish), slunk, or we might almost say, shrunk into his chair.

"Phineas," said the old woman, "I'm glad to see you down again. Considering what you have suffered, you look charmingly, I declare. There is a little broiled bacon for you: if you feel yourself well enough to pick a bit, do;" (adding, with a sneer,) "if not, there is more gruel in the house, my dear."

Phineas, confused and abashed, mumbled something which was received as an intimation of his preference for the former; and instantly upon its being placed before him, he attacked it with a vigour that proved, whatever might have been the case with respect to his illness, that his hunger was not feigned. As the clock struck nine, faithful to his promise, there was Doctor M'Squills. Just bobbing in his head, by way of salutation, but saying nothing, he drew from his pockets, and displayed on the table, a case of lancets, three large phials neatly wrapped in paper, a box of pills, and two blisters of ample dimensions, the very sight of which caused Mr. Quiddy to feel a tingling all over his chest and shoulders.

"And noo, Meester Queddy, how do you feel yourself by this time?"

"Well, sir quite well," eagerly replied the other, and trembling from head to foot; "I have no need of any of that 'ere."

"I'm right glad o' it," said the doctor, "for it saves me some trouble and yourself no little inconvenience. You see I am true to my word, and prepared for the worst. And yet," continued he, drily, and taking up one of the blisters, "I'm just thinking that for fear of a relapse, there'd be nae muckle harm, but on the contrary, some possible good, in—"

Quiddy interrupted the doctor, by assuring him in the most positive terms, that there was nothing of that kind to be apprehended, for that the kind skilful treatment he had already received at his hands had made a man of him again; and in this opinion he was supported by Mrs. Sanderson, who expressed her opinion that Phineas, having made a tolerable breakfast, had no further need of his assistance.

"Aw the better, aw the better—for the patient, I mean," replied M'Squills; and, whilst speaking, he quietly replaced his various remedies in his pocket.

"And noo, Meester Queddy, I've to say that I'm mightily puzzled about the nature of your distemper. I never met with the like o' it in the whole course of my experience. But it has this point about it, in common with the sma'-pox, that, as I flatter myself I have worked it radically out o' your system, ye'll be no likely to be takin' it again in a hurry. So guid-bye—Meester Queddy."

With a wink to the widow, and a nod to Janet, Doctor M'Squills departed; and the chopfallen lover proceeded to his avocations behind the counter.

"I think we have cured him of his foolery of dying of love for his grandmother," muttered the widow, as Quiddy left the room; and he, who heard the words, made up his mind from that moment, to abandon the pursuit, and never to repeat the experiment.

#### Manufacture of Newspaper Intelligence.

THERE is not a little truth in the following highly-rouged caricature of a newspaper editor collecting the "latest and important intelligence from the seat of war," as used to be announced by the press. Special and particular correspondents were often no better authorities than Mr. Michael Free, the orderly valet of Charles O'Malley, who, being on his way to London with despatches, thus describes a scene which he witnessed between redoubtable Mike and the Editor of the so-called Bristol Telegraph:—

Seated in a large arm-chair, a smoking tumbler of mulled port before him, sat my friend Mike dressed in my full regimentals, even to the helmet, which, unfortunately however for the effect, he had put on back foremost; a short "dudeen" graced his lip, and the trumpet so frequently alluded to, lay near him. Opposite him sat a short, bony, round-faced little gentleman, with rolling eyes, and a turned-up nose. Numerous sheets of paper, pens, &c., lay scattered about; and he evinced, by his air and gesture, the most marked and eager attention to Mr. Free's narrative, whose frequent interruptions, caused by the drink and the oysters, were viewed with no small impatience by the anxious editor.

"You must remember, captain, time's passing; the placards are all out; must be at press before one o'clock to-night; the morning edition is everything with us. You were at the first parallel, I think."

"Devil a one o' me knows. Just ring that bell, near you; them's elegant oysters; and you're not taking your drop of liquor. Here's a toast for you: 'May—whoop—raal Carlingford's upon my conscience. See, now, if I won't hit the little black chap up there the first shot.'"

Scarcely were the words spoken, when a little painted bust of Shakespeare fell in fragments on the floor as an oyster shell had him low. A faint effort at a laugh at the eccentricities of his friend was all the poor editor could accomplish, while Mike's triumph knew no bounds.

"Didn't I tell you? But come now, are you ready? Give the pen a drink, if you won't take one yourself."

"I'm ready, quite ready," responded the editor.

"Faith, and it's more nor I am. See now, here it is:—The night was murdering dark; you could not see a stim."

"Not see a—what?"

"A stim, bad luck to you; don't you know English? Hand me the hot water. Have you that down yet?"

"Yes. Pray proceed."

"The fifth division was ordered up, because they were fighting chaps; the eighty-eighth was among them; the Rangers—oh! upon my soul, we must drink the Rangers. Here, devil a one o' me will go on till we give them all the honours—hip—begin."

"Hip," sighed the luckless editor, as he rose from his chair, obedient to the command.

"Hurra—hurra—hurra! Well done! there's stuff in you yet, ould foolscap! the little bottle's empty—ring again, if you please."

"Oh, Father Magan

Was a beautiful man,

But a bit of a rogue, a bit of a rogue.

He was just six feet high,

Had a cast in his eye,

And an illegant brogue, an illegant brogue.

He was born in Killarney,

And reared up in Blarney—"

"Arrah, don't be looking miserable and disolate, that way. Sure I'm only screwing myself up for you; besides, you can print the song as you like: it's a sweet tune—Teddy you Gander."

"Really, Mr. Free, I see no prospect of our ever getting done."

"The saints in heaven forbid," interrupted Mike, piously; "the evening's young, and drinking plenty; here now, make ready."

The editor once more made a gesture of preparation.

"Well, as I was saying," resumed Mike, "it was pitch dark when the columns moved up, and a cold raw night, with a little thin rain falling. Have you that down?"

"Yes. Pray go on."

"Well, just as it might be here at the corner of the trench I met Doctor Quill. 'They're waiting for you, Mister Free,' says he, 'down there. Picton's asking for you.' 'Faith, and you must wait,' says I, 'for I'm terribly dry.' With that he pulled out his canteen and mixed me a little brandy and water. 'Are you taking it without a toast?' says Doctor Maurice. 'Never fear,' says I. Here's Mary Brady—"

"But, my dear sir," interposed Mr. Meekins, "pray do you remember this is somewhat irrelevant? In fifteen minutes it will be twelve o'clock."

"I know it, ould boy, I know it, I see what you're at. You were going to observe how much better we'd be for a broiled bone."

"Nothing of the kind, I assure you. For heaven's sake no more eating and drinking."

"No more eating nor drinking! Why not? You've a nice notion of a convivial evening. Faith, we'll have the broiled bone sure enough, and, what's more, a half gallon of the strongest punch they can make us; an' I hope that, grave as you are, you'll favour the company with a song."

"Really, Mr. Free—"

"Arrah! none of your blarney. Don't be mistherring me. Call me Mickey, or Mickey Free, if you like better."

"I protest," said the editor, with dismay, "that here we are two hours at work, and we haven't got to the foot of the great breach."

"And wasn't the army three months and a half in just getting that far, with a battering train, and mortars, and the finest troops ever were seen? and there you sit, a fat creature, with your pen in your hand, grumbling that you can't do more than the whole British army. Take care you don't provoke me to beat you; for I am quiet till I'm roused. But, by the rock o' Cashel—"

Here he grasped a brass trumpet with an energy that made the editor spring from his chair.

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Free—"

"Well, I won't; but sit down there, and don't be bothering me about sieges, and battles, and thiags you know nothing about."

"I protest," rejoined Mr. Meekins, "that, had you not sent to my office, intimating your wish to communicate an account of the siege, I never should have thought of intruding myself upon you. And now, since you appear indisposed to afford the information in question, if you will permit me, I wish you a very good night."

"Faith and so you shall, and help me to pass one too; for not a step out o' that chair shall you take till morning. Do ye think I'm going to be left here by myself, all alone?"

"I must observe," said Mr. Meekins—

"To be sure, to be sure," said Mickey; "I see what you mean. You're not the best of company, it's true; but at a pinch like this— There, now, take your liquor."

"Once for all, sir," said the editor, "I would beg you to recollect that, on the faith of your message to me, I have announced an account of the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo for our morning edition. Are you prepared, may I ask, for the consequences of my disappointing ten thousand readers?"

"It's little I care nor one of them. I never knew much of reading myself."



"If you think to make a jest of me," interposed Mr. Meekins, reddening with passion—

"A jest of you! Troth it's little fun I can get out of you; you're as tiresome a creature as ever I spent an evening with. See now, I told you before not to provoke me: we'll have a little more drink; ring the bell: who knows which will turn out better by-and-bye?"

As Mike rose at these words to summon the waiter, Mr. Meekins seized the opportunity to make his escape. Scarcely had he reached the door, however, when he was perceived by Mickey, who hurled the trumpet at him with all his force, when he uttered a shout that nearly left the poor editor lifeless with terror. This time, happily, Mr. Free's aim failed him, and, before he could arrest the progress of his victim, he had gained the corridor, and, with one bound, cleared the first flight of the staircase, his pace increasing every moment as Mike's denunciations grew louder, and louder, till at last, as he reached the street, Mr. Free's delight overcame his indignation, and he threw himself upon a chair and laughed immoderately.

"Oh, may I never! if I didn't frighten the editor. The little spalpeen couldn't eat his oysters and take his punch like a man. But sure if he didn't there's more left for his betters." So saying he filled himself a goblet and drank it off. "Mr. Free, we won't say much for your inclinations, for maybe they are not the best; but here's bad luck to the fellow that doesn't think you good company; and here," added he, again filling his glass, "and here's may the devil take editors, and authors, and composers, that won't let us alone, but must be taking our lives, and our songs, and our little devilmints, that belong to one's own family, and tell them all over the world. A lazy set of thieves you are, every one of you; spending your time inventing lies, devil a more nor less; and here"—this time he filled again—"and here's a hot corner and Kilkenny coals, that's half sulphur to the villain!"

For what particular class of offenders Mike's penal code was now devised, I was not destined to learn; for, overcome by punch and indignation, he gave one loud whoop, and measured his length upon the floor.

### The Art of Painting.

THE attempt to ascertain with certainty the invention of painting would be as vain as to try to prove who first converted the fleece into a garment, or iron into a sword; yet the inquiry into the origin of an art which has tended to civilize mankind will always excite curiosity; and even the theoretical superstructures, which, in the middle ages, and even in modern times, the discussion has brought forth have not been altogether useless, inasmuch as, in comparing the specimens of different nations, and of early antiquity, inquiry has strengthened knowledge, and in criticising their faults, their errors have been avoided.

We learn from an ancient legend of antiquity, that music derived its origin from the man whose ear listened to the strokes of a hammer on the anvil, and that the painter derived his art from the love-sick girl who traced the shadows of her sleeping lover on the wall; but whether it was thus derived, or whether it was the invention of Philocles of Egypt, or Cleanthus of Corinth, or of a still far remoter date, the principle is the same; that principle consists in the endeavours to renew the idea of an existing object in its absence, to enable the imagination to comprehend the circumstances of an event, and to assist the memory in calling up images of the past. The utility, therefore, of an invention so seducing and so necessary to humanity, however rude may have been the first attempt, we reasonably may conclude must have placed it among the most early discoveries of mankind. We are told that the walls of Babylon were painted with different animals, and Ezekiel, in his 8th chapter, speaking of his entering into the city, says, "I went in, and saw every form of creeping things and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel, profigured on the wall round about;" and again he says, the images of the Chaldeans were painted in vermilion, after the manner of the Babylonians and Chaldees." It is certain that the paintings with which the Temples of Thebes are decorated must be as early as the 19th century before the Christian era, and it would appear that at this time the priesthood of Egypt had interfered, and that the artist was only allowed to delineate on the walls of those edifices the great actions of his employers. But the origin of the art must have had a still earlier date; the course of civilization, as has been proved by recent discoveries, appears to have descended from Ethiopia to Egypt; eighty miles beyond Dongola, the lions of granite now in the British Museum were brought by Lord Pruthoe, and those that could have fabricated them could hardly be supposed ignorant of the sister and easier art. In the days of Moses, we find that the art of painting was known in the land of Canaan; in the 23d chapter of Exodus he says, "destroy all their pictures, and their molten images of every kind."

To what people the honour of the origin of this art is to be assigned is, however, a question which probably will for ever remain a subject of dispute. It is more than likely, as is the opinion of Raphael Mengs, that it had its origin simultaneously among several nations. Pliny, indeed, tells us Gyges was the introducer of the art into Asia Minor, but the reasons he alleges for this assertion are as unstable and uncertain as the history of the supposed introducer is obscure. That the invention, both of painting and sculpture, preceded that of letters will hardly admit of doubt; that the latter derived its origin from the former seems as certain; that it also must have reached some degree of perfection in nations, the remoteness of whose locality placed them beyond the intercourse of the ancient world, we have

reason to suppose from the account which Acasta gives of the paintings made by the Mexicans to represent the landing of Cortes and forwarded to Montezuma. Purchas mentions some in the French King's library, which, in a series of pictures, gives a history of their empire; and Gemelli, of Naples, tells of another which delineates the march of their nation from the northern regions of America.

From what cause it is that the earlier nations of antiquity reached a degree of perfection in the art and afterwards receded, might form matter of curious enquiry: the Phenicians, advanced as they must have been in civilization—the Indians, whose gigantic works create astonishment—cannot be said to have been destitute of genius or invention, yet their works, as mentioned by the ancient authors, and those which have reached our times, are found barbarous both in execution and design.

The Chinese and the Persians are celebrated for their tapestry, but its merit consists in the fineness of the fabric and the splendour of the materials, and not in the pictured representations on it. Whether the Hebrews understood painting we are not informed; that they had chasers and sculptors is mentioned, but when Solomon wanted artists to ornament the temple of Jerusalem, he sought them in the schools of Tyre. That the Egyptians might have reached perfection in the art had not their priesthood interfered, and rendered it subservient to their theology, may be presumed from the fact, that the paintings on the Theban temples, representing the battles of their kings, however cramped in design, and hard in the outline, yet show in the attitudes and arrangement of the combatants, grouping of the masses, and the expression delineated on the countenances of the victors and the vanquished, the greatest genius and intelligence. The same dogma, if it may so be called, which in Europe for many centuries repressed genius, by requiring that all representations and likenesses of our Lord and his Apostles should be taken and followed from the patron portraiture attributed to "Holy Luke," seems, in early times, to have had its corresponding ordinance from the Egyptian priesthood, and to have created a similarity of pictorial design on the banks of the Nile. The talent of the Egyptian artist, thus having become checked and circumscribed by the narrow bounds his superstition forbade him to exceed, turned into another channel the energies of his genius; he endeavoured to give to his works an eternity of duration; his paintings became at best but coloured sculpture; he knew the mortality of colours, and he carved out the design in stone. The painter drew the outline in red, the sculptor carved it out, he then filled it up with colour, and according to the priestly prescriptive rule, his gods were blue, his goddesses yellow, and his men were red, and their draperies green or black; yet to such perfection has he brought those colours, that after a period of three thousand years, the eye is still dazzled by their brilliancy, and the finger is still sensible to their touch. Of the Etruscans we know but little; both the extent of their empire, and the origin of their works, would appear to be hidden in the obscurity of time. It seems on all hands agreed that they were not a race indigenous to the soil. Winkleman would have us believe that they became acquainted with Grecian art when the Auleaens founded Canne, 1550 years before Christ, and that the intercourse between them and the Greek colonies, in the ninth and tenth Olympiad, who were then established in Sicily, caused the Tuscan to abandon his original conception, and to seek improvement in studying new models then presented to his view, and that this is the cause why the Etruscan paintings and sculptures are so like the Greek, that ever since the difference has been a matter of dispute, yet a careful observer will find that there is a marked difference in the style, and originality of thought displayed, which belong neither to the Grecian nor Egyptian schools.

The first attempt on record to give durability to the colours of a picture was that of the Athenian Polygnotus, who lived about the fourteenth century before the Christian era; he endeavoured to effect it by the action of fire; but the passage which has come down to us is so obscure that it is difficult to determine whether it was by the encaustic mode or enamel, or if he simply used wax with his colours which required heat, or whether it was delineating a subject on wood by the help of a hot iron. The next improvement was also by the Greeks, who introduced what is called the monochromatic style, or use of a single colour, that is, what is now in painting called Chino obscuro. That discovery, and the one which consequently followed, viz. the power to describe an object placed behind another, showing on an even plane a variety of objects receding in the distance, and to make them stand out in bold relief, and to effect this by a single colour by increasing its strength or its intensity, must have formed an era in the history of the art. In all the delineations of the human figure by the primitive painters, the lines are stiff and upright; they seem as if they had divided a surface into squares, and to have formed the figure by drawing lines either horizontally or diagonally between them. Cimon of Cleone was the first who escaped from this barbarous style; he represented his figures with the head uplifted, the legs advanced, the arms extended, and all veins and muscles of the body shown, and he relieved the contour by the draperies to throw around them.

The specimens of the Roman school which have been found in the excavations of Herculaneum and Pompeii,

make known to us the perfection to which the art must have attained in the Augustan age; the Dancing-girl of Herculaneum, the Neriad riding on the Sea Monster, the two sitting figures in the picture of the Sale of Cupides, and the Apollo giving a chaplet to the Poet in the baths of Titus, show such beauty of design, such delicacy of colouring, and such anatomical precision in the drawing of the figures—especially the three first—that perhaps, except by Raphael or Corregio, who studied from the last, they have never been surpassed.

The colours of their paintings have come down to us as bright and as vivid as when first layed on: their scarlet, their yellow, and their blue cannot be surpassed; yet there is no science displayed in the principle of this composition no richness of tint or freshness of colour, which perhaps can only be obtained by the admixture of oils of which they were ignorant.

Pliny says that Apelles spread over his finished pictures a transparent liquid like ink, which gave greater brilliancy and tone, and at the same time lowered the too great glare of the colours; this, perhaps, was nothing but the glazing or scrubbing as used by Titian, and other artists of the Venetian school. The manner in which Corregio practised the art might have been the same as that used by Apelles, and so delicate was the method that it can only be perceived when looked close into, "ad manum intuenti demum apparet." In the works of Titian and Bassora it is visible on the slightest inspection: the practice may not be approved of, but its use betrays no ignorance in the artists of antiquity.

We have in this paper given a brief account of all that can be authenticated of the art of painting, to carry down the subject to the schools of Sicily, Corinth, Athens, and Rhodes. To trace the various styles of their several artists, the most celebrated for their works, as gathered from the most ancient writers of antiquity, would form matter of curious investigation, which the limits of an outline of this description will not at present allow.

### Burns Illustrated and Explained.

#### CHAPTER X.—THE HOLY FAIR.

IN the whole range of selfish sins there is none so largely practised, none so much condemned, as uncharitable opinions on the motives and actions of others. It is the universal punishment of our nature. Men are ever ready to denounce the misconduct of others—to trumpet forth the failings of their neighbours, to laugh at their weaknesses, and make sport of their misfortunes. This spirit of selfishness has endured despite the reasonings of philosophy—its defiance of religion. It has trampled over public morals rendered politics subservient to party, and desecrated the altar to a shrine of scandal. There has been discovered by one weapon whose sharp edge can cut it sinuous writhings whose point can probe and scarify its wounds, and that is sarcasm, which, in itself, is only the concentrated essence of the uncharitable feelings so much deprecated. What ever be the value of the counter-irritation principle in physics, its importance in the moral and intellectual world has long been felt and acknowledged. He who can hear unmoved the biting retaliation of a sarcastic reply is a philosopher of the highest grade;—he who can pursue a plan or purpose amidst the scoffs and scorings of his compeers, must either possess the interest excellence of heaven in his mind, or be indured with the sardonic and callous firmness which it is supposed can only be obtained by personal purchase from the Evil One. There have been those who could look on death in all its fearful shapes—who could behold undismayed the swift progressing fire the whelming flood, the axe and block, but who could not tamely hear their characters or principles reviled in ignorance—by obloquy, or slander. There are those who can remain calm when argument is hottest, and sustain their dignity when debate is at its fiercest height, but who are altogether unmanned when the tongue of relentless sarcasm interferes in the dispute. To the impudent, who cannot be reasoned to propriety, sarcasm is the only physician. To the insolent, on whom decorousness is lost sarcasm is the only punishment. To the purely selfish, to whom truth, and charity, and every kind feeling, are fable written in an unknown tongue, sarcasm is the only instructor and reformer. To the domineering, the proud, the vainly haughty—those who never condescend to conversation with their so-deemed inferiors, sarcasm is a dreaded thing, which they wish not to hear, yet dare not fly from its reproaches, for it chains them as the adder chains its victim, by fear acting upon danger—danger upon fear.

Burns, it will be recollected, incurred the displeasure of the clergy of the south-west of Scotland, who had undertaken the office of admonitors and reprovers as to his conduct in an affair which high-bred fashion would call gallantry. The poet, however, being only an impoverished ploughman, the inquisitors could not deem him a licensed libertine—it was only the rich and great whose misconduct could be overlooked; their zeal for the public moral therefore, surpassed the bonds of moderation in his case they advertised his conduct and punishment from the pulpits, and elevated him on the "seat of shame," better known in Scotland as "the cutty stool," while a wrathful divine rebuked him in the most choice abuse for his misconduct. Burns knew he had done wrong, but, like every one else, he did not wish all the world to know it.



wealthy, you have bestowed your heart upon a man who loves you tenderly; and little shall I heed the risk of a few hours, if it will for ever chase away the shade of care that sometimes gathers upon that brow, and I will take you far, far away from the smugglers, and not a thought shall remain to trouble your peace of mind."

How could Mary Owen resist this appeal? Could she choose for herself and child a hopeless poverty? Could she willingly consent still to see her husband during the elements all night alone, amidst a tempestuous sea, and yet not hope to save him this danger, and herself the agony of suspense during his perilous traffic? Could he dash at once from his lips the cup of happiness he had pledged himself to fill for her sake, and which he looked upon with such exulting pride, for the consideration of a few hours' danger. Oh! no, she could not. He could not be a smuggler. It was not engaging in their trade, or sharing their desperate warfare as well as their profits—this she never could have consented to—but he was only to be their assistant for one night, and that to place his family beyond the necessity of daily separation, and to secure a livelihood and independence to them all!

These were the thoughts that rushed rapidly through her mind, her care for her husband's safety ever rising above all other fears and anxieties; and as she threw her arms round his neck, and the large tear slowly inked down her cheek, she faintly whispered, "Well then—go Matthew, and may the great God preserve you through this one fearful night;" and though Mary Owen's cheek was still pale beyond its usual colourless tone, there was no other trace of agitation visible as she aided herself in making the few preparations necessary for the night's expedition, and passed the short time of a stay beside her husband, hopeful and trusting in success.

### The Progress of Duelling in France.

#### SECTION IV.

As the practice of duelling no where rose to a greater height than in France, so in no country were more pains taken to suppress it. The Church as well as the Court frequently attempted to restrain these bloody proceedings. So early as the close of the 13th century Philip the Fair seems to have entertained just notions of the evils attending the judicial combat. But the spirit of the times militated so much against the monarch's good intentions, that all he was ultimately able to effect was, by issuing an edict of regulations, whereby "nothing was to be brought to that bloody issue, which could be determined by other means," and in this state the law in France seems to have continued until the reign of Henry II. who succeeded Francis I. in 1547.

During that monarch's reign the following occurrence gave rise to a more energetic legislation on the subject. Francis de Vivonne de la Chataigneraye, one of Henry's favourites, and his kinsman, Guy Chabot de Jarnac, were two of the most popular young nobles at the Court of France. A cordial friendship existed between them, which was first interrupted by the indiscretion of Henry, (at that time the Dauphin only) who declared that Chataigneraye had betrayed to him Jarnac's secret intrigues with the queen, and his boasts of her favours. To save his master's character, Chataigneraye, instead of exposing the royal falsehood, challenged Jarnac, who had repented the calumny in very unmeasured terms. Francis refused to permit the combat; but Henry, on his accession, authorised the fight, which accordingly took place at St. Germain-en-Laye, in the presence of the king and the whole court. Chataigneraye, then twenty-eight years of age, was considered the best swordsman of France, yet in the first onset, he received a cut in the news of the knee, which rendered him helpless. Hence arose the proverbial phrase, "Jarnac's stroke." Henry did no pity for his helpless favourite. So far was he from putting an end to the combat, that he would not, at some time, accept Chataigneraye from Jarnac, who frequently called out, "Sire, I give him to you; take him for the love of God, and the affection you have shown him." The wounded man, in the meantime, supplicated Jarnac to dispatch him. At length compassion reached the royal breast, and Henry exclaimed "I accept him," and then embracing the successful combatant, said, "You have fought like Caesar, and spoken like Aristotle." Chataigneraye, mortified at his defeat, and disgusted at the conduct of his master, tore the bandage from his wounds, refused all sustenance, and in a few days expired. A singular consequence of this duel, which shows how little in that age seemed to justify an appeal to arms, was, that it produced another duel, attended with still more fatal consequences. When the news of Chataigneraye's death was received in Piedmont, it was scarcely believed. Two Piedmontese officers quarrelled on the subject, gave each other the lie, fought and fell with mutual wounds. This was the last great judicial duel fought in France.

Henry was so grieved by the result of this contest, that he took an oath never to permit another duel in his kingdom, published an ordinance to that effect, which seems to have been the first regular and royal prohibition of duelling in France; but he did not scruple, by

letters-patent, to enjoin two young nobles to fight a judicial duel beyond his frontiers, in order to clear themselves of a disgraceful imputation. This prohibition was, however, but little regarded by the unruly yet punctilious courtiers of the age.

It is somewhat singular that a monarch whose humanity or scruples prompted him to issue such an ordinance, should himself be out off in the prime of his life, by following the usages of chivalry. In the year 1559 the Duke of Savoy arrived at Paris to espouse Henry's sister. "A royal and noble tilting" was held to celebrate this event. On the third day of their joyous emulation Henry took his share of the martial amusement. The English ambassador was the only diplomatist admitted to be present. He saw Henry run many courses "say well and fair," but on an encounter with Lorges, the young lord of Montgomery, and Captain of the Scottish Guard, the king was twice struck by the same course of his opponent's lance in the face. "The blow first lighting upon the king's head, and taking away the pannage which was fastened to his head-piece with iron, broke the staff, the rest of the staff hitting the king upon the face, giving him such a counter-buff, as to drive a splint right over his eye on the right side. The force of the stroke was so vehement, and the pain he had withal so great, that he was much astonished, and had great ado, with reeling to and fro, to keep himself on horseback, and his horse in like manner did somewhat yield." "With all expedition he was unarmed in the field, even against the place where I stood, and as I could discern the hurt seemed not to be great, whence I judge he is in but little danger. I saw a splint taken out of a good bigness, and nothing else was done to him on the field; but I noted him to be very weak, and to have the sense of all his limbs almost benumbed; for, being carried away, as he lay along, nothing covered but his face, he moved neither hand nor foot, but lay as one amazed." More alarming symptoms succeeded; and although hopes of his safety were afterwards diffused, Henry became rapidly worse, and in a few days expired. Lorges, whose tilting skill and strength had been so fatal, was dismissed from his captainship of the guard, and banished the Court. It was at this festival, which terminated thus unfortunately, that Mary Queen of Scots first incurred the displeasure of Queen Elizabeth, for it was there that she and her husband, the Dauphin of France, openly exhibited the combined heraldry of England, quartered with the arms of Scotland, an action which at once discovered the claims of the youthful Princess to the vigilant eye of Elizabeth.

In spite of Henry's edict, his successors relaxed his law in favour of courtiers. Henry III. and his Court were present at a duel fought in the wood of Vincennes, between two officers of the royal Scotch guard. This duel was the last that French royalty honoured by witnessing.

Notions of punctilious honour had now arisen to such a height in France, that it was doubtful whether the prohibition of the royal assent did not serve to increase the number of private duels. Hitherto trials of this nature had only been permitted on serious occasions, or in instances of great personal offence; and they who challenged to combat without the sovereign permission were deemed guilty of high treason. But from the date of this ordinance, every man conceived himself a judge of his own case, and dreading the least imputation on his personal courage, he was the more ready to stretch the usual points of honour than to curtail them. A truly courageous man, not seeing where he could fix the boundary, through a false delicacy, declined doing so, and chose rather to proceed to unwarrantable extremes, than that any moderation, in his manner of thinking on this subject, should start the least doubt of this courage.

Quelus, a favourite of Henry III., jokingly said to his friend, D'Entragues, "You are a blockhead." D'Entragues with a smile replied, that "he lied." A duel was the consequence. The Palace Royale was the scene of action. Quelus was attended by Maugeroi, also a royal favourite, and Livarot. Biberac and Schomberg were D'Entragues's seconds. At the place of rendezvous, Biberac suggested that the matter ought to be accommodated. Maugeroi replied, that he had not come there to make fine speeches, but to fight. "And with whom would you fight?" said Biberac. "Why, with you," answered Maugeroi. "With me!" rejoined Biberac. "Oh! be it so, but let us pray to God first." So saying he drew his sword, which he laid crosswise with his point, threw himself on the knees before this extempore crucifix, and said a prayer, short enough in all conscience, but which Maugeroi, thinking too long, exclaimed, "that he prayed too long." Biberac sprang up from the ground, and attacked Maugeroi with great impetuosity; he soon ran the unprovoked aggressor through the body, who, as he fell, held out his sword in an extended position before him, on which Biberac precipitately ran. They expired together. As Quelus and D'Entragues were beginning their shares of the combat, Quelus observed to the latter, "This is not fair, you have a dagger, I have none." "You have done an idle thing," the other replied, "in leaving it at home. Are we not met to fight seriously, and not for an ostentatious

tilting match?" D'Entragues had only one slight wound, while Quelus received nineteen, of some of which he died a month after. "They are fighting, what are we to do?" said Schomberg to Livarot, while these combats were proceeding. "Fight as well as the others, for the honour of the thing," was the reply, accompanied by an immediate wound in Schomberg's face. Livarot paid for his temerity; a thrust in the lungs placed him *hors de combat*. This is the first instance on record of seconds fighting.

The wars of the League greatly increased the spirit of duelling, and to such a formidable height did this bloody practice arise during the latter part of the 16th century, that Sully in his Memoirs tells us, that Lome-nie computed in 1607 how many persons had been killed in duels, since the ascension of Henry IV. to the throne, and found that from that period (18 years) the number to exceed 4,000. Hardouin de Perfix, in his life of Henry, observes that the madness of duels seized the spirit of the nobility and gentry so much, that they lost more blood by their own hands in time of peace, than had been shed by their enemies in battle. This statement is borne out by De Chevalier, who in *Les Ombres des Defunts*, tells us, that in the province of Lemosin, there were killed six score gentlemen in the space of only six or seven months, and that in ten years' time there had been granted to persons engaged in duels above 6,000 pardons; 120 of them in one expedition to Piedmont. But it must be remembered that these were times of great religious feuds, as well as of civil commotions, both which contributed to produce a multitude of personal disputes.

Henry himself was partial to the practice, though he might lament its evil effects: but, at length overcome by the complaints of his people, and by the warm representations and energetic remonstrances of his faithful minister, the great and good Sully, he consulted with his nobility, his civil and military officers on the subject, and an edict for the severe punishment of duelling was concerted and published at Blois, in the year 1602. This edict was renewed, with additional severities, in 1609. These, however, produced but little effect, on account of the king's readiness to grant pardons, especially to such as had served him during the civil war; besides which he was known to countenance privately some particular duels. He readily gave permission to Crequi to fight Don Philip the Bastard of Savoy, accompanied by this encouraging compliment. "If I were not king, I would gladly offer myself to be your second." It was perhaps justly remarked of Henry, by a contemporary historian, that his private countenance did more to promote duels, than his public edicts did to restrain them, and that they would never cease until the king ceased to intermeddle with them. A similar behaviour to that related by Harte of the great Gustavus Adolphus would have given vitality to his ordinances.

During one of the Prussian campaigns of that great king, the practice of duelling, not only between officers, but between privates, rose to a great height in the Swedish army. Gustavus published a severe edict against the practice, denouncing death to every offender. A quarrel having arisen between two officers of high rank, they requested an audience of their sovereign, and besought his permission to decide the affair like men of honour. Gustavus, affecting to pity brave men who thought their reputations at stake, told them that as their unreasonable request appeared to be the result of deliberate reflection, he would grant permission. "And, gentlemen," added he, "I will be an eye-witness myself of your extraordinary valour and prowess." At the hour and place appointed, Gustavus arrived, accompanied by a small body of infantry, whom he formed into a circle round the combatants. "Now," said he, "fight until one man is killed;" and, calling the Provost Marshal to him, added, "Friend, the instant the one is killed, perform your office on the survivor." Astonished with such inflexible firmness, the intended combatants fell on their knees, and asked the king's forgiveness, who made them embrace each other, and swear to continue, until death, faithful friends.

Stimulated by the laxity of Henry, it cannot be a matter of surprise that the passion for single combat was not only unabated, but increased, in the following reign of Louis XIII. Speaking of the manners of this period Lord Herbert of Cherburg says, "there is scarce one Frenchman deemed worth looking on who has not slain his man in a duel." When acquaintances met each other in the streets, the enquiry was not, "What news to day?" but, "Who fought yesterday?" During the minority of Louis, a fatal combat became a matter of state importance. The Baron de Luz having boasted that he had been present in the Council at Blois, in which the assassination of the Duke de Guise was projected, was attacked, while riding in the Rue St. Honore, by the son of that nobleman, and after a short encounter killed. Mary de Medici, the regent, ordered the Chevalier de Guise to be prosecuted. He, to protect himself, went over to the party of the Prince de Condé. Mary, alarmed at the thoughts of this powerful union, dropped the prosecution, and induced de Guise, by advantageous offers, to return to her interests. No sooner had the Chevalier returned to Paris, than he was challenged by the son of De Luz. They fought and De Luz fell the victim of three wounds in the body. Thus political interests obliged Mary to enquire after the health of the murderer of a father and his son!

\* The same hand that signed the edict of St. Bartholomew, signed an edict against duelling, strictly prohibiting any duel, the cause of which had not been submitted to the royal cognizance; yet when a duel afforded him an opportunity of getting rid of an enemy, he granted his sanction.



### The Natural History of Ireland.

IN a paper in the *Annals of Natural History*, for September, (1840,) Dr. Hincks says:—"Having met with various remarks which seem to imply a peculiar negligence on the part of the Irish, in respect of the natural history of their country, and those remarks having been repeated without any attempt to correct them, I beg to make some statement on the subject." He then labours to prove the contrary, though we think he hardly establishes his position relative to the botany of Ireland. If the authoress of a botanical work could say in 1833, that the botany of Ireland was almost a sealed book till then, (though she must have overlooked Mr. Mackay's work), it will not be surprising that the Zoology of Ireland was in a neglected condition. In that country, though little was known of medical science, a knowledge of the properties of plants existed, and it is known that in many parts of the country there are herbalists that will tell one the nature and properties of any of the indigenous plants with great accuracy. Hence it is that nearly every one of the flowering plants has an Irish name, while there is very great difficulty in obtaining the names of the native animals, whole families of them being grouped together under one term, without regard to species. On reference to Threlkeld's work, a name will be found given to every Irish plant. The birds, and indeed the living creatures generally, not being objects of either interest or utility, are completely neglected. Not even now is there a work on Irish Zoology. The earliest notice of this subject occurs in the works of the celebrated Giraldu de Barri, commonly called Giraldu Cambrensis, a Welshman, who visited Ireland in the twelfth century, of which he was one of the brightest ornaments, being a man of varied talents, great learning, and exalted piety. He accompanied Prince John, son of Henry the Second, as preceptor, to Ireland in 1185, and by him was offered the Bishopricks of Ferns and Leighlin, and the Archbishopric of Cashel, which he, however, declined. The result of his observations was his *Topographia Hibernica*. On his return to England, he employed his time in correcting it for publication. "Being desirous," he says, "not to put a lighted candle under a bushel, but to place it in a candlestick where it might give light, I determined to recite my work before a public audience in Oxford, where the clergy were most distinguished for their talents and learning. I accordingly recited for three successive days the three chapters into which the book is divided; on the first I entertained with hospitality the poor of the town; on the second, the doctors of the different professions and the students of the greatest celebrity; and on the third the remainder of the students, with the burghers and inhabitants of the city. This magnificent and sumptuous festival, revived the ancient times of classic poetry, and was wholly unknown in England either in the past or present time." Such is his quaint account of the recital of a work on which he prided himself much, and, perhaps, justly so, considering the age in which he lived; for it displays considerable erudition, and though, of course, in the enlightened nineteenth century, there may appear many absurdities in it, still we must look to the frightful ignorance of those dark ages, before we condemn one, who, amid the wars and tumults of a conquest, found leisure to study the natural productions of the conquered territory. His observations concern the more common kinds of animals, such as the badger, the marten, eagles, hawks, falcons, cranes, and the fable of the barnacle goose growing on trees, a fable repeated by Ulysses Aldrovand and many other old naturalists. Aldrovand gives us a figure of a tree growing at the waterside, with the common barnacle shell hanging out of the branches, and from the shells of which the birds are protruding and dropping into the water. Such is the fable which Giraldu gives us under the head of barnacle goose, a bird which he says, "Nature produces in a wonderful manner contrary to nature." He has one very curious chapter on a frog that was produced before Robert Perious at Waterford, when Duncalders, King of Ossory, pronounced it a forerunner of the invasion of the English. Giraldu accounts for its appearance by supposing it to have been carried over in a cloud! His work, which is very curious and deserving of perusal, was published at Frankfort, together with his other works in 1602, and edited by the celebrated Camden. From this time no notice of the Zoology of Ireland occurs till after the troublous times of the rebellion in the seventeenth century, just five hundred years after Giraldu's visit to Ireland. That, in 1695, there existed in Dublin a society whose objects included natural history, is evident from the dedication of the twelfth volume of the Philosophical Transactions: where the secretary, Dr. Plott, in dedicating it to Henry, Duke of Norfolk, says, "I offer it as an imperfect specimen of what has been brought into the society this last year, partly by our own members, and partly by their constant correspondence with the Philosophical Societies of Oxford and Dublin." The principal contributors from the Dublin Society were the two Molyneuxes, one of whom (Dr. Thomas Molyneux) was the first who noticed the remains of the great moose deer (*cervus megaloceros*) formerly abundant in that country, but now totally extinct. He was likewise the discoverer of the remains of the fossil elephant at Maghera, in the county of Cavan, and papers on both of these subjects appeared in the "Philosophical Transactions." At that time the most interesting scientific discussion between the learned of the two countries was the truth of the petrifying qualities attributed to that immense sheet of water, Lough Neagh. Deceived by the masses of petrified wood found on its shores, and sometimes in its waters, and encouraged, no doubt, by the imaginative stories of the peasantry concerning cities buried beneath its waters, inhabitants and all, within the walls, petrified, many imagined that the quality must exist in the water, and various and numerous were the papers written on the subject. Molyneux decidedly attributes it to the power of converting holly, and no other wood, into stone. His reasons for this are—first, the

petrified body will not stir with acids; second, it will burn and flame; third, when burnt, it betrays the grain of wood; and fourth, he had a parallelepiped piece of holly in his possession, the outer coat of which had the appearance of stone, and the inner of wood. In 1751, the subject was revived by Dr. Barton, in his "Lectures on Natural Philosophy." Modern experience proves that this property exists in the soil of the banks of the Lough, and not in the water itself. There are likewise some papers by these gentlemen on the natural history of Ireland, in one of which Dr. Thomas Molyneux gives a most interesting account of the ravages of the cockchafer, an insect now very rarely seen there. Immense swarms of that species of beetle visited the west coast in 1631, and created the most extraordinary sensation. In number and destructiveness they appear to have resembled the swarms of locusts in the eastern parts of the world: nothing escaped them. There are other communications on various subjects from him and his brother, such as a refutation of the common notion relative to the Connaught worm, which he shows to be merely the caterpillar of the elephant hawk-moth. These two brothers appear to have been good naturalists, which many of their Irish successors certainly were not. To the Physico-Historical Society, founded about the year 1746, must be attributed the praise of having done more to elucidate the zoology of Ireland than any other event to the present day. In *Ershaw's gazette* there is a zoology of the county of Derry, by Sampson, and a tolerable catalogue of the birds and fishes of Ireland generally. The Dublin Society, whose principal objects were planting and agriculture, did not of course pay so much attention to the zoology as to the botany of the country. The Physico-Historical Society ordered the publication of the Histories of Cork and Waterford, by Dr. Charles Smith, and to him we are indebted for the only local zoological accounts that exist, with the exception of the botany of the county of Down contributed to Harris's history of the county by a person sent there by the Society, and the almost worthless zoological notice in Rutty's "Natural History of Dublin."

### A Fine Old Irish Gentleman.

IN the new number of "Sketches in Ireland," Mrs. Hall gives the following portrait of an Irish squire of the last generation. The hero is supposed to be described by one of his country admirers:—"Oh! the last of them, of any note, is dead these thirty years and more: he was a fine man intirely, one of the old knights of the screw; men that never cared what they did, and were always drinking and fighting. I don't remember the master in his prime, and more's the pity, for I'll never see such another. He tattered over the acres like a hail-storm. Be the dads! he was no man's enemy but his own; for he never kep' a shilling in his pocket, and ruined half the country to the back of it. He was a fine man with the ladies, and broke the hearts of twinty, at the last; and if a word was said against him, he had the brother or the father of them at ten paces, on the sod, in a jiffy; and, crack! a bullet to end or a bullet to mend 'em; though, in general, he was content to let them remember the lead for a few months; and sure that was all the satisfaction a family could desire. He was a fine man intirely after the hounds. Be the dads! the old foxes, crafty chaps, that knew every peck in the county, would never be at the trouble to run away from him: for whenever fighting Leary—his name, you see, was Mither John, only 'fighting' was a pet name his friends had for him—whenever fighting Leary led the hunt, they'd give in at on's! Oeh home! he was no one's enemy but his own! only he never kep' the guineas; it was a grate word with him, that he never could turn two guineas into three, but he could turn two into one—so, signs by it, his sons, in spite of the decent drop that was in 'em, turned from squireens to worse—sure enough he was the fine man! with such a generous spirit; as long as ever he could get credit for a hoghead of wine, it was running at a rate of a hunt all day and all night; and though you may misdoubt my word, it's as true, be the dads! as the light of heaven, that whenever any kind of a dirty tradesman came to ask for his money (them tradesmen somehow war always troublesome to the real old sort), he wouldn't be in the laste degree offended, but invited him to the run of the house as long as he pleased to take it; and if he wouldn't, the master 'ud lock him up in the strong room, where the title-deeds and plate used to be kept, when they war in it; then feed him like a little fighting-cock, until the poor mane craythur, with a mouse's heart, would roar to get back to his business, and then to be sure the bill was compromised, or something, and the fellow sent back as he came, barring the claret and wild fowl."

But did not the tradesman bring an action against him for false imprisonment?" was our very natural question.

"Oh, yarrah! what good would that do him? sure the never a witness he'd get out of the master's house! not but what he was a grate friend intirely, at the first going off, to the lawyers; drawing custodiams and actions, and breaches, and fiery-faces, and processes, and proving alibis for his friends whenever any little accident happened. And then they called him a capital intelligent fellow; but when they had wrack'd every thread in the house into smithereens, they said he had been all his life a fool—just think of the impudence of that! By the same token, one day, there was a jury to try a poor boy for sheep-stealing; and the master knew he was innocent, because he was a gilly of his own, and the rason he was 'took' was just this: he was walking the road fair and asy, when he sees a blackguard driving along a couple of nice young wethers, that were unruly bastes; so the stranger, says he, 'Honest man, will ye please to drive them wethers for me till I take a wink o' sleep,' says he. So the simple boy did as he was bid; and the stranger was nothing but a common informer, that got him sent to gaol, and to trial, for robbing a farmer that said he lost the two sheep. Well, the master swore he'd get him off; and sure enough he did: but as the poor fellow was 'took' wid the goods upon him, he couldn't prove an alibi; so the master sent a civil message to the foreman to say, if he didn't acquit the prisoner he'd shoot him when convenient;

and, in coorse, the boy was 'not guilty,' for the foreman knew his honour always kep' his word. And in proof of that I'll tell ye another story. My own uncle's first cousin had the promise of a new lease for three lives and having his honour's word for it, he knew he was safe and wasn't afeard to go agin him at the election. So, when all was over, and the master was bet, Joe Nolan goes to him for the lease. 'In coorse,' says the master 'ye must have it; I said it; and what I say I'll do, I do, I do ever and always, Mr. Joe Nolan; and mark me,' says he, 'I'll have your corporation in the county gaol,' says he, 'before a month of Sundays goes over yer head.' But the lease, ye'll get any way; and here it's for ye, signed, sealed, and now delivered according to law; so, mark yerself scarce, ye biaguard,' says he, 'or I'll be after givin' ye a skin-full of broken bones to carry to the number o' parliament.' Well, Joe Nolan was off in a hurry, I'll go bail. But he had his lease to the fore, 'twas little he heeded the master's anger. So, when he got to his own boren, he takes out the parchment and reads it; and, och! what do ye think? he finds the three lives in his new lease were the lives of three boys who to be hung the next day for murder: and that's the way the master kep' his promise to Joe Nolan. Oh! but it was the fine man; he had such a spirit! Someho—I heard my father tell it—the grand jury and the judges offended him; for, with a full purse, and an empty one, he was mighty high in himself—why not? And having given him offence, he went to take his snuff with a padlock on each of the pockets of his big coat, and one whispered, and the other whispered; and at last the judge—and a nate-spoken little gentleman he was—said, 'Mither John,' says he, 'if it's plazing to ye, will ye after telling us what's the cause of them curiosities—a new fashion?' he says. 'No, my lord,' makes answer the master, 'only ye see when I'm in the company of pld pockets, and here's eleven of them in the box wid myse, I must take care of my property, that's all; and then I challenged them where they stood to fight, and he did fight nine out of 'em. And now, this always show'd the gentleman; be the dads! he only killed one, just to prove his power, and let the rest off, with nothing to signify."

### Paragraphs.

**QUEENLY PRIVACY.**—It is related of Marie Antoinette, the unhappy queen of France who suffered on the scaffold that she, in her royal days, was awakened regularly at eight o'clock, at which hour her first lady of the bed-chamber entered the room, and came within the gilt-trail which surrounded the bed, bringing in one hand a pillow, cushion, and in the other the book containing patterns, all the queen's dresses, of which she had usually thirty-five for each season, besides muslin and other common dresses. The queen marked with pins the three she chose to wear the course of that day, one during the morning, another dinner, and a third in the evening,—at a card party, a ball, or a theatre. The book was then delivered to a footman who carried it to the lady of the wardrobe. She took down from the shelves and drawers these dressings and trimmings; while another woman filled a basket with linen, &c. which her majesty would want that day. Green wrappers of green taffety were thrown over these things, and footmen carried them to the queen's dressing room. Sometimes the queen took her breakfast in bed, and some times at her bath. Her linen dresses was trimmed with the richest lace: her dressing-gown was of white taffety and the slippers in which she stepped to the bath were white dimity, trimmed with lace. Two women were kept for the sole business of attending to the bath, which was usually rolled into the room upon casters. The bathing gown was of fine flannel, with collar and cuffs, and lined throughout of fine linen. The breakfast, of coffee or chocolate, was served on a tray which stood on the cover of the bath. Meantime one of the ladies warmed the bed with silver warming-pan, and the queen returned to it, sitting up in her white taffety dressing-gown, and reading, or, any one who had premission to visit her at that hour wish to see her, she took up her embroidery. This kind of visit at a person's rising, is customary abroad, and it had been so long at the Court of France, that certain classes of persons were understood to have a right to visit the queen the hour of her leave, as it was called. These persons were the physicians and surgeons of the Court; any messenger from the king, the queen's secretary, and others; that there were often, besides the ladies in waiting, ten or a dozen persons visiting the queen as she sat up in bed, work, or taking her breakfast.

**A NEW PAPER.**—M. Diericks, the owner of a paper mill in Ghent, uses the uneatable extremity of asparagus in his manufacture. He sends round carts every morning to collect from the tables d'hotel, and all the principal houses of the town, the refuse of that vegetable, which according to the statements of the Brussels Journal makes a beautiful white paper, without undergoing a process of bleaching. When the pulp of beet-root mixed with the asparagus ends, a still better paper, it is said, can be produced, and at one half the expense of paper from rags.

**A WOMAN'S ADVANTAGES.**—A woman may say who she likes to you, without the risk of getting knocked down for it. She can take a snooze after dinner while her husband has to go to work. She can dress herself in neat and tidy shoes for a dollar, which her husband has to earn a fork over to her. She can take a walk on a pleasant day without the fear of being asked to treat at every coffee house she passes. She can paint her face if too pale, flour it if too red. She can stay at home in time of war and wed again if her husband is "kilt." She can wear corsets if too thick, and other fixins if too thin.—*Buff Times.*

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"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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### The Temples of Thebes.

It has been accurately ascertained that before the period of the Trojan war, when Greece was an unimportant assemblage of petty villages, peopled only by banditti, that Thebes was the most remarkable city then existing in the world. It was celebrated by Homer for its gigantic fane, its broad-leaved gates—its riches, magnificence, and all that could pertain to human grandeur. Diodorus, a Greek historian of some merit, visited Thebes about twenty years before the birth of Christ, in consequence of the descriptions of it given by Pythagoras and Plato. Both of these philosophers had acquired the rudiments of their philosophy within its temples—they had sat at the feet of the priests, and learned there the doctrines of the immortality of the soul, and the resurrection of the body. Pythagoras, on his return to Greece, endeavoured to instil the doctrine of the metempsychosis into the minds of the students, as a new and inspired doctrine of his own, but he failed in the acquirement of many believers. Plato, on the other hand, under the able tuition of Socrates, rejected the deductions of the Egyptians, while he accepted and taught their theory. He boldly followed out the philosophy of Socrates, taught the doctrine of one Great Intelligence, exposed the folly of the Grecian polytheism, and argued that the soul of man was none other than a portion of the governing spirit. Thus was a dim idea of the truth preserved from the earliest records of time to the coming of the Messiah, and thus were the Athenians prepared for the coming of Paul—thus were the Romans enabled, after a long and severe consultation in the senate, to decide at the worship of Jupiter should be abolished, and that Jesus celebrated instead. The origin of these vast changes, therefore, may be traced to the Theban temples—description of which, of their extent, grandeur, and elaborate sublimity, we now take upon us to attempt.

It is remarkable that the accounts given by later travellers agree in almost every particular with that told by Diodorus. For three thousand years have these solemn edifices stood in venerable ruin—the same yesterday and to-day, except that in various places the all-conquering Arab has wrapped dome and pillar as in a growing grave, here to lie buried for seasons, perhaps for centuries, until a mighty change of wind gradually removed the heavy burden, and displayed to the gazer's eyes the halls and corridors through which had sounded for a thousand years the insane worship of superstitious homage—where indecent mummery had accompanied sublime ideas, and folly talked hand in hand with inquiring reason—with minds at strife to pierce the heavens, and snatch celestial wisdom from the lips of angels.

Thebes—the most glorious concentration of architectural erections in the world—was destroyed by the infatuate Cambyse. The Persians were fire-worshippers; and, like all blind religionists, their national fury was fulminated most fiercely against those who idolatrously differed from them in belief. Their altars to the sun were reared on high places—in shady groves; nature alone was their architect; trees were their pillars, and the expanding pines and branches their only dome. Hence the deadly hatred with which they looked on the massy structures of Egypt—hence the horror with which they viewed the tall edifices of Thebes, because man therein dared to tally upon his god! The contempt with which the Persians, to whom the sun was a living deity as glorious as benign, beheld the sacred bull, the holy crocodile, and the divine cat, and other demeaning symbols of religious worship, must have given to them a fiery zeal, a degree of inspiration, in the work of destruction. Every statue which they threw prostrate, every stone which they smote, every altar which they broke, would be looked upon as a good deed, as a passport to their glorious country beyond the sun, where happiness eternal dwelt, and glory circled as with a diadem the brows of those who walked therein. Thus fell Thebes—thus were the labours of centuries broken and disfigured—thus was a populous and prosperous city laid waste; and thus to this hour remain the naked

and deformed ruins—gorgeous in their confusion, sad in their solitariness, and solemn in their tongueless history; for, although crowded and covered with carvings, paintings, and lettered information, the language has passed away, and the book of stone remains a marvel and an enigma to the few who have yet attempted to read it. Where the sand has left the ruins still exposed, a grey barrenness exists; no pitying leaf, no ivy, nor lichen creeps across the stony waste: like the dry bones in the Valley of Vision, they whiten in the sun, glaring with particles of sand, or with the indestructible colours of their paintings, proclaiming havoc and desolation to the end of time.

In the day of its power, Thebes was twenty-three miles in circumference; it extended beyond the fruitful valley of the Nile, and reached the bases of the mountains of Arabia and Africa. All this vast extent is one heap of ruins—obelisks, pillars, figures, and massy gateways, being all piled and crossed in indescribable confusion. No rain-drop ever wept on their polished surface—no tear-drop ever fell to mourn their fall;—wonder, awe, astonishment, are freely given by the traveller, but where there are no people, no bondage, the heart is never struck; the brain is bewildered, but the feelings remained unmoved.

Of the immense temples of Luxor and Carnac no adequate description can be given. So vast in their design, so great in their extent, and so crowded with the elder triumphs of architecture and sculpture, volumes on volumes might be written, and still the wonders of the place remain untold. The Luxor stands in the immediate vicinity of the worshipped river. Fronting the stream stood two immense obelisks, one of which now adorns the streets of Paris; the other, in solitary majesty, still "lifts its tall head," serving as a landing point for boatman on the Nile.\* Between the obelisks and the grand entrance are two colossal statues, buried to the chest in sand, and yet upwards of twenty feet high. The gateway still towers sixty feet above the sand, and is at least two hundred feet in length. The whole front is covered with sculptural designs, emblematic of the progress of an Egyptian warrior, supposed, from the extent of conquests portrayed, to be Sesostris. The carving, which is as forcible and acute as if it had been newly finished, represents, in the first compartment, the hero in the act of breaking the enemy's ranks; then, standing in a car, drawn by richly-caparisoned horses, he is seen with his bow bent, and the arrow drawn, while the dead and wounded are lying beneath the wheels. Again we see him in the heat of conflict: cars are flying in affrighted haste, the river is crowded with fugitives, and chariots, horses, and men struggle in the water, convulsively and confusedly together; then the warrior is seen alone, surrounded by heaps of slain, which have fallen beneath his powerful arm. At length he is represented on a conqueror's throne, grouped round by haltered prisoners, while beyond is beheld the captive king, stripped and tied, as about to decorate the triumph of his vanquisher.

Passing through the gateway, the open court is seen to be surrounded by a double row of columns, richly adorned

\* Considerable dispute has for ages existed among the learned as to the uses of these gigantic obelisks, some contending that they could not be for merely ornamental purposes, but were most likely intended to serve as gnomes for immense dials, by which the meridian of the sun could be more accurately ascertained. This idea, however, is contradicted by the very fact of one of these obelisks being so used in the Campus Martius at Rome, where it had been brought by Augustus, after his defeat of Antony and Cleopatra. Pliny expressly says that "a new and admirable use" of the obelisk had been made by making a large sun-dial on a level pavement, to which the pillar acted as a gnomon of unerring certainty. The oldest idea respecting the obelisks appears to be the most correct—that they were raised in commemoration of great events, and on them carved the history of the occasion of which they were the monument. It is certain that the Phœnicians erected pillars for this purpose, as did the Greeks and Romans; the inscriptions on our own public monuments, should our climate permit them to last so long, may yet be as obscure as are those on the pillars of Luxor.

with carving and hieroglyphics: these extend for sixty feet, some clear and definable as if erected yesterday, some imbedded in sand, some broken and fallen down, some serving as corners or supports for the miserable huts which the soulless Arab has built of mud in this glorious vicinity. Then comes the temple—a shapeless mass, from which inquiry has yet gleaned no tidings—where the mind is oppressed with the multitude of objects, rendered still more oppressive by the confusion into which they are thrown.

Having clambered over the rubbish there congregated, the traveller is astonished at the perfect beauty and entire structures which stretch out far before him. A double row of gigantic sphynxes form an avenue of two miles in length, which leads to the great temple of Carnac—massy, indestructible, sublime—entire as when the Egyptian priesthood were in the plenitude of power, and the people sincere in their adoration. Belzoni described the appearance of Carnac to him as that of a city of giants, where all was on a colossal scale—where the works of art were as great as the conceptions of genius; where the present generation could well feel their littleness, and stand abashed among the works of a people passed away. There are twelve entrances to this temple, each guarded in the same way by double rows of sphynxes.\* These avenues lead to grand entrances, from either of which may be seen the walls and prostrate masses of the temple itself, covering a space of ground about a mile in diameter. The statues are from twenty to thirty feet high, and the innumerable columns are from twenty-six to thirty-four feet in circumference. The obelisks are above seventy feet high; while the sanctuary, the holy of holies to the Egyptians, is not above twenty feet square. The walls and ceiling are composed of immense blocks of polished granite, studded with stars, and thickly covered with hieroglyphic writing.

The temple of Dendara is another of the wonders of Egypt. It is situated about a mile from the river, on the borders of the desert. Its magnificent columns and walls are covered with paintings, and sculptured with sacred emblems, all evincing acute taste and masterly workmanship. Yet to what base uses has it now arrived? The fields, strewn with ruins, are dotted with the vile huts of the Arab. The consecrated spot is defiled by all that sloth and filth can congregate,—blessing, as it were, the sand when it approaches to cover the foul nakedness of the place. Nor is this the only insult the remnants of the gorgeous fane has to endure. Of late, Mehemet Ali, more a utilitarian than a sentimentalist, has employed the destructive sledge-hammer, broken down columns, shattered pedestals, and carried off the granite to erect bridges, make roads, and build granaries. However praiseworthy these latter attempts may be, it is to be regretted that the glorious relics of his wondrous land should be so appropriated, the more especially as the original quarries from which these vast masses were excavated, not only still abound in an incalculable supply of stone, but display,

\* A copy of the celebrated sphinx, discovered by Cavaglietta, adorns our illustrated title, being placed in front of the pyramid. It is at present so covered with sand, that it is somewhat difficult to estimate the great size of this colossal monument. It is imbedded to the breast, and its face, though broken and disgracefully disfigured, presents a mild and intelligent aspect, yet sad withal, as if mourning the degeneracy around it. While on this topic, we may also explain that the large seated figure to the right represents the vocal Memnon, which was said to utter a sound of thanksgiving at sunrise. By investigation an immense hollow has been discovered in its head, which might either have contained a living being, or been occupied by strings which a secret touch might cause to sound, deep, loud, and sonorously. A recent traveller tells us that he clambered up its gigantic limbs and polished sides, and while adding his name to the myriads already written in the cavity, read with surprise Greek and Latin inscriptions, dated two thousand years before, detailing the visits of some not unknown to classic history. Many of the French, also, during their invasion of Egypt, here left memorials of their visit. But no one ever heard the voice of the Memnon—the universal silence of the land is also there.



even to this day, the mark of the ancient workman's labour. Still may be traced the drill-hole, and the place where the wedge was inserted, as if the labourers had just left for dinner, and would return anon to renew their toil. On the face of the excavated rock are seen the tracings of the chisel, by various hands, as if there the youth had been instructed in the divine art. Some have been employed in merely cutting out straight lines, others in giving the form of a door to a piece of rock, and thus gradually along the natural wall may be followed the improvement made by the pupils, until the spectator of the present day rests upon a block, half-carved into the model of an Egyptian diety by a sculptor who has passed away from earth nigh three thousand years ago.

On the other side of the Nile are to be found temples equally grand, yet more ruinous, the whole displaying an extent of architectural richness and effect unsurpassed by any city in the world. These edifices were, in their pristine excellence, all connected with each other by long avenues of statues or colonades, on which were engraven the mystic lore of Egypt's early tongue. Among these temples, the kingly tombs held a principal place; and the burying places of the priests, and other holy men, stand up in an uncrouching attitude among the wilderness of ruins. Through these splendid walks, and round these stately halls, was the symbolical god of the Egyptians often led. On their great and annual celebrations was the personified deity carried, decorated with flowers, and emblazoned with jewels; the priests leading the way, the singers sounding the glad hosannah, while the uninitiated followed in silent awe and fear. From temple to temple was the representative of the godhead carried, praises and thanksgiving resounding through the lofty roofs, and adoration more fervent and devoted than that which many professing Christians yield to the author and finisher of their faith, lavished on a brute, merely because it was typical of the usefulness, the beneficence, or glory of the Incomprehensible.

For a bull, a crocodile, or perhaps a cat were these un-mouldering edifices raised! To the honour of a filthy or destructive animal were not only these matchless buildings erected, but a mighty host of priests, attendants, and devotees salaried, so that the sacred representative might be cared for! To what base uses will the far-stretching intellect of man demean itself, when he is taught to look for succour, or for instruction, from the mindless or tameless animals which Creation laid beneath his feet at the beginning.

This folly, this wretchedness of intellect, this stooping beneath the human level, has now had its centuries of expiation. Wherever a human dwelling can be discovered among these splendid ruins, it is the abode of poverty, of ignorance—of want in its fiercest and most cadaverous aspects—of misery in its deepest and acutest feeling. There the naked and untractable Arab scoops from the sand a hole in which to creep, and happy is he indeed when he lights upon a chamber or a coffin where he may lay his toil-worn head, and sleep away a hopeless life, unenvious of the glorious remnants around him, ignorant of their uses, their meaning, or history; and careless whether or not a more learned or exalted race ever occupied the soil on which he is a thoughtless and useless weed.

Of the mythology of the Egyptians—and earnest worshippers they must have been—we need only say the great body of the people were entirely ignorant as to its details. The secret was completely in the hands of the priests. Osiris was represented as the author of all good, and as the producer of all benefits—to him were ascribed the fertility of the fields, the richness of the grain—the periodical overflowing of the Nile, the season for planting, harvesting, and storing; but as he was great, incomprehensible to minor intellects, and inaccessible to uninstructed minds, he was symbolised by the sacred bull. This animal, being consecrated and set apart by the priesthood, was carefully attended to! It dwelt in the most gorgeous spaces of the temple, and to it all possible honours were given. When it died, as die it would, notwithstanding its divinity, lamentation resounded through the land, because Osiris was considered to be offended; and sacrifices and offerings were plentifully awarded, so that the divine wrath might be turned away, and the priesthood encouraged to consecrate another emblem of their revered god.

But Osiris, however great and omnipotent, could not afford to give his whole attention to this paltry world of ours. The educated priests knew and had taught the multiplicity of spheres, and argued thereupon that the Great Intelligence had appointed certain vicegerents to superintend the details of the world's government. These also were only approachable through the medium of symbols, and beasts or living-creatures (a term made use of even in the holy apocalypse) were elevated for the worship of the vulgar. According as the district required the superintendence of a particular divinity, so was the emblem of that influence adored—so was it respected or despised. Thus, in one quarter was the crocodile holy in all human eyes—happy was the mother who saw her child destroyed by one of them on the river's banks—and doubly happy was the attendant who was eaten by the consecrated monster in the sanctuary. In other districts, the

crocodile was extirpated without remorse or mercy, and cats adored as the direct and divine messengers from on high. Again would these animals be objects of aversion in particular localities, because they proved themselves enemies to another worshipped animal, which was no other than the highly-favoured rat! Thus religious feuds disturbed the whole economy of Egypt, and thus were the priests kept in continual employment in explaining or illustrating the various dogma of their creed! When an army returned victorious the most glorious spoil they could bring home was a booty of cats, dogs, or vultures, which were anointed and set aside as triumphs of the religion of the land!

Turning with disgust from these frivolities, we look with admiration on their works of art. Although all the sculpture and painting of the Egyptians appears constrained and uneasy, in consequence of the artists striving at all times to overreach nature—and although their architecture partakes not of the grace or elegance of Greece, nor of the simple majesty of Rome,—the colossal extent, the vastness, and the amount of human skill displayed, all claim for it the wonder and admiration of mankind. To place the immense obelisks in a perpendicular direction, to raise them on their lofty pedestals, must have required an acquaintance with mechanics of which we, learned as we are, are now altogether ignorant. It is known that these huge masses were cut from the quarry up the river Nile by the laborious process of drilling small holes in the solid rock, and thereupon inserting wedges, by which the block was separated from its primeval bed—that it was dressed, carved, and ornamented by various classes of workmen while reclining on wooden supports—that, when finished, a canal was dug from its resting-place to that of its destination, whence it was floated on rafts. Such assiduous labour and skill is not paralleled any where on earth.

This brings us to the notice of the progress of art in Egypt, and whether we look at the blacksmith's forge, into the jeweller's shop, or on the weaver's loom, we shall find them all equally wonderful and interesting. We shall learn that our own age has not so much to boast of, and be more inclined than ever to agree with Solomon that there is nothing new under the sun.

### Woman's Love.

#### CHAPTER IV.—THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE.

THE rich tints of the glorious setting sun, whose mel-low light added softness to the bold scenery of the shore, and diffused its varied hues 'over the bosom of the calm waters, had scarcely yet penetrated to the entrance of a cave which lay so embosomed amidst piles of beetling rocks and brushwood, that even those who were most accustomed to its bearings would have almost lost all clue to the discovery of it, had not a small hedge of the long grass, peculiar to the sea coast, growing upon its summit, formed a sort of mark to those who directed their steps thither. This was the resort of the smugglers, and the point from which all orders were to be issued, concerning the cargo which the coming night was to see safely landed on St. Katherine's Rock.

It was up these frowning heights, that towards evening, the figure of a man was seen skulking stealthily along till it gained the immense table of stone which jutted out beyond the cavern already mentioned. The figure stopped for an instant—perhaps to survey once again the distance and bearings of every headland and scattered rock, which here and there projected into the sea—perhaps to look upon the beautiful expanse of clear blue water that lay stretched in glassy stillness before him, sweeping its horizon for some expected object.

At length the figure moved: and lifting aside, apparently with ease, a portion of the stone which to any other eye would have been supposed immovable, Vando (for such was the man), entered, and again replaced it with scrupulous exactness, having previously cast his eye around to ascertain if any human wanderer on sea or shore was near—who might observe the concealed spot and the means he made use of to enter it. Having once gained the interior, he began to tread the long alleys and winding recesses of the cavern, almost tiring the eye with their vast magnitude and extent.

No sound issued from within, save an occasional drip, drip, from the vaulted roof, as the water fell upon the variously rounded masses of stone which thickly strewed the pathway.

The smuggler threaded every maze; and turning with the sure footedness that belongs to one who, from his infancy, had been trained to the unequal footing of those rocky regions, never stumbling over the polished obstacles which at every moment beset his path, although shrouded in almost entire darkness.

Onward he passed through the cold chambers of his own rocky mansion, until having somewhat abruptly turned round a projecting portion of the stone work, and from the narrowness of the inlet being obliged to crawl a short distance upon his hands and knees, he presently stopped before a slab of stone, and, applying his whistle to his lips, gave a shrill signal.

In an instant there was a murmuring hum of voices from within, and another slab of stone was removed

from one side; when, crawling through the small aperture, in the same position, Vando found himself in a totally different scene from that he had just quitted.

A spacious hall of great height, which nature had herself formed almost into an octagonal shape—one massive pillar rising from the centre and ascending to the roof. Within the hall were from sixteen to twenty men—some sitting, some reclining at full length, and others leaning against its black wall, whilst a few sat near to a lamp placed upon an uneven block of grey and red stone, throwing a yellow glare upon the groups who were shown in strong relief by the deep darkness of the roof and sides; whilst among the party of smugglers themselves, some of more, some of less savage appearance, the eye might detect the faces of two or three young men, contrasting with the weather-beaten features of a gang long accustomed to a life of toil and danger.

On the stone which served for a table were the remains of supper, and several large kegs of brandy and other liquors were strewed about the cavern, and left no doubt as to the good cheer which the place could afford to its new comer.

"Long life and success to the skipper," resounded from every voice, as the gaunt form of Vando gained the centre of the hall, and he looked around upon the chosen band—counting their numbers with his usual precision.

"Long life to the skipper, and success to the grand enterprise," and the hall resounded again and again from every quarter, till at length the echo rolled away, and gradually died among the distant galleries.

"Here I am, mates," said Vando, as he threw his hat upon the floor, and, disencumbering himself of his rough coat, prepared to swallow a beaker of brandy which stood before him. "Here I am, safe and sound, ready primed for the grand enterprise; all right ashore—a stiff breeze on to the land—the schooner's hull and topsails just darken the horizon—the ebb just made and a good four hours of it till midnight."

"Aye, but not a cloudy night, captain," said a gruff voice, taking the pipe from between his lips, and draining to the bottom the yet untasted goblet placed beside him.

"Why, no, Jack, not a cloudy night sure enough, seeing that it's as bright a moonlight as ever shone; but we can't expect to have all in our favour. However, despite the moon, if we don't run the boat ashore cleverly this night, may I never land cargo again."

"Well, what have you done with that fellow, Mat? I asked a short thick-set man, advancing towards the captain; 'if we don't have the loan of that quiet place it's all up with us, for the sharks are on the strict look out to my certain knowledge.'"

"Oh, never you mind about that, Davie; I've got the place and the man too, safe enough—he's our own for to-night at least—though the fellow was cautious enough about it."

"Aye, and so was my father," said Williams, with a laugh, "till he learnt better how to fill his pockets than rolling gunwale under, night after night, day after day for a few paltry mackerel; many is the time that cottage contained its weight in gold in his time."

"And shall again, Davie, I promise you; there's nothing like making a beginning, and though the poor devil thinks he'll be uncommon honest for the future, I'll show him, when once he's in my hands, the bargain is not so easily broken."

"I'll answer for that, captain," said the man with the pipe; "Mat will have sharpish work to get out of your embrace—there's no doing things by halves in our trade—once enlisted, were it but for an hour, he must share toil as well as profit."

"Yes, toil as well as profit," resounded from all sides.

"And there may be hot work to-night, comrades," said a man who had not yet spoken; "some of us must fall."

"Would to God I were marked for one," unconsciously exclaimed a young man, forgetful at the instant that he was surrounded by hearers.

"What, Howson, tired already," said the Captain, with a smile, "why you have not yet seen what we call service;—there's been little work enough these many months past—don't think about going yet, Joe. Come, fill your glass to keep the heart in you—but, by the bye, how did you manage with the girl?"

"Very well," answered Howson in a subdued tone, at the same time draining to the last drop a drinking horn the captain had handed to him.

"Not so well neither, friend, for," replied the interrogator, in a tone bordering on displeasure, "you scarce contrived to keep the girl away for the few minutes I was bargaining with Mat, or it would have been a closer contract. I should have got something more out of him ere I let the dubs so easily out of my hands; but I heard her steps near the threshold whilst the words were on my lips, and I greatly mistake if she did not see the broad of my back ere I could get out of the cottage."

"Thank God she did," muttered Howson, and at the same time he sought an obscure corner which he had occupied, whilst the general cry of "Shame, shame upon such bungling work," echoed from many ruffian voices.

"Put a bullet through his lubberly head," said one man, staggering up to him, for he was scarcely sober.

"I'll grant you abolition for the deed," was Howson's calm reply.



"Then, here goes!" and drawing a pistol, the man fired at Howson as he was leaning against the rock—he missed his murderous aim, when the aggrieved immediately drew his cutlass, and was in the act of cutting down his aggressor, when a blow from Vador felled both to the ground.

"What! have we not bullets enough from others without drilling holes through each other's heads. I'll have none of it," said Vador, as the two arose, swearing vengeance against each other.

"And what did you give to Mat for the loan of his cottage?" asked Williams.

"Why, a hundred pounds," answered Vador, as he gulped down his partial embarrassment with a potent draught of liquor.

"And so that hundred is gone. Well, comrades, I did not think they were so plenty either."

"Why, Davie, my man," answered the captain, conscious all the time that he had made a dear bargain, "you and I were always good friends you see, and I ought perhaps to have had your counsel, but it is little use my risking life and limbs as I did in quest of the prey, if, after all, the game was to escape my net for the paltry value of a few gold pieces—which I'll be bound to make up to you three-fold, aye, fifty-fold, by this night's enterprise; or, if it must be so, out of my private purse, my man."

This last sentence completely turned the tide in Captain Vador's favour, which had already begun to ebb since the moment of his communication, and Davie Williams's opinion upon his extravagance, and in a few minutes he had again recovered his popularity amongst a set of men with whom it was no easy task both to rule over in the mass, and keep individually in good humour, alike unaccustomed to the principles of prudence and justice, or few of those common laws of society without which no community of men can be secure in their union.

Time passed in arrangements for his coming event till the hour had arrived for more active steps to be taken; and ere night had closed around over sea and shore, the smugglers had deserted the cavern—all were in readiness at their respective posts—and Captain Vador pacing up and down the silent sands in expectation of Matthew Owen's arrival.

#### CHAPTER V.—THE ARREST.

The night was one of unclouded splendour when Mary, fearful and trembling, parted with her husband on a narrow ledge of rock, the farthest point to which she could accompany his steps, and there consign him with a prayer to that mercy which alone could preserve him to her through the hour of danger which hung over both.

Still bright and beautiful it was, when a few hours afterwards found her seated before the open lattice of her own dwelling, still straining her tearless eye over the face of the calm sea—from whence it had never turned.

The moon had just risen in pale and silent majesty to, cast one long and narrow slip of dazzling tremulous light across the tranquil waters, when the distant clock of the village tolled the hour of three, and its deep and sullen note came sweeping along the shore, and then passed away, fainter and fainter, among the stupendous masses of rock that beetled over the land and sea.

It was almost at the same instant of time that a little boat, sculled by one person alone, shot rapidly across that narrow line of light, and caused the figure at the cottage window to start from its position and stand motionless—in the attitude of listening. Mary Owen felt rivetted to the spot—her limbs paralyzed, as though she had been touched with the wand of enchantment—and, clasping her hand upon her brow, stood breathless waiting to hear if the sound of footsteps ascended the rock.

One instant passed, and another, in dead and awful silence, but ere a third had elapsed she could no longer be deceived—some person *was* advancing towards the cottage with rapid steps, and those steps were none other than her husband's. Vain was the wish to gain the threshold—useless the struggle to clasp him to her breast—as he now strode to the window and threw his strong arms round her to support her sinking frame. She cradled in them like a wearied child, exhausted by unceasing and long continued wail—motionless—almost senseless.

"Mary, keep up your heart," whispered Owen in a hollow voice. "All will be well."

"All is well Matthew," said his wife faintly, "since I have and feel you are with me again," and she passed her hand slightly over his rough jacket, almost fearful that as she uttered the words they might be but a dream.

"Yes, but you do not know all, Mary; you do not guess all."

"You're here, Matthew," interrupted his wife earnestly; "you are with me, beside me, you hold me in your arms, you are safe—unwounded—unchanged—preserved to me—restored to me, never again to leave me;" and with almost frantic strength she clasped his hand in both hers, and burst into passionate weeping.

The rough fisherman bent his head upon her neck, and the tears streamed down his weather-beaten cheek in rapid course.

There was not a word spoken: but in the silence of the hour again was heard the sound of footsteps—a long and measured tread—as though many persons were advancing up the rock and approaching the cottage.

"There now, do you hear those sounds?" said Owen,

clasping her still more firmly in his arms, and looking upon her inquiring face in utter despair.

"Ah! I know it all: so they will not let you live in peace, Matthew," said his wife, gradually regaining her firmness of mind as she saw the necessity of preserving it, in order to sustain the drooping courage of her husband; "but I can bear it—bear it better, as well, at least, as this night's agonising suspense." Look up dear Matthew; indeed, I can bear this with firmness, with courage, with resignation—it was all for my sake, dear husband; think of this, and let it console you. You are not a smuggler—they shall not call you so, and if they will, and if the penalty must come, I will kneel to those in whose hands your fate will be, nor rise more till they shall grant me your pardon. What could have been left to me in this wide world had you been killed, as you might have been, or maimed, perhaps, for life?"

"Better had it been for me, Mary," answered Owen gloomily. Had I been killed, your fate and fortunes would have been no longer linked to those of mine, who had condemned you to poverty,—to disgrace,—and wretchedness in all its forms. Hush—they are here," and striding hastily to his arm chair he seated himself with great composure.

"We arrest you in the king's name," said an officer, advancing towards the prisoner, and producing his warrant. "You must prepare to leave immediately."

"I am ready, gentlemen," was Owen's prompt reply, in a tone which left no trace of his former agitation.

"He is not a smuggler, gentlemen," said Mary Owen, advancing to the foremost of the party with a tremulous but anxious step.

"We are here to apprehend, not to sit in judgment," said the officer dryly.

Mary was silent; for she knew altercation would be useless, and a look from her husband—a fond encouraging look, again roused her almost sinking spirits as he turned to gaze upon her at the door—then closed it, and passed away from his aching sight.

She rushed to the window; there he was once more; she strained her anxious eye till it had caught the last glimpse of him as he turned round a huge battlement of rock.

Then all was silence—unbroken save by some large sea men, as, scared from its perch in the grey stone by the approach of the party, of fearful boding to Mary's ear, and gave the last tidings of her husband's melancholy march—led, as a culprit, far from her and from their happy home, to public shame and to a prison.

Alas! she had need of more than a woman's courage to bear her through that night, those tedious hours of darkness, till she could hope to set forth to comfort and support him. Accused—degraded—whence could he draw comfort and support but from her?

#### Traits and Sketches of Irish Character.

PAT LEARY'S EVENTFUL TRIP TO DUBLIN, NARRATED IN A LETTER TO KATHLEEN BURN.\*

MY DEAR KATHLEEN,—Though I'm a poor fist at the writing, I can't be aisy till I tell you all about my travels from London to Dublin by wather, as I'm sure you long to know if the life is in me, and it's yourself will be glad to hear that I'm brave and hearty after all the dangers I encountered on the stormy seas. Sure enough we were tossed about in our ship, like peas in a bladder, for five long days before we saw the Hill of Howth, that plissent spot, so welcome to the eye of a poor weary traveller like myself. But to go back to the beginning of my story, it will be just ten days to-morrow since I packed up a taste of bacon, a quartern loaf, and a few other wearables, and stepped a-board a fine, rattling steamer, bound for Dublin. Well, as I was saying I stepped aboard, and when I did that same, who should I see on the deck forment me but Billy Doran, all the ways from Cappelquin. Ay, in truth there he was, with a neat green silk handkercher round his neck, a new pair of pumps on his feet, and faix he soon let me see that he had a fine lump of a watch in his fob.

Billy and I, you know, were ould cronies, so, after conversing a trifle on deck, we went down to the cabin to see his young wife, and a purty innocent crather she was, as bright and smiling as a daisy. I'm not going to bother you with a long lether, my darlint, so I'll skip over the plissent discourse I had with the Dorans, and the fine diversion we kicked up in the cabin that made the time fly 'till we came to Plymouth, and cast anchor in the cut wather near that town. There we lay snug and cozy that night, and set sail again at sunrise, the next morning, for Dublin. Fair and aisy we skimmed over the blue wathers the whole of that day, till night fall, and then, all of a sudden, black clouds gathered in the sky, and heavy drops of rain began to fall. Then, my dear life, the sea began to roar and the winds to blow like mad, till a tremendous storm was brewed, and you'd think that every clout the poor steamer got from wind and wave would drive her to the

\* We have much pleasure in inserting this original contribution, portraying, as it does, some of the finest and least obtrusive feelings of human nature. The allusion to the sobbing wife being like Kathleen at her mother's door is beautiful even in its simplicity—it is an apple of gold in a picture of silver.

bottom. While this was going on above, the passengers in our cabin were clustering in two's and three's, and houlding on by each other, half crazy with fright. Myself felt a great curiosity to go on deck, to look about me, so down I gets on my hands and knees, and creeps along the flure, and up the ladder, grabbing hard at every thing I could lay hold of for support. Well, it was a dismal sight to see the waves frothing, and foaming, and breaking over us in catheracks, while the moon was shining all the time as if nothing was amiss. There stood your ould friend, Micky Ryan, of Killaloo, dwindled into a traunee, from the wet and cowl, his two eyes as red as ferrets', while he gazed at the sailors as they ran about hauling a great big chain from one side to the other of the deck. "Arrah, Micky," says I, "what are they doing with the ship?" "Be dad," says Micky, "they're chaining her down to make her go aisy, I do believe." He hardly said the word when the tail of a huge wave hit me betune the shoulders, and dashed me headlong into the cabin, spinning everyone I met with into holes and corners, and knocking the wind out of Billy Doran entirely. There he lay speechless, and sprawling on the flure, 'till I got the bottle, which you may be sure was not far off, and a drop of its contents, the real cordial, soon brought him too again. Poor Mrs. Doran, seeing Billy's disashter, was shouting murther; and trying hard to get to him, when a thundering wave came slap down upon herself and drenched her finely. "Oh! Billy, Billy, my darlint," she cried, "run here to me, and let us go down together, for sure I am the ship is sinking, and we'll be all drowned."

"Here I come, my jewel," says Billy, jumping off the flure, and ketching her in his arms, and there she stood with her beautiful pale face nestled in his boosom, like a drooping lily, or like yourself, my own Kathleen, when last we parted, sad and sorrowful, at your mother's door.

We had not long to gaze on this purty picther, when a hullabaloo on deck, and a rush down the ladder, told us there was something new a coming; and so there was, for a poor crather, perished with the wet and cowl, was helped into the cabin, while a manly voice on deck was heard above the howling blast, shouting to the stewardess to be kind to the poor woman he sent down, as she was in a dangerous state, and that unless she got the best of nourishment, and a warm bed, she would not leave the ship alive. "Ah! then long life to your honour," the poor woman faintly replied, "it's yourself that's the fine docther." To make a long story short, the storm was raging with awful fury, when the poor woman tuck very ill entirely, and cried out for the docther; but dickens a doctor was at hand, for the good gentleman that sent her down only pretended to be a docther, to have her sheltered from the storm, as she had nothing but a sate on deck, and would die if she was left there. As luck would have it, the stewardess was 'cute and handy in such critical cases, and with her help, while the ship was ploughing and rowling as if every minute would be our last, the poor woman gave berth to a nice little storm-cock, as they called him,—as purty a boy as you'd see in a day's walk. And, sure enough, he brought the best of luck with him, for he had hardly time to look about him, when the wind began to fall, and the sea grew calm, and in a short time, to our great relief, the storm was at an end.

To cheer our hearts, we got into Dublin Bay that evening, when the sun was setting in clouds of goold behind the mountains; and while we were snugly taking our tea, a young gentleman, one Peether Minimus by name, came in among us, and told us how the poor sick woman's husband was a soger, and was then fighting the battles of his country on the rocks of Gibraltar, and that she had neither house nor home to go to when she landed from the ship, so he hoped we would lead a helping hand to her and her poor baby.

The wind of the word was enough for the tea party, and in the twinkling of an eye, crowns and half crowns in plenty were jingling in a plate for the poor soul's benefit. Moreover, when she landed, she was taken like any lady in a sedan to the Lying-in Hospital, where she was visited by the lady Patroness, the lady Mayoress, the Miss Mayoresses, and lots of the first quality in Dublin, and by the same token well they provided for her. I must not forget to tell you that as Peether Minimus was leaving the cabin, after his oration for the poor woman was finished, she called to him, from a quiet corner where she lay cuddled up with her baby, "Musha, then good luck to you, Mister Minimus, docther or no docther, you're a jewel of a man."

Now, my own dear Kathleen, I have only to tell you that we landed from as fine a ship as ever I were in; close to the packet office on Eden quay. I'm in snug quarters at the sign of the Royal William, hard by, and it's there you'll direct your letter when you write, and let that be soon, to your ever loving

PATRICK LEARY.

FROG SPAWN.—A Derby paper, after stating the illness of a young woman, named Emma Torr, aged 18, says that her mother gave her an emetic, when, to the astonishment of her mother, and others who were present, she ejected a live frog. It was picked up and put into some water, but did not live more than an hour and a half. The learned of the place supposed that the frog must have been generated in the stomach, she having eaten some water-cress, and probably at the same time some frog spawn. It is more likely the frog was swallowed alive.



## Burns Illustrated and Explained.

## CHAPTER XI.—THE HOLY FAIR CONTINUED.

We left our poet asserting that the roads were crowded with many weary persons, all anxiously plodding towards the place appointed for the labours of the day. We now come to his description of the various classes of which that crowd was composed:—

Here farmers gash, in ridin' graith,  
Gaed hoddin by their cottars;  
There swankies young, in brav braid-claith,  
Are springing o'er the gutters.  
The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,  
In silks an' scarlets glitter!  
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang,  
An' farls baked wi' butter,  
Fu' crump that day.

It will thus be seen that there was a not unimportant aristocracy even in this country district, and even on a great religious occasion. The wealthy farmers exercised their peculiar privilege to ride to heaven on horseback, while the labourers must remain behind to brush off the mud and mire bespattered on them by their horses' hoofs. Then the swankies, an old name for the modern dandy, dressed in broad cloth instead of corduroy, spring over the gutters, to let the girls notice their high-heeled boots, and admire the hollow in their backs, of which they are as proud as the females are of the smallness of their waists. The lasses are plodding on, barefooted of course, their shoes, with a stocking in each, tied together, and hanging over their left arm; while in their right hand they hold a most important bundle, tied up in a white handkerchief. This precious deposit contains a Bible, several very respectable slices of sweet-milk cheese, and a proportionate accompaniment of cakes, baked with butter, to give them a palatable shortness in the mouth, and to avoid too much trouble in mastication. There have been many attempts to arrive at the true reason why a country girl, let her bonnet and gown be as gay as possible, will persist in taking off her shoes and stockings while travelling any distance. Some have said that it was merely to keep them clean—others less generous have averred that it was because their feet were unaccustomed to the imprisonment—certain it is, however, that even a girl who wears, during the week, a pair of shoes of which a coal-heaver need not be ashamed, will carry her cordovan slippers or prunella boots, and cotton stockings, and trudge along a country road in her natural skin. It can scarcely be for the purpose of displaying her ankles, for some of them would be better left in their comfortable disguise—it cannot be to show their whiteness, for they very soon get brown with dust, and the mud will sometimes ungallantly insinuate itself between the toes. As they have never told the reason of their conduct, and persist in it in defiance of all observation till they are married, the most charitable conclusion is, that they do so from a prudent fear of not being able to get another pair quite so easily as some may think from their own earnings; but, once married, the difficulty is at an end. What girl ever thought that her husband could not procure her every thing she wanted! She has only to ask, and he has only to buy, and then she has it. A few months' experience, unfortunately, generally dissipates these pretty dreams, and she finds she is as poor, and must strive as hard as ever. Be these things as they may, it is an interesting sight to see a number of country girls washing their feet at the last rivulet or spring upon the road, and putting on their stockings and shoes with decent care. They then walk on with less of their plodding earnestness, and begin to look about them with kindly eyes, which wander over and among a crowd with sad inquisitiveness until the hoped-for one is discovered; then, of course, their eyes gently droop, and look slyly on the ground; and how tenderly their shoulder quivers when it feels the touch of a man's hand;—they look so innocent and wondering, surprised that they should have been met so soon, and coolly telling him that they had not been thinking to see him yet a while; while he, like a fond fool, believes it, nor thinks that guile or hypocrisy lurks beneath that blushing eye, or impudence ever spit its venom from between her polished teeth.

We have now arrived at the outskirts of the place of meeting, where the plate is set to receive the offerings of those who proceed to the sacred rendezvous, the elder who stands sentry over the collection being most irreverently described as "Black Bonnet," descriptive of that scowling look which he throws upon those who pass by without subscribing:—

When by the plate we set our nose,  
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,  
A greedy glower black bonnet throws,  
An' we maun draw our tippence.  
Then in we go to see the show,  
On every side they'r gath'rin',  
Some carrying dails, some chairs and stools,  
An' some are busy blethr'in'  
Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,  
And screen our countra gentry,  
There, racer Jess and twa-three —  
Are blinking at the entry.  
Here sits a raw of tittlin' jades,  
An' heaving breast and bare neck,

An' there a batch o' wabster lads,  
Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock  
For fun this day.

Here some are thinkin' on their sins,  
An' some upon their claes;  
Ane curses feet that fy'd his shins,  
Anither sighs and prays:  
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,  
Wi' screw'd up grace-proud faces!  
On that a set o' chaps at watch,  
Thrang winnin' on the lasses  
To chairs that day.

Having passed by the Cerberus who keeps watch and ward at the gate, denying admittance to the ungodly who dare to come without an offering even of humble copper, the poet describes the scene around him. The crowd is gathering into little knots, talking comfortably loud on the matters of this world, while others, making themselves generally useful, are carrying in chairs and stools, and long deals, to economise sitting places as much as possible. A shed is built up at one end for the accommodation of the gentry, whose religion, it would appear, extends not beyond the information that it rains on the just as well as the unjust. At the outer entrance to this attempt at aristocratic exclusiveness, some ladies of doubtful reputation have placed themselves, while at another part of the meeting sit a row of talking damsels, whose uncovered shoulders are more fitting remembrances of the religious dispensations of Mahomet, among whose rewards to the faithful are to be found the hours ever beautiful and ever young—damsels with all the luscious fascinations of earth engrafted on the immortality and purity of heaven. But the young women are thinking as little of Mahomet as they are of the higher doctrines of their own creed; they are earnestly employed in observing and remarking on the conduct of a batch of young weavers from Kilmarnock, who have come to join either in the devotions or amusements of the day—it would be uncharitable to decide which. Among the men—for it would appear the women are thinking only of procuring lovers, or meeting those they have acquired—some are thinking on their backslidings—some upon the new coat upon their back—some are cursing those whose muddy feet have bespattered their trousers, or soiled the gaiters which have not been worn since the last like meeting—some are sighing and praying aloud—not in their humility, not for their own edification—but that they may be esteemed better than their neighbours, forgetting, as hypocrisy is so apt to do, that it is these very neighbours they leave to judge whether they are actually better or not. Opposite these rigid solemn-visaged monks of self-judged righteousness are to be found a chosen and select band of young men, who have taken a secure way of picking up a female acquaintance, by retaining forcible possession of the chairs—as a costermonger does of a seat in the gallery of a theatre, with his leg elevated to his seat of honour. However indecorous this conduct is in a place of worship, there is something of strong naturalness in it, which Burns admires, and shields it from his wrathful animadversion. He could laugh at the idea of people running and sweating and toiling themselves carrying a chair, that they might have a seat while others were standing, but when he saw these young men, with that chivalrous dignity which women so much admire, vacating them for the accommodation of the ladies, he lays aside the sarcastic vein, and flings his whole energy into a commendation of their conduct by stating—

O happy is that man and blest!  
Nae wander that it pride him,  
Whae's ain dear lass that he likes best  
Comes clinkin' down beside him!  
Wi' arm reposd on the chair back,  
He sweetly does compose him;  
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,  
An' loof [hand] upon her bosom,  
Unken'd that day.

Yet is this happy verse followed by another so severe that it brought down upon him the unbridled wrath of the dignity he treats so irreverently.

Now a' the congregation o'er  
In silent expectation:  
For Moodie speels the holy door,  
Wi' tidings o' damnation.  
Should Hornie, as in ancient days,  
'Mang sons o' God present him,  
The very sight of Moodie's face,  
To's ain het hame had sent him  
Wi' fright that day.

This Mr. Moodie had been the clergyman who administered the public rebuke to him for his frailty, and who, animated by a Draconian spirit to punish to the last severity every crime against his peculiar dogmas in morals and religion, became as despotic in his faith as ever did Roman Pontiff when all the kings of Christendom were subservient to his beck. He was the leader of those who frightened the population into religion, who held out no heaven to cheer the mourner, except though the terrors of eternal death. Thus, when he was seen to mount the pulpit steps, a death-like silence stole over the congregation, which had late been so busy and noisy. The hearers are told by the poet, that there could never be danger of "Hornie" kidnapping them while Moodie was present, for the very sight of his face would frighten the Tempter

from his purpose, and send him back to his place of power and punishment.

But not alone for the misfortunes of his countenance did Burns elevate to undying notoriety this persecuting clergyman; his features, his gait, and his manners are as peculiarly noted, while his peculiarly uncouth eloquence is not forgotten.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith  
Wi' rattlin' an' wi' thumpin'!  
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,  
He's stampin' and he's jumpin'!  
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,  
His eldritch squeel and gestures,  
Oh, how they fire the heart devout,  
Like cantharidian plasters,  
On sic a day.

Of course, such a bold and vehement preacher was a great favourite with the vulgar, the more especially in the Church of Scotland, one of the dogmas of which is peculiarly fitted to enhance the popularity of a clergyman. As the Presbyterians adhere to the belief that some are born to honour and some to dishonour, and many carry that doctrine out to its extreme length, hesitating not to decide who shall and who shall not be so chosen, it is not unlikely to suppose that they have decided comfortably for themselves, and can therefore quietly hear the wrath which is stored up for others. This belief, when so carried out, is nothing but the desire of revenge and ill-will which prejudice cherishes against others, for ignorance seldom hesitates to doom an opponent to perpetual misery because he has dared to contradict or show his disbelief of other's opinions. Thus, when another preacher ascends the rostrum, the rigid are displeased at the doctrines he inculcates, they being charitable feelings and good works.

But, hark! the tent has changed its voice;  
There's peace an' rest nae langer:  
For a' the real judges rise,  
They canna sit for anger.  
Smith opens out his cauld harangues  
On practice and on morals;  
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,  
To gie the jars an' barrels  
A lift that day.

What signifies his barren shine,  
Of moral powers and reason?  
His English style, an' gesture fine,  
Are a' clean out o' season.  
Like Socrates or Antonine,  
Or some auld pagan heathen,  
The moral man he does define,  
But ne'er a word o' faith in  
That's right that day.

The self-elected children of paradise could not sit and learn that all their fellow-men had an equal chance of being inheritors of a future life; the silence they had bestowed upon the former preacher, who had flattered the vanity of some, and alarmed the fears of others, could not be lent to him, so off they go to give the jars and barrels a lift that day; and a good lift it would be, no doubt, for there is no drinker so fierce as your religious toper—none so earnest in his potations as him who esteems himself a chosen and indestructible vessel. He avoids sociality;—but his quantity is none the less for that;—he neither laughs nor sings, but his palate is as dry as that of those who do both. He can give you a dissertation on faith, and a practical illustration of it at the same time, by declaring himself a true believer in the religion of which charity is the chief doctrine, while he condemns all who may differ from him as being wrong,—lost,—irretrievably lost. This race, with their pastors, have fallen rapidly away, and a better and more charitable feeling has grown up between once-contending sects. It might be worth while to enquire whether reason produced this needful reformation. The wit of the cavaliers conquered the roundheads when their swords could not, and perhaps sarcasm has made those feel whom truth and charity had been unable to teach. In the mean time, while the fiercely religious are at their refreshments, the moralist retires from the pulpit, and he is succeeded by two others whose talents and opinions are thus described:—

In guid time comes an antidote  
Against sic poison'd nostrum;  
For Peebles, frae the Water-fit,  
Ascends the holy rostrum:  
See, up he's got the word o' God,  
An' meek an' mim has view'd it,  
While common sense has ta'en the road,  
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,  
Fast, fast, that day.

Wee Miller, neist the guard relieves,  
An' orthodoxy raibles,  
Tho' in his heart he weel believes,  
An' thinks it auld wives' fables:  
But, faith! the birkie wanes a manse,  
So, cannily he hums them;  
Altho' his carnal wit an' sense  
Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him  
At times that day.

It is rather a severe compliment to a man to dismiss his labours with the observation that no sooner does he begin to speak than common sense rises up and runs off as fast as possible, but the comment upon the conduct of the other is equally severe. He is represented as a younger preacher, more anxious to obtain a parsonage than to disseminate the truth, and he therefore chimes in with the



prevailing dogma of the day, although at times his inherent wit and sense are likely to betray him, as the superior manners of a lady would ill fit her for the disguise of a milk-maid. By this time, however, the day must be wearying on apace, and even the young girls beginning to desire to have more than a look at their bread and cheese, for we are told that during the exhortations of the latter divines that the public accommodations had not been neglected.

In our next chapter, therefore, we must introduce our readers to the ale-house, and to the motley crowd therein assembled.

### Familiar Chapters on Science.

#### NO. VII.—BAIN'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PRINTING TELEGRAPH.

THE engraving we introduce beneath, which is a correct representation of the very curious machine lately invented by Mr. Alexander Bain, and called by him the ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PRINTING TELEGRAPH, will assist us in explaining the remarkably ingenious mechanical contrivances of that philosophical instrument, of which we made brief mention in a former number.

It will be observed there are two separate divisions in the machine, which are connected by wires only. The first

of these portions, that which has the dial plate, is used by the person appointed to transmit intelligence; the second part receives and prints it by the agency of electricity which is conducted by the wires from one to the other; and whether those wires are but a yard long or a thousand miles, the communication between the two divisions would be, in both cases, instantaneous.

We cannot too often impress on our readers the necessity of paying attention to the phenomena of an electro-magnet, for without a full comprehension of that primary power, no explanation of its working effects will ever be thoroughly understood. Let it then be remembered that a piece of ordinary iron bent into the form of a horse-shoe, with a certain quantity of copper wire twisted round it in a particular way, may be converted into a magnet of great power by directing a current of electricity along the wire. The piece of iron, thus prepared, is only a magnet while the fluid is passing along the wire; when it ceases to flow, the magnetic power is gone. It is therefore in the power of an operator to make and unmake a magnet at pleasure, by supplying and cutting off the current of electricity. There are two of these electro-magnets introduced into Mr. Bain's telegraph. Their places may be seen in the illustration, where, on the top part of the right-hand division, they are indicated by the letter E.

The vessel placed underneath the stool which supports

surfaces, which are conductors; consequently a stream of electricity between the dial plate and the printing part of the "telegraph," has been twice established and twice broken. The effect of these two makings and breakings of the current, is to arm one of the electro-magnets, (E) namely, that which governs the rotation of the letter wheel, with a corresponding momentary power. Thus, the first of these two electrical discharges acting upon the magnet, and compelling it to act, in turn, upon a spring and wheel attached to the axis of the letter-wheel, effects a movement of this latter in exact accordance with that of the dial-plate hand; so that when the hand has arrived at A, the letter-wheel, by this electro-magnetic influence, also moves round a step and presents A to the paper. A being pressed, B is arrived at in the same way; but beyond B there is no further action in consequence of the stop put upon the progress of the dial-plate hand by the ivory peg at that letter. At this point, let it be borne in mind, that the hand of the dial-plate is arrested at B, and that the letter-wheel presents B also, in readiness to be printed; and that in this precise situation there is no communication of the electrical fluid between the dial-plate and the printing portion of the "telegraph," because the pin fixed to the dial-plate hand is now resting on one of the ivory pegs, and the current between the two is therefore broken. The letter B on the letter-wheel consequently remains where it is: just as the dial-plate hand is also resting on the same letter.

The explanation we have just given will fully account for the controul exercised by the hand of the dial-plate over the printing letter-wheel; and it now remains to describe how the impression from the latter is made upon the paper.

On the left hand corner of the stool, supporting the dial plate, there is placed a small spring marked C. By pressing the free end of this spring upon the metal peg beneath it, a passage for the galvanic current, which did not exist before, is established, and the fluid, thus liberated, rushes to the electro-magnet which governs the movements of the letter-wheel, by the power of which it is forced suddenly against the paper of the cylinder; and as the letter B, on the edge of that wheel, is the only part which can be brought into contact with the paper, the impression of that letter, and of nothing else, is left upon it. In like manner the other letters of the word required are printed, the rotatory motion of the cylinder which carries the paper being accommodated exactly to the room required for impressing one letter after another. In this way words are first formed, and sentences afterwards.

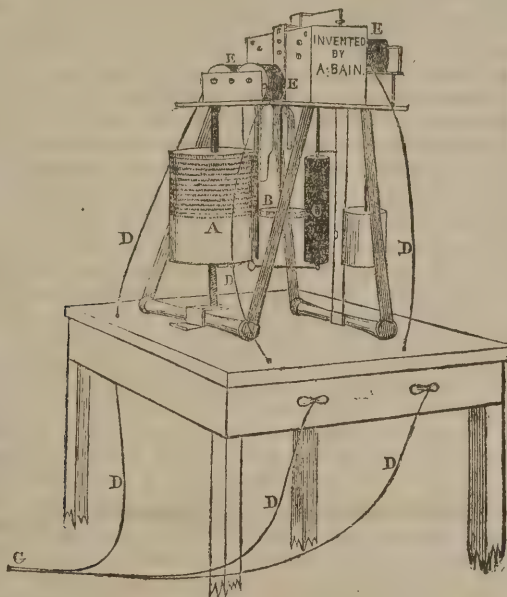
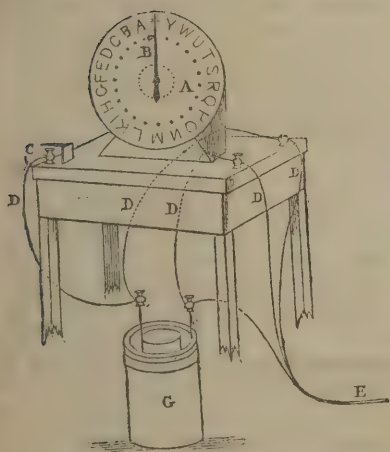
To sum up: a stream of electricity is conveyed at pleasure from the dial plate to the electro-printing part of the machine, where, by a particular arrangement of mechanism, it is made to do the work of a printer after a particular fashion.

The dial-plate may be in London, and the printing part of the instrument in all the principal ports of the coast; and a communication from the central to all the radiating points may be effectually established by separate series of wires—three to each. Information, by means of the electro-magnetic printing "telegraph," can thus be instantaneously communicated from the seat of government to any place in electrical communication with it. A modification of the plan is already in action upon the Blackwall, London and Birmingham, and Great Western Railways. The phenomena of the invention are explained and practically demonstrated daily at the Royal Polytechnic Institution by the inventor, Mr. Bain, and by Mr. Bachhoffner, the lecturer on experimental philosophy at that Institution; both of whom will most readily give any further explanation to such of our readers as may visit the exhibition.

### Rich and Poor.

BRIGHT were the flowers that bloom'd in sunny lands,  
Glitt'ring like sun-beams in their rich array:  
As if they should be pluck'd by angels' hands,  
And worn by virgins on their bridal day;—  
They shone like starlights of an orient sky,  
They bloom'd on earth another milky way;  
But when the northern blast blew surly by,  
They droop'd desponding—never more were gay—  
And, ere the winter came, they withering pass'd away

A wild flower grew upon the barren wold,  
A bud of beauty, blossoming alone;  
The tender leaves were tipp'd with burnish'd gold,  
The stem reclined upon a rugged stone;  
The summer air scarce kiss'd it with its breath,  
And breezy autumn list'd not its moan;  
Wild winter frown'd, and sent its frosts of death,  
And linger'd long to hear its dying moan:  
Yet, when the spring return'd, it still resplendent shone  
Such are the pleasures of the poor man's lot,  
Wherein exists a sacred constantness;  
Peace to the humble home, the lowly cot,  
With roof of thatch, or floor all carpetless;  
Where woman knows her place, and feels her power  
To be for her to watch, to tend, and bless;  
Where man esteems—superior to her dower  
Of beauty, wit, and grace—her lovingness,  
Her modesty, her worth, her exquisite caress.



the dial plate, and marked G, represents a galvanic battery which is the source whence the electrical current is procured. From this battery the fluid is first conducted to the dial plate by wires, the plate itself being an after conductor in consequence of its being made of metal. From the dial plate the current is then transferred by the united wires, E, G, and D, to the two electro-magnets already mentioned marked E, whose influence upon nicely arranged springs and wheels, (enclosed in the box with the inventor's name upon it,) causes the requisite action in the printing part of the telegraph to take place. It is evident, therefore, that when the galvanic battery is connected with the dial plate, a stream of electricity would be *unceasingly* conveyed to the magnets; but as such an arrangement would not effect the desired end, which requires for its accomplishment the establishment of a regularly interrupted current, the mechanism of the dial plate has been introduced for that purpose.

If the dial-plate be examined, it will be found to exhibit, first the letters of the alphabet in regular order around its outer edge; secondly, a circle of dots, one under each letter, representing small apertures in the plate; thirdly, an inner circle of dots (A): and lastly, a revolving hand (B). The uses of these various parts must now be described.

The hand indicates the letter to be printed; for it must be remembered that only one letter at a time can be printed by the "telegraph." This hand is made to revolve by ordinary clock work attached to the back part of the dial-plate, which is always in action upon it, and would keep it constantly moving, were not its progress arrested by an ivory peg inserted into a hole in the plate between the first and the last letters of the alphabet. When this peg is withdrawn the hand goes round, and the peg must be then placed upon the aperture immediately under the identical letter required to be printed, where it stops the further progress of the hand. The inner circle (A) is composed of ivory pegs inlaid at regular intervals into the metallic body of the plate, their number corresponding exactly with that of the letters on the outer edge. Ivory, it must be remembered, is a non-conductor. Affixed to the inner part of the hand, and projecting from it (but not seen in the engraving) is a metal pin, which touches and travels over the surface of the circle of ivory pegs, as the hand revolves. The duty assigned to this pin is very important. During

the revolution of the hand it makes and breaks the galvanic current in the exact way required, and upon the perfection of which depends the whole success of the machine, as we have before observed. This it does by alternately passing from metal to ivory, that is to say, from a conductor to a non-conductor. While it is traversing the metal the current is established; and while it is passing the ivory, it is broken.

Let us now inspect the printing part of the "Telegraph." The cylinder, marked A, carries the paper to be printed upon. This cylinder rotates upon a spiral screw (D), which gradually elevates it during the progress of printing, in order that no part of the paper may be twice presented to the letters. C is a roller charged with ink. This roller is also as gradually elevated to guard against ink being twice taken from the same place. The means by which this is effected are simple enough. A weight over a pulley (D) is attached to the top part of the roller, which travels upon a support controlled by the paper cylinder, so that as the cylinder rises the roller ascends too. The wheel marked B, which is placed between the cylinder and roller, has the letters of the alphabet (corresponding with those on the dial plate) affixed to its edge. The motion of this wheel is like that of the others just mentioned—horizontal; but, unlike them, it is kept in one place. The rotation of this letter-wheel is governed entirely by the movement of the hand on the dial plate; that is to say, at whatever letter the hand is arrested on the disk, the same letter is presented by the letter-wheel to the paper on the cylinder, in readiness to leave its impression there, the letter having been previously inked by passing over the roller.

In order to familiarly explain the actual working of this extraordinary instrument, let it be assumed that the word *best* is to be printed. The operator first removes the ivory peg from its location between the first and last letters on the dial plate, and then places it on the aperture beneath the letter B, which is the first of the word required. The hand, released from its confinement, revolves until it is stopped by the peg at B. In its passage from the point we have named, (which is exactly the place at which a "full stop" is printed) to the letter B, the pin, already described as fixed to the inner part of the hand, has passed over two of the ivory-inlaid pegs (in the inner circle), which, as we have said, are non-conductors, and also over the portions of the dial plate intervening between the ivory



## A Gentle Youth at College.

COLEBS, junior, the only son of perfectly organised and constituted progenitors, both in mind and body, was imbecile in mind, and debile in body, a mere human weed. Yet was he not so debile, but that he was fond of sliding gymnastically down the banisters, standing on his head on small spaces, and whacking all things, his mother included, in moments of excitement; not so imbecile, but that he had a hard, tenacious, unreleasing memory, which had enabled him to learn by heart (the head had little to do with it) the entire New Testament, with explanatory comments, Watt's Hymns, the Whole Duty of Man, the multiplication table, and an intolerable quantity of Latin, both prose and verse.

In course of time, therefore, Colebs, junior, came to man's estate, and forgetting his childish petulancies, grew staid, sober, and very grave, if not dignified in his demeanour. He had no particular tastes, unless a predilection for long waistcoats may be called a taste; he had one hobby, which was rearing piping bull-finches, one small propensity, i. e., piercing his father's ale barrels, and, by an ingenious hydraulic process, sucking up steadily the fermented liquor through straws; but indulging in his single taste, and one hobby and peculiar propensity, with a very becoming gravity. Thus he grew up, seeming to notice most things, but observing none, learning prodigiously by heart, but understanding little of what he learnt.

"I will, at least," said Colebs, senior, after due consideration, and a consultation with Dr. Barlow, "I will at least give him every fair chance of rubbing off, and getting rid of his intellectual rust. I will send him to the University."

"You are right," replied the Rev. Dr. "and through Providence he may become, if not a bright and shining, at least a sober member of society."

"He shall go as a fellow-commoner," said Colebs, sen., "for then much will not be expected from him, except a donation of plate to his college."

Young Colebs went to Cambridge, was matriculated (an operation not so excruciating as it sounds), entered as a fellow-commoner of Trinity, and donned the distinctive silver-laced purple gown of that college; trappings, by-the-by, which have covered and adorned many an ass before him. His father made him a very handsome allowance, which he spent with a most gentlemanly carelessness: so that you may be quite certain that he had no lack of devilish intimate friends, capital fellows, who drank his wine, called him Bob, smoked his cigars, and smoked him also rather considerably. There are at the University a base set of fellows, of doubtful standing in society, mere tuft-hunters, who go to college, sirs, less to acquire learning than for the purpose of forming a connexion (connexion to them is every thing)—men who deem it a gentlemanly distinction to know, and to be seen talking and walking with any fellow-commoner, however great a fool he may be. These men made much of Colebs, junior, who, under their tuition, soon became remarkable for certain amiable hair-brained eccentricities, strange and out of all reason extravagant sayings and doings, all bearing the stamp of imperturbable gravity.

Now Colebs, though certainly not witty himself, at least not wittily so, was the cause of some little wit in others, and of excessive laughter in all. Ye gods, how they laughed!

He became the butt and target for the shafts and arrows of other men's humours, and stood it all unmoved, as a good target should do; for men of his intellectual calibre are totally impervious and impenetrable to quizzing, however keen and barbed it may be. Then some needy and not very scrupulous companions discovered that he was fond of the excitement of betting, and they made quite a little comfortable income out of him, and during his short residence won from him dinners, luncheons, and suppers innumerable. All this he did with the sereneest conscience, for though his father had warned him against the evils of giving, lending, and borrowing, he had not said a word about betting, losing, and spending; and these he did more heroically than triumphantly. This was rubbing off intellectual rust with a vengeance.

Well, behold Colebs and his friends assembled, one February evening, around a highly polished mahogany dinner table, covered to profusion with bottles, decanters, wine-glasses, and desert dishes, scattered about in infinite confusion. Colebs was, of course, the Amphitryon, and the feast, as usual, the result of some absurd wager concerning the senior wrangler. The bottle was circulating briskly, faces were flushed, waistcoats more or less unbuttoned, the room reeking with the pungent fumes of dinner, resounding with the confused din of well-fed voices and peals of unbridled laughter. All the men were talking at once, at the top of their lungs, but none were listening; there was a mighty pretty discord of oaths, songs, ribald jokes, ringing glasses, and popping corks. Colebs alone was grave, though his pale blue eye was brighter, and his candid nose more rubious than usual; his light hair was in all sorts of disorder, and gave him decidedly a fantastic outline, from whatever point you viewed him.

"A song—a song," at last shouted one of his very intimate friends.

"Colebs is going to give us a song."

"Hear, hear! bravo, bravo!" a jingling of glasses

rapping of knuckles, and banging of fists on the sonorous board, welcomed the words; then came a minute of comparative silence, during which the victim arose, and with curled upper lip spoke thus—

"Gentlemen, I wish papa was here, to see how we diversify the path of learning, and here mamma, who has a book of recipes, might learn a recipe against thirst, and here even brickmakers might learn how to moisten their clay. If my bullfinches were only here, this would be the happiest day of my life; but, gentlemen, allow me to say that some of your expressions strike me as rather strong, for, as my reverend friend, Dr. Barlow, says, and I think truly, oaths are mere expletives, and more crashing than decorous, and the habit of constantly calling in the devil (forgive the word) as a witness in minor occurrences, is a habit, I may say, not founded in nature, but rather the result of a vicious state of society. We might get on as well, I think, in eating and drinking without imprecations, execrations, and all that sort of blasphemous conversational embellishment."

"A song—a song!" was again shouted, and again responded to, with the same noisy chorus.

"Gentlemen," said Colebs, "shall I confess to you that, convivially speaking, my education has been defective, and that your call for a song is a request more easily made than complied with in my individual case. I'll take the earliest opportunity of getting some few by heart by our next meeting, but if something vocal is what you wish for, and instructive as well as vocal, I'll sing you one or more of Watt's Hymns, for I know them all."

"Hear, hear!" "Yes, yes!" were shouted, and Colebs, hemming once or twice, and loosening his neckcloth to give the notes fair play, began chaunting one of those innocent effusions, closing one eye occasionally at the high expressive notes, and waving his arm horizontally in time.

I cannot describe the storm and uproar of laughter the excessive mirth and yells of delight, with which the chaunt was greeted; the very wittiest or most obscene song, the most consummate musical skill, could not have called forth half the enthusiasm raised by Colebs' grave countenance and nasal intonation. I have never heard such laughter before or since—it was a perfect frenzy—it had a spice of very madness in it—when Colebs turned to his guests, at the conclusion of his hymn, saying, with rare simplicity, "I thought you'd rather like it, it's mamma's favourite."

The fun was growing fast and furious, the men were getting demonstrative in their cups; the wine was unlooming, as it were, the secret chambers of their hearts; even the grave Colebs was indulging in certain vinous vagaries, such as snapping his fingers fiercely above his head, laughing shrilly, and making a liberal use of objectionable words; his being a soul much like certain sea-shore pebbles, very dull when dry, yet sparkling and made bright by moisture. Here two or three gownsmen entered the room in a hurried and rather excited manner, and one of them addressed the carousers in these words: "There is a uncommon pretty row brewing at the theatre, in which our fellows are likely to come off second best."

"What row? what brewing? what fellows?" asked Colebs, with a high-pressure hiccup.

"Oh, it's all about an infinite snob of a corn-law lecturer; but we shall be too late for the fun if we stand talking here; they are perhaps at it now like bricks: the odds strong against us—who goes?"

You have heard, my friends, of sudden impulses, and of those highly curious manifestations called bursts of enthusiasm; now there was no great eloquence in those few words, but they thrilled like a war-clarion on the red hot fibre and boiling blood of those impetuous youths. Up sprang Christopher Bones, a broad shouldered Cains man, built for battle, and up leaped Dunn Brown, a man of much brawn, with a shrill hurrah; Colebs too was snorting for the fray; all eager for the fight, chairs were thrown down, bottles and glasses smashed, caps and gowns thrown on, cudgels grasped, and the roaring throng went pouring into the street towards the theatre. I must, however, exclude a mathematician, who stayed to finish his bottle, being one of these cool readers and thinkers who delight in all kinds of demonstration, except physical demonstration.

When they reached the theatre and made their eruption into the boxes, the aspect of affairs was threatening; the storm was on the point of bursting, their entrance was the signal for the first thunder clap. The aforesaid Christopher Bones, and his tall ally Dunn Brown forced their way to the front of the boxes, and shaking their clenched fists at the roaring townspeople in the pit beneath, shouted out their warcries. It was neither "Ho, St. George!" nor "Ha, St. Patrick!" but one, though less chivalrous, at least as expressive—their war-cry was, "Damme, come on."

And the townspeople did come on, and the interesting chapter of casualties was opened. Town and gown were soon mixed in one roaring and battling mass; the crowd heaved and surged, and from its struggling depths came hostile bellowings, fierce shouts, and a cloud of choking dust. A wave of the pittites rushed upwards to the boxes, were hurled back, again dashed on, and were again beaten down; gownsmen in their fury leaped in amongst them, arriving like Ajaxes against closing multitudes. The lobbies and passages to the boxes were

invaded by a host of townsmen, who drove back the gowns, rushing with them pell mell, fighting and sweating, into their strong-hold. Now, men were trodden under foot, and jammed in door-ways, features were bruised, defaced, flattened, limbs battered, skulls made sonorous with rebounding cudgels, and still the shout of war arose hoarse from throats parched and husky with rage and tough toil. The pit was surging, boiling, steaming like some infernal cauldron, and the gownsmen, spite of the efforts of Bones and Brown, were slowly yielding to superior numbers. But where was our gentle Colebs? He, with a porter bottle for sole weapon, foaming at the mouth (not the bottle, but he), half crazy with wine and excitement, and bleeding at the nose, was the nucleus of a small group of his own. The porter bottle was soon worn to the stump, but still Colebs struck blindly and furiously out; his left eye was permanently closed, and his right showed no symptoms of hostile knuckles, yet still was he up and doing, and alas; being done. At last he and many of his companions were driven out from the boxes and pitched into the passages, from the passages into the street, disputing every inch of the ground like true fighting cocks.

Well had it been for Colebs had he been then at there floored, and put *hors de combat*; much disgrace and many paternal lectures, and material jeremiahs would have been spared. His last blow was his finisher, and thus it happened. The Proctor (the academic constable) was in the street with his satellite or bull-dogs, as those odious functionaries are called, and was striving, with much conscience and small success, to quell the tumult. I do not know how many times, and to how many men (the number was infinite, he put the very pertinent question, grown natural by habit, "Are you a member of the University?" Ob-taining no answer, for men who are inflicting and undergoing powerful impressions have really neither time nor inclination to give information on such small matters. The street was very dark, and the bustling throng made the task of impartial observation by no means easy. Poor Colebs was destined to be the scape-goat, the tit thrown out by fate to the whale of a Proctor. "Are you a member of the University?" cried the gentleman laying his hand on Colebs' collar.

If you have time, dear reader, ponder over the question, the trying circumstance under which it was put, and the rather objectionable clute hing at the collar of a man, whose choler was already intensely up, and tell me candidly, can you wonder at Colebs answering with the stump of his porter bottle, and red right hand, and at his accompanying the stunning *argumentum ad hominem* with some strange allusion to the questioner's grandmother, and a certain mysterious personage called Hookey, of the family of the Walkers. Was it not, rather, pure human nature. But poor Colebs' career was run, one of the bull-dogs tripped him up, or rather down, his identity was ascertained *d la lanterne*; and he, bruised, battered monocular, bleeding, and in every respect a marked man, found at last his way to his rooms, where he discovered the mathematician peacefully drunk under the table.

Need I tell you of the sequel and sad catastrophe? he was rusticated, and ere his many facial bruises had attained the melancholy green and yellow stage (the fading autumn of contusions), he was once more beneath the paternal roof, neither a wiser nor a sadder man, again drawing consolation and unfading delight, such as pure and simple minds alone can comprehend and appreciate, from his beloved bullfinches and their psalmody.—*Abridged from the Court Gazette.*

## A Tale of Arragon.

JEALOUSY is an ignoble passion, degrading the unhappy being who cherishes it below the level of his race. He who resigns himself to its heart-vitiating impulses becomes the destroyer of his own peace—the moral Thalaba of his own virtue! He resembles the scorpion, which, encircled by fire, stings itself to death; or, rather, he is like the sullen toad that, in the deficiency of all other aliment, turns to feed upon the venom which it has recently vomited forth. He is the suicide of his own happiness, and digs the unhallowed grave that is condemned to shroud his peace of mind in eternal gloom, and dust, and ashes! Yet man, with perhaps one solitary exception, is the only creature endowed with the breath of life, over whose feelings the green and melancholy web of this passion is woven: that exception is the stork, which is asserted to be so tenacious of its conjugal comforts, that after the process of incubation has been concluded by its mate, it inspects the unfledged progeny with the most scrupulous exactness. This singular trait, which appears as if it were almost a satire upon the human character, has been put to a cruel test by the young peasantry of the lands in which they breed. When a nest, containing the eggs of the stork, is found, they immediately take them away, substituting for them those of some other bird. The male stork, seeing the produce when hatched, and instantly recognising them as aliens of a distinct brood, becomes enraged with the most furious jealousy, and, falling upon the innocent hen, soon causes her death. This is very ridiculous, no doubt; but not one whit more so than many instances of the effects of the same passion in human nature. Pride alone—when it is that proper pride which upholds us in the path of honour and propriety—should success



fully combat every rising tendency to distrust of the woman he loves, in the breast of an enlightened man. Nay, he cannot love if he suspect—at least, he cannot esteem; and what is love without esteem? Should it, indeed, be his hard fate to discover that she whom he doted on, trusted in, and toiled for, has been treacherous—that the breast, on whose fidelity he would have staked his existence, has harboured an impure passion, then—oh! then, he has to fulfil a hard task, but a necessary one, from which he dare not shrink, unless at the risk of self-esteem. Let him not hesitate for a moment, but tear her, like a sullied flower, from the breast she has deceived, and banish her from his heart and his abode.

I remember being pointed out, during my journey through Arragon, an old ruined castle; the lord of which, it was said, had discovered an illicit intercourse between his young and lovely wife and his most intimate friend. The revenge he took was impressive, severe, nay, diabolical; but it had not a single touch of humanity in all its details to excite our pity for his wrongs, for it developed no evidence of a wounded sensibility; it was only marked by the atrocity of its plot, and the barbarity of that plot's execution. His revenge was not the prompt vengeance of the serpent that darts its fangs into the heel that crushes it, but the deep and treasured-up venom of the upas tree, which slays even the wearied wanderer who seeks its shade for shelter; it was not the swift vengeance of the molested tigress in defence of her cubs, but the slow, sure hate of the subtle vampire, which fans its victim to sleep with its leathern wings, and then sucks his blood. He permitted the amour to proceed for a few days unnoticed, during which time he took care to impart his secret and direful intentions to a favourite African attendant, whose temper, morose and gloomy, and hideous deformity of person, had rendered him an object of extreme aversion to his beautiful mistress. A certain night had been fixed on by the infatuated lovers for a meeting. The false friend hastened, in the obscurity that well befitted so foul a deed, to meet his guilty paramour; and even while unhallowed passions agitated his frame, the cold steel of the avenging husband sought his heart, which ceased to beat for ever! Meanwhile, the still more sinful woman was awaiting in darkness and in dread her expected visitor. She thought she heard the tramp of more than one foot in the gallery that led to her apartment, and shuddered as the probability of discovery flashed across her mind. She even fancied that she heard a sudden bustle, and a suppressed groan; but presently the customary signal was made, and she clasped in her arms, she believed, the being whom she loved. Suddenly a terrific yell—a maniacal laugh rang through the chamber. She saw the door forced open, and her furious husband, attended by two grim and gaunt vassals, enter. She tried, with the ineffectual fervour of shame, to conceal the visage of her paramour; but—sacred heaven! how piercing was the shriek of terror and disgust that issued from her lips, when, conspicuous in the glare of many torches, she beheld within her arms the hideous form of—the AFRICAN.

On recovering from a long swoon, she found herself immured in a dungeon, the gloom of whose damp obscurity was feebly dissipated by a single lamp. Near her lay on the damp earth, cold, stiff, and dabbled in gore, her murdered lover. Report adds, that the unhappy lady was, after a long punishment, released from her unwholesome cell, and removed by her husband to a convent, celebrated for its austerity. Certain it is that the Castello de Fualdez is, to this day, an object of dread to the peasantry of Arragon.—*Major Calder Campbell.*

### The Progress of Duelling in France.

#### SECTION V.

LOUIS XIII., when he came to govern for himself, or rather when Cardinal Richelieu governed France in his name, seemed resolutely bent on abolishing this bloody custom; he issued three edicts, protesting "that no pardon should be granted to combatants hereafter." It was upon the occasion of one of these edicts that D'Audignier, a gentleman of the Court, wrote his famous treatise, *Vray et anciens Usage des Duels*, in which he endeavoured to prove that the abolition of the practice would be ruinous to the nobility. Richelieu was not, however, to be stopped in his career by a paper shot; he punished several duellists with death; but the most celebrated martyr was the Comte de Botteville.

Francis de Montmorenci, Comte de Botteville, father of the celebrated Duke of Luxembourg, whose unjust trial for poisoning created so much interest in the succeeding reign, and fills the pages of the memoir writers of the reign of Louis XIV., was the most renowned duellist of that time. All acknowledged brave fellows were in the habit of assembling at his hotel to practise the use of arms, and to keep each other in proper wind, training, and discipline. His friend and biographer, Amelot de Houssaye, informs us, that if the Count heard it said, "Such a person is a brave man," he forthwith sought him out, and thus accosted him:—"Sir, I am told you are a brave man. I wish to make a trial of your courage: what are your arms?" After having killed or severely wounded most of his contemporaries, he fell into the Cardinal's clutches by a very extraordinary accident. Botteville had repeatedly obtained the royal pardon for his duelling offences, but at last was bid to expect it no more. Notwithstanding this

caution, he fought La Frete, between Poissy and St. Germaine. Botteville's second fell by the sword of La Frete's; he escaped to Flanders. The Marquis de Bussy d'Amboise, in order to be revenged on Botteville for the death of his friend the Comte de Tongri, followed him to Brussels. The interest of the Archduchess of Flanders was exerted to procure from Louis another pardon for Botteville, which the king peremptorily refused. This refusal so enraged Botteville that he swore, "I will go to Paris without it, and fight there—even in the Place Royale." He kept his word: he went to Paris and caused intimation to be given to d'Amboise where he was to be found. They agreed to meet in the Place Royale, in the middle of the day. Attended each by two seconds, they fought, and the Marquis was left dead on the ground. Botteville fled, and arrived safely at Vitry. The sister of the Marquis, in the meantime, had sent two faithful domestics to take possession of the Amboise estates, before her aunt could lay claim to the inheritance. When these emissaries reached Vitry, they heard that Botteville and his second had arrived post-haste a few hours before them. Supposing that they were agents for the aunt, they had them arrested. They were recognised, sent to Paris, tried, and condemned. Botteville met death with great resignation, lamenting only that the awkward executioner would spoil his moustaches, "which," says our authority, "were large and beautiful." The extreme severity of Richelieu, which was originated by his hatred of the nobles, defeated the object of the king; and after his death the practice of duelling broke out with more fury than ever.

This unhappy passion of the age was not confined to the male sex. The Abbe Cornauld, in his amusing contemporaneous memoirs, narrates the circumstance of a duel fought by a lady of condition. It was, says that writer, in the year 1638, that he became acquainted with that Amazon of the times, Madame de St. Balmont, whose life was a prodigy of courage and virtue, and who united in her person all the valour of a determined soldier, and all the modesty of a truly Christian woman. She was married to the Comte de St. Balmont, who was not inferior to her in merit. They lived happily together until the commencement of the troubles in 1632 in Lorraine. The Count was constantly employed by the Duke of Lorraine, in his contest in support of Gaston of Orleans with Louis XIII., or rather with his minister Richelieu, and was remarkable for his acts of desperate courage. During the contest Madame de St. Balmont resided on her husband's estates. Hitherto she had only exerted her military ardour in the chase, but soon an opportunity occurred of realising in war. An officer of the opposite party had taken up his quarters in one of the Count's farm-houses, and was living there at discretion. Madame de St. Balmont sent him a civil letter of complaint on his ill conduct, which he in reply treated with contempt. Piqued at this, she resolved he should give her satisfaction, and merely consulting her resentment, she sent to him a note demanding that satisfaction from his sword which his letter had refused, and signed herself *Le Chevalier de St. Balmont*. The challenge being accepted, the officer repaired to the place appointed, where Madame met him attired in male costume. They immediately drew; after a few passes the lady disarmed her antagonist; on which she said, with a gay smile, "You thought, Sir, I make no doubt, that you were fighting with the Chevalier de St. Balmont; it is, however, Madame de St. Balmont of that name who returns you your sword, and begs you in future to pay more regard to the requests of ladies." She then left him covered with confusion, and as the story goes he immediately absented himself, and was no more seen in Lorraine. Madame de St. Balmont frequently headed parties of her neighbours in the field, and rendered to her party essential service during the contest. Notwithstanding her military propensities, she was a pious and charitable woman, and her general manner of life procured her the esteem and admiration of all.

The spirit of duelling in France received powerful aliments from the wars of the *Fronde*, an epoch in which the serious, the sanguinary, and unhappy struggle of a nation for its liberty, was curiously blended with intrigues of the court and paltry schemes of boudoirs. The history of that whimsical and yet important contest, is in many respects a detail of a kind of collective duels, entered into by a few forward youths urged on by their mistresses. The novelty and boldness of the scheme developed by the legists of the *Fronde*, and the horrors and cruelties perpetrated by the Frondeur nobles, sunk deep into the mind of Louis XIV.; and to the extravagance of both the despotic results of his reign are to be greatly attributed. In the great English rebellion, and in the *Fronde*, Louis only saw freedom under its most hideous aspect, and followed by the varnish of consequences. This is the best apology that can be offered for his despotic propensities.

Among the chiefs of the *Fronde* was the Duke of Beaufort. This nobleman while residing in Paris in 1649, became the hero in a quarrel, which was the subject, says Madame de Motteville, of all conversation. Whilst sauntering one summer evening, accompanied by the Duke de Ritz, and a number of friends, in the Garden of the Tuelleries, Beaufort saw his relation the Duke de Candalle, De Guise, and a number of the Queen Regent's party, in the same walk; anxious to avoid a rencontre, he and his friends turned aside. De Guise, a vain foolish nobleman, afterwards made a boast in the boudoirs of his

party, "that the *Frondeurs* durst not look the *Mazarinians* in the face." This brag was soon conveyed to the ears of the Duke of Beaufort, and he resolved to be revenged. News having been brought to him that the same party were supping in the Garden de Renard, he assembled his friends and domestics; the latter having swords and pistols, the former none, and proceeded thither. On reaching the supper party, which was thrown into consternation at the intrusion, he haughtily said, "Gentlemen, you go early to supper. I am sorry for it, because I had a design to have taken it from you!" Then seizing the table cloth, he emptied the remains of the banquet into the laps of the guests. All rose and called loudly for their swords. The domestics of the Duke protected their lord, as well as his friends, and, laying hold of De Guise, chastised him severely. Having effected this, which was Beaufort's sole object, he and his friends retired amidst the reiterated demands of their opponents for satisfaction. Next day, the Duke of Candalle repaired to the Boise de Boulogne, and sent St. Megrin with a message to the Duke of Beaufort, that he waited his presence there. The latter declined to meeting his cousin, but said that if he was drawn upon in the street he would endeavour to defend himself. St. Megrin replied, that considering the affection the people had for the Duke, an encounter in the streets would be more like an execution than a duel on the part of Candalle. For several days after this, the Duke of Beaufort paraded the streets and public places of Paris, accompanied by a large train of friends and partisans, armed with swords and pistols, and followed by led horses. This mighty preparation for war alarmed his antagonist, who, despairing of a meeting on equal terms, was, at last, by the solicitations of his friends, induced to leave the capital and join the court of the regent.

The Duke of Beaufort was subsequently involved in one of the most fatal duels that the melancholy history of the practice narrates, with the Duke of Nemours. These noblemen, although united by interests against the Queen, and her minister, and the *Frondeurs*, had, notwithstanding, their own peculiar views and objects. The Duke of Beaufort was attached to the Orleans party, Nemours to that of Condé; both were striving for the favour of the citizens of Paris. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, daughter of Gaston of Orleans, whose life is an additional confirmation of the Byronic apothegm that "truth is strange, stranger than fiction," had assembled at Orleans all the principal officers of the army of the *Fronde*—that last, previous to the great revolution, serious, sanguinary, and unhappy struggle of a nation for its liberty—in order to determine the route of the troops. The Dukes differing in opinion, the contest between them became warm; at last the Duke of Nemours said, that "since the Prince of Condé is to be thus deserted, it is necessary for me to quit the cause. I have been deceived, but I know on whom to lay the blame." The Duke of Beaufort demanded to whom he alluded. "To you!" replied Nemours; upon which Beaufort struck him on the face. The combatants were so enraged that for a time they fought with their fists. At length swords were drawn, but the rest of the council interfering, they were separated. Upon the earnest entreaty of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the Dukes were reconciled. They appeared to live on good terms, until the successes of their party permitted them to return to Paris, where, at a council, they had a new dispute about precedence, which terminated in a challenge from the Duke of Nemours.

Attended by four seconds each, all noblemen of high rank, they, seconds as well as principals, fought in the Horse Market, in Paris. The combatants were armed with swords, poniards, and pistols. As they were about to engage, the Duke of Beaufort, who was an amiable person, exclaimed, "Ah! my dear brother," (they were brothers-in-law) "what a shameful proceeding is this we are about to engage in! Let us forget what is past, and henceforth be friends! I conjure you let it be so!" To this touching appeal, the Duke of Nemours brutally replied, "No, rascal! I must either kill you, or you must kill me." Scarcely had he uttered these words, before he discharged a pistol at his opponent, which fortunately missed its object. Drawing his sword, he rushed towards Beaufort, but ere he could reach him he received three balls in his stomach, and fell mortally wounded. D'Henricourt and De Ris, two of Beaufort's seconds, were also killed the other six were all more or less wounded.

THE FISHING FROG.—The creature so termed is a large fish occasionally seven feet long; it is found in all the seas of Europe, and is remarkable for the peculiar mode in which it seeks its prey. Having neither defensive arms in its integuments, nor force in its limbs, nor celerity in swimming, the creature is constrained, in spite of its bulk, to have recourse to stratagem to procure its subsistence, and to confine its chase to ambuscades, for which its conformation in other respects adapts it. It plunges itself in the mud, covers itself with sea-weed, conceals itself among the stones, and lets no part of it be perceived, but the extremity of the filaments which fringe its body, which it agitates in different directions so as to make them appear like worms or other bait. The fishes, attracted by this apparent prey, approach, and are absorbed by a single movement of the fishing frog, and swallowed by his enormous throat.



## Editorial Notices.

**THE JESUITS.**—We have to acknowledge the communication of a correspondent which calls our attention to a notice of this Journal in the *Tablet*, a newspaper which is understood to be the organ of the Catholics in England. Before entering on this subject, we must premise that the many favourable notices we have received from all parties in the newspaper world, effectually preclude us from saying a harsh word to any one. But we cannot accept the commendation of ability given us by the *Tablet*, accompanied as it is by the assertion that our columns are "disfigured and befouled by the most disgusting anti-catholic prejudices, and the vilest sectarian misstatements." Taking the word Catholic either in its extended or restricted sense, we can well afford to deny the slanderous imputation. We speak the truth of all names, sects, and parties, and are not to be induced to pass a great historic fact in silence, merely because there may be persons of the same class or opinions at the present day. This Journal was commenced for the purpose of proclaiming all the mighty truths of history, not with the paltry object of narrating merely those which were undisputed. Patient and diligent research has been applied to all contested facts that have come in our way, and the prominently original views we have published respecting men and things are the best record of the diligence as well as impartiality of our labours. Let us come at once to the head and front of our present offending. In our twelfth number, we published from the pen of a lady, a summary view of the Jesuits, and the *Tablet* characterises that article as evincing a spirit wilfully and maliciously desirous to wound the feelings of our Catholic brethren. In proof of this idea, he alludes to the phrases—"They shrunk from no means, however atrocious"—"all the blackest crimes sully their history," &c., &c. There are sentences, he tells us, equally malignant but more stupid, but which he has not condescended to point out. He concludes, however, with the exhortation to his readers, not to patronise our Journal, because it is "not intended for their profit or amusement." We dare not agree with our correspondent in the uncharitable idea that the writer in the *Tablet* is one of those who cannot endure anything to be read but what proceeds from his own pen. We attribute selfishness to no one, but we are afraid we must class him among those who have thought not of the changes which have occurred in all things since the middle ages, as he appears to be of opinion, that because the order of the Jesuits is now useful in many cases, harmless in all, that it must necessarily have been always so. We unhesitatingly confirm all we have said respecting that wonderful society of men. It was used as a great political engine—it did lead itself to build of the worldly power of its superiors and supporters—and it did attempt to control the power of the Vatican itself. For this they were justly suppressed by Clement XIV., and we are willing to abide in company with that exalted and truly liberal Pontiff, rather than acquiesce in the blind approbation of the small popes of modern newspapers. But we also repeat that all is not dark in the history of the Jesuits. They were learned, industrious, enterprising—they paved the way through doubt and death for civilization in almost every quarter of the globe—they were the instructors of the savage—the benefactors of the poor—the monitors of the rich. But because they were so at one time—ay, for ages—are we to blind ourselves to the fact, that in their Italian ascendancy they wielded the name of God as a political instrument—that they assayed to chain down the expanding intellect of Europe, and arrest the free growth of civil and religious liberty? Into the distinctive doctrines of the Catholic faith we have never entered, that is beyond our province, and foreign to our purpose; but the public history of all great men—of those, who, while they professed the religion of Jesus, practised the idolatry of Mammon—we shall fearlessly analyse. Nor do we doubt the devout Catholic shall thank us for our labour. Even the unjustly maligned Jesuit of the present day—he who toils and travels in his vocation, hopeless of all worldly reward—will rejoice at any means which shall separate him from the madly proud and daringly ambitious of elder history. Men who have really endured the cross, and despised the shame, for the sake of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, can never claim affinity with those who trouble the earth with their intrigues, although both should be designated as belonging to the "Order of Jesus." As to the narrow advice to a particular persuasion not to patronise our labours, we need only say that the large and increasing sale of this Journal in Ireland, and the encomiums bestowed on it by the Irish press—(of all shades of politics)—evince more clearly than any words of ours could do, that the tone and character of our periodical have been there appreciated equally as in England.

**CALCAREOUS WATER.**—A correspondent, in alluding to our articles on water from Artesian wells, relates in support of our remarks some circumstances connected with a visit to Montpellier, in 1835. He says—"In one of the apartments of the museum my curiosity was not a little stirred up at the sight of a large collection of *calcaidi*, or stones, taken from the bladders of patients of the town and districts around it. These stones, arranged in several glass cases, were of various sizes, forms, and shades of colour, and all of calcareous substance. I was informed,

moreover, by the official who attended me, that, by examining almost any of the stones in the collection, he could tell to what "department" the person belonged in whose intestine the pebble had been formed. He was enabled to do this, he said, by the similarity of the stones to the chalky soil of the respective districts in which the deceased persons had been living. But the gist of my notes, to communicate to you his answer to my query into the cause of the prevalence of the formation of stone in the bladder in this part of France. He said it was chiefly ascribed to the water and the wine consumed by the people being impregnated with calcareous matter, in consequence of these articles being produced from chalky soils." This alarming fact requires no comment of ours. It is one which the Artesian visionaries will never lessen by argument, or remove by practice. It is only reasonable to expect that water drawn from chalk should deposit its particles in the intestines, and where water naturally flowing is so highly impregnated, how much more dangerous must that be which is violently pumped from its slimy bed!

## British Fossils.

THOSE students of geology who reside in or near London have had many excellent opportunities of obtaining fossils, as may be conceived from the facts we are about to mention. During the formation of the railway tunnel near Chalk Farm, the workmen dug into the same clay as that at Highgate Archway, and found a great many interesting marine remains there, many of which were of the same kind as those found at the latter locality, while others were previously unknown to geologists. Here also were found many specimens of *Gardium semi-granulatum* in a very perfect state of preservation. It may be remarked that this shell, although so common at Chalk Farm, has not occurred at Highgate. Numerous remains of shells, crabs, lobsters, the teeth and vertebrae of sharks and other fish have been found at the Highgate Archway. Among the shells, the greater number of which are figured in Sowerby's *Mineral Conchology of Great Britain*, the nautilus are the most beautiful and perfect, and are remarkable for the lustrous appearance of their pearly coating. At Muswell Hill a great quantity of fossils have been found appertaining to the chalk, oolite and mountain limestone formations which are there accumulated, or mixed together from, it is supposed, the action of strong currents of water at some very remote period. This peculiarly interesting bed of mixed formations extends from Muswell Hill to Finchley. In digging the gravel pits at the former place a vast number of fossils were brought to light.

Mr. N. T. Wetherell, of Highgate, a gentleman of considerable reputation as a medical practitioner and a geological writer, possesses a valuable and highly-interesting collection of British fossils, and we have to acknowledge his obliging attention to us during our recent inspection of them. He showed us numerous specimens from Highgate, Hampstead, Muswell Hill, Hornsey, Finchley, the neighbourhood of Chalk Farm, Holloway, Bognor, Sheppey, &c. From a bed over the London clay in the vicinity of Brecknock Terrace, Camden Town, he has obtained the tusks, grinders, and other osseous remains of the elephant and hippopotamus. Among the various specimens from the gravel-pits at Muswell Hill, are the vertebrae, teeth, and other bones of saurian reptiles, and the head of one of doubtful species; and a large ammonite imbedded in limestone, and supposed to have belonged to the Oxford clay formation, but to have been drifted; a large globular piece of sulphuret of iron, and also a cylindrical piece, both radiating internally. His fossils from the London clay formation have been obtained at the following localities, namely Sheppey, Bognor, Hampshire, Basingstoke, Kensington, Holloway, Finchley, Highgate Archway, the well on the south side of Hampstead Heath, the railway excavation at Chalk Farm, and from the spot formerly occupied by the post-office, in Lombard-street. The ammonite is not found in the London clay at Highgate, but the extremely beautiful *Nautilus ziczag* is its representative there. It is, however, so rare a shell that only about half a dozen specimens are known to be in collections. Highgate resin or fossil copal has been found in considerable quantity in the bed of blue clay of which Highgate Hill, in great measure, consists. It has been found also at Islington, and plentifully at Wolchow, in Moravia. It is little heavier than water, and when heated it emits a resinous aromatic odour, melts into a limpid fluid, and burns with a clear yellow flame and an abundance of smoke.

Mr. Wetherell's general collection consists of English fossils from the Suffolk crag, and from fresh-water beds in the Isle of Wight; chalk fossils from Kent and Sussex; Gault fossils from Folkestone, Maidstone, &c.; fossil remains consisting of shells, &c. from the green sand formations of Calne (Wiltshire), Maidstone (Kent), and Blackdown (Devonshire); fossils from the Weald Clay and Hastings Beds in Sussex; fossils of the oolitic series from various localities; fossil plants from the coal-measures, and many interesting remains from the mountain-limestone formation of Derbyshire. As the most interesting remains in this general collection may be instanced a large fossil palate of a fish, in a high state of preservation, from the chalk of Kent; the marsupite, a fossil purse-like animal, from the chalk of Sussex; a sin-

gularly shaped flint, about three inches long, and closely resembling the human leg, the knee, calf, and foot being all present; the tooth of the *Iguanodon*, a nondescript herbivorous reptile of gigantic size, from Tilgate Forest, Sussex; crocodile teeth from the same spot; an extraordinarily large saurian vertebra from the lias formation of Whitby, in Yorkshire; and specimens of the trilobite (an extinct crustacean) from the mountain limestone.

## Paragraphs.

**THE CONVERSION OF CLOVIS.**—The conversion of this Pagan founder of the kingdom of France is described by the old historians as having taken place in consequence of the successful issue of a battle against the Allemanni, the aboriginal inhabitants of central Germany. About the year 496 they had presented themselves in the territory of the Ripuarian Franks, who were settled around Cologne, and who bravely contested the passage of the Rhine. They however, must have been overpowered by numbers had not Clovis hastened with his Salian followers to their assistance. The belligerent forces encountered in the plains of Tolbiac, four or five leagues west of the river; and, after a brief struggle, Sigebert, King of the Ripuarians, having been wounded in the knee, and disabled from heading his troops, his soldiers began to give way, and disorder was rapidly extending through the army. Clovis endeavoured to rally the fugitives, and, driven to despair by the prospect of defeat, made a solemn vow that if victory should be vouchsafed to him, he would embrace the Christian faith and be baptised. This kind of conditional conversion was by no means unfrequent in the early times of the church, when the preachers of the gospel found it necessary to assume miraculous powers for themselves, and to inculcate a belief in the direct interposition of the Deity in temporal affairs, in order to gain the confidence of disciples who would less readily have comprehended the advantages of eternal happiness in a life beyond the grave. According to the monkish writers, "the invocation of Clovis was heard." The wavering Franks were reanimated by the exhortations of their leader; the battle was restored; the King of the Allemanni fell mortally wounded on the field, and his followers were totally routed. The conqueror chased the flying Germans to the foot of the Rhetian Alps, where, on their entire submission, farther pursuit was stayed. Passing through Toul on his return, Clovis was met by Saint Vaast, who, coming to congratulate him on his triumph, learned to his joyful surprise that he was in future to regard the victor as a Christian. The news of the auspicious event was speedily diffused far and wide, and Queen Clotilda and Saint Remi hastened to complete the good work they had commenced. A day was appointed for the baptism of the monarch, and, in the meantime, the priests were not inactive among the Franks, who, swayed by the example of the chief, now lent a willing ear to doctrines, the pacific tendency of which had doubtless retarded their previous acceptance. An army of three thousand warriors, all arrayed in white vestments, received together the initiatory sacrament, and public rejoicings were celebrated by the clergy and laity throughout the land. It was a triumph, indeed, for the whole Catholic world, which had thus gained the support of the most redoubtable champion of the age. Pope Anastasius II. wrote to felicitate his "glorious and illustrious son" on his reformation, calling him his "joy and his crown," and hailing him as "a pillar of iron to the orthodox church." Avitus, bishop of Vienna, condescended to use still grosser flattery to the new convert. He invited him to shield with his protection the Catholics of every country, reminded him that his (Avitus') master, Gondobaud, had already rendered him homage, and added, "Wherever you combat, the victory will be ours." The only evidence of the personal zeal of Clovis on the occasion is an anecdote relating to the preaching of Saint Remi. The good bishop having expatiated upon the passion and death of the Saviour, produced such an effect upon the king that he started from his seat, and seizing his spear, exclaimed, "Had I been present with my brave Franks, I would have avenged his wrongs."

**A GOOD STORY.**—One day, a sturdy peasant in the environs of Evreux was at work in the fields amidst storm and rain, and went home in the evening thoroughly tired, and drenched to the skin. He was met at the house-door by his loving wife, who had been at home all day. "My dear," said she, "it has been raining so hard that I could not fetch water, so I have not been able to make you any soup. As you are wet through, I shall be obliged to you to fetch me a couple of buckets of water; you cannot get any wetter." The argument was striking; he therefore took the buckets and fetched some water from the well, which was at a considerable distance. On reaching his house, he found his wife comfortably seated by the fire; there, lifting one bucket after the other, he poured both over his head and considerate partner. "Now, wife," said he, "you are quite as wet as I am, so you may as well fetch water for yourself; you can't get any wetter."

## Excursions in Normandy.

**LAMMAS WHEAT.**—An Englishman, named Weathercroft, who emigrated on account of his opinions, settled in Caen, and had some seed wheat brought over from his own country. Among the crop, in the following year, were two ears of lammas wheat, and these two ears were the Adam and Eve of an innumerable posterity now spread over almost all France, and which threatens to exterminate the ordinary kind of wheat. It was in 1797 that these two ears were gathered. If France has lost millions through the war with England, perhaps these two grains of corn, sent accidentally from that country, have made ample amends for the mischief.—*Ibid.*

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"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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### Scientific Knowledge of the Egyptians.

IN our articles on Egypt we have had occasion to say that the history of that wondrous country was only to be gleaned from the paintings and hieroglyphics which glitter on its tombs and temples. The purport of the symbols is supposed to be now fully known, while it is acknowledged that at least forty of the alphabetic signs remain yet to be discovered. However important a land's language may be, as a necessary element in the knowledge of that country's history, there are certain subjects in the description of which even words are a failure, and recourse must be had to a language which speaks more to the eye than to the ear. The most elaborate description of artistical labour could not tell us more than the vivid paintings, which display the process of an art, the materials of manufacture, the stages through which they passed towards perfection, and the degree of labour or skill requisite thereto. These things are portrayed in fadeless panorama on almost every wall of the sacred edifices of Egypt, and the curious inquirer may there learn the artistical knowledge which prevailed from the time of Osirtesen to Sheshonk—that is, from the days of Joseph to those of Rheloboam—which was described as the golden age of the Pharaohs. It will be there learned that eighteen hundred years before Christ, an amount of scientific and mechanic information prevailed, unsurpassed even in our own proud era. The dross which then alloyed the fine gold has certainly been thrown off by us—the opaque vision of star gazers been made transparent: power has been simplified, and uses extended: but the elements are essentially the same.

The most wonderful as well as powerful of modern inventions—the steam engine—can now be traced as having been discovered by Hero, the Egyptian engineer, and it is known to have been used in the mystic performances with which the priesthood deceived the vulgar as to their supernatural ability. In this case, as in all others, ignorance and superstition were their own punishment. The secrecy in which the invention was kept, the awe with which it was viewed, prevented its further improvement, or useful application; and when the day of the priesthood had passed—when the conqueror came and took its wise men captive, or sacrificed them as an oblation to his own country's gods—this stupendous assistant to human skill was thrown aside, with other derided implements of idolatrous priestcraft, as a stupid adjunct to blasphemous presumption; yet on the walls within which these curious performances took place is to be seen the cauldron and the wheel, whose locomotion impressed a people with the belief that the deity had given signs and wonders to his servants that they might be feared, trusted, and obeyed.

It will be recollected that Moses, who was himself at least a tyro in Egyptian science, is stated in Scripture to have been so successfully imitated in his miracles by the priests, that he failed to impress on Pharaoh the idea that his authority was more divine than theirs. The fact of the great leader and lawgiver of the Israelites acknowledging that he was assisted by supreme aid, is tantamount to the fact that he did not consider the Egyptians were so; consequently, an honourable admission is made that their scientific skill was unmatchable by mere human power.

It is known that they possessed the secret by which chickens are hatched with artificial heat; and from their daring attempts to inquire into the mysterious origin of life, it is not to be doubted that they made many other attempts to produce living creatures by their own agency. That they were acquainted with electricity is evident, although to what purpose they applied it is not accurately known. Its power on inanimate subjects—the quivering sensation which it gives to all over which it passes—the shock which it inflicts on all it touches—might well induce them to believe that in it lay the principle of life. Hence we may reasonably suppose, instead of applying that remarkable agency to mechanics, as we have successfully done, that over it they wasted their energies in a fruitless attempt to

reanimate the dead, or give volition to objects of their own creating. The anathemas hurled against Egypt by the prophets indicate that a more lofty daringness and impiety characterised their speculations than did those of any other of the pagan nations. Their secrets were described as abominable, their purposes unholy, and their pride as that of Lucifer, who sought to know more than was permitted for created being to acquire. It is a remarkable fact, and worthy of the attention of the wisest, that in whatever case the priests extended their knowledge to the people, it was improved, usefully applied, preserved, and handed down to posterity; whereas that which they clothed in mystery, or shrouded with a veil of superstition, was altogether lost, or only preserved to the memory so long as the paintings were kept before the popular eye.

The principle of railways was familiarly known. Artificial lines of causeway were laid, through which ran a groove for the wheel, and which was softened with oil. Along these long lines were frequently conveyed enormous statues, entire temples, and ponderous blocks of stone. This medium of transit was the more necessary, as temporary canals could only be available when the Nile was in its overflow; and from the industry observable in all the works of the Egyptians, it is reasonable to infer that a railway would at once be laid down, rather than that the season of overflow should be waited for. It is conjectured however, by mechanicians, that the more lofty pillars of the Luxor and other places, must have been conveyed by water, not merely for their transit, but as a ready means by which the end of the obelisk could be lowered, so that it might be placed upright. Not only are traces of these canals still to be discovered, but remnants of the grooved causeways abound in various directions from the quarries which supplied those vast materials that yet attest the bold conceptions and sculptural excellencies of the Egyptians.

The greatly bruited theory of Artesian wells was not unknown to them. Engineering investigations have been lately made in the Great Oasis, in the hope that some under current might avail itself of the loop-hole afforded it by the kindly aid of man; but even there the engineer discovered that ancient inquiry had been before him; and he therefore wisely rested satisfied, that if the miracle-makers of old could not conjure water from its secret bed, his own labours would be to little purpose.

They made telescopes, and looked there through at the moon and stars as at familiar objects. But here again superstition's greedy clutch prevented inquiry from making free course, that the science might be thoroughly known. While the moon's size was accurately ascertained, they declared that it was diversified by sea and land, that one lunar day was equal to fifteen of the earth; that the earth's diameter was a third of the moon's; and that the mass of the satellite was to that of the earth as 1 to 72! They described the annual progress of the sun round the earth by twelve circles, called the zodiac, and gave a determinate sign to each of the seasons. Although they were ignorant of the earth's motion round the sun, and that the latter stood still, yet these calculations were so exact, that all astronomers have adopted the zodiac, only calling it the rotation of the earth among the sun's rays. To arrive at these conclusions they not only must have had fixed theories, but have possessed good instruments by which to prove or illustrate them. The modern invention of the telescope,—though accidental, an invention no less—was therefore no addition to the stock of human knowledge. It was a grand restoration of that which was lost; it was the glorious means by which the fables of Egyptian astrology were disproved—by which the attempts of cunning men upon the credulity of mankind was exposed—and the boundless wonders of omnipotence and space laid open as in a book to every human eye.

What a profound dream of ignorance was astrology! How vain in man to suppose that for his little career the measureless and unnumbered orbs of heaven should re-

volve, and give token to him of fortune, disappointment, or death! Our "great globe itself,

Yea, all that it inherit, might dissolve," and the far systems of infinitude proceed in their onward course rejoicing, ignorant of our destruction, unconscious that a world had gone back to chaos! Yet men who knew that these orbs proceeded in tireless motion through unimagined space, gravely told a credulous multitude that the stars were the fixed eyes of fate, and that a paltry childbirth was registered there as an event for their proper cognizance. Yet grievous has the expiation been. The Egyptian juggle, although it had believers in every age, and among every race, has utterly passed away. Like the glorious attributes of the country in which it had its birth, it is forgotten or despised, and the entire knowledge of the most learned philosophers that ever taught mankind been deemed by many an idle and useless boast.

Eclipses were calculated, and the appearance of wandering stars predicted: these celestial phenomena must have been thoroughly understood to have been anticipated, for unless the principle of motion, and an idea of space, were entertained, no correct data could be formed upon which to calculate the return of the firmamental wanderers. That these great and unerring occurrences, to which thousands of worlds as well as our own stood witnesses, were converted by deep and right thinking men to vulgar purposes can only be explained by the fact, that the world's governors delighted to rule by fear, and felt a greater pleasure in being the uncontrolled masters of a slavish host, rather than to sway in mild authority a nation equally educated and imaginative as themselves.

Chemistry attained no inconsiderable eminence among the Egyptians: to them we owe the far-fabled idea of the philosopher's stone—an idea which took fast hold of avaricious minds in all countries, and cost more time and money in its experimental pursuit, than almost any other theory which the human intellect ever entertained. To the accidents which resulted from explosions—to the deposits of mixed materials in the fiery crucible, and to the gases exhaled during the operations by which gold was expected to be made, we owe our knowledge of the fundamental principles of chemistry. But although the Egyptians sought long and seriously to discover the powerful elixir by which baser metals might be transmuted into the finest, they did not altogether despise the (to them) minor benefits which their labours conferred. They were skilled in anatomy and medicine; they distilled liquors; they used opium as a charm in certain diseases, and made unguents of white lead and verdigris; they also manufactured indestructible dyes, and printed their linen and woollen stuffs, not only with a beauty and exactness unsurpassed in later times, but with a vividness which even three thousand years has been unable to make dim. Blocks, engraved with phonetic letters, and coloured with the dye, are to be seen in the British Museum.

This rapid outline of a few of the scientific acquirements of the old Egyptians now leaves us only to add an illustration of the arts which then existed, and which we shall endeavour to complete in one more article. We shall then be enabled to take leave of a country which has abounded in marvels since the flood, and which, if properly governed, may yet arise from its ashes like the phoenix, to undergo another brilliant career of prosperity and usefulness,—to open its mighty portals into the dark regions of Nubia and Ethiopia, and permit the stream of civilisation to flow in peaceful majesty across and around the trackless deserts of Africa. Land of terrors, scene of crimes, abode of misery the European hath destroyed thee! Egypt, when herself renewed, can alone redeem thee. May thy day, and hers be speedy,—a lesson to the world, and a triumph to all who desire the well-being of their species; for, whatever opinion may be entertained of the political conduct of Mehemet Ali, no one can refuse to that wonderful man a tribute of admiration for his patronage of science and art, they being indeed the only engines which can improve his people or his country.



## Woman's Love.

## CHAPTER VI.—THE PRISON.

On the first dawn of morning, Mary Owen hastened with her child to a neighbour, and without telling her of her mission, begged her to protect it until her return, and immediately set off on her way to Pembroke, in hope of gaining an interview with, or some intelligence of her husband.

It was a bright morning, and the face of nature looked so fresh and beautiful, it might almost have gladdened the heart of the most weary wanderer; but as the rays of the sun became more and more intense, the heat was almost too overpowering for Mary, delicate as she naturally was, and now feeble with watching and grief, so that she was frequently obliged to sit down on the way-side ere she had strength to proceed.

At length she entered the town of Pembroke, and with tottering steps advanced through the narrow streets which led to the prison. As she reached its massive gates and high windowless walls, her heart nearly fainted within her, and it was some moments before she could gain courage to ring the bell. She had to prepare herself for an interview with her husband, and, haply, to arouse his fortitude or sustain it by her own; but, alas! for her own, how little did she feel it equal to the charge of even supporting itself.

At length, having rallied every power with an effort, she was admitted, and her mind was fully prepared to meet Matthew Owen with calmness.

Mary entered the court-yard, and following close upon her conductor's steps, bent her way through damp chambers and long dusky passages.

"You seem tired, young woman," exclaimed the turnkey.

"Yes," answered Mary faintly, "I have come a long way; I am weary-worn, but more in mind than in body."

"Ah, that's sad enough to be sure, but common too, with those who come to this place."

Mary made no reply, for at that moment her ear was startled and shocked by the sound of long and echoed peals of laughter, mingled with coarse jests and fearful execrations—bold and boisterous sounds, in which there was little to betoken joyousness or mirth. Shuddering, she crept closer to the side of her conductor, who seemed instinctively to guess the cause.

"Oh! young woman, this is no place for you; but there's many a girl has come, like you, before now, to seek her sweetheart in his trouble; you care little what you brave for that."

"The person I come to seek," said Mary, "is my husband."

"The worse for you, my girl, to be tied for life to a bad one; but come, here's the door."

The close unwholesome atmosphere of the building, the massive bolts, as they shot through the creaking locks, and the ponderous bars as they were severally withdrawn, and fell with heavy clang against the wall, struck almost overpoweringly in Mary's heart, and a half-uttered exclamation of agony escaped her lips; but she checked it, and the door being now partially opened, she ran eagerly forward to the spot where Matthew was sitting, his head resting upon his hands, in the attitude of absorbing grief. The turnkey, after a look of commiseration upon Mary, and a stern glance at her husband, left them.

"Oh, my dear Matthew," exclaimed Mary, throwing her arms wildly around him; "I never thought to meet you in such a place as this, but even here we shall be happy together."

"But even here they will not let us be together, Mary: it were too great a boon to let us live here together."

"Oh can they separate us, Matthew; separate those who have sworn to abide by each other, in sickness, in sorrow—in poverty, and whom death alone can part? Will they dare to break so sacred a vow, and force us to break it?"

"Alas! alas! my own dear Mary—but it will be for a short time," continued her husband, pressing his cheek to hers as it faded into deadly paleness while he spoke. "The trial soon comes on, and then my innocence in all, save the unlucky occurrence of last night, will be proved; and trusting—and oh! let us trust to the mercy of God—all will yet be well."

"Indeed, indeed, we have much need of His mercy, Matthew," whispered Mary, faintly as she bent her head upon his shoulder to weep; "and it will not be withheld from us, at least if we have not too seriously offended against him."

"But my own dear wife," interrupted Owen, "do not let me see you take it so to heart; if I knew that you can bear my absence in hopefulness, my load will be greatly lessened, and I shall think of you in our far off peaceful cabin with less painful thoughts than those which haunted me this night, Mary."

"But, Matthew, how would you have me cheerful while parted from you? How you will sigh for the fresh sea-breeze, for your little boat which has borne you so gallantly—so faithfully. When you see yourself, day after day, a hopeless, cheerless prisoner, in these gloomy dungeons, with scarce one boon of light to cheer your solitude; and, oh! how will the air of this unwholesome dwelling penetrate into your very heart? Alas,

ask me not then to be cheerful; yet I will strive to be so, dear husband," she continued more vehemently, as her soul sickened to observe his silent grief; "at least I will try to be happy in the hope of meeting again. I shall be happy during the hours I pass with you, Matthew; and above all, I shall be comforted, when at night I kneel, though alone—still, though alone, still as we did together, and pray for the release of my husband."

"God bless you, dearest," said Owen softly, for the door at that moment opened.

"It is time for you to leave young woman," said the jailor, "you have been beyond your time already."

"We meet again soon," whispered the poor girl, gently disengaging herself from her husband's embrace. She did not dare to part with him in words, but their hearts spoke silently. She beheld the door close upon him, yet no tear flowed, and Mary walked onwards, pale and high broken-hearted. Late that night she reached her deserted cot, nor did she again leave it for many days, the varied emotions of those hours having shattered her frail fabric to its very base, and scarcely was there sufficient strength left her to crawl about her lonely dwelling.

## CHAPTER VII.—THE RELEASE.

AUTUMN came and passed, and winter had already set in before the prisoners were tried and convicted; and all, with the exception of Owen, transported to our penal settlements for the term of their lives. Owen, in consideration of the circumstances of his yielding to temptation for the first time, and his previous good character, together with the imprisonment he had already suffered, was sentenced only to a few weeks' further durance. Mary visited her husband as frequently as her strength would permit, but the periods became shorter and shorter, and even the careless eye of the jailor could not avoid observing that her steps grew more and more feeble, her cheek thinner and more colourless, whilst a hollow cough sent the conviction to every heart that few and short must be the steps for her to an early grave.

Perhaps the eye of affection, perhaps the vain arguings in the mind of Matthew Owen, which shrank from the thought even of her danger, or perhaps her own unvarying answer that she was "very well," all confirmed to lull the suspicions of her husband, and place the thought of her real ill-health far out of his mind. Mary had always a word of comfort, or an expression of hope, both for herself and for him, and often, very often, a cheerful smile.

When she visited her husband it was with a countenance beaming with hope—with that subdued and softened aspect which imparted its bright rays to him, and sustained his spirits when they were inclined to droop; but soon the hour came when she was no longer able to contribute that little stock of gladness which cheered him in his gloomy abode, and, except when some friends or her father could take her to Pembroke in their market carts, she was now rarely able to see her husband, or when she did, languor or ill-health left her scarcely the strength to speak to him.

Matthew Owen was almost conscious of her danger; but a day had been fixed for his release, and when, with a heart bounding with joy he imparted the intelligence to his wife, her eyes beamed so brightly, her cheek glowed with such a deep hue, that Owen promised himself nothing but happiness, and a speedy termination to all they had suffered through those weary months.

As they parted that day in hope and thankfulness, a more dazzling smile had scarcely ever illumined her fair features.

"I am sure you are better, my Mary?" exclaimed Matthew, as he parted from her; "tell me that you are better."

Her very look assured him—it was so beautifully happy.

In the course of a fortnight all the prisoners engaged in the smuggling transaction were, with the single exception of Owen, taken from the gaol and placed, strongly ironed, upon the roofs of two coaches—well guarded by officers, who were armed up to their teeth. As they came out, their several friends and acquaintances (who in a large concourse assembled at the gaol door) gave them, either by substantial gifts or kind words, a parting remembrance. But, amidst all this, there was a harshness of feeling pervading the convicts;—some whistled, some laughed—a cold, hollow, mirthless, laugh; some smoked, and, now and then, laughed; some swore at the judge and jury. One alone stood in tears: for his orphan sister had just given him a shilling—her poor dead mother's last and only gift. It was a sad sight: the child was pretty and young too, and her farewell sob, as she was held up to kiss him (for he was ironed) had a touchiness in it which made all the women, and many stout hearts of men who were on-lookers, weep bitterly. But to the convicts—all was ready, or, as the coachman said, all "was right;" the ostlers took off the horse-cloths—the whips cracked—away went the coaches—but the hardness of the men forsook them, and all felt that it was their last view of the "home of their childhood."

When the great excitement manifested by the crowd had somewhat subsided, and after the usual temporary grouping of parties, which on any excitable occasion takes place either in village or town had ceased to exist, a man with a cheerful countenance and a light step issued from the gaol; he threw up his hat, caught it on a thick stick—put it upon its proper place, and started

away at a rapid pace. It was Matthew Owen, making his way towards that spot where all his earthly happiness existed.

The sun was brilliant—and the sky like a vast azure canopy; not a leaf gave indication of a breath of air and the sea was calm—beautifully calm. Fatiguing as it was to Matthew, who, from the effects of his imprisonment, was much weakened, to traverse the road upon such a sultry day, still the hope of lessening every moment of his wife's anxiety, and increasing at the same time her happiness, urged him onward at a speed which would have led the traveller into the belief that he was walking for a wager. At last the lone rock was descried, and no shipwrecked sailor ever discovered a sail with greater happiness at his heart than did Matthew there. At length the rock's base was attained, and in a few moments Owen expended his remaining strength in attaining its summit. He opened the door—rushed into his little room—beheld his Mary; but she slept. The poor fellow immediately retired, not wishing even to disturb repose where it was so essentially requisite. So, taking the child from the cradle, he went to the door, and beneath the shadow of the wall, sat down and caressed the infant, and so caressed her till sleep overcame them both. When he awoke some hours had elapsed, for the sun was near the horizon; he arose and determining to wake his wife as gently as possible, entered the room. Still was she asleep—for her spirit had fled some hours, and with her hands clasped as if in prayer, she had so died.

When Matthew Owen had laid his gentle Mary in her quiet grave, there was for him no more sorrow in the world, as there was no more joy—the very principle of feeling was exhausted and gone. The winter's blast, without home or shelter, was unheeded by him—the pangs of hunger were never felt—the chilling touch of sickness—the rackings of pain—the violation of want—darkness—solitude—imprisonment, had no power to daunt or afflict him. Did any one in compassion speak to him, he would answer quietly, and at intervals rationally; yet in sunshine or in storm, in tempest or in cold, he would be found on the ledge of rock where he parted with Mary, when he went to join the smugglers, and at times the saddening tears would roll over their furrowed pathways. He grew an aged man in a day, and sorrow bowed him to the grave of his gentle Mary on the next anniversary of their wedding-day.

## Progress of Duelling in France.

## CONCLUDED.

ANOTHER duel, that took place during the regency of Anne of Austria, deserves to be recorded. About the close of the year 1640, there arose a violent quarrel between the beautiful Duchess of Longueville, sister of the great Conde, and the Duchess of Montbazon, the mother in law of Madame de Chevreuse, all three celebrated in the scandalous chronicles of the day for the intrigues with which they filled the Court of the Queen Regent. The subject of this quarrel, which was of so much consequence as to decide the fate of a faction, was a billet doux, in a female hand, picked up in Madame de Montbazon's saloon. The letter did not fail to afford great diversion to the ladies who were in the Duchess's circle. When merriment ceased, curiosity succeeded, long and anxiously the questions, to whom does the letter belong? to whom is it addressed? were discussed. At length one fair dame suggested that it had dropped out of Count de Coligny's pocket, who had a few minutes previous to its discovery left the room. The suggestion was unanimously adopted. Encouraged by the success of her friend's suggestion, another lady gently insinuated the Count's passion for the Duchess de Longueville. The mystery was solved, the secret was discovered. The character of the charming Longueville, wife of the richest nobleman in France, had hitherto defied the closest scrutiny. Fond of adulation and attention, the Duchess, with crowds of lovers in her train, had as yet been undiscovered in an intrigue. With levees of admirers, none could boast of a favour. Great, therefore, were the rejoicings amongst the intriguants assembled in the saloon of the rival beauty. Before the close of the evening, the amour of the chaste Longueville was the conversation of all Paris. The fair Duchess and her mother, Madame the Princess, on hearing the scandal, threw themselves on their knees before the Queen Regent, and demanded justice for the injury done by the De Montbazon. The Queen ordered that the fair libeller should go to the apartment of her rival, and not beg her pardon, but make public recantation of what had been said either by herself or her friends. The recantation was drawn up by Cardinal Mazarin, and fastened to the fan of the culprit, who, holding it extended, read the humiliating document in tones which only left the scandal more deeply imprinted on the minds of her audience. The Duchess of Longueville, dissatisfied with so feeble a triumph, announced that she would be absent from all entertainments at which De Montbazon was present, and ordered De Coligny to challenge her frailer rival's favourite, the Duke de Guise, whose fame as a duellist maintained the sanguinary character, but, who, says Madame de Motteville, "gave such great proofs of his fickleness as well in gallantry as in lawful amour, that it was not possible for a woman to speak well of him without disrespect to her own sex." The combat took place in the presence of a vast multitude, assembled at the Place Royale to see the sport. De Longueville's martyr, De Coligny, was mortally



wounded, and his second, L'Estrades, received a gash that disfigured him for life. Madame De Longueville attached so much importance to this duel, that she witnessed the combat from behind a window curtain in the hotel of the old Duchess Polian; but she derived from it only the mortification of losing her lover, and being made the subject of a bitter lampoon, which De Motteville has preserved in her memories of Anne of Austria.

The desperate affray between the Dukes of Beaufort and Nemours, with another encounter fought, four against four, full particulars of which are detailed in Voltaire's age of Louis XIV., roused the apathy of the public mind; and that which royal edicts, and sanguinary punishment was unable effectually to repress, was to a great extent effected by a simple but sincere minister of religion. M. Olier, the founder of the congregation of St. Sulpice, conceived a plan for supplying the inefficiency of the law, by putting honour in opposition to itself. With this view he projected an association of gentlemen, of tried valour, who, by writing, to which the solemnity of an oath was to be added, were to oblige themselves never to accept or give a challenge, and never to serve as seconds in a duel. In this extraordinary project he engaged the Marquis de Fenelon, a nobleman respected for the openness of his disposition and austerity of his principles, of whom the great Condé used to say, that "he was equally qualified for conversation, for the field, and for the cabinet," and to whom his virtuous nephew, the Archbishop of Cambrai, was indebted for his education and early patronage. The Marquis de Fenelon placed himself at the head of the association; and no one was admitted into it, who had not eminently distinguished himself in the service. On the Sunday of Pentecost, in the year 1651, the members assembled in the church of St. Sulpice, and placed in the hands of M. Olier, a solemn instrument, expressing their firm and unalterable resolution never to be principals or seconds in a duel, and to discourage duelling to the utmost of their power. The great Condé was struck with the proceedings. "A person," said he to the Marquis de Fenelon, "must have the opinion which I have of your valour, not to be alarmed at seeing you break the ice on this occasion."

Louis XIV. seconded the views of the virtuous pastor: he took a solemn oath not to pardon a duel, and in the course of his reign published several severe laws against duelling. By the last of these laws he established a Court of Honour; composed of the Marshals of France, to hear and determine all cases of honour; they were invested with ample powers; and the severest penalties were inflicted on those who should give or accept a challenge, or otherwise disobey their decrees. The correction of this gross abuse seems indeed to have been a very laboured point of this great king's government, and his meritorious wish does not appear to have deserted him in his latest moments, for, by his will, he particularly recommended to his successor the care of his edicts against duels. We have used the word "appears," for such is the inconsistency of human nature, and the supremacy of opinion over legislation, that at the very time Louis was demanding strict obedience to his enactments from the majority of his subjects, he would not allow any soldier in his own regiment to refuse a challenge; and several times, where duels had no fatal termination, he winked at the transgression of the law!

In 1709, M. de Boisseuil, one of the king's esquires of the body, while accompanying his master on a visit to Nancy, discovered a sharper cheating at cards, and exposed him before the whole company. The knave demanded satisfaction. "I will not fight with a scoundrel," said Boisseuil. "I may be a scoundrel," said the other, "but I do not like to be told so." Boisseuil, struck with the observation, at once accompanied him into the field, and received a very severe wound. The gamester fled. No one was ignorant of this adventure; but the king always pretended to know nothing about the matter, and ascribed Boisseuil's illness to a natural disease.

Voltaire in narrating this act of Louis XIV., thus describes its effects: "The salutary rigour observed by never departing from this so long wanted royal resolution, among a people too that valued themselves for being a Christian and a polished nation, worked by degrees a reformation, till they finally renounced the intestine hostility of duelling; and this moral example was soon after adopted by the neighbouring kingdoms, who had hitherto copied them."

Thus ended in France, and by the force of example in Europe, the legalised system of duelling; a system which not only involved in its catastrophe the lives of the principal, but also so many seconds as might be summoned to the field. The refusal to act as a second, when the practice of those parties engaging in the combat was fully adopted, became as much an impeachment of a man's courage, as the refusal to respond to a challenge. A remarkable instance of the liability of all men of honour to act in the capacity is well known in the annals of duelling. The servant of a duellist, a man of family, who wanted one of his number of seconds, galloped through the streets of Paris, and cried aloud for the first French gentleman that heard him, instantly to mount the horse he was on, and ride away to the field of battle to which he should direct him. The first gentleman he met, acted accordingly; "this being," says the narrator, "a duty which all persons of that denomination held indispensable, as in a like difficulty they were to hope for a similar assistance."

Although Louis XIV. thus effectually suppressed legalised duelling, he was unable to extirpate that jealousy about the point of honour, which makes a man to be looked on as degraded who receives an affront with impunity. A new, and certainly a mitigated and far less outrageous mode of duelling, rose out of the ashes of the old; a mode which originated in an attempt to elude the edicts of Louis XIII., and which received the denomination of *rencontre*. It was an endeavour to class duels under the head of accidental meetings, on the pretext that no challenge was previously given.

A *rencontre* is thus explained by a French writer of the last century. "If a gentleman, either covertly or overtly, affronts another, the first opportunity, out of the reach of witnesses, is taken by either or both, to appoint a street or a road in which they are to meet to a moment, and either on foot, or horseback, or in carriage, occasion some kind of justifying or sudden scuffle, as they shall have agreed on before hand, to be looked on in the sense of whatever spectators may be accidentally present as an unforeseen and instantaneous event, and by no means the result of any former provocation, since which they might have had time to reflect and grow cool." By this means the necessity of having seconds was avoided, and the meshes of the law escaped.

This system of duelling continued in vogue in France during the early part of the eighteenth century. The circumstances which gave rise to meetings of this sort were trivial in the extreme; the guards of two swords happening to run against each other in a narrow passage, the inadvertently treading on a foot or toe, a supercilious look, a continued gaze, or the defence of an opinion with unaffected freedom—any of these causes was amply sufficient to provoke a *rencontre*. Happily we may imagine duels of this description were as harmless in themselves, as their origin was simple. We say "imagine," for while the statistics of the former are open and notorious, those of the latter are concealed and doubtful. In the legalised duel, the combatants prided themselves in having their perilous adventures proclaimed to the world, but every precaution was taken to prevent any suspicion of a *rencontre* having been premeditated.

The only European territory in which the commencement of the eighteenth century did not witness the abolition of the practice of the legalised duel was the island of Malta, which was the last refuge of the proud chivalry of the middle ages. In an interesting tour through Sicily and Malta, written by Patrick Brydone, and published in 1773, the fact is thus narrated:—"Perhaps Malta is the only country in the world where duelling is permitted by law. As their whole establishment is originally founded on the wild and romantic principles of chivalry, they have laid it under fresh restrictions, as greatly to lessen its danger. These are curious enough. The duellists are obliged to decide in one particular street of the city, and if they presume to fight any where else they are liable to the rigour of the law. But what is not less singular, and much in their favour, they are obliged under the most severe penalties to put up their swords when ordered so to do by a woman, a priest, or a knight. Under these limitations in the middle of a great city, one would imagine it almost impossible that a duel could ever end in blood; however, this is not the case. A cross is always painted on the wall, opposite to the spot where a knight has been killed, in the commemoration of his fall. We counted twenty of these crosses. About three months ago, two knights had a dispute at a billiard table. One of them, after giving a great deal of abusive language, added a blow; but to the astonishment of all Malta (in whose annals there is not a similar instance), after so great a provocation, he absolutely refused to fight his antagonist. The challenge was repeated, and he had plenty of time to reflect upon the consequences, but still he refused to enter the lists. He was condemned to make *amende honorable* in the great church of St. John's for forty-five days successively; then to be confined in a dungeon without light for five years, after which he is to remain a prisoner in the castle for life. The unfortunate young man who received the blow is likewise in disgrace, as he had not an opportunity of wiping it out in the blood of his adversary. This has been looked upon as a very singular affair, and is still the principal subject of conversation. The first part of the sentence has been executed, and the poor wretch is already in his dungeon. Nor is it thought that any abatement will be made in what remains." Brydone describes Malta as "one of the best academies for politeness in this part of the globe;" and adds, "where every one is entitled by law, as well as by custom, to demand satisfaction for the least breach of it, people are under a necessity of being very exact and circumspect, both with regard to their words and actions." This law, it is to be hoped, expired with the government of the knights of St. John.

[We here conclude our annals of duelling. The research we have expended on the subject may not have led us to any special result; but the anecdotes we have compiled, and the animating passions we have shown to govern those who were called "men of honour," will at least prove that a falsity of pride as well as courage predominated through the long career of crime, and that the sooner society gets rid of the fatal encumbrance gifted to it by false taste, and more false justice, the better it will be for improvement, for the extension of correct

principles, and the closer appropriation in the brotherhood of classes and nations. At all events, our labour shall not have been in vain if our readers are led to look with contempt on all duellists, and to class them as selfish disturbers of the peace of man.—Ed. C. L. J.]

#### New Zealand Reminiscences.

**LADIES' FASHIONS.**—While crossing a creek a native told me that one of the women near us was tattooed behind like the men. I asked her if it was the case, and she said, yes, and that if I would wait and let her get on a little ahead, she would show it, which she accordingly, did to my great edification. It is a very rare thing for women to be tattooed anywhere but about the lips and chin, and this was quite a curiosity. I used to think it rather ornamental in the men, but what its use can be in a woman I cannot imagine, as they are always covered: the women are often quite covered with blue marks, which might be called tattooing in England; it is of the same kind as sailors are so fond of pricking into their arms; but it is a totally different thing from the elaborate engraving on a New Zealander:—inasmuch as in one case the skin is cut and remains in the same pattern as the stains, and in the other the marks do not at all effect the smoothness of the skin. I have seen the arms and bodies of the New Zealand women so covered with these powerful blue marks, that they looked as if they had on them a tight-fitting figured chintz dress.

**AN INVENTION.**—Our encampment to-night was on the top of a very high and steep hill, and as we had no kettle to carry water, I was obliged to use my makintosh, which answered very well, by making a loop to hold up the edges. I pride myself on my invention, and think Mr. Makintosh ought to send me a new one, for finding out a new use for this article of clothing, and thereby enhancing its value.

**LOVE AND WAR.**—It appears that if two tribes are at war, and the chief of most consequence in one tribe were to marry the only daughter of the corresponding "rangitara" of the other, that would not do anything towards making peace between the two tribes; but the two individuals only would observe neutrality; and this is the more curious, as females can really hold property, and are in fact chiefs, as well as the men. It is a striking instance of the want of real power in the chiefs; as were there any real government, such a marriage could not fail to unite the tribes under one head, or at all events to render them allies.

**WAR DANCE.**—I saw a war dance and think it would be sufficient to strike terror into the heart of any man. Imagine a body of about 3000 nearly naked savages, made as hideous as possible by paint, standing in close rank, and performing a sort of recitative of what they would do with their enemies if they could only lay hold of them. They stood in four close lines, one behind the other, with a solitary leader (as it appeared) in front at the right end of the line. This leader was a woman, who excelled in the art of making hideous faces. The feet had but a small part of the work to perform, as they did not break their lines, but merely kept up a kind of stamp in excellent time with one foot; their arms and hands had plenty to do, as they were twisted into all possible positions to keep tune with the recitative; their eyes all moved together in the most correct time it is possible to conceive;—and some of the performers possessed the power of turning them so far downwards, that only the whites were visible. This was particularly the case with the woman whom I have spoken of as the leader; she was a remarkably handsome woman when her features were in their natural state, but when performing she became more hideous than any person who has not seen savages can possibly imagine: she was really very much like some of the most forbidding of the Hindoo idols,—the resemblance to a statue being rendered more perfect by the pupiless eyes, the most disagreeable part of sculpture. The words of their song I could not get a translation of, but I understood that they merely described how they would kill and eat their enemies, as well as the attack, the muskets, &c. The intonation could hardly be considered musical; but they would repeat a number of words in a short staccato manner, and then dwell on one with a general hiss, which would make one's blood run cold: at other times the sound would be still more horrid, but one that was impossible to describe,—it was not, according to my idea, a yell, but something far more dreadful. One of their hisses, however, reminded me of the sounds of returning ramrods, when well performed by a large body of soldiers. I can only describe the manner in which the words were repeated, by supposing they were according to the time of a piece of music, but all in one note; for the different hisses, groans, audible shudders, &c., could hardly be represented by any kind of musical intervals. The whole performance was so horrid that, although I am possessed of strong nerves, I could not repress a shudder, and my hair almost stood on end; and I certainly felt very glad that I was on a different side of the village from them. The whole performance took up about an hour: afterwards they had some speechifying; and then they separated. I believe they have these war-dances, &c., in order to keep up their courage to the sticking point, as they are such cowards that they would never fight without some such adventitious excitement.—*Bidwill's Rambles.*



## Familiar Chapters on Science.

NO. VIII.—MEDICAL LEARNING.

A CORRECT acquaintance with those branches of science which concur to advance the knowledge of medicine, is a necessary first step towards the formation of an accomplished physician. It will be our business in this and succeeding chapters to prove the truth of this assertion.

Hippocrates was the first who applied himself to the study of physic as the sole business of his life. In his time, an extensive knowledge of diseases and their remedies had been attained; but it was reserved for the present era to perfect that knowledge by the addition of a vast body of collateral evidence drawn from the stores which have subsequently been unfolded by chemistry, geology, and experimental philosophy. Such, however, were the attainments of the medical philosophers of that early period, such their diligence in observing facts, such the accuracy of their discrimination and the soundness of their reasoning, that they left but comparatively little on which the mere force of observation could improve. Indeed, they attained a boundary which it would have been scarcely possible to pass, but by the aid of those auxiliaries which other branches of science have since supplied.

It is affirmed that Hippocrates had only once an opportunity of seeing a human skeleton when he published his work on the bones. This may account for the serious errors he fell into regarding the construction of the human body, and the various functions its separate parts were called upon to perform. The dissections he undertook, were, for the most part, performed on animals, and generated, therefore, but little physiological knowledge.

Anatomy, however, is closely allied to the successful practice of medicine. It does not, it is true, teach the remedies of a disease, nor the specific origin or character of disorders, but it enables the physician to know when pain is referred to any particular part, what particular organ he expects to find diseased, and what function disordered. It enables him to judge accurately of visible change in the form, size, position, and situation of parts which come within the sphere of sight; and to exercise, by the touch, similar discrimination with reference to those which are not superficial. It enables him to trace pain to its true source, even when circumstances of a delusive character intervene; also to distinguish between sympathetic pain and that which is idiopathic. Anatomy, however, confers advantages beyond those connected with mere situation, position, and construction; as the introduction to physiology, it opens wide the portals of a vast, important, and interesting knowledge. In the origin and the insertion of muscles, and their obvious influence when in action, the anatomist discovers the mechanism of those means by which our several members are moved upon the body, and the individual parts of those members are moved upon each other; he perceives in these bundles of fibres the principle of motion manifested in their decurtation, or act of shortening; and thus the physiological attribute called contractility, as well as the mechanism of the apparatus, become demonstrated to his view. By the exercise of his ingenious skill, he moreover traces the course of the air vessels from their trunk, the trachea, through their innumerable ramifications and ultimate terminations in the air cells of the lungs; he traces also, in their course, the blood-vessels as they proceed deeper and deeper into the pulmonary tissue, approximating always more and more closely to the air-cells, until the delicate structure that separates them, scarcely becomes a barrier to the actual contact of their respective contents; to this proximity of the vital fluid, and the air inspired, he is led to impute the obvious changes which the blood undergoes in the act of respiration, and is furnished with data whereon to proceed in the prosecution of researches with relation to other vital processes. Dissection traces the courses of the vessels which traverse all parts of the body; it follows some to those organs where the senses reside, some to parts where the powers of voluntary motion are located, and others to parts which are not subservient to the will; the spectator acquiring, in the process, materials for physiological examination into the most subtle phenomena of animal existence.

Anatomy thus furnishes the source whence the physician has been enabled to associate the form, distribution, and other structural peculiarities of individual parts with their relation and order in which nature has united them; to trace the dependence of one part upon another, and their marvellous adaptation to each other; to acquire an insight into the beautiful structure of the heart—the centre of life; to comprehend the wonderful mechanism which controls its actions; to solve the fact that the vital current requires supplies from the elements of the food we eat and the air we breathe; to investigate the arrangements for the attainment of both objects,—arrangements which compel the whole of the blood in the body (averaging in an adult about twenty-five pints), to pass through the lungs once in every five minutes by the active agency of the heart, there to undergo a complicated change, even in its rapid transit, by which it receives from the air inspired what is indispensable to life, and evolves what ceases to be useful to it; and, finally, to observe the contrivances for repairing the wear and tear of the system by the processes of nutrition.

In the investigation of the phenomena opened to the inquiry of the medical man by the processes of dissection, the whole range of animated creation and organic life comes within the scope of his research; and in studying the peculiarities of animal and vegetable existence, under every variety of circumstance, he is enabled to deduce analogies which materially assist him in the comprehension of those that appertain to the physiology of man; analogies indeed, in the absence of which these phenomena had still remained in the deepest obscurity. He finds that the wonderful harmony of the complicated structure of the human frame is maintained, not only under such circumstances as may appear to be congenial to it, but under the influence of seeming incompatibilities. He observes that his constitution permits him to inhabit *all regions*; that the inclemencies of each particular atmosphere do not materially affect him; that his bodily faculties are adapted to the resources necessary for obtaining the means of sustenance, and his powers of digestion and assimilation to the peculiarities of such food as may be within his reach. This is not the case with other animals. A dog fed on white bread, wheat, and water, did not live more than fifty days. Rabbits and Guinea-pigs fed on either wheat, oats, barley, cabbage, or carrots died with all the signs of inanition in fifteen days; but if the same substances were given simultaneously, or in succession, the animals lived without experiencing any ill effect. An ass fed on dry rice, and afterwards on boiled rice, lived only fifteen days. Dogs fed with cheese alone, or with hard eggs, lived for a long time, but became feeble and thin, and lost their hair. After an animal has been fed for a long period on one kind of aliment, which, if continued, will not support life, allowing him his customary food will not then save him; he will eat eagerly, but dies as soon as if he had continued to be restricted to the one article of food which was first given. With respect to local influences on the bodily faculties of the lower animals, influences which take no effect upon man—there is an interesting exemplification mentioned by Lyell. Some English miners, who were sent by various mining companies to the mines in Mexico, took with them several greyhounds, for the purpose of coursing hares, which are abundant on the Mexican mountains; the dogs were deficient in strength and speed for taking their game in those elevated regions, several thousand feet above the level of the sea, with an atmospheric pressure very considerably diminished, and widely different from that to which they had been accustomed; but their offspring bred in those regions, acquired chests and powers of respiration which enabled them to chase their prey with entire success.

It is not, however, upon dissection alone that the physiologist relies. His attention is directed to the air; to the earth; to the waters of stagnant pools, of streams, of rivers, and of the vast ocean itself. He finds objects of interest and instruction in every part of the globe that is accessible to him. The burning regions of the torrid zone, the eternal snows of the arctic regions, the summits of the highest mountains, and the depths of caverns, all teem with life, according to the modifications of each locality. Upon this part of the subject, however, we cannot now enter, our usual limits having been exceeded. But in the next number of the Journal we shall continue our investigations into the interesting history of medical learning, which we shall illustrate by some apposite facts in the sciences; and in the number following we shall bring our observations to a close in a third and concluding chapter.

## A Belgian Bride.

A TALE OF A TAVERN.\*

It is a good forty-five years ago, said the hostess. Krettel de Hornberg, as she was named from the village where she was born, was then a pretty servant girl. In the whole country you could not have met with a lighter step or a merrier heart. Lively, joyous, quick at work as at the dance on fair-days, having an answer ready for the sly jokes of travellers, and idle compliments of the young peasants round about, she knew how to make an energetic decision. If the occasion presented itself, which did not, however, deprive her of the charm and naivete of a young girl. Therefore, as you may easily imagine, she neither wanted admirers nor lovers. Unfortunately, Krettel was not rich: an orphan from infancy, she was brought up by the charity of Widow Vanderstitchel, proprietress of the auberge of Beckx, and dearly paid that debt of gratitude by constant and unceasing labour in the service of a harsh and avaricious mistress. As you will doubtless think very natural, the son of the rich aubergiste, Michael Vanderstitchel, could not live constantly near Krettel without being touched by her good qualities, and the gracefulness of manner which each day she more and more developed. But Michael was timid and shamed, especially in his mother's presence; he had never the courage to resist her imperative tone of voice, or rise above the empire she exercised on all around. He was not ignorant that she had determined on his marriage with the daughter of a rich farmer in the neighbourhood, and was incapable of showing the necessary energy to oppose such a project. Thus he had never ventured to speak to Krettel of his love, which he allowed her, however, to divine in secret; and if he smiled at the jealous sarcasms of the young men of the village, who were all his rivals—if he seemed by his

conduct to authorise the report of certain evil tongues anent his passion for Krettel, and the tender return of which he was the object, it was rather to destroy suspicion, by the indifference he affected to feel, than from a wish to further his suit in the young girl's heart by their means. However, calumny cannot lie hid for ever, and Madame Vanderstitchel was not long in being informed of what was said about Krettel and her son. She had implicit reliance on her servant's propriety of conduct, but still could not avoid showing her ill temper, perhaps because of the very injustice of the report which had been spread abroad, an injustice which prevented her flying into a passion with Krettel, and sending her away in disgrace.

It was evening in the month of June, 1790. Michael was from home; Krettel and Madame Vanderstitchel were busy in removing the remains of a supper they had just served to some travellers and inhabitants of the environs. At the close of the repast, at the moment when the conversation had become more general, and the pipes of all were lighted, the men amused themselves by relating amongst each other stories of supernatural apparitions seen at "Het Kruys." They talked a great deal also about the numerous thefts which were each night committed in the neighbourhood, and the assassinations which often took place, as they said, near the cross-roads of the ruins of Wertenfeld. All were agreed in attributing such crimes to a mysterious association of malefactors, a band of robbers, to which had been given the name of "The Black Brotherhood of Wertenfeld," and, as it was asserted, collected together in the woods of Holsters, under the order of one Jaen, long celebrated throughout Brabant for his cruelty as well as address. And, as ever happens on such occasions, each in his turn improved on what he heard. These fearful stories were listened to by some with a blind confidence in their truth, and by others with undisguised contempt. At this moment might be remarked a stranger, whose costume announced an opulent farmer, and who having entered the cabaret at the end of the table, seemed to listen with attention to what was told about Het Kruys.

"'Tis all very fine, my master's," interrupted the stranger, taking part in the conversation, "but yet I'll wager a trifle that none of those here, who show so much incredulity, dare venture to repair alone at this late hour to the cross-roads of Wertenfeld. Come, let us see," he added, drawing out his purse; "this piece of gold shall be his who, with this bit of red chalk, will go and write his name on Het Kruys, and bring us back a branch of the wild box which grows beside it."

On hearing this singular proposition, the assembled peasants turned towards the stranger, whose eyes had assumed an expression of contemptuous cunning, and gazed on him silently and long; but none seemed disposed to accept the challenge. At this moment a soft and gentle hand pressed lightly on the shoulder of the unknown.

"Give me the piece of gold," said Krettel, "and I will go to the cross-ways of Het Kruys."

"Thou, young girl!"

"Krettel! bravo, Krettel," cried all the peasants, laughing loud, and clapping their hands.

"I will go," continued Krettel resolutely. She took the morsel of red chalk, and threw her eyes on the Widow Vanderstitchel. Madame would doubtless have opposed Krettel's design, but the young girl had taken the piece of gold, and, despite the darkness of the night, darting through the door, had already disappeared.

When she suddenly decided on accepting the stranger's challenge, Krettel had but one motive, that of proving to Madame Vanderstitchel that she was not so faint-hearted as she thought; and then a threat which had been made of driving her from the auberge, the thought of being compelled to take her departure, of being separated from Michael,—all had impelled her to brave a moment's fear. But when she found herself alone in the dark wood, in a place of which so many fearful things were told, her heart began to beat with hurried movement, and she was compelled to invigorate her drooping courage by the thought of all she might gain from perseverance and lose by failure. Like the spirit of the ruins amidst the surrounding darkness, she still advanced, making the least noise possible, and painfully retaining even her breath, when, at the moment of her reaching the foot of Het Kruys, she distinctly saw a light flash from beneath the vaults of the chapel; at the same instant a singular noise made her turn her head, and she perceived in mute alarm a horse, ready bridled and saddled, a valise on his back, pawing the ground with impatience, fastened as he was to the branches of a tree, under the shade of which he seemed waiting the arrival of his master. There was no longer room for doubt—the place was inhabited by the Black Brotherhood of Holsters! She instantly fell on her knees on the steps of Het Kruys, traced her name on the pedestal, broke off a branch of wild box, and hastened to resume her way back; but as she turned towards the chapel, a human form rose erect in one of its roofless aisles.

"Stop!" cried an imperious voice, which was repeated by all the startled echoes of Wertenfeld.

The shrill sound of many whistles rang loud and clear through the resounding ruins; a pistol was fired, but she luckily escaped all injury in the surrounding gloom. She hastily unfastened the horse, threw herself into the saddle, and darted off at a gallop.

Ten minutes after, completely breathless, Krettel had reached the door of the auberge, where she was received with acclamation by all the peasants, who praised her courage high, and with mute but expressive tenderness by Michael Vanderstitchel, who, on his return home, having learnt with much disquietude what had taken place, was just on the point of setting out to meet her at the cross-ways of Het Kruys. Krettel hastened to relate what had befallen her, and each then admired the beauty of the horse of which she had thus possessed herself, and which it was evident must have belonged to the chief of the band of robbers himself. The valise contained some articles of men's apparel, and four thousand livres in gold. At sight of so large a sum, all present cried out the more loudly, declaring that the poor girl had well earned it all, and Madame Vanderstitchel, in her exuberant joy, nearly

\* Abridged from the Metropolitan.



stuffed her in a warm embrace. Then the aubergiste, without further explanation, locked up the four thousand livres in a strong box, and had the horse jockeyed up in her stable. It was only at this moment that it was for the first time perceived with surprise that the stranger was no longer in the hall, without any one being exactly able to tell when he left it.

However, the next day being Sunday, Madame Vanderstitchel dressed herself in her best at an early hour, in order to go and hear mass at Turkout, and at the same time give information to the officers of justice, for she was anxious to know whether the horse and his burden might be considered a lawful capture. But before setting out, she enjoined Krettel to take great care of the house in her absence.

"Clean the pewter dishes well, child," she said, "and get ready breakfast. We—my son and me I mean—shall soon return."

"And we'll go this evening to the kennesse of Hoogstraeten," said Michael, gazing tenderly on Krettel.

"And I will bring thee a silk apron and maline handkerchief with crimson spots from Turkhout," resumed Mad. Vanderstitchel, embracing her.

"Courage, I have good hopes!" whispered Michael in her ear, and squeezing her hand.

"Adieu, Krettel, adieu, my daughter! Thou remainest alone, therefore take great care of everything, and mind the business of the house as well as that of the kitchen."

In the intoxication of her delight, Krettel stood on the threshold of the door until her eyes ached, gazing earnestly after Madame Vanderstitchel and her son as long as she could see them wending their way on the road to Turkhout. Then, at length, she entered the house with a gentle sigh, and set to work with ardour and diligence, thinking all the while on what Michael had said to her in a low voice. Never had she experienced so much happiness at any one time. Madame had called her child, Michael had pressed her hand and bid her hope. Hope! what a joyous future, and what happy projects did the poor young girl build on that single word! A few minutes had scarce flown away when she heard a knock at the door. She hastened to open it, and it was with a surprise somewhat mixed with uneasiness that she found herself in the presence of the unknown, who, the evening before, had thrown out the challenge to go and write her name on the pedestal of Het Kruijs.

"Well," said the man to Krettel, "here thou art, young girl, who so cleverly makest laughing-stocks of the brotherhood of Holsters, and venturist all alone to brave the general terror which they inspire by the dead man's cross. I could never have suspected so much courage under such a pretty face, nor in that sweet and timid look of thine."

The strange tone in which he uttered these words froze the life blood at Krettel's heart. "What mean you?" she hesitatingly asked.

"Listen!" he replied roughly. "This is no time for concealment. I am Jaen, the chief of the Black Brotherhood of Holsters. It was my horse thou stolest away at Het Kruijs, and I am now come to demand an explanation from thee for the audacity of thy conduct yesternight in the ruins of Wertensfeld."

Krettel, half dead with alarm, fell trembling on her knees. "Mercy, mercy, monsieur!" she said, clasping her hands; "take back your gold, and do not kill me!"

Jaen laughed aloud. "Kill thee, Krettel! and who ever had such a thought? Listen attentively. On the contrary, I am charmed at thy bold conduct. I tell thee, wench, thou art affianced to me by writing thy name on the stone base of Het Kruijs, and I am resolved to take thee back with me to the ruins of Wertensfeld, amidst the forest of Holsters. I will make thee my companion, or my wife, as thou mayest please."

"Holy virgin!" exclaimed the girl, writhing her arms in despair.

"What dost fear? With me, consider well, thou wilt enjoy perfect freedom, shalt have gold, rich clothes, and joyous banquets in abundance. 'Tis no ordinary robber that speaks to thee, but the chief of a determined band of freebooters, who will all respect thee as the sharer of thy master's bed, and pay thee tribute. There are more joys than thou thinkest of in our unknown retreats. 'Tis my bushy eyebrows, my thick beard, my severe looks which frighten thee, I see. By Beelzebub, my patron, I never knew what it was to court a pretty girl, or play the love-sick swain by her side, but a passion worthy of thee lies hid, however, beneath this rude exterior. Come then, fool that thou art, thy heart is warm and free—come then to my arms, let me press thy bee-like waist, and snatch a kiss from those pleasure-provoking lips of thine."

Krettel darted to the other side of the room, and hastened to put the table between Jaen and her.

"No! no!" she cried, doubtless reckoning much on this new means of defence, "my heart is not free. I love Michael Vanderstitchel, the son of my mistress. He is to marry me next spring. O, monsieur, do not destroy me."

"'Tis false! by all the devils that were ever spawned! Thou must have lied, I say—confess it quick!" and in his anger the brigand drew a large knife from his belt, hurled it across the table with such force that the blade was plunged quivering up to the hilt in the thickness of the wooden wall. Nevertheless, when he saw the terror printed on the young girl's features, he made a gesture as though to stop himself. "Come, come—I am wrong," he said; "let us lay aside this war of words; but remember, my beauty, I never beseech in vain—thou art henceforth mine. Thou must needs penetrate the mysteries of Wertensfeld, and now our safety imperatively requires that we make sure of thee. Thou must either die or become my companion. Choose, then! And now draw me some beer, and set some glasses down. I expect two of my band anon, and hope before their arrival to have appeased thy reluctance, and silenced those scruples of thine which offend me."

Krettel hastened to serve him, hoping thereby to turn away his attention from herself, and thus escape his advances. She lighted a lamp, raised a trap-door, which

opened in the hall itself, and descended a flight of steps. But scarce had she passed the lowest, and reached a cold damp passage, than she heard steps behind, which she doubted not were those of Jaen following her. He doubtless hoped in a place so small to reduce his victim more easily to his purpose. Then terror inspired Krettel with a desperate resolution. The moment she saw him enter the passage, she blew out the light, glided swiftly between him and the wall in the dark, and before he could recover from his surprise had darted up the ladder, let down the trap, thrown upon it the table and kitchen dresser, and fallen breathless on her knees to thank Heaven for having thus miraculously escaped the danger which had threatened her.

Krettel was yet all agitation, anxiously listening to the robber, who dashed himself furiously against the trap, uttering fierce blasphemies, when she heard a loud knock at the door of the auberge. To rush in a moment hither, to lock and double lock and bolt the door, was the work of a moment, for she guessed that the applicants for admission must be the villains whom Jaen de Holsters expected. Surprised at not receiving an answer, the two men pushed on one side the shutter of a small low window, defended by iron bars, and casting a look into the interior of the house they first discovered Krettel, whom fear had nailed to the place. The robbers were disguised as mendicants.

"My good girl," said one of them, with an hypocritical drawing twang, "have pity on two poor wretches who have not tasted food since yesterday."

"Go away, I have nothing for you," was the reply.

"We have travelled the whole night from Tilburg, and are worn out with fatigue. Give us a morsel of bread for mercy's sake, and allow us to rest an instant in this auberge."

"No—it is impossible," said Krettel.

"You treat us very harshly," resumed the man with distrust, for the short sharp tone of the young servant, her extreme paleness, and doubtless the disorder which reigned in the apartment, began to give rise to some suspicions in his mind. Have you not seen on the road near here a man of elevated stature, wrapped in a brown cloak, and whose head was covered by a broad brimmed hat?"

"Not a soul! I am alone—I have not seen a soul!" interrupted Krettel quickly, whose terror augmented in proportion with the obstinacy of the two men to remain at the grated window.

At this moment Jaen again threw his body violently against the cellar trap, for, as he heard a faint murmur of conversation with the young girl, he suspected that his allies were at hand.

"Help!" he growled from the depth of his prison-house. "Help, comrades! beat in the door!"

"Ha! ha!" cried the robbers, laying aside all further attempt at dissimulation, and instantly assuming a tone of menace. "What is that we hear below there? We counsel thee to open us that door, if thou wouldst not make acquaintance with the point of our knives."

Krettel once more recalled her failing courage to her aid. She threw back the shutter of the small low window, which was besides sufficiently defended by the iron bars, and bolted it fast—Oh! how her fingers trembled!—and seizing Michael Vanderstitchel's gun, she mounted to the first story, took her place at a window, levelled her piece at the two brigands, who were endeavouring to force open the stout old oaken door, and threatened them with instant death if they did not instantly depart. At the same time, in order to prove that it was no vain bravado, she fired and instantly recharged her weapon. The robbers held a council, and in a few minutes after one of them recommenced his efforts against the door, which happily was, as we before said, stout and thick, while the other made a tour of the house to discover a weaker side by which he might gain admittance. Our heroine then flew on the wings of the wind, and barricaded every other outlet. For a long time she sustained this species of siege unflinchingly, and kept thus in check all the rage and mad attempts of the Black Brotherhood of Wertensfeld. A large stack of straw chanced to be in the court; the wind blew from the north; there was then no danger that the flames would be carried to the roof of the house; with her usual address Krettel profited by the circumstance. She seized a flaming brand, hurled it from the window on the stack, and in a few moments a bright red flame darted up, and called for the assistance of the neighbourhood. She also seized the rope of a large bell, destined to summon the servants of the auberge from their work to meals, and rang it lustily and without ceasing, scattering thus the intelligence of her danger, while with the musket, which she pointed every moment, she kept the men of Jaen's band at a respectful distance.

"Hag! devil's dam! Wilt hold thy cursed noise?" cried the brigands, with an explosion of frantic rage difficult to express.

"Wait! wait!" said one of them, who had managed to scale one of the walls and get upon the roof. "We will soon silence thee with a vengeance!" and he crept into the kitchen chimney, intending by that means to make good his entrance. Krettel hastily descended and threw two or three fagots of green vine branches on the embers. The smoke ascended in clouds, and speedily suffocated, asphyxiated the wretch. He fell heavily, his dress on fire, and half dead, on the kitchen floor. At that moment the door gave way and was beaten in. The young servant turned round in speechless terror, for she fancied she was lost without resource, but she instantly recognized her mistress, and all the inhabitants of Beckx, who had run in haste to learn the cause on hearing the sound of the alarm-bell as well as seen the fire, and fainted in the arms of Michael. It is scarce necessary to add that the capture of Jaen and the two robbers brought on the arrest and execution of the rest of the band of the Black Brotherhood of Holsters. As a testimony of the country's gratitude for so eminent a service, the sum of gold which she had so cleverly taken away from the ruins of Wertensfeld was granted to Krettel as a dowry. She was henceforth rich, and Madame Vanderstitchel, touched by her devotion, no longer opposed her marriage with her son. The ensuing spring, as she had herself said, Michael led her blushing

and happy to the altar of the village church, and a few years after, Mademoiselle Vanderstitchel having paid the debt of nature, Krettel at length found herself mistress of that auberge in which she had so long and so diligently filled the place of servant.

### The Late Theodore Hook.

We glean the following anecdotes of this distinguished literary character from the New Monthly Magazine, of which he was for many years the Editor.

His brilliant reputation, did not rest solely on his conversational sallies and impromptu performances, unusual as they were, and must have been, to astonish Sheridan, who is said to have been present at one of his most remarkable exploits—the singing of an extempore song, in which no less than sixty persons of the company obtained a point a-piece. It was to one of these extempore efforts (undertaken in defence of the Prince Regent against an insinuation at a public dinner at Worcester), that he was indebted for the kind notice of George IV., and the friendship of the Duke of Cumberland, which ultimately led to his appointment to the treasurership of the Mauritius.

After receiving a tolerable home education he was sent to Harrow, where he made a profitable use of his time, distinguishing himself no less in the eyes of his masters than in those of the scholars—for he was the very model of a Harrow boy—daring, clever, and fertile in resources, whether for mischief or mirth. He was afterwards for a short period at Oxford, where he was matriculated and nearly rejected at the same time, from his over willingness to subscribe to the Thirty Nine Articles—"Oh, ah, to forty if you choose." A latitudinarianism that somewhat shocked the grave Master of St. Mary's Hall.

It was during the performance of his theatrical pieces that Hook naturally became a constant frequenter of the green-rooms of the different theatres; and those who had then the privilege of the *entree* to the *coulisses* can never forget the fun which his presence produced. The entertainment behind the curtain was fully equal, if not superior, to that enjoyed by the audience before it. Never shall we forget the effect produced upon Downton and the other actors on the stage during one of the serious scenes of a sentimental comedy of the day, by Hook's possessing himself of the livery coat of one of the under performers, and with a tragedy strut marching on to the stage to present a letter to Downton, who, taken by surprise at the sight of the new performer, could not utter a word, while the rest of the actors were convulsed with laughter. We remember likewise one night during the performance of Monk Lewis's melodrama of "One o'Clock, or the Wood Demon," that Hook having found that there was a second speaking-trumpet in the property room, possessed himself of it, and placed himself in the flies. When the demon roared into speaking-trumpet No. 1. "My prey," Hook, with speaking-trumpet No. 2, continued the speech and the same voice, "For I am devilish hungry," to the great astonishment of the audience. This freak, however, drew down the serious anger of the manager, who threatened to expel the delinquent, but contented himself with locking up the second trumpet as a "particeps criminis."

In the course of his pleasant and brilliant career, he received, as compliments and presents, a great variety of snuff-boxes—so many indeed of every kind and quality, as to fill a tolerably large drawer. One of these tokens arrived late at night, in a case, and accompanied by a letter, which he did not give himself the trouble to read, whilst the case was carelessly tossed in the drawer with the rest. The next morning, however, he felt curiosity just sufficient to induce him to inspect his new present, and was agreeably surprised on opening the case, by discovering a magnificent gold box, richly set with large diamonds of the purest water! It had formerly been given by the Pacha of Egypt to Sir David Baird, whose widow, in turn, had presented it to her husband's biographer.

Some of his doings may be recorded, but where is the memory that can record his sayings? We will venture to assert that no ten wits of the present day ever said so many things worthy of remembrance as Hook. Had he been blessed with a Boswell friend, what a book might be made of the good things which fell from his lips to create bursts of admiration, or roars of laughter, and to be detailed by the hearers at other tables on succeeding days. All Hook's early days were not however passed in fun—some of them were devoted to sentiment. He had two serious attachments—and if either of them had ended as he wished them to end, Hook might have been a different man in some points, and still the delight of his numerous friends. One of them was a beautiful daughter of a retired actor, whose suppers in those days were celebrated for the wit which sparkled at the table—and the other was the daughter of a gallant deceased general whom he had met during a visit to Taunton. The former was afterwards married to a member of a noble house, and still lives the ornament of the circle in which she moves; and the latter became the wife of one of our celebrated legal characters, who has since been solicitor-general and a judge, and has now been dead some years. Taunton will long remember the period of this courtship, for his mad pranks and his facetious sallies kept the whole town alive during the time he was one of its denizens.

He was born on September the 22d, 1788, and died at his house at Fulham, on August the 24th, 1841. For some months before his decease, it was evident to his friends that his constitution was rapidly breaking up. He occasionally exhibited symptoms of impatience and irritation; yet in his worst moods there would often escape a flash of merriment, such as "set the table in a roar." But the case at last became too serious for a jest,—and the genius which had illuminated so wide an horizon, set in darkness for ever! Peace be with him! The gibes, the gambols, the songs are hushed—but his work will keep his name in remembrance, and survive long after tongues shall have ceased to talk of Theodore Hook.

Without being ungenerous, we must add what the biographer has forgotten. While he caricatured the follies of those whose hospitality he shared, he never evoked a sentiment, or uttered a principle, by which mankind could be elevated or improved.



### Christianity among the Gauls and Goths.

THE value of the conversion of Clovis to the Christian faith may be judged by his works. His acute mind had seen that the people were shaken by sectarian disputes, and he well knew that he would ally whatever sect he espoused to his standard—that he could call forth to human strife those who contended for heavenly peace! His first actions after his boasted conversion fully prove that the lust of war and worldly conquest had not been softened or subdued by a knowledge of Him whose kingdom is not of this world.

The Catholics of Burgundy had suffered much persecution from the Arian king, and the rancour of each sect had grown so strong as to disturb the government, and divide the country against itself. Each party denounced the opinions of the other as heretical, and the punishments awarded for difference of faith among Christians were precisely similar to those which, at an earlier period, the pagans inflicted upon the revilers of the gods of Greece and Rome. The schism created dissension in the bosom of the sovereign's own family, and Godegisile, the brother of Gondebaud, taking part with the Catholics, at last had recourse to the friendship of Clovis to assist him in expelling the heretic monarch and gaining possession of his throne—promising, on that condition, to do homage to the King of the Franks, and to pay him tribute. The person appealed to needed little incitement to pursue a course so agreeable to his wishes, and so consonant to his interests. He accordingly at once assembled an army, and advanced into the Burgundian territories, where, on the banks of the Ouche, a small river which flows into the Saone, he was met by the troops of Gondebaud. The treason Godegisile had not yet transpired, and, notwithstanding the differences between him and his brother, he still held a command in the Burgundian army. At the first encounter of the hostile forces, however, he deserted his post on the field, and his countrymen were thereby utterly defeated, and Gondebaud, thus put to flight, was compelled to throw himself for safety into Avignon; whence on the approach of the invader he sent messengers to him expressing his readiness to share his throne with his brother, and to recognise the supremacy of Clovis. The conditions were accepted, and Godegisile was established with legal powers at Vienna, where his ally left him under the protection, and, in all probability, the control, of a body of five thousand Franks.

But no sooner had Clovis returned to his own country, than Gondebaud, whose submission had been a mere ruse to gain time, and whose resentment at the baseness of his brother's treachery was implacable, made ready at Lyons a secret expedition, and hastening thence suddenly invested Godegisile in his capital. Everything was instantly thrown into disorder at Vienna; and the king, wishing to reserve the scanty stock of provisions in the city for his Frank guards, was compelled to drive unarmed citizens beyond the walls, in order that the place might be preserved from famine till intelligence should be conveyed to Clovis, and succour might be brought to the beleaguered garrison. This measure, however necessary under the circumstances, occasioned the ruin of Godegisile. Among the expelled inhabitants was one who had the care of the aqueducts, and he, in revenge for having been repulsed from his home, offered to introduce the troops of Gondebaud into the town through the water-conduits. The Franks were thus taken by surprise, and the city was devoted to pillage and massacre. Amid the indiscriminate slaughter which ensued, Godegisile, who had sought refuge in a church, was killed at the foot of the altar; mingling his blood, as he expired, with that of an Arian bishop, who had rushed to the same place of fancied security.

Clovis was not long ere he arrived to avenge the death of his ally. Breathing furious denunciations against the peace-breakers, he carried war and desolation into the territory of Gondebaud, whom he defeated in every encounter, and would have entirely stripped of his dominions, but for the intercession of Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, who had just defeated Odoacer, and established himself as sovereign of Italy. At his mediation the Burgundian was permitted to retain part of his realm, and to become tributary to the Franks; and Clovis had leisure to foment new disturbances in the kingdom of the Visigoths.

This people had arrived at a much higher civilization than any of the other barbarian nations by which France had been overrun. Their settlement was among the oldest and most prosperous of the colonies founded by the Romans, and the conquerors, instead of imposing new laws and customs on the natives, had adopted those which they found already in operation. "There is not," says M. Guizot, "a single barbaric enactment in their laws. Instead of estimating men according to their rank, like their kinsmen, they had established the principle that, in the eyes of the law, all men were of equal value; and the oaths of compurgators had been displaced for the testimony of actual witnesses, and for such a rational investigation of facts as belongs to civilised society. Crimes were reduced to their moral and true element, intention. Different shades of criminality—the purely involuntary homicide, and homicide with or without premeditation—were distinguished and defined, and their punishments varied on an equitable scale."

But the mildness and order thus introduced had impaired the warlike character of the Goths, and by inspiring them with stronger domestic attachments, had rendered them more peaceful, and made the prospect of their subjugation to such a prince as Clovis a matter of almost calculable certainty. He had long looked upon their beautiful country with eyes of desire, and since his conversion to Christianity had maintained a correspondence with the Catholic portion of the population, to whom there can be little doubt he afforded all necessary encouragement in their decided opposition to the acts of the predominant Arians. It was his interest to keep alive the religious rancour of the sectarians throughout France; and his Christianity was never of such a kind as to induce him to forego an advantage from any consideration of justice or humanity.

Alaric seems to have foreseen the probable consequences of the policy of Clovis, and to have endeavoured to avert them by conciliation, and by forming a friendly alliance with the Franks. After the reduction of Burgundy, he sent messengers to the conqueror, desiring a personal interview with him;—for what particular object has not been recorded. Clovis however assented to the request, and the two kings met on a small island in the river Loire, near Amboise, where, according to Gregory of Tours, who was subsequently bishop of the diocese in which the meeting took place, "they conferred, and ate, and drank together, and each pledged himself to maintain amicable relations with the other; after which, they returned in peace to their several places."

This, however, was but a hollow trace. Clovis did not relax his efforts to obtain an influence among the Visigoths, and when Alaric sought by energetic measures to suppress the growing dissensions among his subjects on account of religious differences, he was met by the Catholic clergy with a stern defiance. They did not indeed attempt to conceal their preference for the government of the Franks, or their reliance on the support of Clovis. Persecution was eventually resorted to; but this only made the matter worse, by affording a pretext for hostilities. Quintien, bishop of Rodez, was expelled from his see, on the express ground that he was desirous of placing the country under the dominion of the Catholic king. Volusian, bishop of Tours, was exiled to Toulouse for treasonable or seditious correspondence with Clovis, and Verus, his successor, experienced the same punishment for a similar offence. The population, both Arians and Catholics, were active adherents of their respective prelates; and the whole country, involved in the animosities of the two factions, appeared on the brink of civil war. While the State party sought, by confiscation and banishment, to crush the power of their adversaries, the latter appealed for support and protection to the King of the Franks.

The opportunity was too tempting to be neglected by Clovis. Accordingly, in the year 507, he declared his intention of interfering on behalf of the orthodox. "He spoke one day," says Gregory of Tours, "after this manner to his friends, 'It is with much disquietude that I have endured so long the occupation, by Arian heretics, of a part of Gaul. Let us now go against them; and when, by God's aid, we shall have vanquished them, we will reduce the country they possess to our allegiance.' His preparations for this pretended holy war had already been made, and he was speedily enabled to put his army in motion towards the Visigoth frontier.

In his march towards Poitiers, where he contemplated joining battle with Alaric, he is said to have exhibited the greatest respect for the property and privileges of the Church. Having passed the Loire at Tours, he traversed the lands of the abbey of St. Martin, which he declared inviolate, and refused permission to his soldiers to touch anything, save water and grass for their horses. So rigid were his orders, and the obedience he exacted in this respect, that a Frankish soldier having taken, without the consent of the owner, some hay, which belonged to a poor man, saying in raillery "that it was but grass," he caused the aggressor to be put to death, exclaiming that "Victory could not be expected, if St. Martin should be in any way offended." But whether his conduct ought to be attributed to conscientious scruples or otherwise, there is no doubt of its worldly policy; since it could not fail to strengthen the attachment towards him of the whole body of the Catholics, and even in some measure to disarm his Arian opponents, who must have entertained a favourable opinion of his piety, while they denounced the heresy of his creed.

On reaching the Vienne, a river which separates the provinces of Touraine and Poitou, an unexpected obstacle presented itself. The stream had overflowed its banks, and carried away all means of passage. This would have compromised the fate of the expedition; but while the Franks lay encamped in the neighbourhood, a stag crossed the stream in sight of the whole army, and thus pointed out the existence of an available ford. The incident, which was regarded as an omen of success by the beholders, was immediately turned to advantage, and a few days afterwards Clovis presented himself before Poitiers, under the walls of which he found the chivalry of Alaric already drawn up to oppose his progress.

The conflict between the hostile forces took place on the plain of Vouille. The battle was long and bloody. On each side the warriors were animated by the remorseless zeal and rancorous hate of fanaticism; and while the adherents of Clovis—in whose ranks there is reason

to believe many Visigoths bore arms against their countrymen—strove no less for the supremacy of their faith than the laurels and more substantial rewards of conquest, the followers of Alaric contended for freedom of opinion, and national independence. In the heat of the battle the two kings met in personal encounter, and Clovis, having unhorsed his adversary, put him to death with a thrust of his spear. The victor, however, narrowly escaped the same fate as his victim. The moment after he had slain Alaric, two Visigoth horsemen came up, and spurring towards him with fixed lances, must have overwhelmed him, but for the strength and speed of his horse, which bore him from the spot into the midst of his own followers. In the end, the Goths were totally defeated, and their realm thenceforth ceased to form a monarchy in France. Of the many primitive Gauls, who being Arians, had taken the field with Alaric, the Auvergnats (people of Auvergne) alone distinguished themselves in the contest, and they were slaughtered almost to a man.

The Frankish army was now divided into two bodies, of which the first, conducted by the king in person, overran the Provinces of Touraine, Poitou, Limousin, Perigord, Saintonge, and Angoumois, all the cities and towns of which,—with the single exception of Angouleme, which contained a large and well-appointed garrison of Visigoths, whom it was not deemed prudent to attack—opened their gates on the approach of the enemy, without an attempt at resistance. The campaign of Clovis terminated with the capture of Bordeaux, where, as the season was far advanced, the troops took up their quarters for the winter. The second corps of the invading force, under Thierry, the eldest son of Clovis, by a concubine, or, more correctly, a wife whom he had espoused previously to his conversion, had been charged with the reduction of the country bordering on the Rhone and the Pyrenees—a task which would have been accomplished with little difficulty, but for the interference of Theodoric, the Ostrogoth; who, remembering the affinity of his people with the Visigoths, and being himself an Arian, sent Count Ibbas, his general, against the Franks, to arrest their career of conquest, and protect the natives of the South from their ravages. Thierry, in consequence of this movement, was compelled to raise the siege of Carcassone, in which his new opponent found him engaged, and to retire, like his father, into winter cantonments.

Notwithstanding this check, however, the entire conquest of the Visigoth kingdom was effected by the Franks in the following spring, and the dauntless soldiers of Clovis without delay prepared to carry the war into Provence, which Theodoric had obtained as a gift during the wars of the Franks with Gondebaud, King of Burgundy. But his usual good fortune, and the protection of St. Martin of Tours, alike deserted the Frankish monarch in this too daring enterprise. In a battle which took place between his army and that of Ibbas beneath the walls of Arles, the Franks were defeated, with the loss of thirty thousand of their bravest warriors. This reverse snatched from the sceptre of Clovis not only Provence itself, but all the territory lying along the coast of the Mediterranean, and that skirting the Alps, which Theodoric left as formerly to the government of the Visigoths, on receiving their recognition of his suzerainty, and their consent to pay a light tribute.

Such were the acts of the first Christian sovereigns of Western Europe, and which some church historians have given as evidences of their zeal for the gospel of "peace on earth!" We must go, in a future number, to the East, to recount the murderous atrocities which were committed in the name of Him who came to seek and to save—to bind up the broken-hearted, and open the prison-doors to them that were bound. Throughout all these conflicts the precepts of religion were trampled under foot, its preachers set aside, and an aggressive policy undertaken against the infidel. It is not surprising, when worldly preferment followed rapidly on the heels of conversion, that ambitious and haughty-hearted men speedily embraced the Christian faith;—yet amongst them were many of pure and lofty purposes, whose conduct acquired a more brilliant lustre from the gross selfishness which appeared around it.

### Something from Nothing.

THE talented author of the actions and imaginings of Phineas Quiddy, in this month's "New Monthly," is again entertaining in his narrative, and excellent in his observations. His rich delineation of the schemes and troubles of his hero is beautifully contrasted with the mild and tender conduct of the girl, loving but unloved. We resume the story in

#### CHAPTER VII.

Where we learn that Quiddy, disappointed in his matrimonial scheme of increasing his possessions, applied himself with redoubled activity to business; more particularly to that portion of it—by far the larger and more profitable one—which consisted in assisting his friends and neighbours with small loans of money. Those profits were now not inconsiderable; for as the means of our capitalist increased, he extended the sphere of his financial operations, and enlarged their amount. He could lend, at fair legal interest, fifty—nay, such was his benevolence! even a hundred pounds to a small tradesman in distress, requiring nothing more than a deposit of property worth thrice as much, for his security, and (what he called) a *dower* for the use of



is money. This dowser, or douceur, was made to vary with circumstances, from twenty to thirty per cent; and it must be said, in Quiddy's commendation, that he seldom bargained for more—unless he thought he could get it. Including his share of the stock of rappees and rigtals, young Quiddy, who had had the good fortune to begin the world on nothing, might now be set down as worth a round thousand pounds—full double the value of all the earthly possessions of his predecessor after forty years of foolish equitable trading.

When Law, Physic, and Divinity are all at once busy about a house, it is pretty clear that something uncomfortable is going on therein. So was it in Widow Sanderson's. The old lady, who for several weeks had been confined to her room, and the last three of them to her bed, received visits, on the same evening, from her doctor, her attorney, and the parson of the parish. She sent for her lawyer, Mr. Grubb, to set her mind at ease touching her worldly affairs; and, having dismissed him, devoted the remainder of the evening to matters of still greater importance with the Rev. Job Fag, curate of the parish.

As the lawyer was descending the stairs, he was invited by Quiddy into the little back-parlour.

"Walk in, Mr. Grubb, will you?" said Quiddy.

The lawyer made no reply, but entered.

"You and me haven't had a chat for a very long time," said Quiddy.

"No," said Grubb, drily.

"Come—sit down. Mr. Grubb," said Quiddy, taking seat, and pointing to a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace; "sit down; sitting is quite as cheap as standing." Mr. G. sat down.

"I say, Mr. Grubb—you've been a long while closeted with the old woman."

"Yes," replied Grubb, without the slightest change of countenance.

"All about her temporary affairs, eh?" continued Quiddy.

"Temporal," said the lawyer, in a tone of correction, but still gazing at the fire.

"Well—yes—that's what I mean: her temporal affairs, eh?"

"Yes," replied Grubb.

"Ah!—making her will, eh?" said the inquirer.

"No," was the reply.

"What!" exclaimed Quiddy, "not make her will! Why, you don't mean to let her make a fool of herself, is to die testament."

"Intestate," said Grubb, somewhat peevishly.

"Aye—yes—you know what I mean. But she a'n't going to die without making a will; is she, Mr. Grubb?" This was uttered in an imploring and anxious tone.

"No," replied Grubb.

"Then it's high time she should make it: suppose she should go off in the night?" exclaimed the considerate Quiddy. "You know I a'n't no relation, and nobody has been more kinder to her than me. Don't go, don't Mr. Grubb," eagerly cried Quiddy to his visitor, who was about to rise: "stay till Mr. Fag is gone, and then go up to the poor creature again. What can he be so long about? One would think he never means to come down. Why can't he as well come to-morrow? It's very unfeeling of him to be a-bothering the poor soul, when a little sleep might do her good; and if she should go off sudden, poor dear, I'm sure it will break your heart. Now do go up to her as soon as he's gone, and get her to make a will to-night,—don't let her rest till she has done it—now, do go—won't you, Mr. Grubb?"

"No," replied Grubb.

Again there was a short silence, which was broken by a sudden exclamation from Quiddy.

"I say—Mr. Grubb—why—perhaps she has made a will already, eh?"

"Yes."

Quiddy, greatly relieved by this information, emitted a long breath, and then inquiringly said—

"Yet you have never been alone with her, here, since the old man died."

"No," said Grubb.

Then she must have gone to your house about it, eh? And yet," continued the questioner—not waiting for the monosyllabic reply of the attorney—"and yet she has been out of this house only once since the—"

A light suddenly burst upon his mind; and clapping his hands together, he said—

"Then that was it: the day she went out in a hackney-coach, and I couldn't make out the why or the wherefore of it. Well, I'm glad she has made a will, for nobody could have slaved more than me for her, or have made her more comfortable. Mr. Grubb?"

"Well?" said Grubb, still maintaining the same dry, inexpressive tone.

"You know I'm no relation," continued the other; "and, as I said before, I've been uncommon kind and attentive to her.—Ahem!—In course she sets me down for summut, eh?"

Mr. Grubb hesitated for a moment, as in doubt whether or not, by a reply, he should be betraying the confidence reposed in him as a professional man. But he compromised the question with his conscience by a slight affirmative nod.

"And—and she hasn't made no alteration in the will since?" asked Quiddy, with some hesitation.

"None," replied Grubb.

A gleam of satisfaction shot across Quiddy's countenance, which was unperceived by the lawyer, for the reason that he was still looking at the fire. The former drew a long sigh, and said—

"Well—the poor old 'oman's sufferings have been very great, and the sooner she's relieved from 'em, now, the better. I'm sure it would be a mercy to the poor creature if she was taken off this blessed night; and if she's left to herself; bless her! she'll go off as quiet as a lamb."

There was now a silence of some minutes' duration. Both parties seemed immersed in thought. Phineas was evidently debating with himself a matter of deep importance. It was a question of expense, and having carried it in the affirmative, though by a very small majority of his own inclinations, he startled the attorney from his reverie by a heavy slap on the knee, saying—

"Come, I say, Mr. Grubb, it's a cold night; what say you to a drop of summut warm and comfortable?" And this he uttered with the sudden and desperate energy with which one plunges into a cold bath on a frosty morning, lest his resolution should fail by delay.

The unexpectedness, as well as the acceptable character of the invitation, warmed the monosyllabic attorney into the delivery of what, from him, seemed an oration; and he replied—returning his inviter the familiar slap on the knee—

"I say yes, with all my heart, Mr. Quiddy."

"Then what shall it be, Mr. Grubb?" inquired the host; "though I've nothing but gin to give you,"—forgetting a small quantity of brandy and hollands (both more costly materials) on the same shelf with it.

The choice proposed being by no means perplexing, Grubb, without hesitation replied—"Gin."

Quiddy took from a cupboard the spirit chosen by the attorney, together with a couple of glasses, and placed them upon the table. He next transferred the kettle of water from the hob to the fire, observing, as he resumed his seat—

"I don't take sugar myself, but that's no rule for you, Mr. Grubb;" adding in a tone which clearly indicated towards which side of the question he hoped the taste of his guest might incline—"so if you like any, why—"

"Yes," replied Grubb, "and if you please, Mr. Quiddy, I should like a slight squeeze of lemon at the same time."

This "liking" was an extra which Quiddy had not contemplated, and was the less agreeable to him inasmuch as it occasioned a positive and visible disbursement.

"I have not got such a thing in the house," said Quiddy; "but—come, I'll send my shopboy out on purpose to buy one for you—eh, Mr. Grubb?"

Mr. G. having waited long enough for Mr. G. to say

"No" fifteen times over, and Mr. G. not accommodating him with the desired refusal, but only twiddling the fire with the tip of the poker; Mr. Q. reluctantly drew some halfpence from his pocket, and dispatched his shopboy for what he considered the superfluous luxury.

The requisite materials being collected, each party "brewed" for himself; the attorney—if any meaning might be extracted from Quiddy's compressed lips, as he anxiously watched the operations of his guest—the attorney making his own glass unmercifully stiff.

Whilst they were sipping their first glass, Quiddy put many side-questions to Grubb touching the widow's will, all of which meant, "How much has she left me?" But Grubb resolved, like a high-principled attorney as he was, not to compromise his character for secrecy and discretion—for one glass of gin-punch. Yet, at the same time, he thought it would be hardly fair to trespass further on Quiddy's liberality—to accept a fee, as it were—and perform no service in return: besides, sooner or later, probably within a few hours, Quiddy would obtain the desired information as a matter of course, and without incurring the slightest obligation to him for it. He therefore resolved to make a merit of partly disclosing the nature of the testament.

"Mr. Quiddy," he began—his tongue thawed by the comfortable liquid which he had imbibed—"Mr. Quiddy, it is clear to me, although you don't come at once, and distinctly, to the point, that you wish me to instruct, or inform, or acquaint you in what mode, or form, or manner Mrs. Sanderson has disposed of her worldly effects. Now, really, Mr. Q., you ought to be aware that I, her professional, her confidential friend, cannot, with any degree of—I say I cannot, as you must be aware—"

As he uttered these words he slowly slid his empty glass away from him to a distant part of the table, as if intending to dispense with its further services; when Quiddy, affecting a tone of jovial hospitality, said—

"Come, Mr. Grubb—come—yes—now, do—a little drop more—just a little, eh?"

To this invitation Grubb only replied by slowly drawing his glass back again, and filling it to the brim with a mixture "more potent than the first;" and whilst so employed, he resumed his exordium—but with a scarcely perceptible, though important, variation of two or three little words:—

"As I was about to say, Mr. Q., that although you must be aware that as Mrs. Sanderson's confidential friend I ought not to comply with your wish, yet out of friendship and regard for you, I will trust you with the—"

At this moment Janet, who, after some days of close

attendance upon Mrs. Sanderson, had taken advantage of the visits of Mr. Fag and the attorney, to go out and get what she called "a mouthful of fresh air," returned and entered the room; for which interruption the amiable Quiddy in his heart wished the poor girl where the air is supposed to be not the most refreshing. Janet, with a faint smile, nodded to Quiddy, and dropped a courtesy to Grubb, who acknowledged the salutation with a "How d'ye do, Miss Janet?"

"Miss, indeed!" muttered Quiddy; and he continued aloud, and in a surly tone—"You must go down into the kitchen just now, d'ye hear? me and Mr. Grubb is engaged, and Mr. Fag is still upstairs with the old 'oman."

But just then Mr. Fag descended, and took his leave of the occupants of the parlour: whereupon Janet, with another smile to the tobaccoist and courtesy to the lawyer, betook herself to the bed-room of the invalid.

"But, I say, Mr. Grubb," said Quiddy (who had been startled, though scarcely knowing why, by the title bestowed upon Janet), "I say; that girl is only our servant girl; why did you call the girl 'Miss?'"

"Mr. Quiddy," said the attorney, motioning to the former to draw his chair closer to him, "Mr. Quiddy,—" Now, as the cautious attorney put his lips close to the ear of his confidant, and spoke in low whispers, we are unable, with one exception, to repeat a syllable of his communications, and are therefore left to draw our own inferences concerning them from Quiddy's exclamations, which were delivered in somewhat a louder tone.

"—died richer than one would have thought," said Grubb.

"Poor dear ould soul! she'll be an angel in heaven!" said Quiddy, putting his pocket-handkerchief to his eyes as if shedding tears.

"—," whispered Grubb.

"Who'd ha' thought it!" exclaimed Quiddy, dropping his handkerchief upon his knees.

"—," continued Grubb.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Quiddy, moistening his lips, which had suddenly become parched.

"—," was the next communication of Grubb.

"The artful young hussy!" cried Quiddy, clenching his hands and biting his lips.

"In conclusion, —," whispered Grubb.

"The cursed old hag! Old Nick will have the roasting of her!" exclaimed Quiddy, striking the table with his clenched fist, and with such force as to make the very glasses leap with astonishment.

"And now you know all about it, Mr. Quiddy," said the attorney, swallowing the remainder of his second glass of gin-punch, and removing the kettle from the fender to the fire.

Quiddy took, or seemed to take, no notice of this intelligible transfer; but, rising, replaced the gin and sugar, together with the remains of the lemon, in the little corner cupboard.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Grubb, looking at his watch; "near eleven o'clock! Well, now, really I must go."

"As you please; the best friends must part," said Quiddy, with a forced attempt at jocularity.

So, without another word, he took up the candle, led Mr. Grubb to the door, and wished him good night.

The guest having departed, the amiable host betook himself to bed. For some hours he lay, or rather tossed about, revolving in his mind the information he had received from the attorney, alternately muttering, at each change of position, "Cursed old hag!"—"Artful young hussy!" A plan of proceeding at length occurred to him, of the success of which he entertained not a doubt.

"What a fool am I," thought he, "not to have thought of that before! Why it's all one and the same thing; yet here have I been fretting myself till I'm almost—yaw!—yaw!" And after three or four preparatory yawns, he slept.

### The Birds of Summer.

SWEET birds of England's summer, farewell!  
Ye fly from the haunts ye loved so well;  
Your own bright season of bloom is o'er,  
Ye leave us to seek a kinder shore.

Farewell, voyagers! soft be the breeze,  
To waft ye over the far blue seas!  
Mild be the clime, and sunny the sky  
That echoes thy love-tuned minstrelsy!

I have marked, with joy, at close of day,  
Your farewell hymns to the sun's last ray;  
And paused, as your wild notes faintly died,  
Like vesper chant on a twilight tide.

When the gladden'd day's last beam had gone,  
And the bright stars shone out, one by one,  
How sadly the love-lorn bird of night  
Trill'd his plaint in the calm moonlight.

Now ye are singing your parting strain,  
And wing away o'er the sunny main;  
Nor more shall our woodlands, lake, and dell,  
Thrill with their spirit enchanting spell.

In joy ye came, in joy ye depart,  
Happy in spirit, buoyant in heart,  
Ye wing on high in your blissful flight,  
Like sinless spirits to realms of light.

And ye seem to say, "Though dark and drear  
The worldly ills that beset us here,  
There is a summer beyond the tomb,  
Brightest in beauty, fadeless in bloom!" J.W.N.



## The Natural History of Ireland.\*

MR. MACKAY gives Dr. Smith, the author of the *Histories of Cork and Waterford*, credit for his correctness in the habitats of plants. Perhaps he deserves it, but in the zoology he certainly betrays great ignorance of classification, especially as at this time the profound and systematic Linnaeus had expounded his views of the animal kingdom, and many other naturalists followed; and as to the habitats of birds and other animals, either he must have committed great inaccuracies, or else some have, from being common, most unaccountably disappeared altogether, and of which not even a vestige remains,—such as the splendid capercaillie or cock of the wood (*Tetrao urogallus*), the bustard (*Otus tarda*), the crane, (*Ciconia nigra*), and the black cock (*Tetrao lagopus*). Of the capercaillie, he says, "this bird is not found now in England, and but rarely in Scotland and Ireland, as a native bird." In Scotland they have been reintroduced by the Marquis of Bredalbane, Lord Fife, and others, with success. Smith gives Cork as a locality for the four above-mentioned, as well as for the kite and goshawk. As to the latter bird, though not now found, I must think that it formerly existed in Ireland, as we find that Roderick, King of Connaught was obliged to furnish goshawks to Henry II., and Henry VIII. sent to Ireland for a pair for a Spanish nobleman, the Marquis of Desarrayes. Nor we cannot suppose that such enthusiastic admirers of hawking as the English were, would apply the name of goshawk to any of inferior quality, for though short-winged they were much esteemed. As a proof of the inaccuracy of Smith, he confounds the gannet (*Sua bassana*), with the parasitic gulls, and calls *Lestrin* cataractes the gannet. We find that even then the mistake of confounding the sun-fish (*Orthogoriscus mola*) with the grampus, whose dorsal fin would weigh as much as the sun-fish altogether. Smith, however, distinguishes rightly between them. In a note he tells of a grampus taken at Plymouth, in 1734, which weighed 500 lbs. The true sun-fish he says is not Irish. The natural history portion of Smith's *History of Waterford* is still more scanty than his *History of Cork*, but it is chiefly interesting from his evidence respecting the rank of the Irish wolf dog. Mr. A. Haffield has summed up the evidence of its being a greyhound, in a paper read before the Dublin Natural History Society, in May, 1840; and I have always adhered to the opinion of its being a powerful greyhound, similar to the Highland deer-hound, and though Mr. Richardson is inclined to regard it as a large mastiff, I still think it pretty certain that it was a large greyhound, and Dr. Smith's testimony is certainly very clear on the point. The following is a summary of his evidence:—"The Irish greyhound is nearly extinct: it is much taller than a mastiff, but more like a greyhound, and for size, strength, and shape, cannot be equalled. Roderick, King of Connaught, was obliged to furnish hawks and greyhounds to Henry II. Sir Thomas Rae obtained great favours from the Great Mogul in 1615, for a brace of Irish greyhounds. Henry VIII. presented the Marquis of Desarrayes with two goshawks and four Irish greyhounds, and on August 23rd, 1623, the Lord Deputy Falkland wrote the following letter to the Earl of Cork:—"My lord, I have lately received letters from the Duke of Buccleugh and other friends, who have entreated me to send some greyhounds or bitches out of this country of the largest sort, which they intend to present unto divers friends and other noble persons. I understand there are a good store in your country, and therefore I pray you to procure me one brace of either dogs or bitches, and to send them to me as soon as you can, and, if possible, let them be white, which colour is most in request here." Surely this testimony would be quite clear enough, had not people imagined that it was not a greyhound. In the "University Magazine" for October (1840) the reviewer of Colonel H. Smith's work on dogs, adheres to the notion of its being a large greyhound.

Dr. Smith afterwards published the *History of Kerry* at his own risk, the Physico-Historical Society, which had hitherto supported him, having died a natural death. The very small space he has devoted to the natural history of that wild and interesting county contains nothing of importance. He gives an account of some small birds found on the Blaskets which, he says, the country people eat, and which from their delicious flavour are called Irish ortolans. He means the stormy petrel, which is still plentiful there, and emits the oil he speaks of.

In 1772 appeared Rutt's "Essay towards a Natural History of the County of Dublin, accommodated to the noble designs of the Dublin Society." Being a medical man, by far the greater portion of his work is devoted to the medical properties of plants and minerals, and the natural history portion is very worthless. It is really surprising that an author at that time should commit the egregious errors he has, such as classing the frog and the newt among mammals. He enumerates only about 100 birds and 26 fishes, indigenous or migratory; among the former he gives a very circumstantial account of the occurrence of the avocet at the lots; and this is the only thing of any importance in this portion of his work. Dr. Hinck's has endeavoured to vindicate Rutt, and does not consider his

ignorance so extraordinary; but I fear notwithstanding, he will ever be considered a poor naturalist. A little previous to the appearance of Smith's *Histories*, Keogh published his "*Zoologica Medicinalis Hibernica*, or a treatise of beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, and insects, which are commonly known and propagated in this country, giving an account of their medicinal virtues, and their names in English, Irish, and Latin, (Dublin 1739)." It is full of the most egregious absurdities, and one can hardly fancy such nonsense as he wrote. He tells us that the claws of a crab pulverised cure asthmas and pleurisies; the gall bladder of a crane removes pearls from the eyes; earwigs cure jaundice and dropsy; fleas cure chincough; flies cure baldness; the brain of a sea-gull cures epilepsy; a moth laid on the navel till it dies, cures the jaundice; the pulverised head of a sprat cures sore throats, &c.

It may in truth be said that the Zoology of Ireland is as little known as that of any island of the Pacific. We have papers on various subjects in the *Philosophical Transactions*; we have attempts at the local Zoology of Waterford, Cork, and Kerry. We have a zoology likewise of the county of Dublin, utterly worthless as such; and one of the county of Down; Keogh's *Zoologica Hibernica*; and these constitute, with the exception of Sampson's county of Derry, our whole acquaintance with the zoology of a country possessing as rich or a richer field for investigation than many a one whose natural history is thoroughly known. During the present century, however, Ireland has given birth to many naturalists who do not think her beneath their notice, and societies have been formed whose museums contain Irish specimens of zoology. The Belfast Natural History Society is a lasting proof of how much can be done, when zeal, energy, and ability are brought into play; the Natural History Society of Derry; and the Dublin Natural History Society are sufficient proofs of this. The government has also employed able naturalists in its survey of the country. In 1830, was established the Royal Zoological Society of Dublin which certainly deserved better support than it has since met with. It has doubtlessly encouraged a taste for natural history; and nobody can surely imagine that the splendid reunions of rank, talent, and intelligence of Dublin, can be without advantage to the public at large; and every one must regret that they have not been equally so to the Society's funds, and hope that the people of Dublin will yet show that they value services so disinterested and zeal so untiring. The Dublin Natural History Society has also done much to encourage a taste for natural history in Ireland, and their rooms contain a most excellent collection of Irish animals. At the end of the year 1838, it was supported by 220 members, and at the end of 1840, it numbered 262, and probably will go on increasing and flourishing.

## The Honest Working Man.

You ask me, "Where does freedom dwell?  
You ask me, "Where is virtue's home?"  
I answer—Not in priestly cell,  
Nor yet 'neath palace dome.

Beneath the cassock folds oft lies  
Hearts drear and dark as sin!  
Without, serene as summer skies,  
But blackest guile within.

And seek them not in halls of state,  
Pomp ne'er the truth could tell;  
Mid envy, malice, strife, and hate,  
Can never virtue dwell.

Despise such things, and seek out thou  
The toil-worn man's abode;  
But, hush! the son of nature now  
Holds converse with his God!

His little ones around him bow—  
Beside him kneels his wife—  
The faithful sharer of his woe,  
The partner of his life.

And see that patriot's spirit melt  
For his wrong'd native land;  
Ah! keen that worshiper hath felt  
Oppression's iron hand.

And yet he craves no *mélancolie*  
On proud oppressor's head.  
He asks "for forgiveness for his sins,"  
And prays for "daily bread!"

Here success to thine efforts trace,  
Thou need'st not farther roam;  
His heart is freedom's dwelling-place!  
His hearth is virtue's home!

E. L. M.

## Paragraphs.

NETTLES.—These weeds are capable of being converted to many useful purposes: amongst others, for stopping leaky wooden vessels. As soon as a cask becomes leaky, it should immediately be rubbed in those places, and at the joinings of the bottom, with some handful of green nettles. The juice of this plant enters into the cracks of the wood, coagulates, and prevents the contents from running out. The rubbing must be continued, more or less, according to the shrinking of the wood. In a few minutes a very successful result is always obtained. It is the large nettle which is here alluded to, a plant that is known and feared by every one. It is a great mistake not to cultivate this plant, for its cultivation has been successfully attempted

by planting it in rows for forage. It produces a good supply of food for cows, of which they were remarkable fond, and they yielded very rich milk. This plant is to be met with everywhere, and might be useful for other purposes, if its sting was not feared so much.

UMBRELLAS IN THE ARMY.—A Belgian newspaper notices with ridicule the innovation of umbrellas in the army. Some officers in Ghent have set the example using them when in uniform. In these peaceful times there seems no reason why a soldier should be wet to the skin and spoil his clothes any more than a civilian; and may shortly see umbrellas slung across soldiers' backs with their havresacks, to be used on parade in wet weather lieu of muskets. The umbrella exercise may perhaps soon form part of the regular drill. It would be well for the world did soldiers use umbrellas more and muskets less.

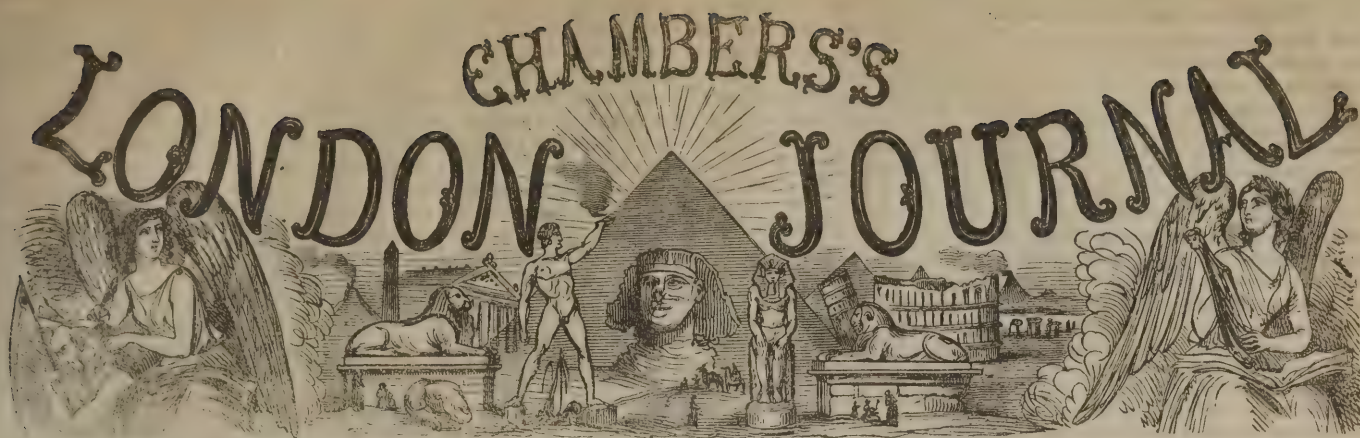
THE BRAHMIN OX.—In Fennell's *History of Quadrupeds* we learn that the zebu cattle inhabit India, China, the Indian Islands, Madagascar, and the eastern coast of Africa, from Abyssinia to the Cape of Good Hope. Zoologists, from Linnaeus to Bennett, have regarded this animal as merely a variety of the common ox; but its differences are so great and so many that if taken in the aggregate, may offer strong proofs of its specific distinction. Mr. Ogilby justly remarks that, narrow high withers, supported by a large fatty hump, an arched back rising to the haunches, and suddenly falling to the root of the tail; slender limbs, a large pendulous dewlap falling in folds; long pennant ears, and a peculiarly mild expression of the eye, distinguish the zebu oxen, a race varying in size from that of our largest cattle to that of a young calf. In the sculptures in the cavern temples of Ellora, in the carvings of the Seven Pagodas at Mahamalapur, on the Coromandel coast, and in many other ancient relics, they are faithful and spirited representations of the zebu oxen, which prove that these animals possessed, at least twenty thousand years before the Christian era, the same peculiarities which now distinguish them. The religious writings of India state the cow to have been the first domestic animal that was created. The Hindoos, yet, regard it as sacred to Bramah, and refuse to shed its blood. Bishop Heber tells us, that many of these cattle are turned out when calves, on different solemn occasions, by wealthy Hindoos, as an acceptable offering to Siva. These are exempt from labour, and it would be a mortal sin to strike or injure them. They feed where they please, and devout persons take great pleasure in pampering them. They are great pests in the villages near Calcutta, breaking into gardens, thrusting their noses into the fruiterers' stalls and pastry-cook's shops, and helping themselves without ceremony. Like other petted animals, they are sometimes mischievous, and are said to resent, with a push of their horns, any delay in gratifying their wishes. Others, less fortunate, are employed by the Hindoos, as also by the natives of eastern Africa, as beasts of draught and burden, and are sometimes ridden. Mr. Youatt informs us, that Lieutenant-Colonel Skinner, residing near Pokar, on the borders of the Bichaneer desert, has a large stock of the Nagore breed, which in strength and speed surpasses our oxen. "He employs them to convey the military dispatches, and either of them will travel with soldier on its back fifteen or sixteen hours a day, at the rate of six miles an hour. Their action is particularly fine, as they bring their hind-legs under them in as straight a line as the horse. Mr. Perkins has a zebu calf, which has leaped over an iron fence higher than any five-barred gate, and his zebu bull frequently jumps over the same fence in order to get water, and when he has drank his fill, he leaps back again." The Zoological Society possess a splendid Brahmin bull, equal in size to the largest breeds of our native oxen. Six calves of the former species were bred at the Gardens, from the beginning of June, 1830, to the end of December 1837.

THE TAJ OF AGRA.—Whoever may have viewed this magnificent pile of oriental architecture, has, there can remain but little doubt, found himself amply requited, not only by surveying the mosaic beauties of the edifice, which is elegantly unique, but by his carrying away with him some of the most beautiful and rare specimens of onyxes, agates, jaspers, &c., that the Indian peninsula can produce. When the above grand superstructure was raised, the mosaic work in the formation of it was contemplated to be of extravagant richness, and, when we read of the grandeur of the temple of Solomon, we can almost conceive that the architect of the "Taj," at Agra, had used his best talents and abilities to liken, in splendour, the former stupendous design. About eight years since, when it was found necessary to introduce a rigid system of financial economy throughout India, the local government of Bengal arrived at a determination to remove the "Taj," and to sell the materials by public auction, but the petitions and the prayers of the native inhabitants of the city were so remonstrative against the measure, that the government ultimately abandoned it. Some of the most beautiful specimens of "Heliotrope," (blood stone), that have found their way into the cabinets of the curious, have been collected from the crowded heaps of minerals, which are to be seen piled up in and around the courts of the "Taj." A gentleman, in the Bengal medical service, very recently brought home with him, to this country, above one hundred weight of blood stones, varying in weight, some of them from five to six pounds; and Lady Colebrook, when she resided at Agra, caused a suit, consisting of necklace armlets, and brooch, to be composed of all the different precious stones, which formed the "Taj" of Agra, and to be set in virgin gold, which, when completed, the number of different featured stones, including varicoloured corals, lians, agates, jaspers, and other valuable specimens of the calcedony family, amounted to no less than one hundred and twenty-four.

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\* Resumed from No. 18.





"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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### The Arts in Elder Egypt.

FROM the first or second generation after the Deluge, by which period Egypt was a flourishing kingdom, to its destruction by the Medes and Persians, the Egyptians had made no progress in the arts. Whatever existed in early times was faithfully imitated to the latest day. Hence we infer, as no nation could leap at once from ignorance to perfect knowledge, that the arts as displayed in Egypt were precisely those practised by the antediluvian world—that the mechanical industry evidenced through the long career of the prosperity of the Pharaohs, was nothing more than a servile copy of the primeval labours of those who had talked with Adam, and known Methuselah when he was a tiny boy. Yet even as such they are interesting. It is of some little moment to know that the potter moulded his clay and formed his vessels exactly as the handicraftsman of the present day—that the fishmonger scaled his fish, and the poulterer trussed his fowls then as now; and that the universally known but too much derided occupation of a cobbler was as useful and as ill-paid when the springing earth rejoiced in the wantonness of regenerated youth, as it is now, when old in crime and crowded with men wise to the last degree in their own conceit.

But how is this all known? inquires the sceptic. It is admitted on all hands that the Egyptian language has never yet been sufficiently acquired so that full and correct data can be relied on, and that the hieroglyphics have been, are, and will be, subject to dispute until a master-key is discovered by which their mysteries may be unravelled. Let not the unbeliever nor the scorner rejoice. Did the classic lore of Egypt depend on words, however well-defined, then it might be doubted, for its extreme old age, and wondrous likeness to these our own highly-improved times, might well induce us to call it an imposture. But when on the indestructible walls, of dateless origin, which exist through all the land of Egypt, (hallowed as they have been as repositories of the dead,) are to be found the sunny pictures of actual life, portraying in a language which may be read by all the world, the means and processes of art practised with unvarying sameness through many centuries, we cease to doubt—we wonder and adore. For there, in that narrow strip of land,—encumbered now with sand, and desolate as a voiceless island shore, or peopled only by the mere animal Arab, a human swallow,—riches and honour walked hand in hand with invention and industry, and self-satisfied man said unto himself, "I have reached the limit of perfection."

We have already said that it was the custom of the Egyptians to hold an inquest on the dead, not as to the manner of their deaths, but as to their lives, whereby a decision was arrived at, whether or not the body of the deceased should be preserved for an after state of existence. When denied this exceeding great reward of a virtuous life, the defunct was consigned to the earth, there to lie in forgotten nothingness, his particles becoming a portion of the unhonoured dust, while his soul was left to roam in eternal disquietude through the hopeless realms of despair: but he whose actions could command the approbation of his solemn inquisitors was carefully preserved, that his soul might never in loving fidelity around the embalmed body, until the great and wondrous day of re-animation should arrive.

While no remnant of a habitation for the living is to be found among the gorgeous ruins of Egypt, tombs meet the inquisitive traveller on every hand. When these are opened, the walls are found to be decorated with the emblems of the professions of those who sleep therein. As all trades were hereditary, families being buried together required but one elaborate painting to illustrate their calling; and as they looked forward to a more glorious life, in a renewed state, they naturally bestowed all their wealth, and evidenced all their pride, in decorating the charnel-house to the utmost possible extent. As the chartered companies of London—(the exclusive charter being only one step in advance of hereditary labour)—expend

their treasures in enriching the appearance of their public hall, and therein enjoying the good things of this life, so the old Egyptian expended his means in beautifying the solemn temple where his long rest should be taken.

Not only are the every-day occupations of life thus displayed, but the public manners evinced in a way equally graphic and clear. The entire secrets of handicraft-labour are vividly portrayed, and in the following instances the reader may rely on this one fact, that they are an unglossed description of pictures, which, although nearly four thousand years old, yet undeniably attest the skill and invention of that early period.

The carpenter is a universal labourer. He is to be found in all countries, and holds an honoured place among the Egyptian professions. The division of his labour is made apparent in the branches of joining, cabinet-making, upholstery, and chair-making. Some are veneering, some making boxes, tables, or couches; some are staining or imitating other woods. Among the implements in use, the mallet, the chisel, the saw, the axe, the adze, the centre-bit, the gimlet, and the file, are precisely similar to those now in use. The plane, however, appears to have been unknown. The upholsterer's chisel, which was very different from the modern implement, was applied to the purposes now fulfilled by the plane. Although the hand-saw is a familiar instrument, no representation of the double saw has yet been discovered.

Among the weaving implements, for the manufacture of which textures Egypt was renowned for ages, the shuttle, the distaff, and the spindle, were exactly like those in universal use till the introduction of machine power. The fine linen of Egypt has never yet been surpassed by any country in the world; remnants of that admirable fabric have been discovered in the tombs, as well as pieces of woollen and cotton cloth. Nay, more, shreds and patches of a non-descript cloth were found, which on being examined, were discovered to be a combination of linen, wool or hair, and cotton—being the so called new fabric of mousseline-de-laine! The Phœnicians brought the coarser of these cloths to Britain, and took in return the tins of Cornwall, and the slaves brought down as merchandise to the coast. The whole countries of the Mediterranean were at one time supplied with these manufactures, and Homer acknowledges the reputation of the Egyptians in this species of labour in language only surpassed by the glowing words of Ezekiel and Isaiah. The Athenians, the most refined of the Greeks, were a shipwrecked colony of Egyptian weavers; so that, although this handicraft is vulgarly esteemed, with the tailors, as not quite a genteel or manly profession, few of the more boastful trades can claim a nobler or equally intellectual race of descendants, or to have sprung from a like honourable stock. The various processes of the manufacture are all displayed in the sepulchral paintings—men, women, boys, and girls, are seen reeling or spinning the thread, carding the wool, weaving by a hand loom, dyeing, and even printing the cottons. A factory then presented the same motley assemblage as now, with this exception, that all was by hand labour. Whether or not the effects of overtrading were ever felt, whether they worked full or half time, or were sufficiently remunerated, are problems which the antiquarian has not yet been able to solve. Perhaps the overworking of our factory children, their struggles for existence, and their endurance of a harsh taskmaster, are only repetitions of an old Egyptian bondage. If so, much of our improvement has been in vain, and the labour of the poor been doomed too long to an ill requital. Of this, however, we are certain, that there were no corn laws in Egypt—it was the granary of the elder world, and teemed with plenty so long as its mystic-minded priesthood swayed the destinies of the country.

The boast making by us at this very day, that every encouragement is given to art by the erection of schools of design has at least no claim to originality. Young artists are seen drawing patterns under the tuition of masters, many of which, whether for gown-pieces, hangings, or

carpets, out-rival the most showy and elegant of the present age. The ancient looms were of two kinds—upright and horizontal—and these are remarkably similar to those now in use in India, which produce muslins of exquisite fineness. Indeed, the pictures of the more opulent personages show dresses of transparent muslin, through which the colour and anatomy of the human form is beautifully developed, and indicate that the delicate colours of the majestic East, as well as many other peculiarities, have been originally derived from that small corner of Africa where Moses smote his wonders, where a palpable darkness was felt, not more fearful and humiliating than the present prostration of that once august-hearted territory.

The cloth in which mummies are wrapped is linen of a most elaborate manufacture, and however coarse to the eye, after some thousand years' impregnation with oil and other foreign matter, yet presents fibres to microscopical observation of a texture more delicate than could be supposed capable of manufacture by the human hand. Some of them even rival the thread of the silk worm, in strength and durability as well as fineness. A piece of cloth, picked up in one of the Theban tombs, has been cleaned, bleached to a snowy whiteness, and found to be, after a lapse of many ages, elastic, soft, and beautiful, little inferior indeed to silk. Another piece, brought from the same locality, was taken to thread, and found to contain one hundred and fifty in the warp, and seventy one in the woof, to every inch. Another piece is described by Sir J. G. Wilkinson, one of the most industrious and accurate of our modern inquirers into the antiquities of Egypt, as containing the amazing quantity of five hundred and forty threads to the inch in the warp, and one hundred and ten in the woof. The most celebrated muslins of India, those of the Dacca district, only average one hundred threads to the inch in the warp, and eighty-four in the woof. The muslin worn by the Pharaohs was interwoven with threads of silver and gold, and beautifully dyed and patterned, and several pieces of this manufacture have been traced to the age of Osirtesen. It need not be doubted then, that the prince secretary of state of that great monarch, the lad stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews, was arrayed in the gorgeous apparel when his prison robes were thrown aside, and the signet of Pharaoh placed upon his finger.

Before we leave this subject we may notice the popular belief of cotton being almost a comparatively modern article of commerce. It is one of the principal staples of Egyptian commerce, and is extensively cultivated by Mehemet Ali. There is no record of its being brought there, but it is admitted to be indigenous to the soil. Herodotus, a Greek somewhat jealous of the honour of his own country, but who nevertheless admits the civilization of nations long anterior to his own somewhat ancient date, says that the Egyptians were familiar with the art of manufacturing tree-wool, an article which he distinctly separates from linen, calling the cloth of the latter "linum," and of the other "byssum." The linen, however, was the aristocratic clothing: it was worn by the princes, priests, and other great men. Woollen garments were only worn by the poorer classes, a distinction which our own working population would no doubt be most glad to imitate.

With respect to dying the linen fabrics, Pliny says with admiration that "they dye cloth in an extraordinary manner. It appears quite white before it is dipped: they then imbue it with drugs, which do not alter its appearance, but which absorb and retain a new and permanent colour, varied according to the application of the drug." Had the old Roman visited an English dye-house, he could not have given a more correct idea of the modern process. The use of metallic oxydes, and acids, or mordants as they are termed, by which colours are fixed, was as well known then as now.

In the manufacture of metals the Egyptians were deeply skilled. Armour was in great request, both scaled and ringed, and inlaid with gold and silver. Weapons were made of iron, copper, and brass. The painted representations of these warlike instruments are shown in the varieties of



colour. Some are of a transparent blueness, in exquisite imitation of steel; others are yellow like brass, on bronzed as copper. Some of the steel blades are painted with a delicate inlaying of yellow, in imitation of the lines of gold with which swords are damasked, and even now considered a masterpiece of art. But they possessed certain powers in the hardening of metals which are altogether lost. They could make copper cut through granite, and implements of that metal have been found in the quarries, which had certainly been used by the sculptor in his art. The handle of one was bruised at the head as if by the application of the mallet: the point was uninjured: yet when struck by the mallet with an uninitiated hand, the metal bent and became useless. Another retains all the elasticity of steel. Drills of copper have also been found, with a wheel attached, as if thrown aside on some sudden emergency while at work; and these are traced to have been used in the sculptural adornments of the temples. It must be here recollected that the vast designs traced upon the granite are all in relief, in the same manner as composition figures are fixed on tablets at the present day, but presenting a smoothness and polish unsurpassed by the finest marble.

Among the finer metals, the working of gold attained its highest perfection. The feat of Moses burning and reducing gold to powder was derived from the Egyptians. This art was completely lost, although Boerhaave is said to have left a receipt by which that difficult process might be accomplished. A French chemist, of the name of Goguet, recently made a re-discovery of the chemical agency by which it is performed, and he adds his testimony as to the difficulty of its successful operation. It is done chiefly by the assistance of natron. The workmanship of the Egyptians generally is very similar to that of India, many of the gems of which found their way to Egypt at so early a period as that of Thothmos III., among whose structures are to be found the amethyst, and several other of the native jewels of the East. This proves that the route of the Overland Mail was not unknown in ancient times, and that the practical researches of the Egyptians have been to us as useful as their philosophical and scientific inquiries. Rossellini, the Italian traveller, has published a great number of elaborate illustrations, taken from the tomb of Rameses III., in which golden baskets and other ornaments are plentifully displayed. In the Museum a great variety of trinkets are to be seen, consisting of rings, necklaces, armlets, earrings, and other articles of female finery. The gold, we are told by Diodorus and Pliny, came from the mines of Orabus, on the upper Nile; these are known to have been worked since the Christian era, but are now altogether neglected. The monuments also tell us that gold dust was brought from Abyssinia, from whence we have learned that the enterprise of Mehemet is about to derive it. Although gold was not exactly used as a circulating medium, it was made available as a token of commerce, by being manufactured into rings, and stamped as of a given weight and value. That the arts of gold beating and gilding were known is amply evidenced by the articles of *certu* shown in the rich repository of Egyptian treasures in the Museum.

The blacksmith, the coachmaker, and the farrier, were in full employment. Indeed, from the great number of chariots with which Egypt abounded, from the many accounts we have of their cavalades, these handicrafts must have been highly prosperous. Need we allude to the host of Pharaoh which was engulfed in the collapsing wave? A better, a milder, a more touching and affecting instance, is that when the Enroyaled knelt at the Venerable's feet, and the man-stealers stood abashed when the sire wept on the neck of him who had been hated of his brethren.

The crafts of tanners and curriers are more ancient than the members of these proud guildries suppose. The Theban tanner subjected his skins to an immersion of salt and water, in which employment he is seen among the paintings from which we derive so large a portion of our Egyptian knowledge. After being soaked, the leather was placed on wooden stretchers, and underwent various chemical processes in the currying. The skins of wild animals were greatly prized, and in various triumphal processions tributes of such skins are seen being carried as trophies. The leather was used as coverings for chariots, and in the manufacture of sandals. Shoes and half-boots, evidently the original of those now worn by English damsels, were also made of leather, some well-preserved specimens of which may be seen in the Egyptian room of the British Museum. The leather made from ram's skins by the Israelites, on their departure from bondage, and with which they covered the Tabernacle, was none other than that known by the name of Morocco, to which country it can be traced as having been derived from neighbouring Egypt nearly four thousand years ago.

It was long an accepted idea with the modern world that glass was unknown to the ancients. It was endeavoured to be proved from Pliny that this useful article was not in use until the era Augustus, and also that it did not come into general use until after the fall of the Roman Empire. Setting aside the now admitted fact of glass being found in the windows of the houses of Pompeii, the destruction of which was witnessed by the Elder Pliny himself, we now claim for Egypt a full knowledge, if not the invention of glass. The Theban workman went through the same

process as that pursued by our Excise-watched manufacturer. The paintings show the stripped artisans dipping their iron pipes into the fused metal, and twisting and twirling, blowing and moulding, as if a large order had to be immediately supplied. Nay, more, they beat us hollow in the art of staining glass: they could manufacture imitation gems to a nicety, and give the sparkling brilliancy of India's most gorgeous jewels to common crystal. They could stain the thickest glass through and through, and give to its cut edges a richness and depth of colour which the modern workman may strive in vain to imitate.

The emerald was a favourite imitation of the Theban glass-makers, and knowing this there need be little doubt that the boasted emerald basins used in the early Christian churches were of Theban manufacture, as well as the emerald obelisk in the temple of Jupiter Ammon, which was sixty feet high. Thus are the doubted marvels of the old world reduced to belief and possibility by a knowledge of the artificers' art. Diodorus assures us that coffins were made of it in Ethiopia, which renders the assertion that the bodies of Cyrus and Alexander were so encased less likely to be a fable. The hieroglyphics on the granite which were deemed worthy of eternal preservation were covered by a coating of glass, through which the mystic lore was read, and not a few specimens of this cunning art are to be found in the cabinets of the curious. We must not conclude our notice of the art of making glass without informing our readers, that the common black quart bottle (which now, alas! is sadly displaced by the use of vulgar pewter) was a well-known occupant of the Egyptian table. The only difference between them and the modern is, that the former were somewhat wider mouthed, and more akin to those in which preserved fruits or pickles are kept. The oil jars of the Levant, the flasks containing Florence oil, and the turpentine vessels from Cyprus, are all Egyptian imitations, in size, colour, structure, and protection.

We have left ourselves little space to allude to the many other arts which flourished in Egypt from the earliest times, and which continued in all their excellence, through the periods of Joseph, Moses, and Solomon, to the irruption of Cambyzes. We must mention, however, that the barbers and surgeons were there a united and corporate body as they are still in many places of Europe.\* They were the practical embalmers, and possessed a knowledge of anatomy. Those bodies which were deemed unworthy of a holy preservation, in consequence of their misconduct during life, were given up to them for dissection; from which, no doubt, was derived the barbarian modern practice of giving the bodies of murderers for dissection by way of additional infamy. The English, however, not believing that the destruction of the body would affect the future existence of the soul, transferred the odium from the subject to the anatomist, and forced the useful study of the human frame to be done in secret, gave violent though indirect encouragement to the disruption of graves, and fixed a taint of crime on all who permitted the bodies of their relations to be opened after death. Wigs were fashionable in the days of Moses, and one, much like those in courtly use in the time of Charles II., may be seen in the Museum, in perfect curl, as if the tongs had but recently been drawn through it.

We need not say more respecting the making of bricks than that many have been found made of clay and straw, and cemented with pitch. Some have the maker's name imprinted on them, and others the signet mark of the king in whose reign they were made, or for whose palace or tomb they were intended. Among the paintings copied by the indefatigable Rossellini is one of a Hebrew bondsman employed in the degraded art. Other paintings represent the task master receiving the account of the number made, in supplying the material, or in strutting or fretting in all the plenitude of brief authority, after the manner of a West Indian driver.

Bakers, butchers, and pastry-cooks, were then, as now, useful in their generation. The whole culinary process is given in regular panorama by Rossellini, from the plucking of the vegetables, or killing of the sheep, to its being served up on the table; cloths and napkins, which might cause the unsunned snow to blush, are in the hands of slaves, while vessels of gold, porcelain, and glass are placed on sideboards in gorgeous confusion. Knives and spoons were common, but the fork had not then been called into existence. The plates and dishes of the Pharaohs may be seen in the New Egyptian room in the Museum. Indeed, we must accompany our readers there, and give a detailed account of the interesting relics therein contained. They are witnesses of the progress of the arts in the remote era of their creation, and speak with eloquent muteness of the civilization which Egypt might have waited to many a distant shore had not the furious Mede laid all her glory low. He destroyed a country rich in knowledge, and teeming with all that could enlighten or improve the human race. His violent arm arrested the progress of intel-

\* The surgeons of Edinburgh have long attempted to shake off their connexion with their brethren of the tonsor; they have given up to them several burghal privileges, and left others in abeyance; but the gentlemen of the chin-lancet are proud of their heraldry and genteel connexions, and declare that their old renown is a matter which they would not willingly let die.

lectual light, and stayed the march of mind for more than a thousand years. Yet was he called a great warrior, and a mighty king! It was not till his kingdom was paralysed by the patriotic Greek, that science and art again broke forth in morning brightness, and left to us and all posterity the triumphs of genius in another small corner of the Mediterranean sea. We must trace the Medes and Persians in their gorgeous barbarity, and bring them to the glorious gulf of Salamis. Ere we tread the haunted and holy ground, where "storied urn and animated bust" proclaim that Greece shall yet be free—free, not alone from the yoke of Islam, but from the mindless government of the Bavarian.

### Dr. Channing on Crowded Cities.

We select the following paragraphs, eminently eloquent and true, from a new pamphlet by that celebrated American philanthropist, Dr. Channing.

What is the happiest community? What the city which should be chosen above all others as our home? It is that, the members of which form one body, in which no class seeks a monopoly of honour or good, in which no class is a prey to others, in which there is a general desire that every human being may have opportunity to develop his powers. What is the happiest community? It is not that, in which the goods of life are accumulated in a few hands, in which property sinks a great gulf between different ranks, in which one portion of society swells with pride, and the other is broken in spirit; but a community in which labour is respected, and the means of comfort and improvement are liberally diffused. It is not a community in which intelligence is developed in a few, whilst the many are given up to ignorance, superstition, and a gross animal existence; but one, in which the mind is so revered in every condition, that the opportunities of its culture are afforded to all. It is a community, in which religion is not used to break the many into subjection, but is dispensed even to the poorest, to rescue them from the degrading influence of poverty, to give them generous sentiments and hopes, to exalt them from animals into men, into Christians, into children of God. This is a happy community, where human nature is held in honour, where, to rescue it from ignorance and crime, to give it an impulse towards knowledge, virtue, and happiness, is thought the chief end of the social union.

It is the unhappiness of most large cities, that, instead of this union and sympathy, they consist of different ranks, so widely separated as indeed to form different communities. In most large cities there may be said to be two nations, understanding little of one another, having as little intercourse as if they lived in different lands. In such a city as London, the distance of a few streets only will carry you from one stage of civilization to another, from the excess of refinement to barbarism, from the abodes of cultivated intellect to brutal ignorance, from what is called fashion to the grossest manners; and the distinct communities know comparatively nothing of each other. There are travellers from that great city who come to visit our Indians, but who leave at home a community as essentially barbarous at that which they seek, who, perhaps, have spent all their lives in the midst of it, giving it no thought. To these travellers, a hovel, in one of the suburbs which they have left, would be as strange a place as the wigwam of our own forests. They know as little what thousands of their own city suffer, to what extremities thousands are reduced, by what arts thousands live, as they know of the modes of life in savage tribes. How much more useful lessons would they learn, and how much holier feelings would be awakened in them, were they to penetrate the dens of want, and woe, and crime, a few steps from their own door, than they gain from exploring this New World! And what I say of London is true also of Boston, in a measure. Not a few grow up and die here, without understanding how multitudes live and die around them, without having descended into the damp cellar where childhood and old age spend day and night, winter and summer, or without scaling the upper room, which contains within its narrow and naked walls, not one but two, and even three families. They see the poor in the street, but never follow them in thought to their cheerless homes, or ask how the long day is filled up. They travel, in books at least, to distant regions, among nations of different languages and complexions, but are strangers to the condition and character of masses who speak their native tongue, live under their eye, and are joined with them for weal or woe in the same social state. This estrangement of men from men, of class from class, is one of the saddest features of a great city. It shows that the true bond of communities is as yet imperfectly known.

It is a plain truth, and yet how little understood, that the greatest thing in a city is Man himself. He is its end. We admire its palaces; but the mechanic who builds them is greater than palaces. Human nature in its lowest form, in the most abject child of want, is of more worth than all outward improvements. You talk of the prosperity of your city. I know but one true prosperity. Does the human soul grow and prosper here? Do not point me to your thronged streets. I ask, who throng them? Is it a low-minded, self-seeking, gold-worshipping, man-despising crowd, which I see rushing through them? Do I meet in them, under the female form, the gaily-decked prostitute, or the



idle, wastful, aimless, profitless woman of fashion? Do I meet the young man, showing off his pretty person as the perfection of nature's works, wasting his golden hours in dissipation and sloth, and bearing in his countenance and gaze the marks of a profligate? Do I meet a grasping multitude, seeking to thrive by concealments and fraud? An anxious multitude, driven by fear of want to doubtful means of gain? An unfeeling multitude, caring nothing for others, if they may themselves prosper or enjoy? In the neighbourhood of your comfortable or splendid dwellings, are there abodes of squalid misery, of reckless crime, of bestial intemperance, of half-famished childhood, of profaneness, of dissoluteness, of temptation for thoughtless youth? And are these multiplying with your prosperity, and outstripping and neutralising the influences of truth and virtue? Then your prosperity is a vain show. Its true use is to make a better people. The glory and happiness of a city consists not in the number, but the character of its population. Of all the fine arts in a city, the grandest is the art of forming noble specimens of humanity. The costliest productions of our manufactures are cheap, compared with a wise and good human being. A city which should practically adopt the principle, that man is worth more than wealth or show, would gain an impulse that would place it at the head of cities. A city in which men should be trained worthy of the name, would become the metropolis of the earth.

Society ought not to breed monsters in its bosom. If it will not use its prosperity to save the ignorant and poor from the blackest vice, if it will even quicken vice by its selfishness and luxury, its worship of wealth, its scorn of human nature, then it must suffer, and deserves to suffer, from crime.

Why is it, that so many children in a large city grow up in ignorance and vice? Because that city abandons them to ruinous influences, from which it might and ought to rescue them. Why is beggary so often transmitted from parent to child? Because the public, and because individuals do little or nothing to break the fatal inheritance. Whence come many of the darkest crimes? From despondency, recklessness, and a pressure of suffering, which sympathy would have lightened. Human sympathy, Christian sympathy, were it to penetrate the dwellings of the ignorant, poor, and suffering, were its voice lifted up to encourage, guide, and console, and its arm stretched out to sustain, what a new world would it call into being! What a new city we should live in! How many victims of stern justice would become the living, joyful witnesses of the regenerating power of a wise Christian love!

Society should use every means in its power of rescuing its members from the degradation and misery of crime and public punishment. Let it especially protect the exposed child. Here is a paramount duty, which no community has yet fulfilled. If the child be left to grow up in utter ignorance of duty, of its Maker, of its relation to society, to grow up in an atmosphere of profaneness and intemperance, and in the practice of falsehood and fraud, let not the community complain of his crime. It has quietly looked on and seen him, year after year, arming himself against its order and peace; and who is most to blame when at last he deals the guilty blow? A moral care over the tempted and ignorant portion of the state is a primary duty of society.

How little may it profit that you labour at home, if in the next street, amidst haunts of vice, the incendiary, the thief, the ruffian, is learning his lesson, or preparing his instruments of destruction? How little may it profit you, that you are striving to educate your children, if around you the children of others are neglected, are contaminated with evil principles or impure passions? Where is it that our sons often receive the most powerful impulses? In the street, at school, from associates. Their ruin may be sealed by a young female brought up in the haunts of vice. Their first oaths may be echoes of profaneness which they hear from the sons of the abandoned. What is the great obstruction to our efforts in educating our children? It is the corruption around us. That corruption steals into our homes, and neutralises the influence of home. We hope to keep our little circle pure amidst general impurity. This is like striving to keep our particular houses healthy, when infection is raging around us. If an accumulation of filth in our neighbourhood were sending forth foul stench and pestilential vapours on every side, we should not plead as a reason for letting it remain, that we were striving to prevent a like accumulation within our own doors. Disease would not less certainly invade us, because the source of it was not prepared by ourselves. The infection of moral evil is as perilous as that of the plague.

Give to society a generous, disinterested son or daughter, and you will pay with interest the debt you owe it. Blessed is that home, where such members are formed, to be heads of future families and fountains of pure influence to the communities of which they form a part. In this respect our education is most deficient. Whilst we pay profusely for superficial accomplishments, very little is done to breathe a noble, heroic, self-sacrificing spirit into the young.

Do we not know, that great cities have hitherto drawn together the abandoned? have bred a horde of ignorant, profligate, criminal poor? have been deformed by the horrible contrasts of luxury and famine, of splendour and abject woe? Do we not know, that, among the

indigent and laborious classes of great cities, the mortality is fearfully great in comparison with that of the country, a result to be traced to the pestilential atmosphere which these people breathe, to the filth, darkness, and dampness of their dwellings, to the suffering, comfortless condition of their children, and to the gross vices which spring up from ignorance and destitution? Do we want no better destiny for this dear and honoured metropolis? You will not suspect me of being a foe to what are called improvements. Let our city grow. Let railroads connect it with the distant West. Let commerce link it with the remotest East. But, whilst its wealth and numbers grow, let its means of intelligence, religion, virtue, domestic purity, and fraternal union, grow faster. Let us be more anxious for moral than physical growth. May God withhold prosperity, unless it is to be inspired, hallowed, ennobled by public spirit, by institutions for higher education, and by increasing concern in the enlightened and opulent for the ignorant and poor. If prosperity is to narrow and harden us, to divide us into castes of high and low, to corrupt the rich by extravagance and pride, and to create a more reckless class of poor, then God avert it from us. But prosperity need not be so abused. It admits of noble uses. It may multiply the means of good. It may multiply teachers of truth and virtue. It may make the desert places of society blossom as the rose. To this end may our prosperity be consecrated.

If we, with every means of culture, need the Christian ministry, the poor need it more. Is it not a duty, and should we not rejoice, to send forth faithful, enlightened men, whose office shall be, to strengthen those whom corrupt influences are sweeping from duty with peculiar power, to guide those who have no other counsellor, to admonish and cheer those who are pressed with heaviest temptations, to awaken the minds of those who are unconscious of their intellectual powers, to breathe fortitude into those who suffer most, to open a better world to those to whom this world is darkened, and, above all, to snatch their children from ruin, to protect the young who seem born to a heritage of want or crime?

### Something from Nothing.

#### CHAPTER IX.

WE continue our synopsis of Mr. Poole's tale of domestic life, by giving a specimen of Mr. Quiddy's art of learning other people's secrets:—

"Well, Janet," said he, in a tone of unusual kindness, as, on the following morning, the former took her seat at the breakfast-table—"Well, Janet, and how is the old 'oman by this time?"

"She is fast asleep, or I should not have quitted her bedside; but I fear it will soon be over with her," replied Janet, in a melancholy tone.

"If you'd got as much feeling, Janet, as I have," said Quiddy, "you'd say the sooner the better for the poor creature, for she has been a great sufferer."

"But whilst there's life there's hope, Mr. Quiddy,"—(somehow, Quiddy did not like the Mister)—"and should the poor soul recover, as I pray she may—"

"She's past praying for," said Quiddy; "—and, at her age, to go a-linering on in pain—it cuts me to the heart to think on it. Ah! I'm sure it's anything but a blessing to have such tender feelings." And as he put his handkerchief to his eyes he sighed deeply.

"Well, Providence knows best," said Janet; yet, after all, perhaps, it would be a mercy if—"

"Mercy? in course it would," said Quiddy, eagerly taking up the word; "the greatest of mercies. I dare say Doctor M'Squills will bring in a pretty long bill as it is; and to pay him any more would be only like throwing good money after bad, as we say in trade."

The latter part of this observation Janet did not attend to, for fancying she heard a stir in Mrs. Sanderson's room, she ran up stairs. Finding, however, that the old woman still slept, she returned to her breakfast.

For some minutes both parties were silent. During this brief interval Quiddy was considering how he might draw from Janet a point of information which he considered to be material to the plan of proceeding alluded to at the conclusion of the preceding chapter. Ingenuousness was a quality of the very existence of which he was ignorant; and, himself possessing not one particle of it, it is not to be wondered at that he thought it impossible to elicit the truth by a straightforward question. As we have before observed, he was proud to think himself cunning—'cute: he saw no "cleverness" in a direct proceeding: any fool wishing to know the time of day could ask, simply, what's o'clock? but he would hardly rely on the information unless obtained by some tortuous mode of inquiry. Truth might, for him, for ever sleep at the bottom of her well, unless he could contrive a crooked rope wherewith to draw her out.

Now, upon the present occasion, he wished to know whether Janet was acquainted with the nature of Mrs. Sanderson's will; and had he said, "Janet, are you acquainted with the nature of Mrs. Sanderson's will?" Janet would infallibly have replied "Yes" or "No," as the truth might have been. But, in that case, both question and answer being direct and simple, he would have doubted the girl's veracity. The 'cute young tobacconist therefore thus proceeded:—

"I say, Janet, you're a—you're the—that's to say, you're a great favourite of Mr. Grubb's ain't you?"

"Not that I know of," replied Janet.

"Yea—no—what I mean is, he's a great favourite of yours?" continued Quiddy.

"I've not seen enough of him for that," replied Janet.

"To be sure—exactly so—but you have talked to him sometimes, when he has come here, eh?"

"I have talked to him, certainly."

"In course," continued Quiddy, "for without talking how could you have asked him how the old 'oman has left her trifle of property, eh, Janet?"

This infallible inquiry, as Quiddy considered it, he accompanied with a knowing look, and a thrust of his forefinger at Janet's elbow.

Janet's cheek was instantly suffused with—No: that won't do "cheek suffused;" it is proper only to delicate young ladies of fashion—to heroines of the fragile-form order: touching a tobacconist's little maid-of-all-work we must simply say that at this question Janet coloured up to the very eyes; and with an expression of indignation she cried—

"And has Mr. Grubb dared to say that I have been so base as to pry into my kind mistress's affairs?"

"Why—hem—no," said Quiddy, startled by this little burst of anger—"no; he didn't say so; besides, you had no need to ask him, after he had told you all about the matter himself."

"Did Mr. Grubb say that?" inquired Janet emphatically.

"No, I can't say he did," stammered the other, taken aback by the girl's inevitable question; "for how—that is—for what would have been the use of his telling you when you had already asked—I mean—that's to say, when you had already heard it all from the old 'oman herself?"

"Whoever told you that, has told you what is false," said Janet. "Do you think Mrs. Sanderson would tell her private affairs to a poor servant-maid like me? or that I should be so ungrateful to her as to try and worm myself into them? Who was it that told you otherwise, Mr. Quiddy?"

Quiddy, when, with the soul and spirit of an Old Bailey attorney, he commenced his sneaking cross-examination of Janet, fixed his cunning little grey eyes upon her, the better to detect any evasion on her part; but, quailing beneath her honest gaze, he diverted them towards the fire. To the last question he made no reply; and, after a pause, Janet repeated it in precisely the same words, but with stronger emphasis.

"Why," replied he, crossing one leg over the other, and raking the cinders from beneath the lower bars of the grate with the point of his shoe—"why,—I can't positively say anybody told me, but—but—a—"

"But you yourself suspect me capable of such conduct, and have therefore put all these questions in order to try me."

These words she uttered in a tone which was akin to the countenance of the ghost of Hamlet's father, it being "more in sorrow than in anger."

"Lor! no," said he; "how can you think of such a thing, Janet?"

"Then why all those questions?"

Perplexed to find a satisfactory reason, he at length stammered out—

"Why, one must talk about something, you know."

Still was his dirty mind not altogether satisfied; still he entertained some doubts of the truth of what he had drawn from Janet by his wonderfully 'cute, clever method of framing his question. He therefore did at last that which he had much better have done at first, and, turning towards her, said—

"Janet, do you know anything about the contents of the old 'oman's will?"

"No," replied Janet, looking him full in the face—as was indeed her invariable custom, whether when speaking to any one, or when spoken to.

"Then don't you know nothing, in no way, not in the least, how she had left her property?"

"No," again replied she.

Just then Mrs. Sanderson rang her bell, and Janet left the room to attend to the summons—for a minute wondering what Quiddy could mean by those very odd questions, and, presently (absorbed in attention to her mistress) forgetting all about them.

There is something in simple truth which will not be resisted: it will compel its way into minds the most unwilling to receive it; and an unadorned "Yes" or "No," coming in honesty and sincerity from the heart, is a match, nay a master, for the most dexterous and refined sophistry that human ingenuity can invent. Thus, in the present instance, the simple "No" of Janet satisfied even the nasty suspicious mind of Quiddy himself, that she knew no more about the matter which the attorney had confided to him on the previous evening, than that know-nothing gentleman, so frequently appealed to—the man in the moon.

"That'll do; all's right; mine's the plan!" thought Quiddy, rubbing his hands in token of satisfaction, and proceeding to his place behind his counter. All's right, and I'll bring her to settle matters as soon as I can get her alone this evening, for fear—"

Here his thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a customer; so that what it was he feared, that brought him to the resolution of precipitating matters, as also what those matters exactly were, must, for a short time, remain a subject for guessing to such as may think it worth their trouble.



## Burns Illustrated and Explained.

## CHAPTER XII.—HOLY FAIR CONTINUED.

SUPPOSING ourselves in the vicinity of the chosen ground, we observe that the "but and ben," the outer and inner apartments of the "public," are thronged with anxious customers. Let us go in.

Now but an' ben, the change-house fills  
Wi' yill-caup commentators:  
Here's crying out for bakes and gills,  
An' there the pint stowp clatters;  
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,  
Wi' logic an' wi' scripture,  
They raise a din, that, in the end,  
Is like to breed a rupture  
O' wrath that day.

Letze me on drink! it gives us mair  
Than either school or college:  
It kindles wit, it waukens lair,  
It pangs us fou o' knowledge.  
Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,  
Or any stronger potion,  
It never fails, on drinking deep,  
To kittle up our notion  
By night or day.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent  
To mind baith saul an' body,  
Sit round the table, weel content,  
An' steer about the toddy.  
On this ane's dress, and that ane's leuk,  
They're making observations;  
While some are cozie i' the neuk,  
And formin' assignations  
To meet some day.

This scene in a booth at a religious ordinance did more to abolish the practice of preaching in the open air, and making a theatrical display of what should be done in meekness of spirit, than all the serious attempts of the truly good, who grieved at the abuse which flowed from the practice. While a minister was bellowing forth against the crime of drunkenness, the clatter of the pewter measure sung an appropriate chorus.

These scenes are now among the departed, never more to raise the scorner's laugh, nor give the lovers of a holiday an opportunity of enjoying themselves to their heart's content. But neither eloquence nor sarcasm, religion nor philosophy, have succeeded in preventing young women from distracting their brain with that foolish but universal idea, that they are necessary to the existence and happiness of that rude mortal known by the name of man. The world has long been told, that it is not for her own advantage and pleasure that kind-hearted woman so occupies her mind with thoughts of matrimony, and perhaps a majority of mankind have believed the assertion; but there are sceptics of all creeds, and this doctrine of course must also have its unbelievers. If it is true, that women are imbued by no other principle than that of generous affection for the welfare of their brother sex, and never seek fee nor reward for all their kind attentions and tender endearments, it is a pity that they should display so much anxiety on the subject. Some of them, it is true, are apt and perfect scholars in matrimonial diplomacy, tantalising and distracting some hot-headed swain by the coldness and austerity of their passion, though all the while they are as earnest and determined to get married as soon as possible, as the unsophisticated girl who undisguisedly states her hopes and wishes without reserve, hypocrisy, or fear. Why should not these women say ay or no at once, and speak their mind with freedom. All of them, when the honeymoon is accomplished, are able enough to astonish their husbands with the extent of their vocabulary, and the strength of their lungs, making his bewildered ear like a broken punch bowl, when he has assisted to evaporate its contents. Before marriage, a girl requires at least a dozen pressing invitations before she will enter a tavern. After marriage, she is the first to get tired upon a country road, and can read a sign-post even in the dark. Thus at the Holy Fair, it was not men alone who looked in upon the extemporaneous hotel built up by the churchyard wall.

An earnest crowd of men, women, and children, tired of sitting or standing, any thing will do for an excuse, press in on the keeper of the booth for refreshment—nothing more; but once there, they meet with their friends, and it would not be good manners to hurry away too soon, and it would be worse not to taste with them; then one begins to tell how he got home the last time you met, and had a drinking bout—and the wife discovers for the first time the pressing business which detained her industrious husband so very late from home that particular evening. Then of course she tells the excuse he made, as the readiest way to be revenged on him by seeing him laughed at by his companions. She does not, however, like to see the women join in the laugh, so she already repents of her conduct, and waits to see if any of the other wives will commit themselves that it may be her turn to laugh at them. Unfortunately, the principal topic of conversation is the merits of the preachers, and every one present, the ladies always of course excepted, inspired by the divinity of bauld John Barleycorn, suddenly discover themselves critics of the first water. Some are vehement in denouncing what others support, and a disturbance is ever and anon on the eve of making its appearance, when the belligerent speaker is silenced by his opponent wife saying kindly to him—"Take

a drop, John, it will help ye to speak the better." By the time he has taken off his glass—it must be emptied when a lady fills it—he finds some other speaker in possession of the audience, so he drops off quietly to sleep, till the reckoning comes to be paid, when it is unanimously thought that he will catch cold if he sleeps any longer. At another table sit the young men and women, for it would never do to let mothers or aunts know what this or that person said. The youngsters, who have hoarded up every spare sixpence for the occasion, try to do things handsomely, and as ale is too cheap to be respectable, and whisky too strong for the ladies, they convert the latter into punch—not that the young ladies "think" the liquor too strong for their stomachs—it is only rather strong because it taints their breath, and might induce their lovers to think that they were accustomed to it. The young men, we are told, are not so foolish as to waste the golden moments in discussing the merits of the sermon—they have more important matter on hand.

On this ane's dress and that ane's look,  
They're making observations.

That above all others is a subject best fitted to induce the young women to take part in the conversation, as they, if not employed in eating biscuit to mollify the liquor, generally contrive to put in a word on such occasions.

But we have forgot that the drama of the day has not been completed—they are only enjoying the leisure of the drop-scene, not the retirement consequent on the falling of the curtain. They are summoned by the important information that the great gun of the day has commenced his oration.

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,  
Till a' the hills are rairin',  
An' echoes back return the shouts:  
Black Russell is na spairin':  
His piercing words, like Highlan' swords,  
Divide the joints an' marrow;  
His talk o' hell, where devils dwell,  
Our vera sauls does harrow  
Wi' fright that day.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,  
Fill'd fou o' lowin' brunstane,  
Wha's ragin' flame, an' scorchin' heat,  
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!  
The half asleep start up wi' fear,  
An' think they hear it roarin',  
When presently it does appear  
'Twas but some neebor snorin'  
Asleep that day.

The business of the day could not be concluded without another awful rehearsal of the darker doctrines of their belief—they could not be kept in due and proper subjection without one more inculcation of the fearful results of human life; yet the sarcastic wit of the poet will have it that the dread had lost its efficacy—the majority of the audience having become enlightened by the potent influence of liquid inspiration, and they thought themselves as learned as the minister himself. Nay, they had even dared to dose and sleep while the horrible picture of a corporeal hell was portrayed them, and the noise of its flame broke out upon their half-awakened ears in the shape of some oblivious neighbour; whose nasal organ practically illustrated the attention he had been bestowing on the disquisitions of the speaker. It is a remarkable curiosity that the most inveterate sleeper in church contrives to awake just at the moment of dismissal, as if he had made up his mind to sleep a certain length of time and no longer. It is not known, however, whether these sleepers are as exact in the morning—especially during winter, when exactness would be a great convenience, and prevent the wife from getting up to strike a light, as some attentive spouses do. But, to return.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell  
How monie stories past,  
An' how they crowded to the yill  
When they were a' dismist:  
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caps,  
Among the furms an' benches,  
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,  
Was dealt about in lunces,  
An' dawds that day.

In comes a gaulie, gash guidwife,  
An' sits down by the fire,  
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife,  
The lasses they are shyer.  
The auld guidmen, about the grace,  
Frae side to side they bother,  
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,  
An' gie's them't like a tether,  
Fu' lang that day.

Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,  
Or lasses that hae naething!  
Sma' need has he to say a grace,  
Or melvie his brow clathing!  
O wives be mindfu' ance yoursel  
How bonnie lads ye wanted,  
An' dinna for a kebbuck-heel,  
Let lasses be affronted  
On sic a day.

Into the important secrets connected with the bread and cheese, however, we cannot now enter. Suffice it to say, that it was the custom for young women to bring edibles, and to the gallantry of such men who partook thereof they trusted for protection.

## Familiar Chapters on Science.

## NO. IX.—MEDICAL LEARNING CONTINUED.

IN our last number we sketched a rapid outline of the advantages to be derived by the physician from the preliminary practice and study of anatomy. Our present purpose is to continue the subject by pointing out other branches of science which should be familiar to the medical man as a physiologist, and without a knowledge of which no professor of the healing art can be said to be philosophically, or even sufficiently instructed.

With regard to animal life, into every form and variety of which it is his particular province to make a penetrating inquiry, we have already stated that the facts connected with it are startling. If he tread the arid sands of Africa, where the heat of the sun is absolutely scorching, not less prolific will that life he found than in the temperate regions of the earth. Lizards, and lion-ants innumerable, surround the pyramids; and in hot damp places where man sustains existence with difficulty, whole tribes of people are driven to temporary immigration in consequence of the formidable and distressing attacks of insects during certain seasons of the year. On the one hand, he discovers with astonishment that the existence of living things is not incompatible with the temperature of 120 degrees, at which heat Nature keeps the thermal baths of Albano, where the terbo thermalis, a shell fish indigenous in the Adriatic, finds its home; and on the other, he perceives with no less surprise, that in the extreme northern latitudes, myriads of animalculæ are brought into a short lived existence during the summer solstice in pools formed by the sun on snow and ice. Captain Parry has borne testimony to this last mentioned fact, in the account of his celebrated northern expedition; and he furthermore states that during the same period, in the high northern latitudes, swarms of mosquitos are produced, from which the Esquimaux and Laplander are forced to protect themselves by constantly keeping their huts filled with smoke. Mr. Shuttleworth, the traveller, also relates, that being occupied in the examination of some red snow, he was astonished to find it composed of organised bodies, distinct in nature and form, part of which were of vegetable, but the greater portion of animal creation, and endowed with the liveliest powers of motion.

Surprisingly extensive as the range of the animal kingdom may appear, that of the vegetable world is not less so. In the remotest parts of the earth, in the depths of the ocean, and in the recesses of caverns where human examination has seldom penetrated, the resolute inquirer will find vegetable life in numberless forms of beauty. Even on the cold and forbidding surface of the stactile we have Humboldt's authority for stating that *lichen topiicola* is to be discovered. In Arabia, at the Cape of Good Hope, and in Iceland, different species of *conferva* and *alga*, have been found growing in boiling springs, by Barrow, Hooker, and Forsthal; and, as if Nature designed to prove that there was no limit to her creative powers, even under the most opposing circumstances, vegetable life, in the instance of a species of *marchantia*, has been known to flourish in springs, the mud of which was above the boiling point, a fact which will be found recorded in the account of Lord Macartney's Embassy to China, published by Mr. Staunton.\* In the opposite extreme of temperature, the physiologist discovers that vegetation is not wholly suspended. Pools, the water of which are mepetic, and soils that are poisonous, have yet their special worlds of living things; and although both annihilate animal life, under ordinary circumstances, their inhabitants are qualified by specific organization and peculiar physiological attributes for the otherwise destructive elements in which they respectively dwell. He further discovers that animals as well as vegetables are indigenous in sulphureous waters; and that in the refuse of lead mines, which is used instead of gravel in situations, where, to destroy vegetation is the contemplated object, the *arenaria verna* grows, even in luxuriance. Sir Joseph Banks attempted ineffectually to rear this parasite in his garden until he sent to the mine for a quantity of its native lead rubbish, which, being put into a pit made for that purpose, soon became covered with the plant. The circumstances, however, under which vegetation develops itself, are frequently unintelligible. After the great fire of London, for instance, in 1666, the whole surface of the devastated city was, in a short time, covered with a luxuriant crop of the *sisymbrium iris* in such profusion, that the whole of Europe was supposed not to contain so many specimens of the plant.

But where the boundaries are that circumscribe the researches of the physiologist no one knows. At what height the atmosphere may cease to be a dwelling place for living objects is uncertain; while the depths at which the ocean becomes untenable has been the subject of frequent dispute. According to received opinions, the rays of a vertical sun do not penetrate beyond a hundred fathoms into the sea, and as light is deemed essential to life, in every situation, the furthest limit to which its rays extend have been regarded as the boundary of animal existence. But this law cannot be absolute; and if it were, there are no proved facts to establish the distance through water into which the rays of the sun have power to pene-

\* See also Mr. Bidwell's account of the hot springs in New Zealand in our present number.



trate. What, however, may be the law of light, and of other elements, with reference to the support of vitality, and what are the actual bounds of the animal and vegetable kingdom, constitute yet an interesting inquiry for the physiologist; not only with the view of ascertaining into what regions they may extend, but in the possibility of discovering modes of existence, and by consequence, analogies with which the medical man, in common with other disciples of natural philosophy, is still in some degree unacquainted.

But no knowledge of anatomy and comparative anatomy, however supported by an extensive acquaintance with the phenomena of the animal and vegetable worlds could constitute the accomplished physician without the all-powerful aid of chemistry, that potent science which embraces in its magnificent grasp the materials of which all things are composed,—which reduces all matter to its first elements, which demonstrates the laws by which the most complicated combinations, and the vastest accumulations, are governed—which deals with atoms and immensities,—which has the capacity of reading asunder elements held together by the strong affinities of nature, and of again reducing those elements to the influence of their primary affinities and to their original state,—in fact, which exercises a power that is almost creative. It has been justly observed of chemistry by Dr. Chowne, that a science which follows so closely the footsteps of the natural phenomena of the physical world, that the most subtle influences by which they are governed are secrets scarcely beyond its reach; which measures the individual proportions of the constituent atoms, in any given aggregate of matter; and, finally, which attains, in its deductions, a degree of exactness almost equal to the precision of mathematical solutions, proclaims its own usefulness, and its intimate connexion with that study which has for the object of its research the relations existing between man and the physical agencies by which he is surrounded.

Many are the other branches of natural philosophy which form a useful and a fitting accomplishment for men occupying the station in society to which the medical practitioner belongs; and they are, moreover, indispensable to the medical philosopher. A knowledge of pneumatics, hydraulics, mechanics, optics, the laws of heat, gravitation, and motion, is requisite to a full and correct comprehension of the human fabric, and of the continuations by which symmetrical properties are attained, power conferred, various complicated processes performed, and the general harmonies of the whole preserved. These are combinations, which, when considered in connexion with the mental endowments of man, afford a subject of contemplation, than which, perhaps, nothing in creation can better teach him to appreciate, so far as his finite faculties are capable of appreciating, the omniscience, the omnipotence, and the beneficence of the CREATOR.

### Ornithological Museums.

BIRDS may be said to constitute the poetry of animated nature; and whether we regard the beauty of their forms and colours, the grace and rapidity of their motions when soaring in the sky, or swimming on the surface of the water, the extent of their vision, or their instinctive intelligence, these creatures seem to be of a nature superior to those whose actions are restricted to moving merely upon the earth. What can be more marvellous than that the egg that we may take into our hand, and which seems as inert as the pebble at our feet, should, in a few weeks be transformed into a majestic eagle, flying over the loftiest mountains, and into far distant countries, with the rapidity of an arrow? This transformation may be too common an occurrence to impress our imaginations, and we may deaden the feelings of admiration by the unmeaning words that "this is nothing more than the ordinary course of nature, or an every day phenomenon;" yet, common as it is, when it is duly considered as an insulated fact, what miracle of creative energy can appear more astonishing? The power of rapid locomotion which birds possess, and their general dread or dislike of man, remove the larger species from populous countries, and make it difficult to obtain an intimate knowledge of their habits and instincts, though this constitutes the most delightful part of natural history. Within the last century, the eagle and the bustard have disappeared from South Britain; and even the raven is becoming a scarce bird in most parts of England; and the opportunities of observing its instinctive habits, in a state of nature, are seldom afforded to English naturalists. If we seek for foreign birds, we shall learn that many of them are rarely to be produced, from their haunts being almost inaccessible, that some cannot be brought alive into this climate, and that others have become extremely scarce or extinct, owing to the progress of human colonization. These facts show the use and importance of museums, devoted to the reception and preservation of dead species, especially if they be stuffed and set up, so as to give an accurate representation of their natural forms and attitudes, instead of that exaggerated stretching of the skin, and distortion of limbs, which are generally observable in specimens stuffed by common birdstuffers, who disregard the nature and habits of birds.

In the days of Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Benjamin Leadbeater was famous as a preserver of, and dealer in speci-

mens of birds, and he is several times noticed in the most flattering terms in the magnificent works of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Temminck, and other distinguished ornithologists. He has discontinued the profession for some years; but Mr. John Leadbeater pursues it, and exhibits a high degree of taste and talent in the stuffing and arrangement of birds, and he is therefore extensively and deservedly patronised by the Queen, the Royal Family, Lord Derby, and a host of others whose wealth enables them to procure the most rare and costly birds whose beauties are seldom seen by common eyes. Mr. Leadbeater's private museum of stuffed birds, at No. 19, Brewer-street, Golden-square, is one of the most magnificent we have ever had the privilege to inspect. His museum is handsomely decorated, and nearly every room in it contains elegant glass cases filled with the rarest and most splendid birds from all parts of the world, and preserved so as to have the appearance of real life. On entering his drawing room our eyes rested upon a case of Trogons, jays, and other rare and showy birds, chiefly from Mexico. The Trogons, sometimes called Couroucoui and Pio-Pio from their cries, are remarkable for the plentitude and splendour of their plumage, in which the hue of the emerald is in agreeable contrast to those of the topaz and ruby; and the brilliancy of their colours atones for their rather inelegant forms. They lead a lonely life in solitary woods; they climb among the branches and incubate in the holes of trees. In general, they are very silent; but sometimes they utter the cries above mentioned. They fly principally in the morning and evening, and feed upon insects. One of the most beautiful is the golden Trogon, the two centre feathers of whose tail are frequently three feet long, and the Mexicans adorned the brows of their priests with these elegant appendages, and considered the bird itself sacred to the deity Vitzliputli. Among the species in this case is one which the celebrated Dutch naturalist, Temminck, has named in honour of its possessor, Trogon Leadbeaterii. Here also is a specimen of the Eurylaimus psittacus from Sumatra, and an extraordinary species of crow, the Corvus gymnocephalus or Pie chauve of Temminck, whose description of it we shall translate from his splendid and extensive work.

"The entire form of this singular bird, the shape of its wings, and its very tapering long tail, assist me in judging by analogy from what country this species may have been derived, its country not having yet been ascertained; indeed on comparing this species with the Pie piapiac of Le Vaillant (the Corvus Senegalensis of systems) one is led by very marked analogy to conclude that Africa is its country. Some data, on which, however, it is not prudent to rely, make me think that it is from English possessions on the Guinea coast that the only specimen which is at present known in ornithological museums has been brought. This remarkable specimen, which I have figured and described, enriches the fine museum of Mr. Leadbeater. A little stouter shape, a longer tarsus, and a comparatively shorter tail distinguish our Pie du piapiac. The head of our bird, in certain respects, resembles that of the Goulin or Gracula calva of the Philippines, and this resemblance is so striking that it would induce doubts upon its African origin, if it had not more resemblance in its general forms to the Piapiac of Africa. In short, if this be not African, it must have come from the Philippine Islands. The naked parts of the head offer a particular character; all the auditory aperture is completely destitute of feathers, and even of hair; a little border or rudiment of membrane forms beneath the orifice of the ears a sort of external pouch. All this part of the ears, as well as the sides of the head, is covered by a black skin defined by a round border slightly projecting and forming a circular plate; the cere which envelopes the base of the beak is also of a black colour; all the rest of the naked parts of the head, the middle line of the occiput which separates the black plates of the temples and the part above the top of the neck appear to me to have been red or rosy when alive; a slight tint of light rose covers these parts in the subject before us; all the nape of the neck is covered by a whitish skin, the forehead of the neck and all the other lower parts are white; the back very full and thickly feathered, is of a coal black, all the rest of the plumage is of a sooty brown, the feet are yellowish, and the beak black. The length is fifteen inches."

As excessively rare birds, we may also mention the male and female evening grosbeak, (*Fringilla vespertina*), of which bird Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte says, in his "American Ornithology," that, "The specimen presented to the New York Museum by Mr. Schoolcraft was thought, until lately, the only one in the possession of man; but we have since examined two others shot early in the spring on the Athabasca Lake, near the Rocky Mountains, and preserved among the endless treasures of Mr. Leadbeater, of London, who, with the most obliging liberality, has confided to our charge the perfect specimen from which we have drawn up our description." The next bird that claims our attention here is a singular looking one, variously called the life-guardsmen, military chatterer, or umbrella chatterer. (*Coracina cephaloptera*.) Professor Geoffroy, of Paris, was the first to make known this fine species in the *Annales du Muséum*. (Tome 13, plate 15, page 235.) Since then, M. Vieillot has also published a figure of it. The bird is supposed by some to be a Brazilian species, because the specimens have been sent from Rio Janeiro, the chief town, but Temminck thinks that they were first of all brought there from Peru or the coasts of Chili, because Brazil has been so well explored for her natural productions that this species could hardly have been left unnoticed if it be really a native of any provinces

in that country. Numerous feathers form a very high and conspicuous crest on its head, and it is singularly distinguished from all known American birds by a kind of frill which hangs down to the bottom of the neck, and is formed by a number of long feathers. A similar appendage, ornamented with long feathers, is found in a handsome species of Indian bustard. The head and the base of the beak are ornamented by a wide plume of tall, upright, black feathers, which curl forwards; those on the base of the beak and at the sternum are thinner and black; all these feathers bend their plumes in front so as to form over the head a sort of parasol, which is so much the more grand owing to the feathers spreading themselves apart from each other, like the rays of a sphere. The sides of the neck are naked, the tail is long, slightly rounded; all the plumage is of a very deep black, except the ends of the feathers of the crest and frill which are of a violet colour with a metallic lustre.

In a curious and elegant japanned case of Chinese manufacture are contained about forty parrots; many of most splendid colours, in fact of all the hues of the rainbow. We contemplated these birds with unalloyed pleasure, as their squalling noises were no longer to be heard. The undulated parrot was one of the three first living specimens brought to this country by Mr. Gould on his recent return from Australia. A similar glass case contains about as many parrots and cockatoos. The rarest of all is the macaw parrot, of splendid yellow plumage chiefly, except the lower half of the wings, which is green. Next, is a case of birds of paradise and promerops. It may not be known to general readers that perfect specimens of certain exotic birds are exceedingly difficult to procure. Here we find an entirely perfect male and female of the gorge bird of paradise, and this pair is therefore the finest in England, and the specimen of the sanguine bird of paradise is also the most perfect in this country. This species is remarkable on many accounts, but especially for two whale-bone like feathers which fall from the tail in a most graceful manner. Mr. Leadbeater favoured us with a sight of two specimens, male and female, of the beautiful *Paradisæa regia* from New Guinea, remarkable for being the only perfect skins of them in England, and destined to enrich Lord Derby's splendid museum. On the table in the centre of the room is a gold case, exhibiting a curious contrast of the largest species of Mexican frog, with the smallest species of Mexican dog, which, although an adult of three years old, is only half the size of the former. The mantle-shelf is decorated with a very large and handsome case of rare and beautiful butterflies, moths, and beetles, from all parts of the world, tastefully arranged in circles and other geometric devices.

We accompanied the proprietor to an upper room, which like the lower one, is generally kept darkened to prevent the plumage of the birds fading from the action of light. The blinds having been drawn up, the rays of the sun fell upon the most brilliant display of plumage that ever gratified our sight. The magnificent splendour of the birds contained in this apartment no words can possibly convey an idea of. But to show how rich and curious are the treasures that repose in this apartment, we may particularise a few of the contents. In the largest case are contained specimens of some rare and beautiful species of pheasants, grouse, and jungle-fowls. The Amherstian pheasant, first described and figured by Mr. Benjamin Leadbeater in the "Linnæan Transactions," (vol. xvi. p. 131.) is a handsome species from Cochin China. The only other specimen in the country is in the possession of the Countess of Amherst, at Seven Oaks. The Tupean pheasant is another species, displaying very splendid metallic colours. Here is also a curious but not uncommon phenomenon, a very perfect old hen pheasant that has assumed the male plumage. The fact is further corroborated by an anatomical preparation. The Honduras turkey, much too rare to supply our Christmas demands, is also a splendid bird, with a tail emulating that of a peacock. The specimen of the very rare and fine pinnated grouse interested us from the circumstance of its having been shot by the zealous but ill-fated naturalist and traveller, Douglas. Here is also a male specimen of *Polyplectron chinquis*, a very rare bird. Cases of motmots, toucans of different forms and colours, hornbills, many splendid and some rare thrushes, various species of flamingoes, ibis, bitterns, and spoonbills, next attracted our notice. The Chilean species of flamingo is the most beautiful and rare. In the centre of the room, is a high and chaste designed case, filled with innumerable rare and magnificent specimens of those lovely little creatures the humming-birds, many of which are new species lately imported from Bogota and Columbia. It is impossible by any human art, either by the pen or by the pencil to convey a notion of the brilliant and varied blaze of metallic lustre which those charming birds display. Their colours vary in every shade and with every movement, or, as Mr. Waterson says, "they now exhibit the colours of the ruby, now of the topaz, now of the emerald, now a blaze of burnished gold," and then we may add, when

Burnish'd by the setting sun,  
When he sets behind the hill,  
Sinking from a golden sky;  
Can the pencil's mimic skill  
Copy the refulgent dye!



We should, perhaps, have begrudged so much of our space to a description of this private museum, had it not been for the fact of its containing several rare and highly valuable birds, many of which will be sought for in vain in our public museums, and also from a conviction that the unceasing zeal of Mr. Leadbeater in advancing the study of ornithology, by obtaining, at great pains and expence, new species, however scarce, deserves to be made known to the world.

### The Magdalen.

#### CHAPTER I.—A SISTER'S LOVE.\*

It was just past noon of an autumn day in which lingered much of the brightness and warmth of summer, and the grave-yard of a very old church in the suburbs of London was ringing with the laugh and frolics of some thoughtless schoolboys, who had resorted there for the enjoyment of the portion of playtime allotted them; but their shouts and skirmishes were not heeded—scarcely heard—by a young woman who, in deep mourning, was seated on the ground beside a grave whose simple headstone recorded the death of Harriet Burton, aged sixty-four, the mother of her who now sat beside it, and with her arms folded on the grassy heap, and her head resting upon them, was sobbing with that helpless exhaustion that succeeds a passion of weeping—she did not even hear the very near approach of a lady-like looking person, very fashionably attired, who, after questioning the sexton there professionally engaged, with trembling lingering steps approached the same grave. A minute she shrunk back as she saw and recognised the form prostrate beside it, but soon recovered herself, and with a proud step and fearless eye again advanced to the stone and leaned upon it in an attitude studiously careless; she was, however, still unnoticed by the mourner, but her feelings were not such as silence strengthens, and with a voice in which there was an effort at reckless gaiety, that gave it a harshness not natural to it, she cried, touching her with the handle of her parasol—"What, Lucy, are you asleep at your devotions?"

At the first sound of the voice, Lucy started up, and stood, with tear-wet cheeks, gazing silently on the speaker, as if for a moment she doubted the evidence of her senses, while the other strove to conceal real embarrassment by the assumption of a smile of effrontery.

"Yes, Lucy," she resumed; "it is Martha Burton—your elder sister, that speaks to you, so don't stare so impudently."

"Take your arm from that stone," said Lucy—"don't you know," she added in a trembling whisper, "that you killed her?"

"Nonsense," said the other, removing her arm, however—"don't I know broken hearts are all a humbug," and she forced a laugh.

Lucy looked at her with a mixed expression of horror and pity, embarrassed by the consciousness that near and dear as was the tie between them, Martha's conduct had made her society shame. But Martha was really very fond of her sister, and she longed once more to touch the hand that in days of youth and purity had so often been affectionately clasped in hers; and coming forward, she grasped with her delicately gloved hand the bare and rough one of her sister. "Shake hands, however," she said, with assumed liveliness; but Lucy shrunk back involuntarily from her touch. Martha detected the feeling that prompted this, and her eyes flashed with wrath, and an imprecation trembled on her lip.

"Martha," said Lucy, putting up her hands beseechingly, "remember, you are near our mother's grave—say nothing she would be shocked to hear."

"Yes, that is ever the way with your proud virtue," said Martha, bitterly—"do you think *she* would have turned away from me, and, spite of her efforts, a tear would fall as she thought of the full and forgiving love with which that mother would have met the return of the wanderer."

Lucy's heart could not resist the appeal, nor the tear that accompanied it; she held out both her hands saying—"Oh, Martha! would you but indeed return to the paths of peace and honour, how would her spirit rejoice—how would my heart welcome you?"

"As you did just now, I suppose," replied Martha, the bitterness of her feelings not yet quite subdued—"Lucy," she continued earnestly, "you know not how many hearts are thus hardened."

"Forgive me, Martha," said Lucy, with tearful emotion, "I ought not indeed to have"—she would not say the words, "shrunk from you," but went on—"I have a solemn message to deliver to you, Martha, from her who lies sleeping here." Martha leaned her head

on the stone, and Lucy no longer forbade her. "Martha," she continued, "I would not, God knows, give you one unnecessary pang, but the words must be spoken—she died of a broken heart." Martha's face was hidden, but she gasped for breath as she listened. Lucy went on:—"It was one night, the very night before she died, I was sitting by her; I thought she slept; a few muttered words made me think her sleep uneasy, and I put aside the curtain to see; she opened her eyes and said, 'Lucy, I am praying for her; I knew who she meant, I closed the curtain and prayed too.—At length she said, 'Lucy, should you ever meet my poor deluded Martha, tell her, but not harshly, that her sin and shame have brought the gray hairs of her mother to the grave; that my last thoughts pleaded for her to her Maker; tell her that with Him there is pardon for the repentant sinner, and that the first step she takes in return from her evil ways, let her be sure that my blessing and forgiveness are with her.'"

Lucy did not add, that with her last breath, their mother had charged her, as far as she could, to watch over her sister's career, and encourage her repentance. While she spoke, Martha was making vain attempts to harden her heart against the feelings of affection, misery, and self-reproach that threatened to enter it; she grew faint with the struggle and the shock, and flinging her arms in utter abandonment over the stone, she pressed her cheek to it—"Oh, mother! mother!" she cried, and faint and broken sobs made the words that followed inaudible. By soothing and caresses, Lucy strove to calm a grief that she looked on with the very agony of pity. Martha could not have heard her, for suddenly raising her head and glancing rapidly at her own dress and her sister's, she burst into a laugh that chilled Lucy's heart, and wiping her eyes with her elegantly embroidered handkerchief, she said as lightly as the occasionally recurring sobs would permit. "What a fool I am to weep over shed milk, as we used to say; it can't be helped now, you know, and after all I am best off of the two—even those little urchins would bow and courtesy to my fine clothes, while you would be the 'good woman of every passer-by.'"

Lucy was shocked at this last sudden change of manner, but she saw the hollowness of the seeming mirth, and the fixture of her calm eye and clear brow might alone have fully answered the vaunt. "And when you are quite alone, Martha," she said, "what will your heart say when you think of our mother's words?"

Martha tried to smile, but it would not do, and again she bent her face to the stone and stood silent. At length she looked up with a frown and a flushed cheek—"And if I were to return to honour, as you call it," she said bitterly, "would it not be to starve alone?—the wish is sisterly?"

"Not alone!—not alone!" said Lucy, earnestly; "children of the same mother, we would share the same fate, we would work or starve together."

Martha seized both her hands and looked with eager enquiry in her face. "Lucy, do you know what you are promising," she said.

"I do," said Lucy, firmly; "and here, beside our mother's grave, I call her spirit to witness it."

Her sister faltered out "God bless you!" then stooping down she gathered a few bents of grass from the grave, thrust them into her bosom, and telling Lucy she would see her again, walked rapidly away. Her sister lingered but a few minutes to murmur, as if in her mother's ears, that she had done her bidding, and then with a spirit strengthened by sorrow and cheered with hope for her sister, she also left the spot.

At the gate of the church-yard she met Martha returning, who had forgotten to ask where she might be found; she now hurriedly put the question. Lucy told her where she was then living as housemaid; a trembling pressure of the hand, and another blessing, and again the sisters parted; but their last interview had been witnessed with surprise and suspicion by a gentleman who happened to be passing; it was Mr. Jones, Lucy's master, who now looking anxiously after Martha as she walked up the street, stopped Lucy as she was proceeding the other way, saying—

"Pray, Lucy, who was it you have just been speaking to?"

Her eyes were full of tears as she looked up, but she coloured as she replied with a courtesy, "Please, Sir, it was my sister."

"Hein!" said Mr. Jones; "is she married?"

"No, Sir," said Lucy, and the colour in her cheek grew deeper.

Mr. Jones frowned and compressed his lips as he was wont to do when angry, but he only said, "Such acquaintances as this wont do; but go home, Lucy;" and again Lucy courtied and obeyed.

That evening, while she was industriously but mechanically employed with her needle, the drawing-room bell summoned up stairs the boy of many denominations, who performed, among the rest, the part of footman; he returned to the kitchen with the news that the "Old woman" wanted Lucy up stairs, "and I think," added the penetrating youth, "that you are going to have a scold, for she looks vinegar and penknives." With some trepidation Lucy obeyed the summons; the footboy's representation deserved at least the praise of accuracy; Mrs. Jones was in a state of very dignified wrath; while Mr. Jones, though decidedly an accessory

before the fact, seemed quite abstracted in the perusal of a large thick folio.

"Lucy," said her mistress, beginning her lecture in an imposing tone, as soon as its object had closed the door, "I have been concerned to hear of the very improper acquaintance you have been imprudent enough to form; I mean the woman you were seen to speak to this morning."

"It was my sister, ma'am," said Lucy, colouring painfully.

"Don't interrupt me," said Mrs. Jones smartly; "whoever it might be, if you are seen again in communication with her, or any such person, you stay with me no longer; now go, and observe my caution."

Lucy sighed; she saw that Mrs. Jones could have no sympathy for her situation and feelings, so she withdrew in silence.

While waiting at the supper table the footboy learned the lecture Lucy had received, and wherefore; and he very much shocked the cook's delicacy by the information, who, in her turn, asserted her dignity by divers inuendos against "people as had low and disgraceful relations;" for her part, her mother was landlady of the Crown and Sceptre forty years, and her sister was married to a gentleman in the law, (a bailiff's follower). Lucy's good humour and gentle and obliging manners might have borne down almost any other accusation, but the pride of virtuous indignation must be supported; so she was from principle almost sent to Coventry by the cook, and from the love of mischief jeered by the footboy almost beyond her patience. But days and weeks passed on, and Lucy had no opportunity of repeating the offence thus punished; she saw and heard nothing of Martha, and at length was forced to believe that what she had thought repentance was but a passing sensation, obliterated by the vices it reproved. The whole affair had been nearly forgotten except by herself, when, one morning, the footboy, after answering the door-bell, returned into the kitchen to announce, that a lady who he supposed was another of Lucy's respectable relations wanted her at the door. Lucy hastened up stairs, she had hoped and fancied it might be Martha; and Martha indeed it was, but if she had no such anticipations, she could hardly have been more surprised; the last time she had seen her, it was with every advantage that dress could give to a very pretty face and fine form; she now stood shrinking before her in a dirty stuff gown, a soiled and tawdry-looking shawl, and a straw bonnet, bent, broken, and discoloured; but in her face there was a still greater change, the large bright eyes looked red, and her mouth was most frightfully swelled as if from a blow. No wonder Lucy was shocked, almost stunned, and that she could only utter her name in accents of surprise and pity.

"Well, Lucy," said Martha, with an effort at ease and flippancy, "you see I have taken you at your word, and come to you. Lucy," she said, changing the tone she could not sustain for one that more truly expressed her feelings—"I have no home, no friend but you, and I can bring you nothing but shame."

"Not shame, dear Martha," interrupted Lucy. "I shall glory in your repentance, dear sister; I will never leave, never forsake you."

Martha seized the hand that was extended to her, and pressing it in both hers, she wept as for years she had not. A little boy's exclamation in passing induced Lucy to draw her sister within the hall, and to close the outer door; and thus retired from observation and alone, Martha threw her arms about her, and buried her face in her bosom, sobbing less passionately as she felt that, as the child on its mother's breast, there she had found affection and security. At this moment they were startled by the sharp shrill voice of Mrs. Jones, who, shawled and bonneted, was crossing the hall to go out on her daily household mission.

"Who is that woman, Lucy?" she said. "Don't you know I permit no visitors."

Martha withdrew from her sister's arms and coloured angrily, but Lucy interposed before she could speak.

"It is my sister," she said, "and she is in sad distress."

"Your sister!" screamed Mrs. Jones. "How dare you suffer her to set a foot in my house? and you, woman," she added, turning to Martha, "get out instantly, or a policeman shall show you the way."

Martha would have answered with defiance and invective, but Lucy whispered "for my sake say nothing," and opening the door she added as Martha passed her, "wait for me at the church-yard."

Lucy's gentle speech inspired better thoughts, and turning as she went out, she said, "Do not punish her for my offence; forgive her this time, and I will never come near her more."

"How dare you speak to me, woman?" said Mrs. Jones, violently. "Begone this moment, and depend on it she shall follow you directly." Lucy closed the door, and thus prevented the warm reply Martha would have given. Mrs. Jones returned to the breakfast room, to express to Mr. Jones the remainder of her wrath at the unseemly occurrence in their orderly household. But when moved thereto by her less irritable husband, she began to take the affair into more cool consideration; the imprompt dismissal of the offending housemaid seemed less desirable and convenient, and when, at the end of half an hour, Lucy ascended to the breakfast-room to receive her wages and take a final leave, her

\* It is with much pleasure that we introduce a series of original papers, by another female contributor, to our readers. Who is it that can better depict the hopes and agonies of the female heart than a woman? Who can better describe the loftiness of affection to which she can aspire, the depth of shame to which the wanderer may fall? The patient endurance of a virtuous sister's love, its trials, disappointments, and ultimate reward—the doubt, the difficulty, the fear, of an erring creature's repentance—these are topics for a lady's pen, which, in their present delineation, bring before us truth and nature in all the poetry of a humanized religion, in all the harshness of a merciless and unthinking world.



mistress spoke with relenting pathos of the heinousness of her conduct, but declared herself even then willing to overlook it if she promised neither to see nor to speak to her sister any more.

"Indeed, ma'am, I cannot promise that," said Lucy earnestly; "she has no friend but me."

"As she has made her bed, so she must lie in it," replied Mrs. Jones; "you will ruin yourself, and can do no good; who do you think will employ you if you keep such company?"

"I don't know, ma'am," said Lucy, "but if I was to desert her she might be driven into bad ways again."

"And what business is that of yours," said Mrs. Jones impatiently; "take care of yourself, that is as much as you can do."

"I promised my mother to watch over her if she repented," replied Lucy, "and if God will forgive her when she repents, why should not I! Indeed I cannot forsake her."

"My dear," observed Mr. Jones, looking up from his book with a sneer, "you had better let the girl go at once, we want no Methodists here. Pay her wages and let her go."

"Oh! I'm sure I don't want to keep her," said his lady, with a toss of the head; and to make this evident she settled the question of the wages with as much haste as exactness would permit, and returned a short and indignant "good morning" to Lucy's respectful adieus. Her fellow-servants' farewells were kind and cordial; for the cook, at parting, descended from the high moral ground she had taken to wish her well, and to say it was a pity she should act so foolishly.

### Traits and Sketches of Irish Character.

A DUELLIST'S SENSE OF HONOUR.\*

NEVER did one man do more for another than I did for Tom Dillon, and yet from that blessed day to this he never asked me to his house,—not that it is any great loss, although indeed he used to be hospitable. You must know, gentlemen, that at the spring assizes, six years ago, there was a devil of a row at the grand-jury room in Galway. Harry Bodkin, myself, and others, were amusing ourselves looking at the number of presentments put in for the repairs of roads and the building of bridges, in all of which Dillon was put down as overseer, and every one of which he supported in the warmest manner, although he perfectly well knew he had never seen, and knew nothing about one half of them. We accordingly drew up a presentment for building a bridge at Cathelough (a place not in existence), making our friend overseer in this also; it was actually placed before the foreman, and when read out, was described by Dillon as a spot 'in a most dangerous and critical position, and which sadly indeed required the bridge.' The bridge accordingly passed. The next presentment read by the foreman (and which we also prepared), was one for bringing water to supply the 'aforesaid bridge.' But this was too much, and a general laugh arose. Dillon, who was not remarkable for 'stoutness,' well knowing that he could not venture on Bodkin or myself, said, addressing himself to Colonel Bingham, (at that time a stranger, and who seemed highly to enjoy the joke), 'such conduct was ungentlemanlike.' Blows literally followed words, and the Colonel, as stout a fellow as ever breathed, kicked him not only out of the room, but out of the court-house, so that he was publicly disgraced. Days and weeks passed, (continued Mick) and Dillon, incredible as it sounds, took no notice of the insult. He was cut accordingly, and I was not a little annoyed at the turn things had taken, as his wife (who is as good a woman as ever had a house, and is a third cousin of my own) took it greatly to heart; but though she did all she possibly could, as a dutiful Galway wife, to induce her husband to call out the Colonel, she never could succeed.

"Cousin Mick," said she to me one day after dinner, "I want to consult you as to what we should do about 'this unfortunate man.' I did everything a woman could to make him challenge the Colonel, but he won't do it for me. I told him what the world would say to no effect; and showed him letters from my father, and my brother Toby, conjuring me to get him out, and offering to bring him through it themselves, if nobody would assist him: it is a hard case to have the honour of a family lost when a thimbleful of powder would save it. As a last resource, then, I beg of you to take him in hand; for what between love and fear, I think he is likely to do more for you than any one else."

I at once undertook the business, and waiting on Dillon the next morning, told him how hardly he was spoken of, and that if he showed any pluck, he could easily get out of this ugly business with honour; as Colonel Bingham had himself told me, he was most anxious for a reconciliation, and would willingly meet him more than half way. In fact, that if he gave me authority to arrange matters, all would end in a very short time, amicably and well. He jumped at the bait; assured me he had intended sending for me to act as his friend, and put himself into my hands. I lost no time in setting off for the Colonel, who lived within a few miles. I found him at home, sent in my card, and was at once admitted.

"Mr. Blake," said he, the moment I appeared, "I

am delighted to see you. I did expect that honour before this, but better late than never."

"Many thanks, Colonel," said I. "This is just the kindness I expected from you. I knew and said you would not stand on time for such trifles; the fact is, my friend Dillon was peculiarly placed; settlements and such matters interfered; but those impediments are now happily removed, and I trust and hope, my dear Colonel, you will name the earliest possible moment for a meeting."

"I never delay such matters," was his reply; and introducing me to Captain Maaners, his friend, the Colonel withdrew. Both of us being well inclined, the preliminaries were soon settled, and it was arranged we should meet at a central spot in three hours. I knew the weakness of my man, and was anxious to have the business concluded. I lost no time in returning to Dillon, who (accompanied by his wife) was uneasily watching my return.

"What news, Mick?" said he, in a very agitated manner.

"Just as I expected; never met a more gentlemanly man in my life. The moment he saw me, he said, 'My dear Blake, I am delighted to meet you. I am most sincerely sorry for the little misunderstanding between myself and my friend Dillon, and wish an opportunity should be afforded me to make him an ample apology.'"

"Most considerate, Colonel," said I, 'and just what I should expect from your amiable disposition.'

"But," said the Colonel, 'as a military man there must be a certain form gone through; as otherwise the consequences might be unpleasant to me.'

"I understand you," said I; 'nothing more easily managed. Dillon must send you a message; you meet; you fire in the air; no one the wiser but ourselves, and all over.'

"You have hit my opinion completely," answered he; 'and as I leave the country this night, the sooner the matter is over the better. Blake, you keep the arrangement a secret.'

"Certainly," said I, 'and I now deliver you a message on the part of my friend, and will have him at the foot of Croagh Patrick in three hours.'

"We parted the best of friends. No time is to be lost. I have the pistols ready; so come away."

"How very considerate," said Dillon's wife, at whom I had looked in such a way as to make her understand me,—"how very considerate;—now, my dear, start at once. After to-day, I thank God I won't be afraid or ashamed to appear on the race-course or at the ball."

We were immediately under weigh. Dillon, who did not by any means like the smell of powder, proposed that when they met he should at once go up to the Colonel and shake hands. This I opposed; and told him to look exceedingly stiff and reserved. They met—were quickly placed—I gave the word. At the first fire the Colonel's ball took away part of Dillon's whisker, who immediately cried out, "Why, d—n it, Mick, he fired!"

As I saw he was staggered by the hit, I advanced, and making a sign to Thady to hold him by the waist in a twinkling, as if for the purpose of supporting him, I stepped before him, made my bow, and told the Colonel we were satisfied. On the spot Dillon and I parted, and never spoke since; and I think I may safely say, as I said before, there was never worse ingratitude shown by one man to another, who had saved his honour in so kind and friendly a manner.

### New Zealand Rambles.

HOT SPRINGS.—There are numerous hot springs on the small island in lake Roturoa; they are all at the edge of the lake, and formed into baths by the natives making an open wall of stone around them, so as to admit a sufficiency of cold water to render them bearable to the skin. In all of them, although nearly boiling and strongly impregnated with sulphuric acid, there may be seen plants growing, independently of the patches of green which cover the bottom. Several of the springs contain sulphuret of iron, as may be seen by the stones, all of which are bronzed by the deposit, often so completely as to look like pieces of pyrites. There are great numbers of shell-fish in the lake, and also crawfish, sometimes eight inches long; both of which are articles of food for the natives, and of great consequence to them, as there are no fish except eels, which are scarce, and some little fish not so large as minnows, which they catch in nets made in the shape of a sparrow-trap, and eat dried. The largest hot springs are at the great village, one of which is eight or nine feet across, a stream running from it four feet wide: the water at the place whence it issues is, I have no doubt, hotter than boiling, as it appears to come up in the form of steam; it is quite clear, and has but little taste, although it smells strongly of sulphuric acid: the rocks around are encrusted with a whitish efflorescence of an intensely sour taste, which I regret I had no means of preserving. The natives cook all their food in the streams of hot water, by putting it into a basket, and letting the water flow through it; it does not at all injure the flavour of the vegetables, but I never tasted any meat so cooked. The whole of the ground about the great village is full of springs and holes, from which steam escapes, so that great caution is required in walking about, as a false step

might sink you to your middle in boiling mud. The sites of the springs are constantly changing; and a place which to-day is quite hard, may to-morrow break in when trodden upon. Deaths arising from accidents of this kind are very frequent—the whole ground is so hot that the insides of the native huts are hardly bearable, and must, I think, be very unwholesome. About a mile from the village, are a number of mud volcanoes (if they may be so called), consisting of hollows, varying from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet across, filled with mud, about the consistence in general of pea soup. This mud is constantly bubbling, and making a most curious noise (in some of the holes there have been formed cones of mud about ten feet high); in these places it is of a somewhat thicker consistence, and I suppose the bubbles always escape at the same places. The mud is not hot, and the water which drains off is very nauseous, quite different in taste from that of the hot springs, which might be drunk on an emergency. There is about a square mile covered with these mud-springs, the paths between the hollows not being more in many instances than a foot wide; it is a most desolate place, and the country around very barren—quite different from what it is in the neighbourhood of the hot springs. About four miles off is the largest *solfatara* in the neighbourhood; it is in a little valley, and the actual hot portion is about a hundred and fifty yards across, with a muddy hollow in the middle, out of which runs a stream of hot water: the crystals of sulphur in the crevices are very beautiful, but it was impossible to take away any specimens without breaking them. I do not know to what depth the sulphur extends, but it did not seem to be above two feet; after that depth there appeared to be nothing but earth, or at all events the earth formed the larger portion of the mass I dug up. The sulphureous rock was very hot, even on the surface, but closely surrounded by vegetation. I had knocked off a number of specimens to bring away, when the natives said I should not have them unless I paid for them. I told them I should not want them at all, but that if they would carry them to the boat, which was about a mile and a half off, they should have a fig of tobacco, which arrangement compromised the matter. I had an instance of their thieving talents here for the first time:—I had taken off my coat in order to climb a tree, and when I wanted to find some tobacco which I had put into my pocket, it was missing. This was, however, almost a solitary instance of my losing anything by the natives of this part of the island.

LEARNING TO LIVE.—There is something inexpressibly delightful in a tent: snail-like, you carry your house wherever you go; and for my own part, I always sleep much better in a tent than in an inn, and enjoy my meals infinitely more in the open air, sitting at the mouth of my tent, like the shepherds of old, than I should if I had the best dinner that ever was cooked in a smoky hotel in London. I recollect while in England that a very little thing would put me out of conceit with my tea, and I could no more think of relishing it without white sugar than of eating a piece of dry crust covered with mould; but here I always used to think the tea excellent, although boiled in a common tin pot, or pannikin as the sailors call it, and drunk out of the same, and sweetened with coarse brown sugar; and I used to dole out the remnants of bread when they were quite blue, as if it was the greatest luxury in the world;—so much are our tastes as well as ourselves liable to be altered by circumstances. It was not till long after this, however, that I was short of bread; as by the kindness of my friends at Tawrangā, I was loaded with bread, roast-meat, &c., and was not yet reduced to the necessity of eating potatoes with my tea, or cold potatoes without salt for lunch. I have often seen the natives eat raw potatoes, and once living craw-fish; two things I never was so hard-pushed as to try.

GIVE AN INCH TAKE AN ELL.—If, when you give the natives anything, they do not ask immediately for something else (which is generally the case), they are silent; but they generally manage to find out something corresponding to the thing you give them, for which they immediately put in a demand. Thus, if you give a fig of tobacco, you may be sure they will ask for a pipe; if a knife, for a string to hang it round their necks with; or if even a musket, they will ask, depreciatingly, "What is the good of it without some powder and ball?" and that, too, if they have plenty of the article by them at the time. This evening they all pretended they had no tobacco, in order to get some from me, although they had more than they could smoke in a couple of days.

A FLIRT.—In the morning, before I was up, the old chief "Pirate," or "Ze Pirate," came to see me. He is the head chief of a village, and was quite a gentlemanly old fellow. He said there was one canoe at this end of the lake, and that he would send some people to bring it round to the nearest part. He had several children, who had curious sandy-coloured hair, which looked very disagreeable; the others had, as usual, black hair; but I could not find out whether they all had the same mother or not. The wife who came with him was a well-looking young woman, about the age of his eldest son, and apparently a great flirt; she took a great fancy to me—so she said; but it was most probably to my blankets; however, she got a new pipe and some of the weed from me, in return for her compliments and smiling looks.—*Bidwill's Rambles.*



## Editorial Notices.

**POETICAL ASPIRANTS.**—A more ungracious task cannot be inflicted than to compel us to sit in judgment on the literary attempts of our correspondents. There are many, however, who would rejoice at the opportunity—who would delight in having it in their power to show their learning and ability, their critical acumen and orthographic skill,—but we, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, have delayed to answer not a few of our correspondents, merely because we cannot give them an approving answer, nor radiate our columns with their effusions. We have just caught the idea, however, that our silence may be attributed to neglect, or perhaps to envy, of which charges above all others, we pray to be considered innocent. In the hope of assisting an acquittal, without the least reproach attaching to our highly-valuable character, we proceed to notice the communications of two poetical correspondents, reserving others to a more leisurely occasion. The first on our present list is one from Birmingham, the maiden attempt of an adolescent, who, although doomed to a laborious employment, obtains his chief recreation in literary studies. Before we give any opinion on his production, we must be allowed to congratulate him on the possession of a mechanical employment: we beseech him to throw his whole heart into it, to acquire its minutest subtleties, and never to be ashamed of its acquisition. He is in good company: we are not a little proud of our own mechanical acquirements, nor would we blush although necessity compelled us to don the operative's apron, and earn our daily bread by daily toil. How many literary characters are there who would deem themselves happy if they had a profession to fall back upon—how many are there who regret that they, in their youth, despised the handicraftsman, and styled themselves gentlemen, because they wielded a pen instead of a sledge-hammer or a trowel. It was one of the boasts of rare old Ben Jonson that he was a bricklayer, and not a deer-stealer, like his more highly patronised contemporary Shakspeare. The author of "Royston Gower" has never written so well since he ceased to be a basket-maker. Ebenezer Elliot has lost his wild seraphic fire, probably because he no longer sweats at the forge; his corn law rhymes breathe not as they were wont that depth and intensity of feeling, that fervour, that impetuous passion, which stamped reality on every line, and produced a conviction in the reader as solid as the versification was vehement. Our young friend, we are certain, will excuse us when we say that his poem of "Can we but remember" is neither so soft nor melodious as it should be—it is deficient in that easy flow of versification which extensive reading and much practice can alone supply: the deficiencies of rhyme are a small matter: it is the equal intonation of the lines, the correct modulations of the voice, which are required: the mere fact of writing lines of a given number of syllables is not verse, much less poetry. The great requisite in the latter is to say something new, while that newness is so natural as to surprise us that it was not said before: imagery, if not altogether correct, had better be avoided; and sentiment, unless it be masculine as well as tender, only creates derision. It is a very good idea of our correspondent wherein he speaks of the boyish pleasure derived

"From the smack of the whip as it twirl'd the top round."

but the latter portion of the line is harsh; it cannot be repeated with the same intonation as the previous part; it requires to be turned over in the mouth, as it were, and repeated in a different inflexion after the word whip. Suppose it read—

"From the smack of the whip as the top twirl'd a round."

A syllable is lost, but a greater degree of smoothness is gained. Every line should be carefully weighed, the words turned, transposed, and sounded, and it will not only be discovered whether or not the same number of syllables are in each line, but also if they are in their proper places. Try again, but avoid a continual sinking at the metres; let the end of one line run as often as possible into the meaning of the next, for only thus can strength of diction and harmony of expression be acquired.—The other correspondent, we allude to is domiciled in the classic precincts of Modern Athens, and tells us that he sat down to write after reading one of our papers on "Burns Illustrated and Explained." Apollo and the Muses forgive us. Our correspondent must not be angry if we tell him that we are pretty well acquainted with Morningside, even to that secluded asylum where witless mortals drearily pass their imprisoned life. No personal allusion, however. We are only surprised that the delightful neighbourhood of Broughmuirhead, the Links, the Meadows, the view of Arthur Seat, and the romantic locality of Braid-hills, did not produce a less mawkish effusion than the one, which, moping like an owl and wailing like a plover, would make us believe that our correspondent is so enamoured with a sweet young damsel, that he would endure the anger of his parents, if the said lassie would only permit him to sigh his petition into her ear, and share with him the lot of those who wear "the crook and plaid." This is all nonsense. Our correspondent would do no such thing. We doubt not he thinks a good deal of himself, and is to be found on Sunday afternoon on Princes-street, that the ladies may

have an opportunity of admiring his fine figure. Let him adhere to the truth even in rhyme, for nobody will believe that he would despise the world, and all its treasures for a little creature, who, very likely, has her failings as well as every other flattered child of Eve. What is there in the monotony of a shepherd's life to envy—idleness in summer, starvation in winter—loneliness all the year round. Get into the bustle of life—there is poetry in the crowd, music on the blacksmith's anvil, and harmony even in the uproarious din of the Tron-kirk bell! But not alone for this weakness must we take our correspondent to task. He is not only deficient in his knowledge of the Scottish dialect, but unaware even of its peculiar acceptations. The teeth of his lover may perhaps be like lambs, but these gentle creatures do not sport in a "shaw," which is a plantation of young trees, and the last place where a grower of wood or mutton would wish them to be. But the greatest crime of all is that when he says—

"Her e'en are as mirk as the slae on the lea."

If he has a fancy for eyes that are like sloes, good and well, but what does he mean by calling them mirk? This word means darkness, pitchy, palpable darkness.

"Mirk and rainy is the night,  
No a star in a' the carie,"

says sweet Tannahill in his plaint to "sleeping Maggie;" and the lass of Logan braes bewails the absence of her lover, because he will no longer

"When 'tis mirk,  
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk."

Black eyes are cunning: blue eyes soft: hazel tender, but all are bright. What says Burns of his own bonny Jean?

"The sparkling dew of clearest hue  
Is like her shining e'en."

Again, what a richness, variety, simplicity, and brevity of expression is in his verse:—

"Sae flaxen were her ringlets,  
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,  
Bewitchingly o'erarching  
Twa sparkling e'en of bonny bl ue."

Look at the third line: two words. They stand like a pair of lovers in a garden of roses, surrounded with sweets and elegancies, yet the sweetest and most elegant of all. Of the mischief-making eye we have the doubting and bewildered question, accompanied by a reasonable explanation.

"And must I still on Menie doat,  
And bear the scorn that's in her ee?  
For its jet jet black, and its like a hawk,  
And it winna let a body be!"

We could multiply instances from Scottish poets all showing the unfortunate error of our correspondent, who describes his lover's oracles as if she had just escaped from a boxing match. But we remember the excuse that this is his first attempt in his "ain auld mither tongue." Let him beware in future of a like expression, and remember that life, ethereal animation, and ceaseless motion are the characteristics of the starry brilliants:

"From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;  
They are the books, the arts, the academics,  
That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

Let us, however, part in peace. This school-boy lesson must be taken in good part, for it is well meant, and may be useful to more than the admirer of the "Lass of Morningside."

"To ladies' eyes a round boys."

Our correspondent, we are certain, will give the honours, while all our readers join in rapturous acclaim.

**THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.**—A correspondent, who has evidently devoted much attention to this subject, agrees with those who are marshalled on the side of humanity and justice—(amongst whom we claim to take an humble rank)—that in no case, under the Christian dispensation, can man be justified in taking away the life of man. He inquires, also, by what means the theory of the abrogation of the punishment of death can best be realized? He asks, by what means can the legislature and the executive be brought to a knowledge of the fact, that public executions—(independent of their criminality)—are obnoxious to the Christian and humane feelings of the people of this country? We are fully satisfied that if a Poll of the "intelligent" population could be taken, it would manifest a decided hostility to the repetition of the human slaughters against which we war. The intelligent portion of the community being against such executions, they have their sanction and their pseudo justification only in the ignorance and morbid taste of those who demean themselves by witnessing the dreadful exhibition, without any regard for the moral consequences which it involves. But we are by no means inclined to believe that all of the most intelligent of those who condemn executions refrain from witnessing them. We believe that their attendance induces the presence of many others. It is contended by the advocates of the present murderous system, that the "stringing up" of a man before the crowds which assemble to witness the final exit of a doomed being is cal-

culated to impress them with a horror of crime. Let then ask, whether upon these a human immolation is the desired effect? What is the fact?—Is it not notorious that the crowd at such a dreadful scene is a harvest field for pick-pockets? Is it not undeniable that the Old Bailey is a scene of drunken excess, rather than of most study, on the morning when a wretched victim to the law expires. Sheridan truly said that if he had the writ of a nation's ballads, he cared not who made laws. This is a sound theory. Dikken's songs make more sailors than the contingencies or principles of war. Our magistrates have repudiated the "Dick Turpin the Jack Sheppard," the "Claude du Val," and the general pickpocket and highwayman literature of this grading age, yet the song "My Lord Tom Noddy" is popular in all the singing rooms of London. It represents a lord, late at night, or perhaps early in the morning, knowing what to do with himself. His "Tiger" to him of an execution which is to take place at the Old Bailey at the proper legal hour. His lordship gets in his "cab." A grotesque description is given of his progress through the streets. He reaches a first floor of a house which commands a full view of the "justice shamble." He pays his sundry guineas for liberty to look out at window port-holes, from which every semblance of a window has been removed. Drinking begins and goes on. The party fall asleep, and they awake until the man has been foully hanged up and fairly c down. Such is the moral of the song of "My Lord Tom Noddy,"—as indicative of the feelings which an execution produces. But, to return to the question raised by our correspondent. Let the people absent themselves from executions and the poor plea for law-ordered murder will be removed. So long as crowds assemble to witness executions, the advocates of death will argue that there are monitions of crime. Let the unthinking crowds absent themselves, and this last sad plea for legal slaughter will cease to be valid. Thus it is in the people themselves that the remedy for the sore and sorrowful evil exists. It is not alleged that public executions have any effect than upon those who witness them; hence should there be an execution, without a crowd, without a human being to witness it,—the only ground for such an administration of legal murder would be removed: therefore, say, Let the people, the crowd, the mob, absent themselves from executions in order that they may not, by the presence, sanction legal murder. What they sanction they are guilty of. From that which they are absent they cannot be responsible. Could the horrible precincts of the Old Bailey once behold a solitary street and closed windows while a miserable victim yielded his life to unchristian law, that law would never again dared be enforced. The guilty would not escape from crime; other punishments would be devised; but the land would cease to be polluted with the dramatic exhibition of a fellow being on the portals of eternity, being made a morning's amusement for the idle, the dissipated—the cruel in heart, and the abandoned to all that elevates and adorns our species.

**THE PATRICIAN'S DAUGHTER.**—This is the title given to an admirable dramatic production by Mr. J. W. Marston, the beauties of which we shall take an early opportunity to analyze. In the mean time, we present a few extracts in which the noble and lordly language of nature is spoke by the hero of the piece, who, of literary talent and political honesty, considers himself equally noble with the proud Earl's daughter whose hand he seeks:—

The man who bath credentials in his soul,  
Avouching his immortal ancestry,  
Presumes but little, even if he seek  
Alliance with the proudest of the earth.

'Tis our Time's curse  
That under worship of the selfish Idol  
We designate the Practical, it scoffs  
At the sweet lore taught in the Poet's page,  
And deems the pictures of heroic men,  
The generous, the high-hearted, and the pure,  
The idle coinage of a dreamy brain;  
And yet what art so practical as that  
Which showing what men should be, nourishing  
Feelings of goodness, beauty, bravery,  
By portraiture of those possessing them,  
Describes the mental model of a world  
After which 'twere well that ours were fashioned.

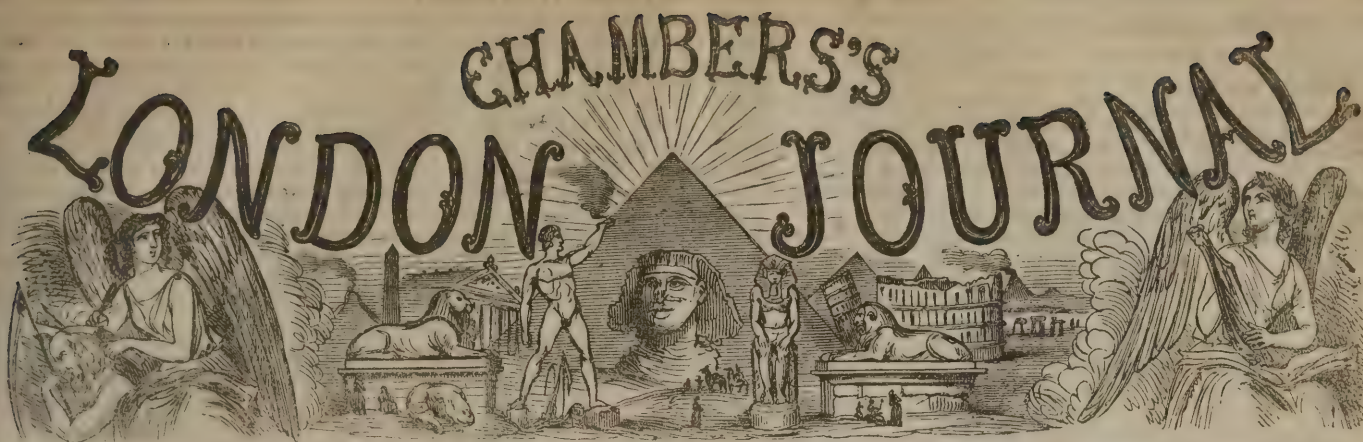
I have known heroines in this modern time,—  
Think you of some patient wife, who meekly bears,  
By her hearth's solitude, the cold neglect  
Of him who swore to foster her; fulfils  
Duty's behests with uncomplaining toil;  
Restraints the sigh her bitter fate would prompt;  
Loving, though unbeloved, so bearing slight,  
Should teach her slighter kindness. Is she not  
A heroine?

Aye, there are homesteads, which have witnessed deeds  
That battle fields, with all their bannered pomp,  
Have little to compare with. Life's great play  
May, so it have an "actor" great enough,  
Be well performed upon a humble stage.

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"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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### Editorial Notices on Egypt.

WE had supposed that our explanatory illustrations of Egyptian history were concluded in last week's Journal, at a number of letters which we have received induces us again to allude to the subject, at least in so far as it is necessary to elucidate the questions put to us by our correspondents.

**MUMMIES.**—The dead were not immediately buried after being embalmed: it was a general custom to keep them at least a year after death, not with any idea of a restoration to life, but merely out of respect to the deceased. We may give two instances illustrative of the estimation in which the dead were held, yet so entirely dissimilar, that it may well be said that the family who practised the one would surely never adopt the other. It was customary, at banquets and other festival occasions, for the dead at me to be present: they were either propped up in a chair, or laid on a table; and it was supposed, as the soul hovered round the habitation from which it had been driven, it would rejoice in the festivity of the hour, delight in the conversation of its friends, and ensure to them the blessing of the deities. The bodies of the departed were really their household gods, and they were decorated with the best robes and jewels of the family. The awe with which they were beheld had more in it of reverence than fear, and affection lingered round that tangible though inanimate form, as if its eyes could still admire, and its tongue bless, the attentions which were bestowed on it while life struggled with disease, and the love of existence was increased by that fatal doubt which all the dying must entertain, as whether or not those who loved on earth shall meet again in heaven. The other instance we alluded to respecting the estimation in which the dead were held was this, that mummies were frequently held in the safe keeping of gentlemen familiarly known under the designation of "My Uncle," and the temporary consideration thereon varied according to the good character held by the deceased and the likelihood there was of the family redeeming the sacred pledge. Another value attached to these mummies: they were frequently arrested by creditors, either in the hands of the embalmers, or at the family residence. The heartless practice allowed by the common law of England, of arrestment of a corpse, as in the deplorable case of Sheridan, for instance, had not therefore the merit of originality; neither can it be called an imitation, for our common law is older than any knowledge we possessed of Egypt. It can only be considered one of the barbarous actions of unfeeling selfishness, which the sordid in all countries will commit, careless of the bleeding hearts of others, so that they are paid to the uttermost farthing.

**THE SANDS OF EGYPT.**—A correspondent informs us that he was startled with an idea, while reading our article on the Tombs of Egypt, by an expression we therein employed, viz. that they gave not back the moisture of their dead to the soil from whence they sprung. The idea of our correspondent is somewhat strange: he asked of himself, and now inquires of us, "Could the absence of this moisture be a remote cause of the encroachment of the sand on a fertile soil?" We must admit that no country in the world entombed their dead as did the Egyptians: through many centuries they were dried and accumulated in crowded fabrics; but although every relic of mortality had blessed its parent earth with its last particles, no perceptible difference could be made on any soil, much less on that which was annually fed and revived by the almost miraculous overflowings of the Nile. The whole valley of Egypt was periodically laid under water, and the slime thereby deposited rendered every agricultural process except sowing and reaping unnecessary. It must be here recollected that the Egyptians were one of the most ancient nations of the earth—that they took possession of their land immediately after the Deluge, when it was green and beautiful from the depositions of the waters. In our first article on Egypt we endeavoured to prove that the priests, like those of Chaldea, were of what we designated "The Lost

Nation," and were intimately acquainted with all the sciences. On their first arrival, in the days of Abraham, the natural overflowings of the Nile might irrigate a sufficient space of ground for the population; as that increased, however, more crop-bearing land would be required. This was obtained by the vast and numerous canals which were cut in all directions, these overflowing at the proper period by the immense pressure of water which descends the river early in spring. When human desolation occurred, so would that of inanimate nature. The canals were neglected, the soil received no moisture from the clouds, the scorching sun dried up every principle as well as particle of verdure, and that which was once the land of plenty became in time a portion of the desert through which the Israelites wandered for forty years. Whether or not human labour can ever redeem that sultry and barren soil is a mighty question—it intimates suffering and toil, as well as a vast conception of genius—it proclaims that such triumphs of the human mind can only be accomplished by a fearful waste of life, as the canal cut by the order of Mehemet too amply proves. Since that period, however, practical science has made great advances in Egypt: if there is one man more than another better fitted to embark in such enterprise it is the old and strong-headed Egyptian: he has already done much good to his country; since the sword was driven from his hand, he has converted it into a ploughshare, and made the land promise that it will next year produce more corn and cotton than it has ever done in modern times. The Fellahs are slaves to his potent will; they seek only a miserable existence for continuous toil: like Napoleon, he brings them up in masses to the task, and as they perish he supplies fresh mass upon mass, until victory is won. Whether these Fellahs should die in thousands, as pioneers of improvement to a future age, or vegetate in a soulless existence amidst sterility and death, is a problem which policy may coolly calculate, but which humanity would shudder to decide.

**COLOUR OF THE EGYPTIANS.**—A very natural inquiry is made—Of what colour were the subjects of the Pharaohs? Some writers, more hasty than correct in their conclusions, have stated that the Egyptians were black, nearly as much so as are the Nubians and Ethiopians. But this is altogether wrong. They were an older as well as a distinct race, and had no intercommunication with what they called barbarian nations. Nor must it be supposed that they were fair like the Norwegian, or even freckled like the English, who display an unhealthy war between red and white, while an indelicate saffron usurps the chief places of the countenance. It is declared by anatomists who have closely investigated the structure of mummies, that the Egyptians were of a Caucasian stock—that is to say, speaking historically, that the inhabitants of the frosty Caucasus are of the same structure as were the inhabitants of the arid plains of Egypt. Little can be judged from the deathless paintings of Memphis and Thebes as to the general complexion of the ancient inhabitants, because the various classes are painted in different colours. There cannot be a doubt, however, that they were slightly tintured by the sun; the climate, though hot was mild;

\* Moore, in his poem of "Alciphron," alludes to the subject. He is not, however, the best authority, as his anachronistic tale of the Epicurean displays. As a keen observer of human nature, and as expressing a bright thought in brilliant language, he is, however, at all times valuable. In reply to the assertion of some old Greek writers that the Egyptians were negroes, he alludes to the beauty of Cleopatra—(a modern, or rather intermediate Egyptian)—as one whose chain

"Around two conquerors of the world was cast,  
But for a third too feeble, broke at last;"

and thus talks, through his hero, of a period four or five hundred years later, of those who lived under the imperial sway of Dioclesian, when Alciphron is made to visit Egypt.

"For, oh! believe not them, who dare to brand,  
As poor in charms, the women of this land."

the Nile and its thousand canals spread health and coolness through the land, while the luxuriant greenness of vegetation gave moisture to the fragrant air, and dew to the teeming soil. The negro races walk nearly if not altogether naked,—the Egyptians prided themselves in robes and vestments; and thus, although their country had been as scorching as those more south and inland, the benefits of clothing would effectually prevent the black and unwholesome swarthiness which betokens the savage African. Gloved hands are whiter even in temperate England—a day in the sun will discolour a lady's neck—those who are unhappily independent of shoes and stockings present feet less white than do those who enjoy these comfortable appendages. Thus, then, both climate and civilization would protect the Egyptians from the ungainly discoloration to which the Nubian was liable. Even now, the Arab of the desert is a distinct being, both in race and colour, from the Nubian, although their territories join together; Pass a puny hill or a tiny brook, and the traveller beholds a separate people, and hears a different language. Why is this? Because long habit, which is only nature accommodating itself to circumstances, has changed the aspect as well as the customs of man. Add to this, that the Egyptians were a peculiar people in many things: they hated strangers; they never married foreigners, but like the royal houses of Europe, they wedded in and in among themselves, until through a long process of centuries, they might well be taken for a large family of sisters and brothers. It is close intermarriage which gives to the inhabitants of small territories a distinguishable visage, and enables the travelled physiognomist to tell a man's country by his countenance. Thus, do we talk of the high cheek bones of the Scottish Highlander,—of the uniform stature of the Connaught peasantry,—of the aquiline noses of the Greeks,—of the ample foreheads of the Turks,—of the broad chests of the Germans,—of the roundness in the Dutch; yet in all these cases there are myriads of exceptions. Of the peculiarities attributed to London, this, however, is not one. There are no people of London—its inhabitants are an intermixture of the healthy and enterprising from all parts of the country, who, year after year, receive new and fresh importations. Servant girls from the provinces marry London mechanics; countrymen from the east, north, west, or south, locate themselves with a metropolitan wife, and their children stoutly deny that they are cockneys. This is one grand reason of the good health prevailing in London. There exists, however, an obscure idea that the Englishman who marries abroad is an enemy to his country—a sort of alien from the affections of his native land. Nay, what is more, it is often said of a woman who weds a foreigner that she could get no one else. These are shameful thoughts, not more unnatural than they are untrue. The man or woman who introduces a variety of blood into a country is a patriot of nature, a part restorer of that universal sympathy which ought to exist between all classes of the human race. We cannot flatter ourselves, however, that such calculations have any influence on matrimonialists: they study their own gratification, as it is right they ought, but it is as well they should know a good action is done, although unawares; it will at least be a set-off against the sneers of the ignorant, who affect to despise a foreign lady at an English hearth.

Though darken'd by that sun, whose spirit flows  
Through every vein, that tinges as it goes,  
'Tis but th' embrowning of the fruit that tells  
How rich within the soul of ripeness dwells—  
The hue their own dark sanctuaries wear,  
Announcing heaven in half-caught glimpses there.  
And never yet did tell-tale looks set free  
The secret of young hearts more tenderly.  
Such eyes! long, shadowy, with that languid fall,  
Of the fringed lids, which may be seen by all  
Who live beneath the sun's too ardent rays—  
Lending such looks as, on their marriage days  
Young maids cast down before a bridegroom's gaze!"



## The Magdalen.

## CHAPTER II.—TRIALS OF AFFECTION.

LUCY found her sister in the churchyard, beside her mother's grave, so much exhausted by a violent fit of coughing, that for many minutes she was unable to speak; and, when she did, it was in faint tones to deplore her *unhappy fate*, in causing her sister so much distress. Lucy spoke in cheering tones, and busied herself in arranging Martha's wretched clothing to the best advantage. Before the evening, the sisters were established as lodgers with a widow who had supplied Mrs. Jones with milk; and by assisting her at her mangle, and gaining employment by the day, together with Martha's exertions with her needle, Lucy hoped to be able to secure to themselves a subsistence. But Martha's utmost industry could not thus have gained her more than sixpence a-day, and fitfully exerted as it was, her earnings were much less; while Lucy's gains, alike small and uncertain, required many drafts from her wages to procure subsistence. Martha, sickly and irritable, though she carefully avoided recurring to the past, would often, in general terms, bewail the delicacies she could then command, and urge her sister to procure some expensive trifle, which she would declare was the only thing she could eat. One evening, when Lucy, wearied with a day of hard labour, entered their common apartment on her return, she found her sister with her head resting on her folded arms, her work lying beside her, and the fire nearly out.

"I can't help it," she replied, fretfully, to Lucy's good-humoured surprise at her laziness. "It is all very easy for you to work with cheerful perseverance. You know you have done your duty—you don't know what it is to look back on the past with a heart full of shame and agony, and to the future with despair."

Lucy made no immediate answer, but recruited the fire, and spread their moderate supper-table, to which she added some broken meat that had been given her that day by her employer.

"I can't eat anything," said Martha, turning her eyes with disgust from the table, "I can't eat, but I could drink a little tea."

There was no tea in the house, and Lucy had not received her day's wages, and nothing now remained of the few pounds with which she had left Mr. Jones. She sorrowfully explained this to her sister.

"All the money gone!" repeated Martha, fretfully. "How extravagant you must have been—but it is very unkind of you," she added reproachfully, "not to let me have such a trifle as a cup of tea. I dare say you had plenty at Mr. Green's; but I am useless and despised!" And she wept, partly from weakness and irritation, partly from remorse.

Lucy made no answer to these unjust reproaches, but, not the less hurt by them, she sat silent and thoughtful for a few minutes; then, with forced cheerfulness, telling Martha she would try and get some tea for her, she put on her bonnet and went out.

In the next street to that in which the sisters lodged, was a small shop in the "general line," over the door of which the public were informed that Peter Parker was licensed to sell tea, coffee, tobacco, &c. It was a shop of some importance in the neighbourhood, being the only one in that particular line in the immediate vicinity. Mrs. Jones had been thence supplied occasionally, and there had Lucy, in minute quantities, made frequent purchases for herself and sister. Mr. Parker was a rather stiff-looking man, nearly forty, of a steady and stern demeanour, and few words; he had always, in his own quiet way, treated Lucy with particular civility, and since she had left her place, acquainted as he was with the circumstances of it, partly by her own unreserved confession, partly from John's gossiping observations, he had given himself some trouble to recommend her to several of his acquaintances for employment, both in day-work and needle-work; but his exhibitions of good-will were confined to active services, and as these increased, so did his taciturnity. It was there she now went to endeavour, for the first time, to obtain a little tea and sugar on credit. Mr. Parker was alone in the shop when Lucy entered it. To her request, accompanied with a full explanation of her reasons for making it, he did not immediately reply. He looked at her steadily and thoughtfully for a few minutes, and, just when she was going to repeat what she had said, he silently turned round to weigh out what she wanted; but, before he could make any progress in this, a sharp, thin, and rather untidy-looking woman darted out of the small back parlour, saying,

"Peter, you surely won't think of letting her have the things? How can you have the impudence to come here, asking for credit?" she continued, as Peter went on quietly weighing and twisting, without noticing her expostulation.

"It is only a shilling, and I shall pay to-morrow," said Lucy.

"To-morrow, indeed!" replied the lady of the shop, with a fierce attempt at a sneer. "Ah! I dare say—the to-morrow that never comes. I know how such people as you ought to be trusted; and so, for that matter, should you," she continued emphatically, addressing the general dealer.

"I think you don't know what you're talking about," observed Peter quietly. "Go into the parlour, and hold your tongue."

"And see you made a poor deluded fool?" was the reply. "I won't, and now you know my mind. Get out of the shop, young woman; and thank your stars if it is with a whole skin."

Peter repeated his command to the turbulent lady in a stern voice, that she perceived was no longer to be resisted, so she flounced back to the parlour with an attempted laugh at his credulity, and scorn of the object of it.

Lucy was fairly daunted with this violence.

"Mrs. Nimber need not be afraid," she said with a trembling voice—"Mrs. Green owes me three shillings, and I shall pay you when I receive it to-morrow."

"Never mind my sister, Lucy Burton," replied the shopkeeper. "You are a good girl, and I can trust you: but don't have credit, it's a bad plan."

"I should not to-night," said Lucy, "only my sister so much wanted some tea."

"Well, well: you are a good girl," repeated Peter; "God bless you." And Lucy, surprised at his unusual volubility and warmth, and grateful for his kind wishes, bade him good night.

As she entered the house on her return, Mrs. Evans met her with the information, that Martha had been seized with such a violent shivering fit, that she had assisted her to bed, where she now lay greatly exhausted. Lucy was soon by the bedside, and found her indeed so weak as to be unable to speak; but, after taking a cup of tea, she seemed refreshed and exhilarated, and soon after seemed to have fallen into a quiet sleep. Lucy sat down to the work that the sick girl had left unfinished; her heart, for the first time, painfully oppressed by the fears which her sister's attack excited for her health. The room was so still, that even every transit of the needle was audible; so still, that a deep sigh from the supposed sleeper startled Lucy, who approached the bed-side with a gentle inquiry.

"I am afraid this is come for my death, Lucy," replied Martha, in a sad tone, turning her tearful eyes with a look of agony on her sister. Lucy answered with cheerful encouragement, but Martha shook her head.

"We will hear what the doctor says," resumed her sister, "but now try to sleep."

Martha shook her head impatiently, but the next minute she seized her sister's hand as she sat down beside her.

"Lucy," she whispered, "I am afraid to die—I dare not—I cannot—what shall I do—oh! what will become of me?"

"Dear sister! remember our mother's words, and be comforted," said Lucy, soothingly.

"I do remember them," was the reply. "They are now my best consolation. But, oh! it is a fearful thing to have been such as I have, and to die."

"Will you hear another message," said her sister, with tearful affection.

Martha looked inquiringly; and Lucy, reaching the Bible that had been her mother's, read to her of Mary Magdalen and of the Prodigal Son. Martha listened attentively: repeating audibly after the reader the words—"I will arise and go to my Father," &c. And when Lucy ceased to read, begging the book might be placed beside her, she said she would try to sleep.

The doctor, to whose gratis levee Lucy attended her sister the next day, gave hopes of her ultimate recovery, and recommended, as the best remedies, nourishing food and a quiet mind; but Lucy's utmost exertions, often continued far into the night, could scarcely procure the former, though constantly at the houses where she was employed she satisfied herself with a crust of bread, saving the meat appropriated to her to take home—and all this, the toil, starving, and anxiety of the long day, and the insufficient sleep, the slight, or contempt of former acquaintance, excited by her poverty, but levelled against its companionship—all this she might have avoided, had she not stretched out the right hand of help and encouragement to a fallen but repentant sister. But she never thought of it as a merit, or a sacrifice—she never imagined its being avoided. The humble and unpretending heroisms of the poor and lowly might often shame those which history has eulogised, and a dazzled multitude crowned with laurel.

From the night when Lucy had opened to her its consolations, the Bible was the sick girl's constant companion—asleep or awake, she would have it beside her—the very sight of it, as soon as she awoke, she would say, revived in her mind the comfort of its pages; but, notwithstanding the good impressions that were thus gradually made upon her heart, she would frequently give way to a fretful irritability, and load her sister with unjust reproaches, which she would afterwards endeavour to obliterate by tears and caresses: and sometimes her fears of death would return, and for a time overpower her spirit. Lucy bore all patiently and kindly, soothing her fears with simple expressions of hope and trust. But it is not a history of repentance that is here intended. It is a page too often opened in the changing book of life, not to be familiar to every heart; and lingering no longer with it, let us return to its chapter of accidents.

Lucy had on the following evening paid Mr. Parker as she had promised; she saw nothing of Mrs. Nimber, and Peter had returned to his usual grave demeanour and laconic speech; but she could not help noticing, in her after visits to the shop, that her small purchases were always supplied with a prompt though silent civi-

lity, in preference often to more extensive customary, though Mrs. Nimber no more ventured openly to insult her, Lucy soon felt the effects of her ill-will more seriously than words could have expressed. Influenced by her ill-natured and false representations Lucy's employers, one by one, declined her services; utmost exertions with her needle could scarcely be necessary for the slowly-recovering Martha; and this resource was greatly diminished by the same evil ports. One evening as their landlady, whose heart and temper were equally warm, entered their room for the week's rent, now three days over due, Lucy sorrowfully declared her inability, pleading the just named as her excuse.

"And has Mrs. Green turned you away, too?" repeated Mrs. Evans. "How came she to do so?"

"She told me," said Lucy, colouring, "that, if what she had heard of me, she did not think me a proper person to be about her house."

Mrs. Evans was indignant.

"And did you ask her what she meant? you are a girl," said she—"as proper as herself, and so I'll and tell her directly." And Mrs. Evans, with all enthusiasm of a partisan, bounced off to execute her threat.

"Lucy," said Martha, after a few minute's silence, "tell me truly, is it for my sins you are now suffering?" "There is no accounting for slander and ill-nature," replied Lucy, trying to speak cheerfully. "Don't trouble yourself about it. Time will right me."

Martha made no reply, but, leaning her head on her hand, sank into deep and anxious thought. In a short time Mrs. Evans returned.

"I believe I have set that right," she said, emphatically, as she entered; "but I've learned who has been doing you all this mischief—it's that Mrs. Nimber, and I'll go and give her such a talking as she shan't so forget." And, without waiting a reply, she bounced again. But, contrary to all rules of poetic justice, Mrs. Nimber being from home, Mr. Peter Parker had endured the doom denounced upon her. It was some time before he could perfectly understand the somewhat involved and interjectional speech of the warm-tempered widow, but when he did, if his wrath was not so evident as that of his informant, it was perhaps more dangerous. Mrs. Nimber left his house the following day "in good" as report said; and, for some days, Peter's manners were more stern, and his speech more laconic than ever. But, to return to the sisters. For the rest of the evening Martha's voice was scarcely heard. She looked thoughtfully and affectionately on her sister, a often involuntary tears fell from her eyes, which she hastily and secretly wiped away. And after they retired to rest during the early part of the night, the restlessness and agitation which she could not conceal kept Lucy awake, and troubled her with anxiety for her health; but, towards morning Martha became more quiet, and Lucy fell into a heavy sleep. It was late the morning when she awoke, but all regrets for her laziness were forgotten on finding her sister's place beside her empty, and a paper lying on the pillow addressed to herself. She seized it, and read as follows:

"Dear, dear sister—I leave you because I will no longer either burden or injure you. I do not love you less. Fear not for me; my mother's pardon, and your love and sacrifices, shall not be vain. You may not see me for many years; but, once more, fear not for me and still love your repentant and grateful MARTHA."

Though these few words might somewhat lull Lucy's fears, they did not soothe her distress, there is no likelihood that we feel for the helpless committed to our charge, or the object of our service and sacrifices, as Lucy's love for her sister was hallowed and strengthened by all these ties. Every inquiry was instituted, by every means within her power pursued to find her, but in vain, and for some time all motive for exertion seems lost with her.

## Something from Nothing.

## CHAPTER IX.

It was, says Mr. Poole, in his usual graphic manner about six o'clock on the evening of the same day on which the conversation, we before related, occurred consequently not four-and-twenty hours, be it remembered, since Mr. Grubb made certain disclosures to Quiddy touching Mrs. Sanderson's will. Janet Greaves was kneeling at one side of the dead woman's bed, sobbing audibly; Phineas Quiddy, groaning, or rather grunting, was kneeling at the other.

"Come, come, Janet, girl," said Doctor M'Squills kindly, "wailing will never bring back the dead. Come rise, my guid lassie, and when you have done what is proper for the present, get you to bed. After so many watchful nights you have need of rest, I'll be bound for it." He gently raised her from the ground. She bent herself over the body of Mrs. Sanderson, with her arm about her neck, and pressed her lips to her cold forehead. In this attitude she remained for a few minutes, and seemingly, in prayer; then rising, and wiping her eyes, she turned to the doctor and calmly said,—"Now what's to be done, sir?"

Doctor M'Squills, having given her some brief instructions, desired Quiddy to follow him out of the room; whereupon the latter made demonstrations of the most violent grief, declaring that the deplorable event would



break his heart—that it would be the death of him—that he should soon follow his dear friend—that—that, at any rate, it was impossible to tear himself from her life.

"You had better do what the doctor desires," said Janet in a melancholy tone.

To this recommendation Quiddy paid no attention; the doctor, who, probably estimated his sorrow at its true value, just putting one of his huge hands under Quiddy's arm, raised him from the ground and led him to the door, saying, "Meester Queddy, it'll just please you to do as I'm telling you?"

When they were in the room below, M'Squills inquired whether the old lady had left a will?

"Will?" dolefully ejaculated Quiddy.

"Has Mrs. Sanderson left a will?" repeated the doctor.

"Left a will? why—a—how should I know?" innocently inquired the other.

"How, mon? why ye're a partner in the business, and—"

"A third share in the profits; but as I never expected anything from the poor dear soul, in course,

That's no to the purpose; has she left a will?" repeated the doctor, somewhat angrily.

"Not that I've seen," artfully replied Quiddy.

"Then you maun go instantly and apprise Mr. Rubb of the melancholy event. It's certain he knows; and the old lady may have left instructions requiring immediate attention."

"I'll go the first thing in the morning, doctor."

"Go now, mon,—or—stay—I'll go to him myself!"

"No, doctor, not you," said Quiddy, eagerly; "I'll do this very instant." And, with these words, he took his hat from a peg and clapped it upon his head.

"That's weel—guid night—I'll call again to-morrow."

The doctor departed, and the hat of Mr. Phineas Quiddy was replaced upon its peg. The two hours that passed between this moment and the appearance of Janet seemed to the impatient Quiddy an age. Once, in the course of that time, there was a knock at the street door, and Quiddy started in alarm lest it should be the attorney, whose visit at this juncture might very materially change his plans. But his alarm was groundless. Still, as the evening was not very far advanced, there was danger of the pleasure of a visit from him; so, as soon as Janet entered the room, Quiddy suggested the propriety, under their present sad circumstances, of requesting admittance to all, or any, visitors that might come. "For," said he, "I'm sure we ain't in spirits to talk to anybody:—besides it will be but respectful to the poor dear departed upstairs." To this Janet assented; and Quiddy, having bolted and barred the outer door, or to use the seamen's phrase, "made all snug for the night," muttered, as he completed the operation—"There!—all's safe now;—let him come—he may knock his heart out before I let him in."

The plan which Phineas had arranged in his mind was honoured with his own entire approval. He considered it to be the very perfection of a plan—infallible; and, indeed, up to this moment, circumstances had run in favour of it. Judging of Janet's character by his own, he had anticipated every reply and observation she must of necessity make to everything he intended to say to her, and arranged the course of the conversation accordingly:—as thus—"When I say so and so, she'll say so and so; upon which I say this, to which she will naturally say that—" and so on. Now this is no uncommon proceeding with your castle builders—with those who indulge in imaginary conversations; the great inconvenience of it is, that a failure in one single point of the sequence is likely to overturn the whole scheme. We shall now see how the system worked in the present case.

Quiddy re-entered the room and took his customary place at the fire-side, opposite to the old arm-chair which had formerly been occupied by Mrs. Sanderson; Janet was seated, as heretofore, at the table, and facing the fire. Thus he began:—

"So, Janet, she's gone at last!"—and he pretended to cry.

"At last," said Janet, calmly but mournfully—her eyes fixed on her clasped hands, which were resting upon her knees.

"But it's a happy release for her, and I know you think so, too."

"Janet looked up at him for an instant, as if she would have said, "How can you know that?"

"I mean—at least—that is, you don't take on—you don't cry as much as I thought you would."

"There's no good in crying, Mr. Quiddy; yet no one can lament her loss more than I do."

"In course," said Quiddy, imagining that he had at once fixed her to the desired point;—"in course; for what is now to become of you?"

"I lament her death for her own sake," said Janet;

\*With all our admiration of the talents of Mr. Poole, with every admission as to his insight into human nature, we must protest against his caricature of the Scottish dialect. The line at which we have marked our objection should be read thus—"Gae noo, maan—or, stye, I'll gang to him myself." In his next answer the doctor should be made to say "I'll ca' again the morin'."

"but though she is gone who was a second mother to me, I trust I shall be provided for."

Quiddy, with some alarm, was about to exclaim, "Then you do know something of the old woman's will;" but this was prevented by Janet, who continued—

"Heaven which gave a poor orphan friends here, will, I trust, provide friends for her elsewhere."

"If that's all she has to trust to," thought Quiddy, "all's safe still." But the "elsewhere," which seemed to imply an intention of departure, an event upon which he had never calculated under any circumstances, somewhat put him out: he had counted upon an admission, on Janet's part, of her entire dependence upon him—an assumption which was, indeed, the base of his proceedings, and which, giving way, he was, what is emphatically termed 'bothered.' He scratched his head and "hem'd;" he rose and snuffed the candle (which did not require his aid), and "ha'd;" and then, instead of resuming his own chair, he placed himself (whether by accident or design, we know not) in that which, for so many years, had been exclusively Mrs. Sanderson's.

There was something in this apparently unimportant act that startled Janet, and she burst into tears.

Death, to those unaccustomed to witness it, and more especially the death of one we love and have long associated with, has a stunning, stupifying effect upon the mind: we cannot immediately believe, or understand, as it were, that the object we so lately saw move, however slightly—heard breathe, however faintly—is at once silent and motionless for ever.

The trifling incident we have noticed spoke eloquently to the heart of Janet; it seemed to have removed any latent and inexplicable doubt she might still have entertained of the melancholy fact; for, looking at once at the chair and its unseemly occupant, she said, with a long drawn sigh—"Yes—she is gone!"

"Yes," said Quiddy, utterly unconscious of what was passing in the poor girl's mind, "that's what we were a-talking about. But, as you said before, Janet, there's no good in crying. And yet, what is to become of you?"

Now, according to Quiddy's preconceived notion of the course which this conversation must take—a notion founded upon a false estimate of Janet's character—Janet's reply ought to have been, "I have no one but you to look to for help, so the slightest donation will be thankfully received." Whereupon Quiddy had prepared himself to be very kind, and condescending, and patronising, and to say—But no matter what he had prepared to say, for Janet making no reply at all to his question, which was more provoking than anything she could have said, he was again "bothered;" and this time, as a momentary relief from his difficulties, he poked the fire—an attention (as in the case of the candle) superfluous, however kindly meant.

"What I intended to say," at length said he (although it was by no means what he had intended to say) "you—I—in short, I'm master now."

Cunning but not adroit, these two or three unexpected snaps in the cleverly-spun thread of his discourse confused him. He had entered a labyrinth with the clue in his hand, confident of its leading him to the point desired: his guide failing, he wriggled about, taking every turn but the right one. Then why, it may be asked, did he not, from the first, take the direct, straight road to his object? Because, had he done so, he would not have been Mr. Phineas Quiddy.

Now Phineas had never been certain whether or no Janet was acquainted with what had passed between himself and Mrs. Sanderson on the night of his memorable proposal to that lady. He was, however, rather disposed to believe she was not; but, even were it otherwise, destitute as she thought herself to be, that circumstance could not, "in course," prevent the success of his project.

"Well, as I was a-saying," at length said he—"that is, as I was a-going to say," (which, again, he was not) "she was a tolerable good woman."

"She was an excellent woman," said Janet, fervently.

"And yet, Janet, she had her weak points."

"So have we all, Mr. Quiddy."

"I know—yes—what I mean by that is, she was very partial to me—uncommon fond, I may say—but lor', she was old enough to be my grandmother, poor foolish old woman, and so I told her, poor silly old creetchur!"

Quiddy did not see the expression of Janet's countenance, whilst listening to this lying insinuation (and such she knew it to be) for, as he seldom looked any one boldly in the face when addressing them, so now were his eyes directed towards the fire; but scarcely had he uttered the last word when, with more of indignation than ever before was extorted from her, and at the same time pointing upwards with the forefinger, she exclaimed—

"For shame! Reflect, man, that the poor woman you are so disrespectfully speaking of, who was a kind friend to me, and to you, is lying dead above our heads, and as yet is scarcely cold."

She rose to quit the room, but upon Quiddy's assuring her he had something particular to say to her, she resumed her seat.

"Why, lor', Janet, how serious you take things up! I never saw you in such a—lor', I only meant to—there—that's right—sit down."

Perceiving that for some time her companion got no further in his important communication than the emission of three or four short coughs, at length she said—

"I have gone through a great deal of fatigue, and require a little rest; so please tell me at once what it is you've got to say."

Now, we will anticipate what he had to say: it was just these few words:—

"I want you this very night to sign a promise to marry me,"—"for reasons best known to myself," would have been his own private thought:—but, for the soul of him, he could take no way to his point but the crooked one.

"Why—I was a kind friend to the poor woman, as you said just now—that is, not said, but you know—indeed all the world knows—I'm sure I was a slave for her, and her husband too, morning, noon, and night; so that if she has left me the little trifle she got together, why it's—that is, Janet, she'd no relations, so who has a better right?"

Janet merely nodded assent, which gesture was not observed by her companion, he being looking at the fire.

"Not that I care about it," continued he, "for I've scraped together a little of my own—a few hundreds, I may say, and all by sheer industry."

"I'm very glad indeed to hear it—very," said Janet, earnestly.

"In course," said Quiddy, "for who'd be the better for it?"

And here he ventured for a moment to look up towards her, casting at her over his shoulder what he meant for a tender glance.

"Who'll be the better for it? Yourself," replied Janet.

"And an't I a-thinking of nobody else? Ah, Janet now Mrs. S. is gone, you think yourself left destitute in the world, without a friend to take care of you; but there's somebody—somebody, Janet, my dear, to take compassion on you."

"I need be beholden to no one's compassion," said Janet.

"No, Janet, that's not what I mean. I mean—in short, though I never could hope to get anything by it, I always loved you—and I—ahem!—there it is."

Janet, with a bitter smile, cast her eyes upwards and slowly shook her head; for she remembered, or rather she had never forgotten, the declaration of his sentiments towards her in the conversation (which she had accidentally overheard) with Mrs. Sanderson.

"And now—and so, Janet," continued he, "I'll marry you, and there you are provided for, for life; and if that an't disinterested why—"

With these words he rose and was about to approach the object of his sudden affection.

"You are very kind—very, Mr. Quiddy," said Janet, "but I shall never marry."

"What!" exclaimed Quiddy in astonishment, "not marry! not marry ME!"

"No," replied Janet, firmly.

"Ah! I see," said he; "that's your shyness, and quite proper at first. But I know—I know it, my dear Janet; for, to speak out, the old lady herself once told me that you loved me."

"She told you truly," replied Janet, looking him full in the face; "I did."

These two words were uttered in a tone and with an emphasis so pregnant with meaning, that they would have been taken at their full value by any mind a degree less obtuse than our amiable tobaccoist's; but, by him, their meaning was not only unperceived, but perverted, and he continued:—

"Why, then, if you did love me, say you'll marry me—let's sign and seal at once, for, if we leave it till the morning, who know's but that mischief-making doctor, or that meddling attorney—in short, Janet, I— you—"

"I will never marry," repeated Janet; and her calm, determined manner of saying so convinced Mr. Quiddy that, for the time being at least, she was in earnest.

"Then what do you mean to do in your forlorn condition?" inquired the considerate Quiddy.

"Out of my small earnings," replied Janet, "I have saved as much as will carry me back to my native place. I am older and stronger than when I left it, and know my work better; and, with the blessing of Heaven, I doubt not to find service. The very day after they have laid my poor dear mistress in her grave I shall quit this house and this town for ever."

"But, surely, you—no!" stammered the other; "no, you cannot mean anything so foolish."

"It is a resolution I made several months ago. But I'm very tired now—I want to sleep—good night, Phineas."

Saying which she pressed his hand, and instantly withdrew to her bed.

It was with dismay that Quiddy listened to the announcement of Janet's resolution, for there was, as before noticed a calm determination in her manner that carried conviction along with it. And yet, could she in her present condition, be serious in rejecting so magnificent an offer as that of his hand, with all his money in it?—heart out of the question, even had it been worth the having. He went to bed—muttering, as he ascended the stairs, and purposely loud enough to be heard by Janet,—

"Well,—there's plenty of girls in Lunnon; and with all my money I may be thought a good catch by the best of 'em: that's one comfort."



## Protection.

BEING NO. VII. OF THE EXPERIENCES OF BENJAMIN TRUESTEEL, ESQ.

GENTLE dames, who love us more ardently than you are willing to admit, we have not forgotten you. While the domestic is our peculiar province, we must infuse into it a touch of the historic and sublime, lest our friend the Editor have it all his own way. Six or seven hundred years ago, when the dawn of civilization began to be perceived in England, the more polished intellects of that age set it down as an axiom that the tender sex ought to be encouraged and protected, instead of being neglected and debased. A very proper rule it was truly, and had it been adhered to as it ought,—had principle governed the practice instead of sentiment, the men and women of Great Britain would have been more polished and perfect beings than they are now. But men are so fond of romance, and women are so prone to lead the way thereto, that what should have become a deep-seated and prevailing rule of life, became only a dramatic display—a holiday amusement—a matter to be talked of, but seldom practised.

It must have been very interesting to witness a chivalrous knight laying his laurels at the feet of her he called the queen of love and beauty; but it would not be quite so pleasant to behold that same knight leaving the lady to pine in solitude, after she had consented to accept him as her lord; nor was it right, as sometimes was the case, for that identical hero to turn his queen of love out of doors by the shoulders, and take to his table some more fascinating but less honourable dame. The days of chivalry are gone, and a great blessing to humankind their departure is; although even in this improved and liberal age too many of its false rules and foul customs prevail.

Scripture tells us that woman is the weaker vessel, and nature and experience bear ample testimony to the fact. Hence too many mistaken though well meaning poets and philosophers have argued that the first calling of man is to extend his protection to the ladies. His protection, forsooth! Why if women were properly educated, and would be ruled more by reason than impulse, they would not only protect themselves, but demand and receive the willing, the heart-granted, the soul-acknowledged, homage of every man on earth.

Protection, indeed! Read the early lives and loves of Jeanie Deans and Reuben Butler, by Sir Walter Scott. That plain country girl, though the creation of a poet's brain, might be a lesson to every glittering eye that reads and delights in the tracings of old Benjamin's pen. We have seen educated, strong-minded men turned and tamed, like a vane in windy weather, by a little laughing minx, who knew nothing of the sciences except that of cookery, who was ignorant of the arts save the one of making herself agreeable, and whose utmost knowledge in philosophy was to bide her time till the opportunity of triumph came. We have seen many such; but few,—ay, sorry we are to say it—few maintained their vantage-ground, after the spoil was won—Marriage has destroyed as many glorious intellects as it has made hearts happy—as it has broken dreams and disappointed expectations.

And why was this? Why is it so now, and likely to prevail, unless gay youth and thoughtless age hearken to the experiences we now lay before them? It is because women are taught to look for a superficial protection from the brother sex without the great truth being inculcated on their minds, that they should hold a second place in the world, in society, and in the delightful dwelling which is only so when woman occupies her proper sphere.

A little miss cannot walk out for an hour but she wishes for a beau to take care of her; and yet at home she can box her brother's ears, and tear her sister's hair, or her attendant's cap, if her high will and pleasure is gain said. An Amazon, who is a terror alike to her husband and her cat, cannot enjoy the air of an evening unless that same poltroon of a husband is there to escort her! How often does this hypocrisy degenerate into a crime when a gang of "unprotected females" congregate, to vomit scandal, and drink their neighbour's tea and something more? There is no protection wanted there, when a husband's money circulates as freely as the cards—when an absent friend's reputation is scrutinised as closely as the dregs of the decanter—and when their children's excellences are trumpeted as loudly as their husbands' failings! Yet it is these ladies, and such as these only, that require the watchful guardianship of their legal protectors. To them only is it necessary to extend the strong arm of the law—to curb their passions—to curtail their purses—and keep them safe and quiet at home.

The mild, the gentle—those that need be seen but to be loved—the merry-hearted but the pure in mind—the laughing-eyed but considerate of brain—the free but chaste of speech—these are the angelic creatures that need not, seek not, the protection of vain and empty-hearted men. They are the bright and morning stars which illuminate the world towards life and light eternal—around whom pleasures dance in perpetual rays to brighten earth and heaven. But stars have fallen, and so, alas! have they. We have seen a flower wither on its stalk without a cancer or a worm being there; and we have seen a cheerful girl become a sullen wife, with as little apparent cause. There existed, however, an impelling power to the melancholy

change, and it was this—the lady had been taught to consider her graces and qualities more as adornments than as virtues. She had no self-reliance. Like all her sex, she had only been enabled to undergo the novitiate of lovehood—her education had gone no further, and she looked to "Protection" for the rest.

It is this baneful trusting to sympathy which has kept woman at the feet of her master for ages; it is this deficiency in moral courage and mental acquirements that will prevent her rising. Instances have occurred, however, in which right-thinking females have emancipated themselves from thralldom, have sustained a dignity at home, and a command over the will of their husbands, and yet conducted themselves as loving and obedient wives. And would not the world be better, and man happier, were this more generally the case? How then is so vast a revolution to take place without injury to existing interests,—without creating a new and untried order of things which may produce greater ills than those at present existing. The remedy, were it made general, or applied indiscriminately by a foreign aid, would fail, as all ideas of change by so-called social reformers have done, because a general application or immediate alteration is neither necessary nor possible. This is a domestic, not a public question. Let us suppose, patient, earnest, and inquiring lady, that you are willing to become a disciple, provided there is nothing in our creed to militate against your honour as a woman, and your position as the mistress of a house and family. The whole secret, madam, then, is this:—Consider yourself a portion of the handiwork of God, who, in his wisdom, never placed a flower, a rock,—ay, or a human being,—where it could not sustain itself. Exotics, either vegetable or animal, require protection, because they are reared in a soil or climate unadapted to their nature. But where is it that "rapture-giving woman" is not indigenous to the human heart—that she is a stranger to the yearnings of man, or an intruder on the best hopes of humankind? Where is she such? "And Echo answers, where?" Were half the labour exerted to place woman in her proper station that there is to lift her out of it, cases of seduction, desertion, or tyranny would almost never occur. It is the theatrical, apart from the real, idea of her excellence which induces alike the fopperies of gallantry and the cruelties of neglect;—it is because woman has been decked with foreign instead of native witcheries that the apex of her influence has been reached during the honeymoon;—it is because woman lends herself to the deceit that the punishment has securely come and been severely felt.

But, as governments are responsible for the actions of their officers—as masters are accountable for damage done by servants while executing their commands—so must man be taken as a surety for the well-being of her who has placed her trust upon him—who has looked up to him for succour—who, while she promised to obey, heard the grateful vow that she would be cherished, loved, and protected.

When a simple youth first braces up his nerves to talk eloquently to the fair sex, he puts himself under the strictest discipline: he disguises his natural appearance so completely, and keeps his faults so dimly obscure, that the unfortunate girl has no opportunity of discovering what he really is. She endeavours, therefore, to comport herself to what he seems—educates herself to his likings, and becomes self-flattered that she will be "able to manage him." Unconsciously does she thus forget her own natural temper; in the excitement of his approbation she fancies that improvement is complete; that the peevishness for which her mother so often upbraided her has entirely passed away; and that the rashness of her tongue has been cooled down to a happy soliloquising on the hopes in store for her. Her lover looks complacently upon her: he beholds all the cardinal virtues in her countenance, and therein rests contented; he never seeks to know if they are rooted in her mind, or engrafted on the motive actions of her life. Being himself under a mask, he cannot observe that she is the same; and thus, even after what may be called a long courtship, do husband and wife come together, entirely ignorant of the impulses by which each are governed. Surprised at the small ebullitions which take place, disappointment comes upon them like a long dark cloud; carelessness emits its chagrin in stormy gusts; and the unholy wars of disobedience and disgust rage violently where love betokened comfort, consolation of heart, and effervescing joy; while the world (or what is worse, a narrow neighbourhood)—stands wondering by, and says "Who would have thought it?"

Now, under these circumstances, who is the culprit? Is it the simple-hearted, the trusting creature, who has placed herself within the power of him who told her she was all-worthy? Or is it the close-thoughted wretch, who decorated his speech and manners with borrowed plumes, and taught her to think that she would do well under his protection? Does the fault lie with her who borrowed her softness from his simpering? or with him who first taught her deceit by appearing mild when he was gruff—who made petulance look like philosophy, and moroseness like self-denial? Was she in error because humility was worn by her as a garment, when she saw him in the cloak of duplicity? The whole evil lies in this—men wish to be thought better than they are, and make an appearance accordingly; young women, silly ever, fall into the snare,

believe what they see and hear; hearken delightedly believe fondly; marry unhesitatingly; and are disappointed continually.

What, then, is the remedy? It is this. Without transgressing the bounds of modesty, let damsels derive the superiority, and despise the care or protection preferred them by man. Let them be independent in lovehood, instead of being slaves, so that they may have me in becoming obedient in matrimony. But here an appalling fact intervenes;—custom has obtained mastery, and any strong-hearted girl attempting to follow our advice would be likely to lose her lover, and remain reproached among women. Perhaps she would. But, though she did, the bitterness of such disappointment would not be greater than that endured by many good faithful wives, on whom silence, sorrow, and neglect have been too close attendants. Hear this ye marriage maidens, and rejoice. There is still a rainbow in heaven the wildest storm that ever raged had to yield to the harmony of nature, and the loudest bully that ever tried vex his wife has been shamed into affection by her watchfulness and duty. So the thoughtless maiden, anxious above all things to enjoy the luxuries of matrimony, may be gladdened with complete success by merely remembering her self-control while in the novitiate of her courtship. Let her despise all theatrical display, but make herself seen as she really is; and although her lover may appear astonished at her candour, and even seek the company of others who yield more readily to his foibles, let her remember this, that human nature will have its way, and he observes her consistent in her conduct—if he is convinced that the same plain-dealing is evinced to all as to himself—if he can satisfy himself that no other man has received softer and milder attentions,—then will he return like the dove to Noah's ark, bearing the olive branch of peace and promise, and confessing that rest and enjoyment was all elsewhere denied him. Then will he be for the pure and gentle hearted to assert and maintain her power, which she may exercise in justice and mercy until the blissful marriage vow is spoken. Then, but not till then, should she lay the trophies of victory at his feet, and teach him that he has gained captive on whom kindness, careful attention, and assiduous love shall not be bestowed in vain. But, alas! in all likelihood has taught him that too early: she trusts her trust upon him—he abuses it—she rebels—he resents a civil war ensues, and nothing but the shame of exposure prevents a separation. Oh! the drama of matrimony! Tragedy and comedy are strangely intermixed. The husband is the hero, and we shall paint him till he blush against his will.

## Burns Illustrated and Explained.

## CHAPTER XIII.—HOLY FAIR CONCLUDED.

It would appear from the poem, that it was the practice of women to provide in part for the expenses of the day by procuring the eatables, as well as dispensing them—most excellent custom truly, and worthy of being revived in these degenerate days, when the ladies think they can descend enough by partaking of the viands set before them and even look quite pleasant while their unfortunate lover is searching his pockets in vain for the sixpence he should have had, but which most unaccountably is not to be found. What a vast difference even in this little circumstance—important enough at the time certainly, between before and after marriage! Before that sentiment-dissolving time the young lad feels ashamed at the circumstance, and the young lady does her best to appear not to notice it. After marriage, however, the man gruffly asks aloud if she has got any money, and she as readily inquires how much he wanted. It is in contemplating this difference, that the poet appeals to the good-nature of the wives to remember they were once on the hunt for lovers themselves, and although they can now strut into a public-house before their husband, as the occasion may be, and open up a bundle of eatables as if it was really true that women could eat, not to forget the former time, but have some sympathy with the bashful girls who have as great a desire as ever they had to get a husband, but want the read means of introduction, by not possessing the indispensable bread and cheese which they can well ask some neighbour lad to cut up, as they have forgot to bring a knife with them. The wife—perhaps only of a twelvemonth's date—opens her bundle, cuts her cheese, breaks her cakes, and hands round her store to all and sundry, without a blush upon her face, because it is well known she is married all ready. A young woman, however, cannot do this under specific quantity of modesty, and a certain number of simpering blushes, as in so doing she has an opportunity—especially if it is leap-year—of taking advantage of the good nature and hilarity of the young men, and letting some one know that she would rather be cut up and dispense her share of the provisions than be left to do it herself. Therefore it is that the poet bewails the lonely condition of the damsel who has neither bread nor cheese to be handed round—not that the young men are more intent upon the bundle than her who produces it—certainly not—it would be highly uncharitable to suppose anything of the kind—it is only because it gives them an opportunity of showing their gallantry by handing the eatables round the company that they do it; and, of course, having broken



ead with the girl they must keep her company for the remainder of the day, and show her home at evening. At accomplished, the girl will trust to Providence and her own endeavours to bring the matter to a speedy and happy conclusion.

Now clinkumbell, wi' rattlin tow,  
Begins to jaw an' croon;  
Some swagger hame, the best they dow,  
Some wait the afternoon.  
At slaps the billies halt a blink,  
Till lasses strip their shoon:  
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,  
They're a' in famous tune  
For crack that day.

How monie hearts this day converts  
O' sinners and o' lasses!  
Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gane,  
As soft as ony flesh is.  
There's some are fou o' love divine;  
There's some are fou o' brandy;  
An' monie jobs that day begun  
May end in houghmagandie  
Some ither day.

The parish bell having announced the welcome information that the services of the day were concluded, some swagger home in the best manner possible, some wait through the afternoon, to enjoy the amusements of the day to their full extent. Proceeding homeward we are told—

At slaps the billies halt a blink  
Till lasses strip their shoon.

That is, at the unbridged streams which cross the public road, the lads must wait a little till the lasses strip their shoes and stockings to wade through the water. It is strange that young girls, say under fifteen, can leap a ditch as well as a boy, and are as fearless and as steady as they get older—no, we must not say they get older—as they get taller, they decline altogether the lightsome step, and wade warily through the stream. Sometimes, if her companion is to her taste, she will permit him to take her in his arms, and carry her over; but that is generally accompanied by the awful reflection—"What would people say if they saw me now!" Some uncharitable minds have said that this observation is only made to bring out the reply that she is only where he wishes she always was—in his arms,—but that would be thinking rather unkindly of her, for however anxious a girl may be on the one great object of her thoughts, it must be supposed that she trusts not alone to these little attempts at finesse,—she must have some reliance on her beauty—on her shape and air—on the mildness of her speech—on the neatness of her dress, and the thousand and one other resources they have at their command to make themselves agreeable. There was never a woman yet who fairly tried to make herself acceptable to the rougher sex but was eminently successful—their only fault is, that they do not so try sufficiently often, but think they have a prescriptive right to the good offices and kindly sympathies of man without any effort whatever on their own part. That is a sad mistake, which, above all others, poets have encouraged and inculcated to a dangerous extent. Burns, however, although he sung his most tuneful strains in praise of woman, and owned her power to increase or destroy the happiness of man, never so far forgot himself as to admit that such influence resulted exclusively from the mere fact of their being of weaker mould, as their name imports. He esteemed the beauty of woman as her slightest claim on the regard of man. The flowers of the field—the daisy on the mountain side, to his eyes were as beautiful as she. The linnet in the bush, the lark among the yellow corn, the robin at the cottage window, had voices as sweet and musical. It was only when these attractions were the handmaids of a loving disposition, a kind and attentive care, a soft and mild temper, a generous heart, and a cultivated mind, that his harmonious spirit hymned their praise. His most perfect and tender picture of conjugal felicity—"John Anderson, my jo," proceeds upon the assumption of a good-natured pair having lived happily together, each having strove to make the other comfortable. The pride of the good old woman is as fervent as it was forty years before. She is as fond of her grey-haired husband as she was of her stalwart bridegroom. She recollected the time when he was gay and comely, although the strength and agility of youth had now departed, the memory of his affection would cease only with existence itself. Now, as in her primal time, a word of comfort is on her lips, and the same smile that first made him think why she cast that look on him, is as radiant and ready as ever, though the encroaching furrows have effaced the peach-blossom from her cheek, and her golden hair has become dry and dim. It is the harmony of a willing heart that sustains and prolongs to the last verge of age the glowing fervour of loving youth, and radiates the grave with a pleasant and unfading halo, which, like a rainbow in the morning of spring stretches its streaming light across the darksome and silent chasm, while the remnant of frail mortality descends into its original and kindred clay. It is not in moroseness, nor in sullen pride, that the dignity of man is preserved; it is not by these unsocial feelings that he is kept free from the corrosive

influence of a selfish world—it is not by a perpetual condemnation of the actions of others that we are preserved from a like committal—it is only by a subjection of the universal tempter, selfishness, that virtue, charity, and peace are brought to reside in the human breast; and he who listens least to the whisperings of the frailty common to all mankind—the love of self—becomes the noblest of his species, the most unlikely to fall into grievous error—the readiest to forgive the faults of others. Oh! what a glorious day it shall be when every human heart will have plucked this poison from its vital core, and have learned to treat with kindness and trust with confidence its fellow-man. It is a dream worth cherishing, for it brings up images of heavenly mould, and tells the doubting and the troubled that fraud and misfortune will not progress for ever—it inspires with hope the drooping energies of age—it nerves with life the rapid pulse of youth. It is a dream worth cherishing, for it makes all mankind poets, and infuses a more delicate and lofty sensation into all the wanderings of the human brain—it lightens up the imagination with lamps of unquenchable light, which are held by golden chains from cherub hands. That such a day of peace and harmony may come let every thinking mind desire; for not till then will the struggles of the poor for brief existence cease—not till then will the haughty be brought low, nor the troubleshooters of the land learn subjection—not till then will the brilliancy of genius outshine the glitter of the hireling's gold, nor the honest be permitted to take that place where the cunning and the selfish sit—not till then will man be judged on his own merits, instead of by the standard of vulgar fashion—not till then will hypocrisy be unmasked, and superstition awake from its torpid sleep—not till then will fraud and wrong retire from the blaze of day—not till then will unpurchaseable justice occupy the judgment-seat, and the power of the oppressor loose its fatal force—nor until then will the unobtrusive efforts of woman in the cause of loving-kindness be appreciated or meet its due reward.

#### Familiar Chapters on Science.

##### NO. X.—MEDICAL LEARNING CONCLUDED.

IN the two preceding chapters, on the subject of medical learning, we have enumerated some of the many branches of knowledge with which the enlightened physician ought perforce to be acquainted. In the present we shall bring our observations to a close, according to promise.

The relation that subsists between diseases and their remedies constitutes an important study. In reflecting upon it we cannot fail to perceive the value of researches connected with Natural History, which impart a knowledge of the sources whence diseases flow; and of those connected with other branches, which show the fitness of different matters for their different uses, their individual powers, and their powers when qualified by ingenious combinations; the different modes of compounding some, of analysing others, and of ascertaining in what particular part any given principle resides; also the circumstances under which that principle may be found in a state of the greatest activity, with the modes of obtaining it in its best form, or preserving it in the greatest perfection. These are points of interest which are attached to all curative agents, whether of the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral kingdom.

The pursuit of topographical knowledge is deeply interesting to the medical profession, opening, as it does, a vast field of useful discovery, and supplying facts of great importance in reference to the particular effects of different countries on the physiological condition of man. In some lands, local influences are so powerful as to give to those who are subject to them the characters of different races of beings, which are not incompatible with the preservation of health. These are manifested in varieties of form, size, colour, and other peculiarities of different nations, in the different periods at which the state of adolescence terminates, maturity is attained, and declension commences. Such influences, however, being in constant operation, familiarize, and therefore suit, the human constitution to inclemencies which would otherwise be destructive to life.

Of the influences which are not constant, but in a frequent state of variation, and by which the health is prone to be disturbed, numerous examples are to be found in those atmospheric changes which constitute the source of epidemics, and illustrate the connexion existing between certain topographical peculiarities and certain diseases. In Holland, for instance, and in the fens of this country, intermittent fevers prevail, because those parts are subject to noxious miasmata. Still stronger examples are afforded in the topographical character of the plains of Bengal, after the overflowing of the Ganges. If we trace that mighty river from its source amidst the mountains of Thibet, through an extent of 1,000 miles, and moreover receiving tributary streams from the countries on both sides, and collecting and bearing on its surface, according to Hindoo custom, the dead of the wide districts through which its waters are poured, we shall discover that its gigantic current is constantly charged with an amount of animal and vegetable impurity, almost beyond the imagi-

nation to conceive. This loathsome accumulation is finally deposited on the plains, where it presents a vast expanse of wiry, stringy, marshy surface, exposed to the heat of an almost vertical sun, which occasions profuse exhalations, of a noisome and pestilential character. In connexion with topographical peculiarities, fevers of a formidable nature afflict the country; the degree of their prevalence and of their virulence being in proportion to the extent of surface exposed, and the periods of their appearance and disappearance corresponding with those at which the inundation and subsequent evaporation take place.

Innumerable other examples of peculiar diseases dependent on peculiarity of climate might be quoted, if necessary; and the instances of the coast of Coromandel and Egypt be particularly pointed out as illustrative of its influences, which exist in accordance with modifications of an entirely different kind from those already mentioned; but enough has been said to convince any reflecting person that a patient and persevering inquiry into the phenomena of diseases produced by local causes will always be the duty of a professor of the healing art.

In former times the department of surgery was deemed unworthy of academic cultivation, of dignified station, and of scientific association. Even so late as 1668, the surgeons were under the jurisdiction of the first barber of the King; and not until Felix, who operated on Louis XIV., and represented to his Majesty the great inconvenience of this custom, was its reform procured. Although once denounced on the Continent as unfit for the hands of men of literature, and failing at periods less remote to occupy that position which other branches of science enjoyed, it has nevertheless, in later and more enlightened times, obtained from mankind at large a due consideration of its importance and value in its amelioration of human suffering. Nor is this a change for which it is indebted to adventitious circumstances: on the contrary, it has, by its manifest and intrinsic value, by the sound and scientific sources whence have been drawn the elements of its advancement, and by reason of the large benefits which it has acquired the power of conferring, proclaimed its own importance, and acquired the exalted station which, throughout all civilized countries, it now most justly occupies. With feelings of admiration and respect, we may indeed contemplate the past in reference to the men by whom surgery has been improved and conducted to its present distinguished rank. Foremost in the application of the best of human impulses to the most zealous human energies, was the late Sir Astley Cooper. Dr. Chowne has penned a description of this distinguished surgeon, which, although of a strictly private nature, we cannot withhold from our readers, because it is as honourable to the feelings of the distinguished physician we have named, as it is truly eulogistic of the ennobling qualities of the object of his praise and admiration. In him (says Dr. Chowne), whom a decree of Providence has called from a position the most honourable to which professional zeal and talent can attain, were combined attributes of the mind, and of the heart and hand, which conferred on their gifted possessor power and acuteness of perception in judging of the ailment and in adapting the remedy; readiness of resource in the difficult details of practical surgery; kindness and gentleness of manner, and felicitous manual dexterity, which rendered his the perfection of surgical skill. In Sir Astley Cooper, the medical profession paid the homage of their admiration, confidence, and regard; and feeling and acknowledging his transcendent abilities, his never-ceasing industry, and his vast acquirements, they conceded to him, by common consent, priority in the catalogue of the most celebrated surgeons of his day. The quality of his mind was happily such as most conduces to the real advancement of the sciences and the arts; truth was the gem of his research; facts were the treasures he equally delighted to diffuse and to reap. Less ardent and discursive and imaginative, than indefatigable, practical, and accurate in research, the stores of his accumulation constitute not vain hypotheses, and theories, the transitory glories of a day. His labours rendered legible new truths in the stages of nature, imparting in her own unerring language, a knowledge of human structure, in health and in disease, which conferred improvement on the skill, and elevation to the characters of the chirurgion of his own day, and which will endure to future generations. His writings, replete with information, anatomical, physiological, and surgical, at once enrich the medical literature of the period in which he lived, and possess the sound and healthful elements of improvements yet in the matrix of time.

Contemplating retrospectively the immense labour that has been bestowed upon the acquirement of medical knowledge, and the manifestation of zeal and talent employed in its advancement, it is impossible for the medical practitioner, even in the midst of its anxieties, toils, and privations, not to cherish a feeling of self-gratulation that his lot is cast in an avocation of so much honour and usefulness as his own. There are few sources whence benefits so important, so extensive, and of influence so beneficent, flow into the current of human affairs, and none which contribute in more ways to the general benefit of mankind so far as the health of the body and the expansion of the mind are concerned.



## Talleyrand and Seguin.

THE unfortunate Madame Lafarge, to whom a disagreeable notoriety has too long been given, recently published a memoir of her life, which excited considerable interest in Paris. A translation of this autobiography has just appeared in London, in which full justice is done to the interesting episodes and remarkable domestic events narrated by the unhappy convict. The following reminiscence of childhood proves her to have been a girl of acute observation, and may, with other anecdotes contained in the work, give no small insight into her disposition as a woman, which topic we defer till another occasion.

At the period of the coronation of Charles X., I for the first and last time saw Prince Talleyrand. My grandfather entertained him at Villers-Hellon. The court and gardens were illuminated, and after dinner the magnificent flocks of three farms were passed in review before the windows of the saloon. That agricultural spectacle appeared to amuse the great diplomatist. It was a novelty to him, and he readily accepted for Valengay two of the finest rams from the stock.

I had so often heard of M. de Talleyrand, that I regarded him with great attention, and have him full in my mind's eye still. He had nobility stamped upon his brow, and was perfectly agreeable; though, unfortunately, it was well known that his amiability did not spring from his heart, but was subject to his will. I remember that the day after his arrival, I said to my grandfather, "Your prince even limps with elegance." This procured me a fervent kiss, and some compliments sufficient to gratify my vanity as a little girl.

Nearly every autumn, Madame Elmore, the daughter of the celebrated Seguin, the contractor for victualling the armies of Spain, came from England to pass a few months at Villers-Hellon. M. Seguin had been intimately connected with my grandfather. For a long time they occupied two hotels in the Rue d'Anjou, separated only by a garden; and their children, who spent their hours of recreation together, formed one of those close friendships which endure through life with all their radiant reminiscences.

At that period, namely, verging on the fall of the Directory, M. Seguin was already immensely rich, and gave tokens of his subsequent madness by an excessive love of music, which induced him to procure for his children the most distinguished masters, all appointed, however, with the exclusive view of developing in their pupils the musical sense. Mlle. Zoe first opened her eyes upon the gamut, quitted a teacher of melody for a master of accompaniment, rested her fingers, fatigued with a *sonata*, to shriek out some grand airs of Gluck and Mozart, and at length terminated her harmonious martyrdom in going to the Opera, not as a listener and spectator, but to write the most difficult passages of the score. For all of heart and of mind they possessed, the two poor children—I say two, because Abel scraped his violin while his sister struck her piano—were indebted to Madame Seguin, who trenched upon their slumbers in order to give them some smattering of religion, of history, and geography, to make them able to write two or three lines and spell a few words. Nay, I am unjust; the paternal solicitude of M. Seguin allowed them three times a week, in the intervals of their musical lessons, a professor of conjuring, of riddles, and of fortune-telling. They learned also to blow glass, and practised a little of chemistry. To reward their progress, their father gave juvenile balls for them, when, after supper, and their heads were exalted and obedience forgotten, a saloon was thrown open, in the midst of which was an immense *mere-gigogne*, from under whose petticoats peeped forth treasures of dolls, swords, foot-balls, and sweetmeats. "Go! seize! all are yours!" cried the host; and instantly the children would squeeze forward, overthrowing, tumbling over, reading and beating each other, to obtain a prize. In the midst of this Babel of cries and tears, M. Seguin would stand laughing and rubbing his hands, enjoying the struggles and tears of the poor children, the disquietude of their friends, and indeed the whole of that infantile anarchy and uproar.

The large portion of Mlle. Seguin attracted a crowd of pretenders. The duke de N. put himself in the ranks; but the noble suitor was rejected on account of his lack of the wealth which he sought. At this time, the mania for horses having acquired the ascendancy over all the other manias of M. Seguin, he made the acquaintance of Mr. Elmore, whose stables at London contained the best racers and the purest breed. Elmore had no position in society, and little fortune; but the craftiest horse-jockey could not deceive him as to the age and qualities of a horse. He was an invaluable guide in collecting a stud, a redoubtable enemy to roguish dealers; and M. Seguin was led to select him for a son-in-law from motives of economy. Mr. Elmore was not handsome. He had red hair, and did not understand two words of French; but he was a heretic, and promised to become a convert; Mlle. Zoe therefore accepted him, in order to gain heaven and a husband.

Madame Elmore was not very pretty, though greatly admired; but her defects were overlooked for the sake of her charming smile, her animated eyes, her free and graceful figure, her small foot, and her shrewd and

active mind. She was, moreover, very coquettish, and exceedingly devout. Her husband, who in no point bore a resemblance to his wife, had, instead, the most unimpeachable good-nature. He spoke very bad French, passed his days in hunting, and divided his evenings between slumber and me.

My childhood was so often amused by the originalities of M. Seguin, which one of my old nurses used to relate to me of an evening to lull me to sleep, that I cannot pass them in silence, while speaking of the existing impressions of those pleasant times.

M. Seguin was a very small and very poor chemist when he discovered, at the moment the Republic needed equipments for its army, the method of tanning leather in much less time than usual, and by employing, I believe, the bark of the oak. They held out the prospect of a fortune if successful, and of the guillotine in case of failure. M. Seguin trusted to his star, and fortune became his slave. He then married a noble, but poor girl, opened his house to all that Paris still contained of amiable and elegant, and became remarkable for his most sumptuous extravagances. His balls were admirable, his dinners inimitable. An unambitious dining-room was first entered by his guests, in which stood a table, laden with oysters, soups, and fish. At a given signal another saloon was thrown open, and exhibited tables groaning under the most magnificent plate, and containing the most exquisite viands; and, beyond this, the company passed onward to enjoy the dessert in a delicious apartment, perfumed with the rarest flowers, lighted with a thousand lamps, resplendent with crystal, and silver-gilt, and where all the most delicate of luxurious refinements were heaped and blended in gorgeous profusion.

M. de Talleyrand, tempted one day with a desire to see this eccentric magnificence, asked my grandfather to procure him admission to one of his friend's dinners. The wish was communicated to M. Seguin, who promised to surpass himself in order to astonish his Excellency. M. de Talleyrand and my grandfather, on reaching his hotel, were ushered into a counting-house. M. Seguin poured forth a thousand excuses—his wife was absent—he could only give them a bachelor's dinner, and they must, therefore, extend to him their indulgence. This humility came with a bad grace from the mouth of the celebrated Amphytrion; but nothing softens one more effectually than the prospect of an excellent repast. It was thought that he desired to be complimented, and accordingly compliments were not spared. At length the clock struck six, when a domestic entered, spread a napkin over the writing-table, and placed three plates and three chairs. M. Seguin went into the adjoining apartment, and returned, bearing in his own hands a bell-shaped patent saucepan, for making portable soup, explained gravely the advantages of this new process, added thereto a steak, and a piece of Gruyere cheese, and graciously did the honours of his table. My grandfather was indignant, M. de Talleyrand fasted like a man of spirit, and not without being filled with resentment.

M. Seguin had some really magnificent grounds near Paris, in which he sometimes gave *fêtes*. One day he announced a series of prizes, sports, and dances for the villagers of the neighbourhood. Above all, there was to be a race in sacks, which was sure to excite much laughter among his friends, and to call forth the ambition of the peasants to gain the prize, which was a very beautiful watch. On the eve of the *fête*, he caused to be dug, in profound secrecy, near the gaol at which the racers were to arrive, a ditch, about twelve feet deep, which was afterwards covered with twigs and fine gravel. The unfortunate runners, encumbered with their sacks, hurrying towards the winning post, were plunged into the gulph. The fall was horrible. There were broken arms and fractured heads. The people would have killed the rascally proprietor; and, but for powerful influence, he would scarcely have escaped the fangs of the police.

About the same time, he was embroiled with the Princess of Chimay, who occupied an hotel adjoining his in the Rue de Varennes. M. Seguin caused a mountain of barren earth to be raised in his garden, which so completely shut out the rays of the sun and the daylight from his unfortunate neighbour, that she was compelled to abandon her residence.

After the marriage of his daughter, M. Seguin took an antipathy to the world. He forbade his wife to receive even the visits of her friends; and in order to sequester himself more entirely, he had all his staircases removed, and thus rendered it necessary to use ladders to reach the upper apartments of his mansion. These proceedings were carried to such extremes, that Madame Seguin was obliged to go to her daughter in England; and her husband, no longer being able to find amusement in persecuting her, shut himself up in a little garret of his palace, where he lived with his violins, his steam-boilers, his madness, and his female porter.

Having sent away all his domestics, his splendid horses were left to wander at liberty in his garden, to live on withered leaves, and be reduced to the semblance of their former shadows. Some time before his death, M. Seguin determined on selling them, and, for that purpose, sent for a horse-dealer. On discussing the price, however, they could not agree; and the owner ended the dispute by causing all the noble beasts to be shot.

## The Influence of Music.

We observe that our valued friend, Mr. J. H. Fennell, has been exercising his historic lore in giving some excellent illustrations on the power of music, in "The Mirror." We give a few selected anecdotes, by way of showing the happy manner in which the subject treated:—

Ancient history, apart from its exaggerations, abounds with credible instances of the extraordinary effect which music has produced upon mankind. We all know the sedative effects of music, and that it can dispel fears from the mind, on which account the timid try whistling to screw their courage up when they are through lonely places at night time. Tyrtæus, the Spartan poet, by certain verses which he sung to the accompaniment of flutes, so inflamed the courage of his countrymen, that they achieved a great victory over the Messenians, to whom they had submitted in several previous conflicts. Timotheus, with his flute, could move the passions of Alexander as he pleased, inspiring him at one moment with the greatest fury, and soothing him in the next into the most gentle and placid state. Shakespeare says, music can

"Ravish savage ears,  
And plant in tyrants mild humility."

The truth of this assertion is abundantly shown both in ancient and modern history. Pythagoras instructed a woman, by the power of music, to arrest the fury of a young man who came to set her house on fire; and his disciple, Empedocles, used his lyre with such success to prevent another person from murdering his father when the sword was unsheathed for that purpose. The fierceness of Achilles was allayed by playing on a harp, on which account Homer gives him nothing at all out of the spoils of Aetion. With the same instrument Damon quieted wild and drunken youths; and Asclepiades, in a similar manner, brought back seditious multitudes to temper and reason. Clinias, a man of virtuous manners, who had embraced the Pythagorean philosophy, used to take up his harp and play upon it directly, he felt passion rising in his breast, that he might allay its ebullition. If asked at such moments why he played, he pleasantly replied, that it was with a view to compose himself. It is related that "Filippo Palma," the celebrated singer, having been arrested by one of the largest and most enraged creditors, from whom he had been long skulking, Palma made no other reply to his abuse and his threats than by sitting down to the harp-chord, and singing two or three of his most pleasing and touching airs to his own accompaniment, whereby the fury of his creditor was gradually and perfectly subdued, that he not only forgave his debtor, but lent him ten guineas to appease the clamour of other creditors who threatened him with a gaol. How many of us would rejoice if musical notes were always as acceptable to creditors as bank notes! All creditors have not, unfortunately, a care for any sweet sounds except the chink of gold and the grating of the key in the debtor's prison.

Prince Cantimir, in his account of the transactions of the Ottomans, relates that Sultan Amurath having besieged Bagdad, and taken it, ordered 30,000 Persians to be put to death, though they had yielded and laid down their arms. Amongst these unfortunate victims was a musician, who besought the executioner to spare him one moment that he might speak to the emperor. He appeared before the Sultan, and was permitted to give a specimen of his art. He took up a kind of psalter which resembles a lyre, and has six sides, and accompanied the sounds of the instrument with his voice. He sang the taking of Bagdad, and the triumph of Amurath; its pathetic and exulting sounds melted even Amurath who suffered the musician to proceed, till, overpowered with harmony, tears of pity gushed from his eyes, and he revoked his cruel orders. Influenced by the musician's powerful talent, he not only ordered the lives of the prisoners to be spared, but restored them to liberty. Stradella, the celebrated composer, was attacked by the desperadoes, who had been hired to assassinate him but, fortunately, they had ears sensible to harmony. While waiting for a favourable opportunity to execute their design, they entered the church of St. John Lateran during the performance of an oratorio composed by the very man whom they intended to destroy, and were so affected by the music, that they abandoned the design, and even waited on the musician to apprise him of his danger. Stradella, however, was not always so fortunate; other assassins, who apparently had no ear for music, stabbed him some time afterwards at Genoa, and thus afforded a practical illustration of Shakespeare's observation that

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted."

In Southey's "History of Brazil," we read, that "Nohrega (a Jesuit) had a school, where he instructed the native children, the orphans from Portugal, and the *mestizos*, or mixed breed. They were taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and were to assist at mass, and to sing the church service. This had a great effect; for the natives were passionately fond of music, so passionate



at Nolega began to hope the fable of Orpheus was a type of his mission, and that by vocal music he was to convert the pagans of Brazil. He usually took with him four or five of his little choristers on his preaching expeditions; when they approached an inhabited place, he carried the crucifix before them, and they began singing the litany. The savages were won by the voice of the charmer; they received him joyfully, and, when he departed with his little band in procession, other children followed the music. He set the catechism, read, and ordinary prayers to *sol fa*; and the pleasure of learning to sing was such a temptation, that the little ones sometimes ran away from their parents to put themselves under the care of the Jesuit."

While in some persons we find a morbid apathy to music, we find others on whom music produces impressions so intense as to remain, as it were, in their ears long after the performance had ceased. In the "Repertoire medico-Chirurgica le de Piedmont," for June, 1834, Dr. Roffierio relates, that a woman, twenty-eight years of age, of a robust constitution, married, but without children, and who had never previously left her village, heard a concert, was present at a three-days' fete, where there was dancing to the sounds of a brilliant orchestra. She entered into the amusement with ardour, and was delighted, but when the fete was over, she could not get rid of the impression which the music had made upon her. Whether she ate, drank, walked, went to bed, sat still, was busy, or unoccupied, the different airs which she had heard were constantly present, and succeeded each other in the same order as that in which they were executed. Sleep she could not; her digestive organs began to suffer; and ultimately, her entire system becoming deranged; in consequence of this, medical aid was called in; various attempts were made to expel the imaginary music, but the more her body became enfeebled, the more intently did the musical sounds disturb her. This nervous suffering continued for six months, when she died, without having for one moment during that period lost the same visitation. Even in her last moments she fancied she heard the first violin give some discordant notes, when, holding her head with both hands, she exclaimed, "Oh, what a false note! it tears my soul." A writer in the "Athenæum" says, that he has heard of "an aged person, who from the year 1829 has had the greatest difficulty in going to sleep, because he very evening feels an irresistible desire to hear an air which belongs to the mountains of Auvergne. He has tried reading aloud, thinking deeply, and several other means, to get rid of it, but it is of no use—he is invariably cured, mechanically, to utter the words in the idiom of Auvergne. We have known the most alarming effects produced by music upon children unaccustomed to it, and fevers ensued in consequence of the over-excitement."

Sir Henry Hallford, in his Essays and Orations, observes—"I remember its salutary operations in the case of a gentleman in Yorkshire, many years ago, who was at first stupefied, and afterwards became insane, upon the sudden loss of all his property. This gentleman could hardly be said to live—he merely vegetated, for he was motionless until pushed, and did not speak or notice anybody in the house for nearly four months. The first indication of a return of any sense appeared in his attention to music in the street. This was observed, the second time he heard it, to have a more decided force in rousing him from his lethargy; and, induced by this good omen, the sagacious humanity of his superintendent offered him a violin. He seized it eagerly, and amused himself with it constantly. After six weeks, hearing the best of the patients of the house pass by his door to their common road, he accosted them, 'Good morning to you all, gentlemen; I am quite well, and desire I may accompany you.' In two months more he was dismissed cured."

#### New Zealand Rambles.

**NATIVE PRIDE.**—The longest marsh we had to cross was about four miles; the natives wanted to carry me as they had previously done, but I was afraid of their illing with me and making me dirtier than I should be wading through the mud without their assistance. I early stuck fast several times, and was obliged to tie my shoes with flax, in order to keep them to my feet: the mud was in many places three feet deep, of a soft custard-like consistence, and of a light brown colour, from the decomposed vegetable matter. I was heartily rejoiced when I was told we were near the end, when suddenly a bunch of reeds on which I had relied gave way, and I sunk up to the middle, so that I was obliged to call assistance to get out. After passing the marsh we went through a grove, of about a mile square, of trees of enormous size. They were loaded with their beautiful carlet and black fruit, which looked like a blaze of oars. Here the natives brought me to a pool, saying that I ought to wash, in order to be clean when we came to the village, which was close by. I was much amused at this piece of vanity, which I humoured, because it was agreeable to myself, and not that I cared how I looked on my arrival before the critics of Nattamatta. The natives, it was evident, did not like appearing as guides to a shabby fellow, and thought it would raise their consequence with their friends if I looked more like a great man than was usually the case with their visitors.

**DRAPERY.**—The natives about Towpo were not so well-looking a set as they are in some other parts of the

island; this was more remarkable in the women than in the men: the handsomest girls I saw were two daughters of old Pirate, who, with their fine mats wrapped round their waists, looked quite as graceful as many of the pictures of Hindoo girls I have seen in similar dresses—or rather I should say in dresses similarly worn,—for the thick New Zealand mats would not be very comfortable dresses in India. The older women, and particularly those who have children, wear their mats over their shoulders instead of round their waists; which is not near so graceful, but becomes them better, as I do not consider suckling improves the form—especially among those, who, like the New Hollanders, &c., suckle their children over their shoulders.

**PORK v. SUPERSTITION.**—We had not paddled across a lake above seven or eight miles when it became so rough that we could not get on any further. We were on a lee-shore, with the rocks rising perpendicularly more than six hundred feet above us. Fortunately, we were able to run under a natural arch, where we got shelter till the rain moderated; when, finding there appeared no chance of the gale abating, we encamped, there fortunately being just room enough under the rocks to pitch the tent. I was much annoyed, and at the same time amused, at this place by the superstitions of the natives. Being wet and cold, as soon as I got out of the canoe I told them to make a fire; accordingly they took the fire they had in the canoe, and putting it as near the edge of the water as possible, blew it up, and added what small drift-wood they could find on the beach. Presently it began to rain again, and I took up a log and threw it under a projecting rock, where I saw an old mat and some sticks and rubbish; immediately they set up a terrible outcry that the place was taboo (sacred) because somebody had died there. I said I did not care; but they gave me to understand that if I persisted, they should all die. I assured them that if they did not make the fire, nor come near it, certainly nothing could harm them, and as for myself I was very willing to run the risk. At last they gave in, seeing I was determined to have my own way. I wanted something to eat, and told them to put my pot on. It was brought, and I placed it on my own fire; however, seeing that theirs was better than mine, I took it off and carried it over to theirs. Before I could set it down, they snatched it out of my hand, and made a worse outcry than ever. Their fire was taboo; it was the fire they had brought in the canoe, and was not for cooking. I was greatly annoyed, and gave them a good scolding for their nonsense, telling the missionary lads that they ought to know better than attend to such stuff. At length they agreed to make a fire in earnest, especially when I pointed out to them that unless they did so, they would have nothing to eat most likely for that day and the next, as it was not probable the swell on the lake would subside very quickly after such a gale of wind. When they had pitched the tent and had lighted the fire, I allowed them to kill a pig, which set all right; at all events, I heard no more about the taboo. The gale increased all night, and it was lucky I had broken the taboo of the corner sheltered by the projecting rock, of which the natives now gladly availed themselves. I think had it not been for this they would have died of the wet and cold, as there was no possibility of making a shelter of branches, &c., which they usually do when they have occasion to sleep in the woods in bad weather. *Bidwill's Rambles.*

#### The Patrician's Daughter.

A TRAGEDY—BY J. WESTLAND MARSTON.

THIS remarkable production deserves the attentive consideration of every student of the human heart. Its merit is of such a high and unique order, that we feel considerable difficulty in discoursing of it to our readers in a manner in which to satisfy ourselves and do justice to the work. Perhaps we shall best consult our own pleasure, and the entertainment of the public, in keeping ourselves as much in the back ground as possible, and allowing the author to stand forward prominently and speak for himself.

Mr. Marston is, we collect from his preface, a young writer, and his tragedy may be said to be his chief production; if it be his last—what matter!—it is sufficient to secure for him a noble reputation. In a beautifully written preface he thus modestly explains the character of his work:—

"The following pages originated in the desire of the author to write a tragedy entirely indebted for its incident and passion to the habits and spirit of the age. It is well that an attempt of this kind should be made. It is time that the public should honour the dignity of the human character for itself, whatever the conventional circumstances of its representations. To speak truth, the many find it difficult to credit the tragic capacities and sensibilities of men, whose dress, deportment, and pursuits correspond to their own. The vulgar mind cannot easily resign itself to mental illusions, when the machinery which they employ is of a familiar description."

A little further on, in speaking of the present age, our author observes—

"What suspense! what aspirations! what inward struggles! what subdued emotions! There is truly stuff for tragedy in the age of civilization. The awful gulphs and frowning precipices of the moral landscape

are no more;—but broken hearts are resting beneath the same floral *Pere le Chaise*!"

Now we begin to perceive the aim of the author, and to understand clearly the purport of his work. We must not, therefore, in "The Patrician's Daughter," expect to see the ghosts of the heroine's ancestors performing an important part in the action of the play; it offers no arena for extravagant gesticulations or appalling incidents: Mr. Marston has positively been so unromantic as to discard brigands and pistol-shooting, while improbabilities have been no objects of his patronage. Well! he has given us genius instead of blue-fire; humanity instead of witches, and pathos as a substitute for marvels! Let us be content with our author, who has written a drama supremely beautiful and nervous in its diction, deeply tragic in its elements, highly dramatic and theatrical in its action.

Indeed this tragedy is the only work of its kind, and no one but a genius would have resorted to such materials as those of which it is composed, with any hope of treating them with such masterly success. It is very simple, very subtle, very human: it is simple in its story, human in its characters, and subtle in the relationship between the characters and the story. Any analysis of "The Patrician's Daughter," would give the reader little idea of its chief excellence—seeing that its interest lives so entirely in the power with which its subject is treated; suffice it to say, that its characters are *The Earl of Lynterne*,—our beau-ideal of an aristocratic gentleman and a benevolent father; *Lady Mabel*, his daughter,—a fine example of high-souled, proud and poetic women; *Lady Lydia*, the aunt of the heroine, and a kind of *Lady Macbeth* of the nineteenth century. We overlook several minor characters, and come at once to the hero, *Mordaunt*, who is a man of genius, and what the world would call an adventurer. Having been at first loved and favoured by the *Lady Mabel*, he is afterwards rejected by her, chiefly through the intrigues of *Lady Lydia*. The insult is too bitter to be endured with meekness, and in the privacy of his own heart he determines to hurl it back with tenfold might upon the authors of his misery. In time he becomes a great man; and, standing upon the pinnacle of society, he renews his intercourse with *Lady Mabel*: he is accepted, chiefly, he believes, on account of his social greatness and the splendour of his fame—not for the sincerity of his love. The guests are summoned to hear the reading of the marriage-deed, when, lo! before the whole company, he rejects the proffered alliance with the house of *Lynterne*! This scene is managed with great skill, and profound insight into the workings of the human heart. Now commence the pathos and the consternation; the author's genius keeping pace with the difficulty of his subject. *Lady Mabel's* love is, in reality, too deep and unbearable; its rejection kills her. Her death is the catastrophe of the piece.

The whole of the fifth act is most beautiful,—it is sublime! Its pathos is as deep as human feelings can penetrate, or human tears express. In the power of giving language to sympathy Mr. Marston is positively unrivalled.

Had "The Patrician's Daughter" been written by an author whose name was universally respected, we should of course rank it with the works of Byron and Coleridge; but as it is the production of a writer only "commencing his career," we must moderate our praise to some proper deference for the verdict of the public, and content ourselves with prophesying that Mr. Marston will eventually do honour to the literature of his country. Apparently, he has hitherto been maturing his powers in privacy, or by anonymous publication; at last, Minerva-like, he has sprung forth to light from the brain of society, armed with all the weapons of genius, calculated to achieve and command renown.

Of his hero, we last week gave a short outline by a few extracts. There is so much truth in the following declaration, made by him when the lady has denied him before her father, that we respectfully dedicate it to every young lady inclined to coquetry, by which she may learn that all is not amusement in playing with a lover's hope:—

Before we part, I have a word or two  
For Lady Mabel's ear.—I know right well  
The world has no tribunal to avenge  
An injury like mine; you may allure  
The human heart to love, warm it with smiles,  
To aspirations of a dream-like bliss,  
From which to wake is madness; and when spells  
Of your enchantment have enslaved it quite,  
Its motives, feelings, energies, and hopes,  
Abstracted from all objects, save yourself;  
So that you are its world, its light, its life,  
And all beside is dark, and void, and dead:  
I say, that very heart, brought to this pass,  
You may spurn from your path, pass on and jest;  
And the crowd will jest with you: you will glide  
With eye as radiant, and with brow as smooth,  
And feet as light, through your charmed worshippers,  
As though the angel's pen had failed to trace  
The record of your crime; and every night,  
Lulled by soft flatteries, you may calmly sleep  
As do the innocent;—but it is crime,  
Deep crime, that you commit. Had you for sport  
Trampled upon the earth a favourite rose,  
Pride of the garden, or in wantonness  
Cast in the sea, a jewel not your own,  
All men had held you guilty of offence—  
And is it then no sin,



To crush those flowers of life, our freshest hopes,  
With all the incipient beauty, in the bud,  
Which knows no second growth? To cast our faith  
In humankind, the only amulet  
By which the soul walks fearless through the world,  
Into those floods of memoried bitterness,  
Whose awful depths no diver dares explore;—  
To paralyse the expectant mind, while yet  
On the world's threshold, and existence' self  
To drain off all, save its inert endurance.  
To do this unprovoked, I put it to you,  
Is not this sin? To the unsleeping eye  
Of Him who sees all aims, and knows the wrongs  
No laws save His redress, I make appeal  
To judge between us. There's an hour will come,  
Not of revenge, but righteous retribution!

The Lady Mabel, too, though wrapped too closely in aristocratic pride, has yet sufficient in her mind of that which makes the whole world kin, to induce her to enunciate the following mental pearls:—

Men three relations hold to dignity,—  
By gradual use some grow enured to it,  
And some are born to it, but there be those  
Born of it, natured of its element!  
With them, nobility is personal,  
And they must die, ere it can.

Believe me! noble spirits never wrap  
Honours so closely round them, as to let  
The garment hide the wearer. Rank's a robe  
Which sits the best when negligently worn,  
Disclosing the mind's perfect symmetry  
That needs not gorgeous attire to grace it.

I am not carved from stone, and cannot hear  
Music without emotion, nor unmoved  
Look on a flower, or aught that's beautiful!  
And must I, when a glowing sentiment  
Or noble thought finds utterance, emulate  
The barren rock, that never pays the sun  
With produce for his smiles? Oh! blame me not,  
If at discourse on themes magnificent  
My eyes light up with joy! They testify  
Love to the speaker's thoughts, not to himself.

True love, though tender, is immortal too—  
Easy to wound; incapable of death.

### The Natural History of October.

THE fogs, during this and next month, are, as Dr. Aikin observes, "thicker and more frequent than at any other period of the year. The reason of this will be evident on considering the cause of fogs. There is a constant and a very large exhalation from the surface of the earth, at all seasons, of water in the form of vapour; and the warmer the ground the greater will be the evaporation. When the air is warmer, or even but a little colder than the earth, the ascent of vapour is not perceptible to the eye; but when the temperature of the air is considerably lower, the vapour, as soon as it rises, is deprived of part of its heat, the watery particles are brought more into union, and become visible in the form of steam; it is also essential to the formation of a fog that there should be little or no wind stirring, in order that the rising exhalations may have full opportunity to condense. The heat of the middle of the days in autumn is still sufficient to warm the earth, and cause a large ascent of vapour which the chilling frosty nights, which are also generally very calm, condense into mists; differing from clouds only in remaining on the surface of the ground."

Turning to the zoology of the month, we find that the hedgehog, field mouse, field vole, squirrel, dormouse, and common shrew, prepare their winter beds, and lay up a store of provision.

The stoat acquires its white winter dress, in which state it is called the ermine. The alpine hare is gradually changing its grey dress for a shining white one.

Flocks of redwings arrive from the northern and north-eastern parts of Europe, either by the middle or before the end of this month; flocks of woodcocks begin to arrive, but not in great numbers as yet; the merlin, black grouse, speckled diver, purple or rock sandpiper, hooded or Reyston crow, short-eared owl, and the field-fare also arrive. The adult pomarine gulls appear on the Durham coast, in the middle of the month, but after staying about three weeks they disappear. When fieldfares and other migratory birds arrive unusually early, and in great abundance, they are commonly viewed as certain signs of a severe winter. Doubtless, the actions of all animals are in some degree influenced by the state of the weather, and hence it is reasonable to suppose that if we were to observe their periodical movements more attentively, and to compare our observations on them with the prevailing state of the weather and its immediate changes, we should probably discover some valuable rules for judging, in future, of any approaching meteorological transitions. The present popular opinions of what their movements indicate of the weather are mostly adopted on the hearsay of tradition, and are frequently without any philosophy in them. In fact, our grandmother's proverbs about the weather are oftener wrong than they are right, but our gallantry and love for the old lady will rarely permit us to venture upon the task of showing her that she knows little about the matter, and that half her proverbs are good for nought but to smile at. Meteorology is a deep and intricate mine which our grandfathers and grandmothers have left nearly unexplored; and therefore we must civilly tell them that

we cannot receive their hasty and unconfirmed deductions about it.

The skylark is heard until the middle of the month, and linnets resume their notes, but the chief songsters are the blackbird, the woodlark, the wren, and the robin. Waterton says that ringdoves become "quite silent towards the last week of this month, and their notes are reduced to half their number for some days before they cease to coo entirely. At this period they discontinue those graceful risings and sinkings in the air, in which they appear to so much advantage during the whole of the breeding season."

Young black-headed gulls, common sanderlings, and grey plovers assume their winter plumage; young red-backed shrikes now renew their old plumage, and acquire their adult dress; and young goldfinches begin to acquire the black colour on their heads about the beginning of the month. Rooks daily revisit their old nests, and make such repairs to them as may have become requisite, for the strong gales which usually blow at this period disarrange and scatter their building materials.

Lapwings (or pewits), starlings and linnets congregate about the first week, and fly in flocks during the winter. Gilbert White, endeavouring to explain the congregating of birds, says that "as some kind of self-interest and self-defence is no doubt the motive for the proceeding, perhaps it may arise from the helplessness of their state in rigorous seasons,—as men crowd together when under great calamities, though they know not why. Perhaps approximation may dispel some degree of cold; and a crowd may make each individual appear safer from the ravages of predaceous birds and other dangers." Quails now leave the inland counties, and resort to the stubble fields and marshes of more marginal ones, particularly Essex, where they continue all the winter, retreating, however, when driven by severe frost or snow, to the sea-side, where they shelter themselves amongst the weeds, and live upon the insects, &c., which may happen to be left upon them by the tide. Flocks of twenty or thirty ring-ousels are not unfrequently seen about the end of the month, along the line of our southern coast, preparing to depart. Mr. Yarrell thinks these flights probably go to France and Spain, and from thence to North Africa, where they pass the winter. Redstarts continue to depart in succession during the early part of the month. The hobby, the landrail, or cornerake, the sandpiper, the chimney swallow, the house martin, and the sand martin also depart. Young house martins, however, are sometimes found in the nest so late as the third week, or even the end of this month, and only just ready to fly.

Whitings begin to be in roe. The phinnoek, the trout, and the salmon spawn near the sources of rivers; and the under jaw of the old male trout and salmon are now furnished with an elongated curvature with which they prepare the bed for the female to spawn in. The common herring spawns towards the end of this month or the beginning of next. "We cannot but admire," as Mr. Couch justly observes, "the economy of Divine Providence by which this and several other species of fish are brought to the shores within reach of man, at the time when they are in the highest perfection and best fitted for his food." Skates having now cast their purses, or the bags which contain their spawn, become very poor and thin.

Snakes, vipers, toads, and other hybernating reptiles, retire into holes in banks or the hollows of trees, wherein they remain in a sleep-like torpor during the winter. The common warty-newt may sometimes be found hybernating under stones, but commonly it remains torpid at the bottom of ponds and ditches, until the warmth of spring recalls it into activity. During this season of retirement, the male loses his fine dorsal crest, and the web of the tail also becomes considerably diminished; but even before the return of the warm season, this characteristic sexual ornament becomes developed, to be again lost in the following winter. Professor Bell says that it does not fall off; but, like the tail of the tadpole, is gradually absorbed; and we may add that when it loses its dorsal crest and caudal web, it bears some slight resemblance to a lizard, though no person acquainted with the characters of a newt and of a lizard could ever then mistake the newt for a lizard.

Many insects may still be seen; especially on fine days. The turnip fly and its grub continue until the middle of the month.

The light and delicate tints which have latterly been observable in the foliage of our trees assume a deeper hue at the commencement of the month; but as they change, others equally light and delicate display themselves.

Beautiful trees!  
Clothed in your Autumn's dying robes—ye look  
More lovely far  
Than waning star;  
Or ought that's marked for death in Nature's book;  
Beautiful trees!

But none of these displays of fine tints are of long continuance; for every time the storm rages, the trees are stripped of their diversified and showy dress. Man sees the deed, and he "moralises the spectacle;" he thinks of the grey hairs of which the storms of life and the winter of age are depriving him.

Oh, may our follies, like the fading trees,  
Be stript of every leaf by autumn's wind;

May every branch of vice embrace the breeze,  
And nothing leave but virtue's fruits behind.  
Then, when old age, life's winter, shall appear,  
In conscious hope, all future ills we'll brave;  
With fortitude our dissolution bear,  
And sink forgotten in the silent grave.

### Editorial Notices.

**AUTHORS' SIGNATURES.**—A correspondent expresses to us his doubt that the public do not give us credit for the original writings which appear in our pages, because we do not append to them the signatures of the authors. We give some other positive indication of their being original. We have no fears on this subject. We make it a practice to acknowledge only what we select, and to admit the merits of those authors we deem worthy of appearing, by way of extract, in our Journal. Any amount of original writing is of little importance, unless the opinions it inculcates the views it expresses, and the style in which these are given, proclaim of themselves their soundness and originality. It is for our readers to decide respecting us. We need not be ashamed of the names which we could attach to what graces our columns; but we are anxious that the truths we proclaim should be more valued to their own sake than for any merit they might derive from the adventitious affixture of a name. Our correspondents may rest assured that our plan is the best: the trumpet is not always essential to victory.

**BLACKWALL RAILWAY ROPE.**—An inhabitant of Poplar says we have committed ourselves by saying that the wire-rope employed on this line "has never broken and most likely never will," because it has of late snapped two or three times. We beg his patient hearing: the wire-rope has never yet broken. It is right he should know that the rope was made at various times, each piece being added as the Directors became more and more convinced of its value and utility. These pieces are twisted or spliced together on the line, which the immense tension has drawn out and separated; the wire, as annealed remains entire, and has given no indications of weakness and decay. We shall enter more fully into the merits of this description of rope, both for railways and ships' rigging in the course of a week or two.

**NEIGHBOURS' HOUSES.**—A lady, evidently young, house-keeping, has expressed to us her offence at a being permitted by her husband to "While away an hour in a neighbour's house." We beg of her to recollect what Solomon says, "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbour's house, lest he weary of thee, and so hate thee. What does she mean by an idle hour? A good housewife is always inventing employment—trying something, please, if not to astonish. No matter what it is; any thing which proves to her liege lord that she has been thinking of him in his absence, will delight him. If neighbour's parlour is more pleasant than her own, why have one at all? why not take up her residence there once? We are not against friendly visits; but we disapprove of calls: they derange the economy of the day, suppress the appetite for dinner, and are a great cause with many why that meal is not so well cooked as it should be. As on your husband's advice for a week, and we are certain that your pleasure will be increased, and a resolution formed to abide by it for ever.

**CHALK IN RIVER WATER.**—We have only space this week to allude to the very interesting lecture delivered by Professor Clarke, at the Polytechnic Institution, on this subject. His researches go far in support of our doctrine against Artesian wells. If chalk is so difficult of separation from water flowing on the surface of the earth, a submitting to the action of the atmosphere, how much greater a body of that unwholesome and dangerous material must remain impregnated with that dug out of the bowels of the earth. Professor Clarke's remedial process shall form a subject of scientific inquiry in our next.

### Elegiac Sonnets.

I.  
On the green margin of the silver Lea,  
Alone with Nature and sweet solitude,  
I love to wander, in a pensive mood,  
To meditate, Departed, upon thee!  
Thy spirit haunts me there, where'er I gaze;  
The noisy mill, the trees luxuriant shade,  
The rustic bridge, and musical cascade,  
Teem with remembrances of those bright days,  
When joyous health beam'd radiant on that brow  
Round which the cold damp earth is clinging now,  
When death shall call me to my lowly grave,  
And Life returns to that great God who gave,  
Oh! may I wander, past all earthly fear,  
With thee, Departed! in a holier sphere!

II.  
Not where the crowded city's sickly gloom  
Taints the pure air of Heaven, thy grave should be;  
But the soft rippling of our own fair Lea  
Should hymn wild music o'er thy silent tomb.  
And the sweet sky-lark as the daylight rose,  
Should chant his matin pæans o'er thy head;  
And cooling showers, on morning's fragrance shed,  
Should hush thy gentle spirit to repose.  
And when fair evening's sunlight closed the flowers,  
And gelid zephyrs wafted perfume round,  
And wild birds hush'd their songs in woodland bower  
As twilight's mantle dimm'd the dewy ground,  
Then would I mark the bright day's calm decline,  
And think—how like its soft decay to thine! T.W.N.

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# CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL



"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD,—BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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## The Persian Mythology.

BEFORE we enter on the warlike details of this vast empire, it is necessary to describe the religious impulses by which the people were governed. We shall thereby become better acquainted with the motives which animated aggression, which led to conquest in the day of power, and sustained a glorious remnant through a long series of honourable defeats. The religion of Persia was one of elevated morality, under which many virtues sprung up and blossomed beautifully. Its originator was Zoroaster, whom even the Greeks admired for the purity of his doctrines, and the mildness of his precepts. He instituted a class of priests, under the denomination of the Magi, whose duty it was to root out a previously existing worship of the stars, and bring the people back to a knowledge of what he gave out as the great truths of inspiration. These were contained in what is called the Zendavesta, a book of the highest antiquity among all the pagan nations. The originating principle is therein explained as being without limit, without beginning, and without end—the first gropings, indeed, of the unenlightened into the awful mystery of Eternity. From this proceeded, in a manner beyond human comprehension, light, water, and fire, the three great elements of life and matter. Two beings also sprung from the unimaginable principle—Ormuzd and Ahriman—the first, the spirit of good; the other, that of evil. During a period of twelve thousand years these two opposing spirits are to be continually at war, each striving to maintain the sovereignty of creation. There have been, and are to be, according to the Zendavesta, times and seasons of trial for the virtuous, during which the adverse spirit is to riot in success among the sons of men, taking captive all the better principles of human nature, and plunging the world into wild and inconceivable degrees of crime. To these dark and terrible periods, however, a limit has been set from the beginning—the good spirit shall ever triumph: at no time shall all the earth forget him; and as its existence draws towards a close, the congregation of the perfect shall take place;—Ormuzd and his chosen shall reign for ever in paradise, while Ahriman and his followers are cast down into the lake of molten metals, there to undergo a long and saddening purification, from which the Spirit of Good, in his mercy, at length shall free them, and every human being then confess the power and goodness of the Deity, and worship at his feet.

To arrive at this sublime conclusion, Ormuzd has created a vast number of protecting genii, while the arch-enemy is equally prolific in his production of evil messengers. The world—its glory and its gladness—was one of Ormuzd's works, into which, however, the restless spirit of evil entered, sowing poisons and disturbances where peace and health were only meant to dwell. A bull was the first created animal, out of the sides of which sprung every plant and creeping thing—including man himself! In the production of this prolific originator of life, however, Ahriman thrust his ungodly hands, and what were meant to be pure and perfect beings, came forth spotted with evil, animated by foul passions, and governed by conflicting impulses. To eradicate this sorrowful intermixture will take the period of twelve thousand years—the wars of mankind, pestilence and famine, are the results of the process of improvement, because Ahriman, when defeated in one manner, wreaks his vengeance by another. The animating hope of ultimate victory sustains Ormuzd during the long and weary conflict—the certainty of a last defeat invigorates his opponent with the madness and fury of despair. However incongruous all this mass of speculation appears, a ray of the godhead shines brilliantly through it all. However devious the path which the pagan takes, he longs for the glad portal of peace at last—he believes that good shall triumph over evil; he dreams his way to paradise. Who shall say that he may not enter in? Those who, in doubt and darkness, have taught the right, and thereby shed a living ray of truth

upon benighted man, shall surely "shame the doctrine of the Sadducees," and find it more tolerable for them in the day of dread than for those who knew and obeyed not.

Such were the doctrines of the Zendavesta; its ritual of worship was in strict accordance with its elementary theories. Ormuzd, though only worshipped, was addressed through the medium of his more glorious works. Of these, the sun, deified under the name of Mithras, or the Saviour, is the chief, and was held to be the most powerful antagonist of evil. Among terrestrial objects, fire, as being symbolical of the sun, and of the all-pervading heat of nature, was highly venerated, and hence the term Fire-worshippers, which was given to the Persians, and all who adopted the doctrines of Zoroaster.\*

Among the moral precepts of the Zendavesta, the reasonable gratification of the mind and body was inculcated; penance, abstinence, and mortification, were deemed worthless, it being accounted sinful, as well as giving birth to hypocrisy, not to accept and use the mercies set before his creatures by a beneficent deity. On the other hand, intemperance and debauchery were strongly denounced, as being abuses which the deity could not pardon in mind-gifted beings. Adultery, celibacy, and virginity were all held criminal: every creature, it was argued, had duties to perform to the world, to his fellow-men, and to himself; crimes of commission or omission were equally reprehensible. The man who seduced his neighbour's wife, and he who neglected to take unto himself that feminine appendage, equally violated their social obligations; as did also the damsel, who, happy in single blessedness, refused to enter the holy bonds of matrimony. Historians, however, do not tell us that there were any such: it is not unlikely that Persians, maids, pagans as they were, knew that they were sent as a helpmate meet for man, and resigned themselves with humility to the task allotted them. All actions which were destructive to man were deemed offensive to God, while to cultivate the earth, to plant trees, and bring the blessing of water to barren soils, were esteemed as worthy of commendation on earth, and reward in heaven.

Such were the precepts which governed the ancient Persians; but Ahriman triumphed even there. The Magi, to whom were given peculiar and extensive powers, the education of youth, and, in many cases, the framing of the laws, became corrupt. Like the priests of Egypt, as well as the Levites of Israel, they were a people among themselves. Their duties descended by hereditary succession; they married among themselves, and hesitated not, in the midst of the morality they taught, to commit the grossest excesses: many of them were supposed to be the fruit of incestuous intercourse. They began to add to, or what they called improve, the doctrines of their founder, and superinduced certain mysteries upon the simple ritual of their creed. By these causes their influence with the faithful decreased, and the strange spectacle was presented of the ministers of religion being greater favourites with the loose and abandoned than with the devout. Still did the latter believe that Ormuzd would yet assert his supremacy. Nor were they disappointed; a vigorous reformer arose in the person of the younger Zoroaster, who purged the Zendavesta of its alien engravements, and abolished the ancient Magi altogether. In this he was powerfully seconded by the reigning monarch, the succes-

\*The Israelites at one time worshipped the sun, under the name of Baal, whose priests were an offshoot from the Assyrians, by whom Israel had been conquered, and was latterly taken into captivity, no one knows where. For three thousand years they have been lost to earth; yet the religion of the Magi still survives; a miserable remnant in Persia, unsubdued and unconverted by the Mahomedans, still cast their awe-struck eyes upon the sun, and pray that the dominion of Ahriman may cease in their native land, and the glorious appearing of Ormuzd may speedily take place, so that they may be freed from the presence of the oppressor, and the day-star shine on earth, a god as in days of yore.

sor of Cambyzes, in consequence of the priesthood having attempted to set one of their own order on the throne. This second Zoroaster, who flourished about five hundred years before Christ, was either a Jew, or had been educated in Judea, as he introduced into Persia a knowledge of the Mosaic testimony, and by a process which learned polemics of all ages have not hesitated to imitate, endeavoured to make the tradition of Ormuzd and the bull agree with the creation of the world and Adam, as narrated by the lawgiver of Israel.

About three hundred years after the commencement of the Christian era, another sect branched off from the Magi, under the tutelage of Manes. These engrafted the Christian dispensation on the elder creed, held that the Messiah was none other than Mithras in the flesh—that he was indeed, and not parabolically, the Sun of Righteousness, and that all the precepts he taught in opposition to the Zendavesta were bold inventions of interested men. His pure morality, his promises of good overcoming evil, were held as divine proofs of the truth of the Persian mythology. The ideas which the younger Zoroaster had borrowed from the Old Testament were preached against as having been abrogated by the New; in short, that the elder testimony was only one of the attempts of Ahriman to deceive, to retain man in the bondage of darkness. Now, however, a marvellous light had appeared, and Manes was his only true prophet! This sect was known by the name of Manichees, and occasioned much dispute in the Christian church, as many of its ministers were strongly impressed with some of the doctrines of Manes. The one of these which gained greatest ground, as being more consonant to the weakness, the hopes, of frail humanity, was that which gave promise of ultimate pardon to all mankind. They denied the assertion of the Saviour, that there is no repentance in the grave, but proclaimed that God willeth not the death of any sinner.

During all these changes and schisms, the religion of Zoroaster continued dominant in Persia, until the conquering sword of Mahomet announced that another and still more true prophet had come direct from the great Allah. Under this successful enthusiast, and his successors, was the greater part of Asia overrun; and, among other countries, that of Persia fell beneath Moslem sway. Our present purpose being to show a change of creeds, and not of dynasties, we need only say that it was here, as in many other instances, that pagan superstitions, hollow and foolish as they appear to us, awakened in a slothful and luxurious race, the great and noble attributes of which the physical powers of man are capable. The Persians, in this early day had been what might be called a primeval people—moderate in their desires—simple in their lives, and honest in their actions, yet hardy and brave withal. By those encroachments common to all growing kingdoms, they conquered neighbouring nations, acquired an almost boundless territory, imitated the wanton luxury of those they had subdued, became effeminate, and were in turn conquered by an up-springing dynasty. Not all lost to honour, however, were a few unalloyed devotees of the ancient faith—a few who wedded the warlike glories of their native land to the doctrinal beliefs which had pervaded its frowning hills and ample plains in the day of their country's youth and strength. Thus, when the craven and the careless yielded to the barbarous sway of an unanointed sword, the faith which their fathers believed sustained the drooping energies of patriotic men, and influenced them to endure the ravages of famine, of disease, and all the lingering and abhorrent approaches of death, rather than that their own dear fatherland should be given up a willing prey to the stranger. It is a common characteristic of all faiths, *SAVE ONE*, that each is wedded to a particular soil—that there no other can take root except by violent aggression or divine implanting. Mahomet's herald was the sword, and it stood him well: it introduced him and his creed to countries near and remote, and fixed his mission rapidly and securely in the minds of millions, who became as devout as they were prejudiced.



Yet all that coequal superstition, all that human passion could put forth, were exerted, although in vain. The religion of Zoroaster ceased to be that of a mighty empire. The worshippers of fire were hunted down, exterminated by the sword, and by the frightful application of their own hallowed element, until the creed of Mahomet became established, and a viceroy of the viceroy of Allah seated himself on the throne of Cyrus. Still through all troubles, a remnant dispensed their holy rites on the mountain top; at morning their prayers met the rising sun, and at eventide their supplications ascended to the throne of Mithras, that his next appearing might bring peace to his followers, and restoration to his faith. Even yet that belief exists in Persia. The oldest and most natural of all Pagan faiths, less sensual in its rewards, and more sublime in its hopes, than that of Mahomet, it may yet revive, only to merge in the general union of all those who desire that peace and harmony on earth may shadow forth the existence of a new, a higher, and a holier sphere.

We cannot conclude this subject, without alluding to a topic, the most likely of occurrence, where battle's minions have not altogether forgotten their structure of human clay. In the midst of warfare and its desolation, the better feelings would be rent in twain, the hopes of social happiness destroyed, and lovers' brightening hopes covered with a pall of death. We need not imagine such scenes of sorrow and distress; the "poet of all circles, and the idol of his own," has, in his brilliant and star-bespangled poem of *Lalla Rookh*, given a heart-rendering portrait of the woes of war. The last patriot of the Fire-worshippers in pursuit of the Moslem governor, he tracks him to a turret high on a rocky ledge, he scales the dangerous way, and breaks into a lighted room; there he discovers a bright-eyed girl; loves and is loved again, when surprise and fear have melted before the influence of the stormy passion. At length, disaster compels him to cling more closely to his own faithful little band; he knows the father of his worshipped love is his direst foe, and he takes leave of her in the following impassioned strain—in "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn"—and steal in all their delightful yet painful influence into the heart of every one who has felt an interest in the fate, in the actions, in the aspirations of another:—

Oh! had we never, never met,  
Or could this heart ev'n now forget  
How link'd, how bless'd we might have been,  
Had fate not frown'd so dark between!  
Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,  
In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,  
Through the same fields in childhood play'd,  
At the same kindling altar knelt,  
Then, then, while all those nameless ties,  
In which the charm of Country lies,  
Had round our hearts been hourly spun,  
Till Iran's cause and thine were one;  
While in thy lute's awakening sigh  
I heard the voice of days gone by,  
And saw, in every smile of thine,  
Returning hours of glory shine;—  
While the wrong'd Spirit of our Land  
Lived, look'd, and spoke her wrongs through thee,  
God! who could then his sword withstand?  
Its very flash were victory!  
But now—estranged, divorced for ever,  
Far as the grasp of Fate can sever;  
Our only ties that love has wove,—  
In faith, friends, country, sunder'd wide;  
And then, then only, true to love,  
When false to all that's dear beside!  
Thy father Iran's deadliest foe—  
Thyself, perhaps, ev'n now—but no—  
Hate never look'd so lovely yet!  
No—sacred to thy soul will be  
The land of him who could forget  
All but that bleeding land for thee!  
When other eyes shall see, unmoved,  
Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,  
Thou'lt think how well one Gheber loved,  
And for his sake thou'lt weep for all!

Pursuing the fate of Hafed, the Persian chief, we learn from the poem, rich as India's spices, and glowing as its gems, that the vessel in which the Arab maid has been sent away from the scene of strife, has been taken by the Fire Worshippers, and carried to the last independent shrine, where the lessening group of warriors held their vigils. There she informs the feared and hated chief, who is no other than her own beloved, of treachery in his band, of her father being about to send an overwhelming force to capture the last recusants from his sway. He sends her away, and she breaks forth into the following passionate appeal, which might well have awakened all the agony of despair, all the blissfulness of hope, in the bosom of a lover:—

Hafed, my own beloved lord,  
She kneeling cries—first, last adored!  
If in that soul thou'st ever felt  
Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,  
Here, on my knees, that never knelt  
To any but their God before,  
I pray thee, as thou lovest me, fly—  
Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh.  
Oh haste—the bark that bore me hither  
Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea  
East—west—alas, I care not whither,  
So thou art safe, and I with thee!  
Go where we will, this hand in thine,  
Those eyes before me smiling thus,  
Through good and ill, through storm and shine,  
The world's a world of love for us!

On some calm, blessed shore we'll dwell,  
Where 'tis no crime to love too well;—  
Where thus to worship tenderly  
An erring child of light like thee  
Will not be sin—or, if it be,  
Where we may weep our faults away,  
Together kneeling, night and day,  
Thou, for my sake, at Allah's shrine,  
And I—at any God's for thine!"

The result of the poem is like the fate of Persia—the patriot fell, and the crescent reared itself in insulting triumph through the land.

### The Magdalen.

#### CHAPTER III.—VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

ONE evening, a few days only from that of the sisters' last companionship, as Mrs. Evans was sighingly descending the stairs from a visit of advice and condolence to Lucy, a short and determined rap at the door excited her audible wonder as to who could be coming; nor was her surprise lessened when she admitted Mr. Peter Parker. A treble assumption of sternness could not hide the fact, that he was labouring under a very uncomfortable degree of confusion. Mrs. Evans was almost silenced by her surprise, for Peter's visits anywhere resembled those of angels, in that they were "few and far between;" but, unbidden, he took his seat on one side of the fire-place, while his hostess sank into another. With the rapidity of imagination generally ascribed to females, [she arrived at] the speculation, whether this unexpected visit might have any reference to the termination of her state of widowhood, when her visitor, with a very loud "hem," broke the silence by abruptly observing, "You called on me the other day, Mrs. Evans." "I am sure, Mr. Parker," interrupted his hostess, smiling amiably, "I hope you are not offended at my warmth; I was very angry, but I ought not to have scolded you."

"Matters not, Mrs. Evans," returned Mr. Parker, striking his stick on the floor. "Your warmth, in favour of the innocent and the slandered, does you honour." Mr. Parker stopped; he had the air of one who has something to say, but does not know how to say it; and Mrs. Evans, ever and anon glancing at the clock, wondered when he would begin. The silence was broken by Peter's abrupt inquiry after Lucy, and Mrs. Evans's commiserating reply; then, after a few minutes silent perplexity, he plunged into his subject at once, by saying, "I want a housekeeper, and she wants a home; do you think she would marry me, Mrs. Evans?" Perhaps Peter was as much surprised at himself when he had spoken, as Mrs. Evans was to hear him. "You!" she echoed, almost with a scream.

"There is a difference in our ages, doubtless," he replied, recovering his usual staid demeanour, now the ice was broken; "but it is better for the woman to be younger than older, you know."

Mrs. Evans tossed her head, and felt inclined to resent this unconscious reflection on her own previous speculations, but she thought better of it, and replied, "Lucy Burton is a good girl, and an excellent wife she will make; but, I don't know—young people do like young people."

Perhaps Peter saw in this something of retort, and perceived the desirableness of making her a friend; so he thereafter made unusual efforts to be courteous and insinuating, and before the interview terminated he had so well succeeded, that Mrs. Evans consented to speak for him to Lucy, and to do her utmost in his cause.

We need not stay to describe the regular stages of Mrs. Evans's diplomacy, and Peter's personal pleading; the surprise and denial, softening, and hesitation, and procrastination, which preceded Lucy's final consent. We will not examine too closely the feelings and motives that influenced it, but might she be pardoned, if, into these entered the idea, that her power of benefiting her sister, whom she yet hoped to find, might be thus extended. The human heart is a strange and inconsistent thing, and its historian must be content to share the condemnation. It was necessary, with this observation, to prelude the fact, that though Peter was elderly and plain in person, and somewhat harsh or stern, and what was worse, awkward in manner, that his earnest sincerity, strong but subdued feeling, and upright conduct, made the groundwork of that consent to be an affectionate respect, which, with all due deference to the authority of romance, has been considered as likely to lay a firm foundation for wedded happiness, as the delusive phantom of the imagination which those romances have deified under the name of "love." Despite of the lamentations of some spinsters of inquiring characters in the neighbourhood, that poor Lucy Burton should have thrown herself away on a man old enough to be her father, there was no real ground for their pity, though it was brought forward in evidence, that on the newly-married couple's first visit to church, Mrs. Parker was positively seen to be in tears in her way through the churchyard.

Five years had passed away, that, to be years of peace and happiness to Lucy, wanted only the assurance of her sister's welfare; but even the new and dear claim upon her affection which during that period had arisen in the shape of a daughter (now three years old), failed to divert or lessen her affectionate anxiety for Martha. She never passed through the churchyard without

glancing with something of expectation at the spot where already she had twice met her, and the postmark knock would still make her heart beat quick and her eyes glisten.

It was about the period above-mentioned, one day early in spring, that Mrs. Jones, Lucy's former mistress, was in a state of great bustle and excitement, in anticipation of a visit from her brother, a wealthy clergyman who had been recently married, and who, accompanied by his wife, was preparing to proceed as a missionary to the East Indies. She had not seen her brother for many years, and though she had not approved of his marrying at all, as cutting off from her the possibility of reversion of his property, yet wealth will have its weight, and many and great were the preparations made for the occasion. The time appointed came, and passed, but still the visitor had not appeared; and dinner, much to the cook's irritation, had been already deferred an hour when, as Mrs. Jones was beginning to remember the evil quality of her brother to bear out her declaration that if he did not come at all it would be "just like him," a carriage stopped at the door, the knock sounded loud and long, and, with due form, John ushered into the drawing-room the expected guest. Even from the first moment of Mrs. Jones's welcome to her brother, she spared a glance at his wife, in whose manner was apparent a shyness and embarrassment that led her new sister-in-law to conclude her unfitness to "good society." She said little, and her manner was particularly unpretending; still there was something that checked Mrs. Jones's advances to intimacy or familiarity, felt but not definable; there was, to occasionally a restless glance of the eye, a sudden embarrassment, and sometimes a deep blush, that might have puzzled a more penetrating person; and, when on one occasion after dinner, Mr. Jones, after the manner of his class, was joking in what he thought a particularly gallant and gentlemanlike manner respecting the ladies' their claims and influence, the flushing cheek and embarrassed manner with which she silently listened, led that gentleman to set her down as a shy simpleton. But on these occasions her husband came immediately to her relief, and by some lively or gravely ironical remark, kept up the spirit of the conversation. After dinner, when Mrs. Jones, in compliance with her husband's glance, arose as a signal for the usual separation, Mr. Mercutt also arose, and proposed to accompany them. Mr. Jones unwillingly complied, and the adjourned to the drawing-room; there Mr. Mercutt made many efforts to place his wife more at her ease by encouraging and contributing to a lively conversation but it was to no purpose; she evidently exerted herself to second his attempt, but in vain; an anxious eye and an occasionally pre-occupied air, showed plainly that her mind and interest were not with the subject of conversation. At length, Mr. Mercutt, seemingly led to the subject by the entrance of one of the servants, asked his sister if she was any more fortunate in her establishment than she was wont to be formerly? Mrs. Jones replied by enumerating many grievances of this sort, among which she dwelt with particular severity and exaggeration on the conduct of Lucy Burton, concluding the story by alleging that the sister, on whose account she had left so good a place, had not at any rate troubled her long, for that she very soon stole away, doubtless to follow her old bad habits.

"And what became of the poor girl, after her sister left her?" asked Mr. Mercutt, leaning forward so as to hide the changing and agitated countenance of his wife.

"Oh! she has married one Parker, a little shopkeeper, just for a home and bread, they tell me; for the man is ever so much older than she is. I dare say she does not lead a very happy life, for he is a stern-looking and, I dare say, an ill-tempered man. Oh! she was very foolish to leave me, and she has repented it a hundred times before now, depend on it."

Mrs. Jones was interrupted in her speech by the hysterical sobs of her sister-in-law, who, with her face buried in her handkerchief, was abandoning herself to a passion of tears. With expressions of astonishment and consolation, Mrs. Jones rose to administer to her relief, but Mr. Mercutt begged she would not disturb herself, as his wife was subject to these attacks, and that, if unnoticed, she would soon be better; adding, "that it would no doubt be of service to her if they would excuse her while she took her usual walk."

To this Mr. and Mrs. Jones politely assented, the latter offering to accompany her, which Mr. Mercutt declined for her, saying, that she was particularly fond of rambling in old churchyards, and if they would direct her to the very ancient one near, she would take an hour's walk and be quite recruited on her return. To suffer her guest to walk out alone rather shocked Mrs. Jones's notions of etiquette, but she was compelled to acquiesce; and, with the necessary directions, Mrs. Mercutt set out alone on her walk.

If Mrs. Jones had seen Mrs. Parker that evening as, seated at tea with her husband and child, the little girl awkwardly but assiduously buttering some toast for her father, who looked on with smiling approbation, and an occasional glance of exultation at his wife, she must have acknowledged that the scene did not seem one in an unhappy marriage. The opening of the shop-door, however, summoned Mr. Parker from the group, but he re-entered the room in less than a minute with a small twisted note addressed to his wife.



"For me," said she. "Why, who can it be from?"

"Look within," suggested her husband, smiling; but scarcely had she obeyed this reasonable injunction, when, with brightening eyes, and an exclamation of delight, he started up saying,

"Oh! Peter, it is from my dear lost sister; she wishes to see me now in the churchyard. Oh! how happy I am to have found her again."

Hurriedly putting on her bonnet, she was hastening away, when Peter stopped her, to say—

"If she needs help, bring her home with you. God will bless our portion if we share it with the poor penitent."

Lucy blessed him with tearful eyes, and her heart eating fast with hope, expectation, and delight, she hurried to the place appointed. As she came in sight of her mother's grave, she started, and, for a moment, stood still. An elegantly-dressed female stood with her hands clasped on the stone; Lucy advanced slowly, in doubt and amazement; the lady turned her head, doubt became conviction, and Lucy rushed towards her. Clinging her arms round her neck, she cried,

"Martha! my own Martha! Have I found you again?"

Their caresses were returned with equal warmth, and for many minutes neither sister could speak, or only utter broken expressions of affection and delight. When they had become more calm, they sat down beside the grave, their hands clasped, and looking on each other with loving and inquiring eyes.

"Why did you leave me?" at length asked Lucy.

The answer was Martha's history from that period, she had taken refuge in one of those hospitals, perhaps more immediately Christian than any other, since they were for the sinner, the Pariah of her species, the invitation and the means of turning away from her wickedness. There her exemplary conduct had attracted notice and approbation, and her assiduous and tender attendance on one of the sick inmates still further interested the guardians of the establishment in her favour.

"There was no merit in it, dear Lucy," continued Martha, "I fancied her something like you in person, and it seemed to me in some sort a return for your goodness to me, to do for the afflicted what you would have done."

She proceeded to say that when time had decided her opinion of her, she was recommended as nurse to an infirm elderly lady. While with her she had attracted the regard of a gentleman, who was in the constant habit of visiting at the house; he was a clergyman, and his visits were those of charity, to afford to the afflicted and somewhat deserted old lady, all the amusement and consolation in his power. He had thus an opportunity of observing Martha's conduct under circumstances that might well test both her temper and principle; and such had been his general estimation of her character, confirmed by her behaviour at the death-bed of her protectress, that he had offered her his hand. There was a slight struggle in her mind, followed by a confession of the past. To most persons this would have been a sufficient motive for immediately withdrawing such pretensions, but Mr. Mercutt was a rather eccentric gentleman; and, besides the inducement of a decided prepossession, he thought he might confide in the honour that had been sufficient for the confession. They were married, and then came the skeleton of the picture, in the fact of their intended departure from England.

"But I will never forget, or cease to love you, dear sister," concluded Martha; "and, perhaps," she added, her eyes becoming dim as she spoke, "perhaps it is better as it is; for here, Lucy, shame follows me into every place. The remembrance of what I have been weighs me down in the presence of the good; even your presence, dear Lucy," she added, burying her face in her sister's bosom—"even your presence is a reproach; and I cannot help envying you. Don't despise me for it; for, oh! Lucy, surely never sister loved sister as I love you!"

Lucy tried, through her own tears, to comfort her sister; but for several minutes they could but weep together. At length Martha, remembering Mrs. Jones's report, turned suddenly to her sister, and said earnestly, "Lucy, have you a happy home?" She looked anxiously in her sister's eyes, as she replied with an account of past events, and her present condition. There needed no other answer to the question than the manner in which this was given; the light of content in a happy home shone in her eyes, and in every phrase, as she spoke of her husband and child. Martha's fears for her were quite allayed; a regular correspondence was agreed upon, and Martha expressed a hope, that in a few years they might return to England. Lucy had wished that her sister should see her little girl, in which Martha joined, but was alarmed with the fear of being thereby recognised, so that Lucy did not press an appointment. It is the most certain, and not the least of the miserable consequences of guilt, that it makes the Past the fear, the torture, and the tyrant of the Present. The sun was just setting, and a slight breeze had arisen, that waved the flowers and the grass on the mound beside them, when they rose to leave the place. But, before they went, again Martha stooped, and gathering from that sacred heap a small blue flower, and placing it carefully within a locket which she wore round her neck, she turned to Lucy, saying, "This shall be to me a spell and a memorial in a strange land. Oh! Lucy," she con-

tinued, "what love on earth is like a mother's. It was her dying pardon that first touched my heart, and brought home the wandering steps of the prodigal. Her love and your's! Oh, my sister, what a mighty, what a blessed thing is love!" She stopped a few minutes, and then continued, pointing to the last rim of the sun that yet lingered above the horizon. "Lucy, in future when you stand here at this hour, believe me present; for if the spirit can haunt where the heart lingers, there shall I be."

They parted at the churchyard-gate, and many times did each look back on the other. Lucy went weeping home, tears which her husband's consolations and sympathy, and her child's endearments, soothed if they did not silence. Martha re-entered Mrs. Jones's house with a forced smile on her lip, and eyes that felt dry and burning for the want of the tears she dared not shed.

Lucy frequently heard from her sister; at first her letters were written in a strain of melancholy and humility that called into exercise all Lucy's eloquence to comfort and reassure; but, as Martha became more engrossed with the duties of the path her husband had chosen, her mind gradually gained a more cheerful and healthy tone; the consciousness that her life was spent in the service of her fellow-creatures, and consequently in a manner acceptable to her God, was its best restorative; and Lucy had at length the consolation of knowing that the heart which her example and encouragement had lured back to virtue was at peace even with itself, and that the devotion of the sister, and the charity of the Christian, had not been exercised in vain.

#### Restorative Powers of the Lower Animals.

WHILE man and the other influential animals of creation arrogate to themselves superior physical powers and abilities, it must not be supposed that the humbler insects are devoid of muscular energy. Indeed, so far from this being the case, it is a well-established fact, that many of the lower classes of animals possess and exercise more comparative strength than do the elephant or rhinoceros. They also possess another and still more wonderful quality, namely, that of being enabled of themselves to restore a lost limb, or rather to produce another in the place of that which has been injured or violently abstracted. A few instances of this surprising power will amply illustrate the fact.

The common spider, an animal which affords so many evidences of intelligent design, here offers a striking illustration. From its conformation and habits this little animal is frequently exposed to accident. In its battles with its prey, its slender limbs, encumbered with the tangled meshes of the web, would be liable to laceration, but for a peculiarity of structure which enables it to part freely with the entrapped limb, and thus effect its escape. So delicate is its organization, that if the member be broken in the struggle, the animal pines and dies; but if it separates either altogether or from a joint, the little patient lies quiet in its nest for a while, and soon a member buds forth and gradually arrives at perfection. Lepelletier performed many experiments upon spiders for the purpose of testing their power of reproducing lost limbs. He found that if the leg of a spider—the domestic spider for example—be cut off at or near one of the joints, the animal will struggle violently to detach the fragment adhering to the body; and, if it succeeds, it soon recovers, and will move about and spin as usual; but if, on the contrary, it fails in tearing away the wounded portion, death invariably ensues. The reproduction of the new limb takes place at the period of moulting. At its first appearance it is not more than two or three lines in length, while the corresponding leg on the opposite side is less than an inch; each joint of the new member then continues to grow during the whole year.

The leech, the common earthworm, and the naia, afford curious examples of the restorative power. These animals, comprised in a class which naturalists have called *annelidans*, from the ringed appearance of their bodies, each segment or ring of which is but a repetition of its fellow, possessing the same organs, with, perhaps, one exception, confined to a particular part. If the worm be divided, it is deprived of no organ of which it does not retain the analogue; no function is, therefore, completely destroyed, and the divided segments, by virtue of their power, soon furnish themselves with the parts necessary for perfection, and will continue to exist as two independent worms. From the head of the naia, if the tail be separated, the divided parts will soon supply themselves with the deficient organs; thus the head will be provided with another tail, and that part which was the tail will form for itself a new and perfect head. Of the naia it may also be remarked, that, in addition to the property of being able to supply its divided portions with the parts necessary for their individual perfection, it also possesses the power of multiplying itself by a species of spontaneous subdivision. At a particular period, a notch is observed on the tail of the animal; this gradually deepens, and if closely examined will be found marked on the sides, with hairs, joints, and other indications of the organs of the perfect animal. At length the division at the notch is completed, and the extremity drops off and enters upon an independent existence. That part which

was attached to the parent becomes the head off the offspring, while its tail in turn undergoes the same process, and in time separates as a new being. Thus, according to Gruithuisen, "the tail of a naia may be considered as gifted with perpetual life, since this part is extended into each of the new descendants."

Among the interesting class of *crustaceans* we find the crab endowed with the same property, and availing himself of it with a similar instinct. Who has not often remarked in the crab one of the claws much larger than the other? A reference to this property, and the habits of the animal, will explain the cause: they are of a very predatory and pugnacious habit, and in any encounter, if the animal finds himself in danger, he will quickly part with the captured limb and retreat, instinctively feeling that he possesses within himself the power of restoring that which he has lost. In a short time, at the base from which the member was detached, a cicatrix appears; this is followed by the production of a small cylindrical appendage, which soon presents distinct articulations, and resembles, in miniature, the organ it is destined to form. In this condition, however, it often remains for some time, for its growth and development is slow and uncertain. Besides, the faculty of reproducing lost parts, these animals are endowed with another reparative power, by which they are enabled to cast off the old, and re-form a new tegumentary covering or case. The process by which this is effected is termed the moulting, and is attended by some curious and interesting phenomena. The nature of the covering which invests these animals, renders such an operation absolutely necessary. The shell or crust with which they are surrounded, and from which they derive their name, is closed on every side, and can only increase in thickness; all growth would therefore be prevented in their bodies, if nature had not gifted them with the power of freeing themselves, from time to time from their prison. The frequency of this process depends upon the age of the animal; the growth of the young being the most rapid, the moulting becomes the oftener necessary; and, consequently, as many as eight changes in the tegumentary envelope have been known to occur in certain species within the space of three weeks. In the adult crustacea, however, the same cause not operating, the process does not in general take place oftener than once a year. Reaumur, to whom we are indebted for some interesting particulars relative to this phenomenon, observed, that it takes place towards the end of summer, or the beginning of autumn. At this period, the animal becomes sick and uneasy, it abstains from food, and if then examined, the dorsal crust, or as it is scientifically termed carapace, will be found loosened from the skin to which it adhered, and which now begins to secrete a new one, soft at first, but as the process proceeds it becomes hard and calcareous, like that it replaced. When the old crust is nearly loosened from its attachments, the animal endeavours to free itself from it. It then becomes extremely restless, rubs its legs one against the other, throws itself upon its back, shakes and puffs itself out, until it tears the membrane which connects the carapace with the abdomen, and, at length, raises the shell itself. It first frees its head, eyes, and antennae; the extremities are the most difficult to be extricated, for, although the crust there splits longitudinally, the animal often leaves one or two of its limbs impacted in the old sheath, and even sometimes perishes from the inability to free itself completely. Difference of species, and peculiar states of the atmosphere, varies the time occupied in casting the old, and in reproducing the new shell. In general this operation does not occupy longer than half an hour, and only two or three days sometimes is required to convert the soft skin which covers the naked body, into a calcareous crust similar to that it had just shed. In the crab, the carapace splits along the curved lines extending from the mouth on either side, to the origin of the abdomen, and thus allows an easier egress to the body confined within. It is here worthy of remark, that in all species this period is one of illness—the flesh of the animal becomes soft and watery, and as food it is tasteless and unwholesome. In the West Indies, however, the land crab is said to be in high perfection during the moulting.

Snails have also been experimented upon to discover the extent of their restorative power. Spallanzani first discovered, that if one of the horns of a snail be removed, a new one will grow up in its place; and, following up this fact, he continued to make sections of various extent, until he ultimately removed the entire head with its brain, &c.; and found, to his surprise, that the animal, in a certain period, put forth a small round swelling at the place where the head was, which gradually grew and became developed as a perfect head, differing from the original only in being paler and smoother on its surface. These experiments of Spallanzani were made known in the year 1764, and created a considerable controversy at the time, many denying their accuracy, while others supported it; in fact, almost all the scientific and literary world were interested, and even the versatile Voltaire became an experimentalist, and wrote in the *Encyclopædia* upon the subject. The new head requires a year or more for its growth, and it is lighter in colour than the other parts of the body, from which it is also sometimes distinguished by a slight furrow, marking the place of decollation.

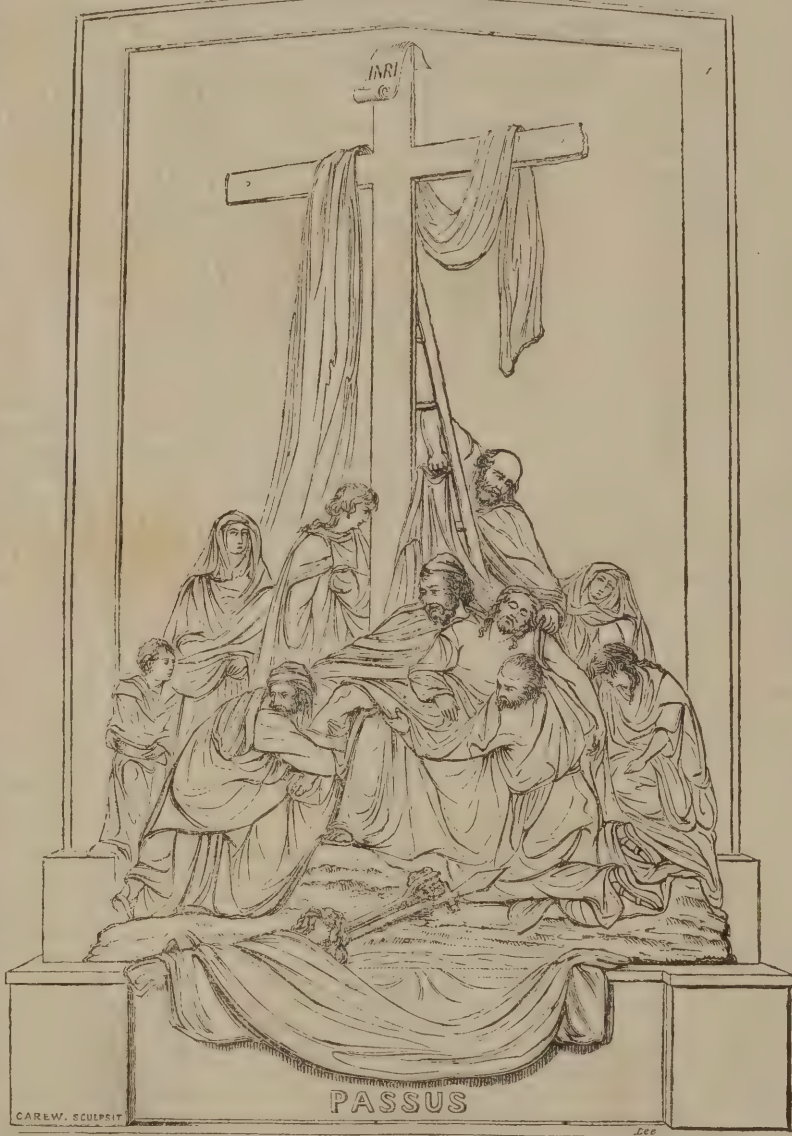
How many mutilated human beings are there who would wish that man possessed this power?



## Illustrations of Art.

## NO. 1.—THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

It is not to the matchless picture which adorns the Cathedral of the town of the Hanseatic Merchants that we are about to direct the readers' attention, but to a performance much nearer home. Both are called "The Descent from the Cross"—and we believe that in the case of each, the terms, as significant of the occurrence, are not consistently applied. Mr. F. Carew, a sculptor residing in Somers-place, Hyde-park, has recently completed a splendid representation, in *alto relievo*, of the act of the Saviour's being taken down from the Cross; but he calls it "the Descent," in imitation we presume of the incongruous title which has been bestowed upon the masterpiece of Rubens. But this nominal irregularity is at once forgotten, when contemplating the eloquent sculpture of our artist. Even in his *studio*, the effect it produces is most thrilling and devotional. What then would be that effect if the work were displayed, as it no doubt will be ere long, in one of the many noble receptacles for prayerful multitudes which adorn our land. We are enabled to present an engraving, which, coupled with the medal form. Centrally situated is the figure of Christ, sustained by Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, and an assistant. The repose, in death, which distinguishes the countenance of Jesus, from that of every one surrounding him, is a proof that Mr. Carew has studied his subject right well. It is divinity in human form that dies; and nothing could be better conceived than giving to the features of the crucified Saviour that benign expression which in life singled him out as the passionless preacher of "Peace on earth: good will to man." His vicarious sufferings are now ceased, and all is heavenly tranquillity and peace.—Brought forward, neither too much nor too little, this excellently designed figure assumes its prominent place in the composition with all the dignity of finished execution. Besides the two disciples we have named, St. John is also introduced, his whole appearance indicating the feelings which governed his deep attachment to his dead master, confidence and love. His demeanor and countenance are in strong contrast with those of the attendant opposite him, on the ladder, whose necessary assistance in the active business of the soul-distressing scene appears for the moment solely to occupy his attention. The three Marys appear also as spectators; and in the various treatment of each, the artist has given most satisfactory proofs of that power of observing the nice gradations of sorrow, according to the circumstances of the sorrower, without which all efforts in painting and sculpture, on such a subject as this would be soulless. The "Virgin" appears to be under the influence of a regulated, although maternal grief; impulses to which she would ordinarily have given way are swallowed up in a conviction that her high destiny was foretold by prophecy, and that in the death of her Divine son she witnesses the accomplishment of a world's salvation. This figure is placed beside that of St. John. That of Mary, the mother of James, whose location is immediately behind the head of Christ, exhibits the sentiment of profound pity and compassion which a believing follower would entertain: but it is in the person of Mary Magdalen alone that the whole force of womanly grief breaks forth. This figure occupies the extreme right of the composition; its management by the sculptor testifies that he has not been dull in observing the measureless abandonment of love, nor slow in appropriating its outward and visible signs to the best and highest purposes of his art. This magnificent *alto-relievo* gives a dignified answer to those who falsely state that we have no native sculptors of first-rate excellence. We will not condescend to refute this calumny otherwise than by referring our readers to an unprejudiced examination of Mr. Carew's Descent from the Cross.



following explanation, will tend to convey an idea of Mr. Carew's sublimely conceived and elaborately detailed performance. The Descent from the Cross is a production in the highest order of art. The sculpture is in *alto relievo*; and the size of the whole, including frame, is eighteen feet high by thirteen wide. The male figures are six feet four inches in height, and the female in proportion. The engraving below, which we have introduced for the purpose of giving our readers some general notion of the style and arrangement of the composition, will serve to show how the artist has grouped his personages; but it must not be accepted as a faithful rendering of the attractive original; in the first place, the drawing is the reverse of the design itself: and, in the next, the minor beauties of modelling, such, for instance, as the expression of the countenances and the treatment of hands and feet, cannot adequately be represented by an engraving on wood, which this is. It is only with a view of exhibiting its general effect that we have presented it to our readers. That effect is, however, most excellent. The time represented is that at which the lowering of the body of the Saviour from the instrument of his violent death has been completed. From amidst the excited group surrounding it, the cross rises in simple grandeur—an arrangement which enables the artist to give to his work an appropriate interpretation, as well as the desired pyra-

## Burns Illustrated and Explained.

## CHAPTER XIV.—THE TWA DOGS.

FOR many ages philosophers have told the poor that they were happy, but great has been their unbelief. Some have thought they would be comfortable with but a little more of the world's wealth; others have cherished an ambition as boundless as it was vain. Some have declined to think upon the matter, living well when they could get, starving only when they were compelled; others have restrained the advent of the evil hour by frugal and striving with zealous nerve to eat the bread of independence all their days. Some have struggled long and well against the fearful toils of poverty, but have sunk at last, worn-out victims, in its devouring whirlpool; others with scarcely any exertion, have planted themselves in garden trees along the sunny wall of Providence, and have enjoyed their lot in peace. Some have been raised to eminence, part by interest and power, part by favour and fortune, part by mean and grovelling slavishness to the idol of their worldly worship. Some, though they remain poor, have shed a ray of glory round their lives, have studded their name with jewels, and left it an heirloom among the great fraternity of the children of Adversity; others have deepened the darksome pit around them, and perished miserably by crime, or violence, or the law's decree. The chronicles of the poor form the history of the world; the rich are only the instruments by which the fate of the poor is wielded—the scribes who write the story on the page of life. As the instrument by which unintentional violence becomes forfeited to the law, shall the living instruments of human destiny become bounden to the law of truth, when its unerring finger shall sum up the good and evil of the world. As the author of fore-determined crime is doomed to punishment, so shall these instruments who have knowingly enlarged the gulf of poverty, perish in a deeper and more gloomy mine, for there is not a more gloomy place than that which cowardice seeks to hide its head, when conscience turns tell-tale on the evil doer, and the retributive angels inquire, in the death-winged words,—“Victim, where art thou?”

Happiness is but a comparative sensation, and therefore the philosophers may have been nearly right; for if to be contented with the smallest means of enjoyment is the beginning of happiness, the poor most certainly sit in crowds around the root of the glorious tree. Experience has seldom told us whether we are safer there than on its high and giddy top, where the slightest breeze may hurl us down, and stun us with the fall. Those who have come down of their own accord, have declared that it was only delusion that waved so free on the toppling branches, but still the sceptic poor believed them not. Perhaps the long-sought feeling lies between—that is, where there is enough of this world's wealth to lull the fear of poverty, enough of native kindness in the heart to use it with discretion.

To illustrate this position we need not search the depths of philosophy. There is a record, written on an enduring page, full of practical observation, replete with close and sound reasoning, that will better answer the purpose of our inquiry: it is a dialogue between two natural philosophers, of sterling minds, whose intellects were never confused by the learning of public schools, nor their prejudices excited by a sympathy with either of the contending sects which divide the world between them—the rich and the poor, the latter occupying the largest quantity of ground—the former enjoying the largest portion of its fruits. The two philosophers had each devoted their lives to the study of one of these parties, not certainly with the intention of publishing a treatise on the subject, but simply to enable themselves correctly to estimate the world around them. Therefore, may the truth of their testimony be more highly valued, and the accuracy of this description be safely depended on. As to the authenticity of the dialogue itself it requires only to be mentioned that the report of the conversation is given by a person in whose house one of the parties lodged, and that the whole narration bears the stamp of truth and nature. The place of meeting, the characters of the philosophers are given with a minuteness of detail and depth of colouring which cannot fail to give us an interest in their conversation, apart from its valuable qualities of distinctness and vigour. The philosophers are thus familiarly introduced:—

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle  
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,  
Upon a bonnie day of June,  
When wearing through the afternoon,  
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,  
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they caud him Caesar,  
Was kepit for his honour's pleasure;  
His hair, his size, his mouth, his jugs,  
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;  
But whalpit some place far abroad,  
Where sailor's gang to fish for cod.  
His locket, letter'd, braw brass collar  
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar;  
But though he was o' high degree,  
The fient a pride—nae pride had he;  
But wad hae spent an hour caressin',  
Even wi' a tinkler-gypsy's messin'.

VISITORS TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—An officer of this establishment thus gives cordial testimony, before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, to the good behaviour of the working population who attend in crowds on holidays:—"I should say that the behaviour of the visitors to the Museum is very good, and my own opinion is, that they are better behaved than persons who visit the foreign museums, because the people here are not under any fear; but in foreign museums they seem to be under the idea that they are closely watched and guarded; and I know that the persons who are in charge of foreign collections are much more strict than our attendants ever find it necessary to be. For example, in Paris, I have seen a man reprimanded for putting his finger on a glass in order to point out a bird. I was myself arrested, in company with my wife, because I had a small parcel of paper in my hand, and I was conducted through the rooms by three soldiers; I had been making notes, and had carried the paper in my hand on which I had made my notes, and this was against the regulation; they would allow nothing to be carried by visitors to the collection. The lower class of visitors in our museum are always well-behaved; they appear to consider it as a privilege. In speaking of the behaviour of the English visitors, we should recollect that in our large towns the people are scarcely known to each other, and our police regulations do not force every person, as they do on the continent, to carry with them an authentic account of himself if he is a resident, and a passport if he is a visitor."



At kirk or market, mill or smidie,  
Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,  
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,  
And stroan't on stanes and hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collic,  
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,  
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,  
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,  
After some dog in Highland saag  
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.  
He was a gash an' faithful tyke,  
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.  
His honest, sonsie, bawsn't face,  
Ay gat him friends in ilka place.  
His breast was white, his touzie black  
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;  
His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,  
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,  
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;  
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,  
Whyles nice and moudievorts they howkit;  
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,  
An' worry'd ither in diversion;  
Until wi' dafin weary grown,  
Upon a knowe they sat them down,  
And there began a lang digression  
About the lords o' the creation.

It would appear from this description that our philosophers had social duties to perform, though in separate offices. One was retained for the pleasure of his superior, the most miserable and dependent situation in life. He, however, made no complaint against his employer; unlike many of the mind-tortured, soul-harrassed women of education, whose poverty compels them to become the companion of some heartless, purse-proud lady, who must be flattered when she dresses, praised when she speaks, admired when she walks, and worshipped when she pays the wages of their demeaning toil. Better to labour at the meanest and most irksome employment, better to soften her hard solitary crust in water, than to become the slave of caprice, the victim of cold unfeeling spleen, than to waste her days in thankless attendance on these merciless wretches, whose only virtue lies in the ungodly possession of a little gold. Yet do such haughty dames sometimes find themselves overreached by an unscrupulous waiting-woman; by those among that abject class who prate with parrot-tongue the interest they never feel, who sigh or smile, who laugh or weep, as occasion may require; who conjure up tales of imaginary distress, and plunder with greedy hands the alarmed sympathies of vanity; who drive the needy as they would a plague from the gold-embellished door, and appropriate the one per cent. which fashion expends in charity to their own selfish purposes. Cæsar, however, was not one of these; he was a "gentleman and scholar;" yet was the badge of these proud distinctions—the highest nature and education can confer—of a somewhat equivocal character. In "Æsop's Fables," those dear, delightful, unforgotten lessons of inquiring boyhood, there is a story of a well-fed dog meeting a lean and hungry wolf, who earnestly entreated to be introduced to the comforts of a substantial life. As they trotted on, the good-natured dog discoursing on the good qualities of his master, and the richness of his table, the wolf discovered a nakedness on his companion's neck, for which he sought the reason. "It is only the mark of my collar," said the contented mastiff, "which I wear as belonging to my master." "Then we go together no longer," said the independent wolf. "I will continue to suffer cold and hunger rather than lose my liberty." But this wolf, it must be confessed, was an untutored savage, who prowled the forest with unchained foot, rather than own the dominance of man. Cæsar, however, was a philosopher in practice as well as mind: he knew that the proud and haughty of the human race strove with each other to acquire the star and collar as the badge of knighthood: that peers and princes wore a collar round their elevated necks, and a garter round their ready-bending knee, merely to become one of a chosen class. Cæsar, therefore, kept his opinions to himself: like a true philosopher, he sought not to reform the world until he had acquired a thorough knowledge of its vanities, its imperfections, and deceits. Although he was of high and honourable lineage, he was a cosmopolitan in the largest sense. He prided not himself on the accident of his birth; he boasted not of his aristocratic blood, and patrician order. He looked on the face of nature with a poet's eye, and scorned not the lowly as they passed him by the way. It is even recorded of him, that he scorned not to smile upon the wandering gipsy, nor refused to beguile an hour with the roughest and most ragged of his brother sex. At church he kindly inquired for the welfare of the poor; at market he conversed familiarly with them. How else could he acquire that thorough knowledge of human nature which he displayed in his conversation; how could he aptly contrast the situations of the rich and poor; how yield his acquiescence to the worth and usefulness of the latter? And yet he never abated one iota of his dignity, never compromised his own superiority. In this consists the elements of a perfect gentleman. How different is the recognition of the brainless rich, who fear contamination from the touch of the unhonoured poor—who take the chief seats in our assem-

blies, lest they be not recognised, nor asked to a place of honour—who turn up their little fingers to show it wears a ring—who hang a gold eye-glass from their neck, not to look through, but for others to look at; who stand at the corners of our streets, in the idea that ladies as foolish as themselves will admire them. From all these frivolities Cæsar was entirely free: he was a gentleman, and conducted himself as such.

Nor has Luath, the friend and comrade of a poet, named after the romantic companion of the Son of Fingal, a less claim upon our regard. He performed the duties of his station honestly: he was faithful to his trust, and that is more than can be said of the star-bedizened satraps of many lands. He never allowed his interest to interfere with his duty—never sacrificed his honour to his convenience, although that honour was in his own keeping. His appearance, too, befriended him in every place; of course there could be nothing hang-dog in his countenance, which was honest-looking, plump, and ornamented by a streak of white from the forehead to the nose, which proclaimed the absence of every vicious propensity. His breast was pure as unsunned snow, uncontaminated by a selfish wish. A cloak of sable ermine hung shining down his back, an appropriate robe for a professor of moral and natural philosophy; and the usual appendage to the more remote portion of his person, instead of being reared like that of his aristocratic compeer, fell gently drooping with a modest curl, to intimate that he had not been deprived of it, like many a senseless yelping cur, merely by keeping it in his proper place.

Such were our philosophers, who rejoiced in each other's company. They met not in phlegmatic mood, each striving who would best sustain an austerity foreign to their nature. Nor did they at once dive into the recesses of each other's experience: they amused themselves with scientific researches, exploring the hidden grottoes of the mouse, and threading the mazy wanderings of the mole. Then they engaged themselves in gymnastic exercises, well knowing that the free and healthy circulation of the blood prepares the brain for a better acception of abstruse studies. Then they engaged in the good old English game of wrestling, struggling with each other like beings of common mould, throwing one another with all their might upon the green sward, as if they gloried in a personal defeat. At length, however, their recreative sports were ended, and they sat themselves quietly down upon a rising knoll, to converse in their native language. Had they been like the perfumed philosophers of the present day, they would have applied to Parliament to build a hall for their meetings, and placed their veteran servants as officers of the institution, instead of pensioning them from their private purse; but being practical as well as theoretical philosophers, they made a natural elevation of the earth their chair of state, the unencumbering sky their canopy, and there listened to the words of wisdom that issued from each other's lips. There is nothing dogmatic in their assertions, a familiar interrogatory from the one encouraging the other to a narration of their experiences. Thus Cæsar commences their colloquy in somewhat superior doggerel:—

I've often wonder'd, honest Luath,  
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;  
An' when the gentry's life I saw,  
What way poor bodies lived ava.  
Our laird gets in his racked rents,  
His coals, his kain, and a' his stents;  
He rises when he likes himsel;  
His flunkies answer at the bell;  
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;  
He draws a bonnie silken purse  
As lang's my tail, whare, through the steeks,  
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.  
Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,  
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;  
An' though the gentry first are stechin,  
Yet even the ha' folk fill their pechan  
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie,  
That's little short o' downright wastrie.  
Our whipper-in, we blastit wonner,  
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,  
Better than any tenant man  
His honour has in a' the lan';  
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,  
I own its past my comprehension.

The wonder of Cæsar at the inconceivable manner in which creatures like Luath contrived to eke out their existence is natural enough, for in his ignorance of this important item of human knowledge he only admits the truth of the proverbial observation, that one-half of the world knows not how the other live, and it may be added, without a stretch of propriety, that they do not care. Let me climb the hill of life as easily as possible, says man to himself; let others seek and pursue a path for themselves. Yet there are a few rare exceptions; there are some in whose hearts a quiet and unostentatious benevolence has been planted, and who fulfil the mission of their existence by going about continually doing good. Unlike the noisy brawlers who disturb the public quiet, who stir up the darker passions of the depraved and the oppressed, only to wield them as instruments to their personal advantage, and to desert them in that hour of danger which their own violence has created;—unlike these wicked and ignorantly presumptuous men, who unblush-

ingly proclaim it is the birth-right of the poor to eat the bread of idleness, the few superior spirits who have adorned humanity

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

Men, who, like the great-hearted Howard, contented not themselves with a paraded subscription to a fashionable institution, but personally visited the abodes of misery, and plucked from the jaws of death the uncared-for creatures of misfortune and despair—who went down into the noisome dungeon, and searched the darksome cell, where poverty lay confined till it could there acquire the means to pay its debts—who opened the prison-doors to such as were bound, and bade the oppressed go free.

The monarch of Cæsar's household, however, is described as a passive character—he studies his own convenience, but commits to positive evil—he is, in short, a rich man, at ease with himself and with the world—one of those characters which creation might dispense with—who might retire from life without its ever recognising its loss—one who is the unquestioned autocrat over a certain number of acres—a nonentity beyond. It is the underlings of office on whom Cæsar pours out the vials of wrath—against whom he raises the indignant eloquence of impulsive truth. Not only are the most expensive dishes wasted on the great man's appetite, but the inhabitants of the hall vie with each other in their extravagant modes of living. Even the whipper-in, a shrivelled worthless creature, whose narrow body is still sufficiently large for his narrower soul, must dine on food superior to that which the industrious and independent tenants can boast. Yet Cæsar measures not his excellence by his appetite; our philosopher is not one of those shallow-minded wretches who estimate the worth of a man by the victuals he consumes; he can well understand that those who are selfish to their inmost core, can never be improved by elegant feeding, and that there is not a more soul-degraded, utterly contemptible wretch than him who affects to despise his humbler fellow-mortals, because his fare is of a coarser quality. There are, unfortunately, too many of this humiliating kind, whose animal appetites are their only thought, whose ideas of eating and drinking are the only topics of their conversation. There needs no further proof of their grovelling selfishness than this, that often, when their dainty lips are munching an expensive morsel, their children are serving a long apprenticeship to procrustatic hunger—are shivering for want of under-clothing, and have already learned to curse the being who brought them into the world. Nor is this the full measure of their disgrace; prideful as they would make the world believe them, they fall even short of their own estimate of excellence. Their boast is of what is never seen—they detail a long list of personal expenses, yet are ever ready and mean enough to eat and drink at the cost of others—aye, even at that of those they insolently deem of inferior clay. They generally contrive to fasten themselves on some stripling novice, and while they initiate him in the foulness of their speech, and the meannesses of their mind, they make him pay an exorbitant price for his degrading experience. They rejoice in the prostration of better hearts than their own; they seduce, contaminate, and lead the way to perdition's pit, with laughter on their lips, while a murderous intent is gleaming from their eye. Yet are they cowards to the marrow: cast back on them their own weapons of scandal, abuse, and obloquy, and they will shrink into their shell like a loathsome snail, whose only protection is its slaver. Against this retaliation, however, they have a peculiar resource. With a meanness of which men of their own kidney alone are capable, they ingratiate themselves into the good graces of a superior, more especially if he is shallow or mean enough to listen to the hints and colourings of a tale-bearer, and woe then to the inconsiderate man who dares to utter an independent thought, who avows an indignant disapprobation of the hateful spy system. Double-dealers, at all times true to their calling, can betray the unwary into expressions which were never meant to be carried further. With an insinuation of secrecy, they can "hint a fault and hesitate dislike," and draw out, as with an electric wire, the sentiments they seek to elucidate. They are even among the first to condemn the system of which they are disreputable organs. They wear a perpetual mask; treachery is in their hearts; rebellion on their lips; but duplicity, and its concomitant, fear of detection, keeps them in perpetual alarm. Let not the honest, though humble-hearted man, envy such beings as these, although profitable employment be the result of their nefarious conduct, while want is crushing him with its iron hoof, and lingering disease forms with hopeless poverty a fearful combination against him. Rather let him be proud of his sores; let him feed with swine upon their sourest husks; but never, never, let him debase his noble intellect by a desire to imitate those loathsome reptiles, whose meanness, selfishness, ignorance, and boastful crime make them the sport of every good man's contempt; the scorn of every independent mind.

But our feelings have run away with us. We must apologise alike to our readers and philosophers, and take up the learned colloquy in the following chapter, wherein we shall endeavour to speak more coolly, having better characters to deal with.



## A Spoiled Child at School.

THE very clever translator of the memoirs of Madame Lafarge tells us, through the medium of his heroine, that Marshal Macdonald, who was at the head of the royal establishment of St. Denis, and had well known her grandfather, obtained her admission as a boarder. My mother, says Madame, who feared the consequences of my despair, did not pre-inform me what was intended; but one morning bade me go with her in the carriage, took me to St. Denis, and only when the great gates of the convent had closed upon us, and we had been introduced to Madame de Bourgouing, the superintendent, was told by the latter, as she kissed my forehead, that she had now a daughter the more, and that I was destined to remain with her. It took my mother a quarter of an hour to enumerate my faults, and to give an idea of the cries and despair which might be expected from me at her departure; a scene from which she desired to save herself by avoiding leave-taking. Leaning against a window, however, immovable, dejected, I heard and understood all, and resolved to restrain the tears with which my heart was bursting.

A lady of the establishment came in search of me, took me by the hand, and from the wardrobe dressed me in a long, black, high-necked frock, a cap, a bag, which it was necessary for me to carry eternally on my arm, and thick, black, and frightfully large, low shoes. When my mother beheld me thus, she kissed me, and could not refrain from weeping; while I believed that I was going to die, so much did I suffer from the thought of my imprisonment, and from the pride which suppressed my tears. At length, when she was gone, I threw myself sobbing on the little bed which was thenceforth to be mine, stuffed the curtains into my mouth to stifle my cries, and closed my eyes that they might not rest upon my dismal garments, so unlike the gay robes to which I had been accustomed.

My first day at school was one of such striking contrast with those of my life of independence and freedom, that it remains graven on my memory in mournful characters. I was sleeping still when the customary signal awoke the two hundred little girls of our large dormitory. My eyes opened in astonishment, and my first thought was a sad one. Marie embraced me; her bed was next to mine. She became my cicerone, and had the charge to make me acquainted with my new life. After combing themselves, the pupils entered, twenty by twenty, into a dressing-room, furnished with water-pipes, and a large copper wash-basin. The water being frozen, and the children fresh from their warm beds, the majority wetted only their little fingers; and when they saw me blue and shivering from the effects of the cold water, they laughed and jested concerning my fanatical notions of cleanliness.

Being dressed once more in our mournful robes, we went to mass and prayers. The latter consisted of a few words addressed to the Almighty to entreat of him goodness for ourselves and health for our friends. Then came a long prayer read from a book, in which the pope, the bishops, the deacons, the archdeacons, and every order and degree had their orisons. The youngest girls finished their sleep on their knees; those who were older repeated their lessons, or sometimes concluded a romance borrowed in secret, during their hour in church. This done, all were put into ranks, and led to the refectory to breakfast on miserable soup; and afterwards we were allowed a few moments in the cloisters until it was time to hear the classes. Lessons were now to be learned, but those who were friends formed groups and chatted with each other, laughing under their books. Every one looked at me with the silly curiosity of a school-girl. Marie introduced me to several pupils, and from the first I entered into the party of the ultra-Napoleonists. At lesson time I was examined. Having studied almost alone, I had got through my books, and knew a little of everything without having learned anything perfectly. There was considerable difficulty in classing me; but at last was allowed to remain in the division of Marie, on my promising to go through, in my over hours, the classes below that in which I was placed. I had a facility of acquisition which rendered this an easy task to me. As I sobbed, instead of profiting by the permission to do nothing, which was granted me on my day of entrance, it was suggested that I should practise on the piano to relieve my mind. I was almost stunned on entering a hall containing fifty pianos, all being played at the same time, and making an infernal harmony of gamuts, sonatas, waltzes, exercises, romances, and cadences—every description of study, in which all kinds of music were confounded and outraged; I sat down to a piano, but the keys remained mute, and were only moistened by my tears. At two o'clock we were summoned to dinner, and afterwards we had a long interval of relaxation in the garden. Marie, wearied with my incurable sadness, left me on a bench, where, reflecting on my slavery, I wept for my father, for Antonine, my mother, and Ursula my nurse. A pupil in passing exclaimed, loud enough for me to hear, "What a silly cry-baby!" That word aroused me; I wiped away my tears, and asked whether she had not also cried at being separated from her father? "If you are angry, child," replied she, laughing, "go and tell." "What am I to tell?—that you are silly and malicious? That can be no news to those of your acquaintance." The pupil was a hypocritical and detested royalist. My

answer was deemed haughty and impatient, but very justly applied, and I gained thereby one enemy and ten friends. On returning to work I was called to the superintendent, who honoured me with the most edifying remonstrances, and preached to me of personal submission, having been informed beforehand of my likings and dislikings to the minutest of my faults, and its contrary virtue. At eight o'clock came supper, followed by another interminable prayer, and then we were dismissed to bed. A juvenile imperial council was held on one of the beds in the dormitory, to which I was admitted, and where I caught a severe cold, and secured a punishment for the morrow.

It required some time for me to comprehend my new existence, and I could never reconcile myself to it. I did not understand how to walk in a long robe; twenty times a-day I forgot that it was improper to open or shut a door without a curtesy; I forgot that to have a bag hanging on the arm was another decency which a young modest girl would never omit; and, lastly, I was often guilty of the most unbecoming levity of descending to the refectory without having buried my head under an immense hat! If I add to all this, that I could not speak low, that I laughed without concealing my face with my writing-book, and that I constantly deranged the symmetrical line of the ranks of my class, it will be understood why I had always the mortification of wearing my hat with the hind side before, which was the usual punishment of one who ventured to exhibit the least independence. In proportion as the slavery of our acts and deeds became intolerable, so the freedom of our thoughts was immense. Our governesses never conversed with us. We exchanged at our own pleasure the most fallacious ideas. Our public conduct was the guarantee of our moral perfection, as our bags and our hats were of our virtues. If, however, I may judge from the recollections of ten years old, I believe that our higher studies were better cared for and better understood; and that everything taught us was thoroughly taught. We were required to render an account of all we knew; and as no useless labour was spent in attempting to make prodigies of us, girls who left St. Denis, after having passed through all their classes, were really well informed. Among other things it was a rule, that the pupils should be forbidden to enter upon the acquisition of a plurality of the ornamental arts at the same time. It was known to be impossible that any one could profitably study together music and drawing. It requires something of love to enable one to comprehend the arts, and that love divided dwindles down to mere taste, which produces nothing but mediocrity.

St. Denis was divided into two constantly hostile camps. The majority of the students, daughters of the old soldiers of the empire, venerated the idol of their fathers, and persevered in worshipping him. Several others, the daughters of emigrants, were violent royalists, and treated our deity as an usurper. The chiefs of the respective parties attacked every new comer, and taught them the songs of Beranger, or the hymns composed on the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux. All our little legs were at the service of the strong heads of fifteen and sixteen. We carried letters, monopolised the punishments, and received for compensation a piece of tricoloured riband, an eagle, or, better still, the portrait of the little King of Rome. These things were distributed according to the services performed. Each of the elder pupils had one or more adopted daughters, a sort of slaves, who sold themselves for a little protection. I could never submit to that necessity. I served and revolted as I pleased; and when I was very sad, I went and seated myself at the foot of a large tree, which recalled to my mind one of the lindens of my beloved Villers-Hellon.

I remember that what pleased me most in visiting the superintendent, was the possibility of descending alone the grand stairs, and traversing, without being in rank, the long cloisters which led from our class-rooms to our apartments. I mounted the steps four at a time, and then when I was certain of being alone, I skipped and pirouetted along, and arrived with burning brow and breathless gravity, which drew upon me a thousand questions, and the addition of a sermon on propriety and the becoming conduct of young people.

I went sometimes also to see Mile. Fleuret, who was a novice, and very good to me. She was an amiable person, without fortune, intended to become one of the ladies of the establishment; but she quitted us at a later period, in order to conduct a private education.

Towards the month of January, I was seized with inflammation of the stomach; and my kind aunt Garat supplied the place of my mother in her numerous visits and attentions. She obtained for me a month's holiday, which I passed at her house, blessing my stomach for being so conveniently inflamed just at New Year's-day. It afforded me all sorts of pleasures. M. de Brack came sometimes to take me out for the day. Oh! how my heart beat when I leaped up beside him into his light tilbury. He carried me with him to make visits, gave me a dinner at the Café Anglais, took me to the play, and brought me back at night loaded with sweetmeats, toys, and keepsakes. I still recollect two of his visits with me. The first was to see M. Cuvier, where we were shown into a study, in which the great *savant* was half-asleep in his arm-chair, while a young and beautiful girl, his daughter, was reading to him a manu-

script. I confess to my shame, that for a quarter of an hour I was kept yawning in listening to the conversation which ought to have interested me; and that Mile. Cuvier was obliged to arouse me in order to make me admire all the pretty little animals in his fine garden.

The second visit was to Mile. Mars. Having previously heard much talk of her, I was already full of admiration on entering her neat little hotel, situated, believe, in the Rue de Monte Blanc. She was sitting in a chair—sitting as simply as the most undistinguished persons sit. She wore a large white dressing-gown, and her figure was in no respect striking. M. de Brack told her of my curiosity. She smiled, embraced me, and gave me some iced chestnuts. Greatly disappointed at having seen nothing that indicated a prodigy, I had no longer any hope but in my ears, and therefore listened attentively. She spoke in the most delicious of all possible tones, concerning lands, speculation, funds, and the variations of their prices. I did not understand, but still listened to those sounds as to the music of an enchantress; and I seem even now to experience that sweet and painful sensation which recurs to us on hearing, under the prosaic measure of a country dance, the same affecting air with which Grisi, the evening before, drew tears from us.

During that month of recovery, I was taken to the Opera, and to the Porte St. Martin, where the *petite Danaïdes* appeared the most diverting thing in the world. But what struck me above all, and rendered me most proud and happy, was a juvenile ball at the Palais Royal. When a tall laced footman came to bring me the princely invitation, and M. de Brack, who was at my aunt's, declared that he would give me a dress à la *Victorine*, I comprehended the delights of Cinderella, who was not less the pride of her god-mother than I was of my dear godfather. The happy day of the ball arrived. It was first necessary for me to bear the pain of fifty *papillotes*, which were required to make my hair curl naturally; then my pretty lace frock was put over a figure which I had squeezed into the smallest compass; but I took courage to endure when I looked in my glass; and, lastly, my shoes, which were admirable, added their torments to all the other miseries which it cost me to be fine. We reached the ball-room at the moment when the Duchess de Berry opened the ball with a quadrille. She was dressed in a white lace robe, ornamented with white and rose-coloured feathers, and had a wreath of the same feathers on her head. Her dress, I observed, was handsomer than her person. I saw also Mademoiselle, the *grande Mademoiselle*, who seemed to me a pedant of a princess. There were, moreover, the graceful princesses of Orleans; and I danced a galopade with the Duke de Nemours. Monseigneur, however, never kept time, but trod on my toes, and was always out of place, so that I was as much fatigued as flattered by that signal honour.

On being taken back to St. Denis, my head was so full of all my pleasures, and my imagination so strongly excited, that at the end of three weeks of regrets and dreams, I was dangerously ill of a brain fever, heightened by an inflammation of the lungs. My father was written to that there was no hope; and when my mother arrived post to see me, I was insensible. In my delirium I called for her; said that her absence had killed me, and I died by her wish and through the neglect of my father. I continued thus for a fortnight. My mother was so shocked that she determined on withdrawing me from St. Denis; and the first words that reached my ears on the return of consciousness were, that I was to be restored to my life of affection and liberty.

## Something from Nothing.

## CHAPTER X.

WITH the exception of two or three fruitless efforts on the part of Quiddy to divert Janet from the resolution she had declared, nothing worth notice occurred during that week in the house of mourning—for such it truly was to both parties, though from very different causes. On the morning of the day after the funeral, Janet, who had already procured information that the Aberdeen smack would sail from London at three o'clock on that afternoon, was busied in preparing for her departure. It is a valuable rule in travelling to encumber yourself on a journey with no more luggage than may be needful. Of this, perhaps, Janet was ignorant, for she collected together every article she possessed in the world: however, as the whole of her earthly possessions went very commodiously into a small box, she was not likely to suffer much inconvenience from her non-observance of that wholesome precept. Whilst thus occupied she was summoned down to the parlour, where she found Mr. Quiddy, Dr. M'Squills, and Mr. Grubb, seated at the table—the last named personage (with spectacles on nose) holding in his hand a sealed paper.

"Good morning to you, Miss Janet; pray take a seat, Miss Gray," said Grubb.

Poor Janet started at hearing, perhaps for the first time in her life, her name accompanied with so dignified a title; and, uncertain whether or not it might be bestowed upon her in derision, for a moment she hesitated to accept the invitation.

"Sit ye down, Janet, girl; sit ye down," said M'Squills, kindly taking her hand, and drawing her to a vacant chair at his side.



With great deliberation, and an air of importance and solemnity befitting the occasion, Mr. Grubb broke the seal of the document which, according to the directions of the deceased, he had, in proper legal phrase and form, drawn up. After two or three preparatory "Ahems!" thus began:—"I, Susannah Sanderson, widow of the late—"

But although Mr. Grubb himself was much delighted at the reading of his own composition—a masterpiece of chivalricity, repetitions and roundaboutisms—as if it had been positively nothing less than a composition in prose, or *worse* (as a cockney would say) for the next day's "Think of Me," or for the "Perfections of Pretence,"—it was, evidently, in all but its main points, inferior to his tasteless auditors; and as, probably, it might be the same to some readers, we will sink the embellishments and give the points alone. This may be done in few words. Well, then:—after willing two or three small legacies to friends, the largest portion of which was ten pounds to Dr. M'Squills (who was nominated sole executor) for mourning, she bequeathed to Meester Quiddy "as a reward for his attention to my interests in the management of my business—my share in the stock in trade, including the little figures of the black-boy and Highlander; and also—"

Mr. Grubb paused to wipe his spectacles—invariably slow operation with a grave person when engaged in a grave affair—and Quiddy said, with a sigh,—

"Well I was a slave to her, that all the world knows;" whilst a momentary expression of pleasure crossed Janet's countenance at hearing so much of Quiddy's good fortune.

The attorney resumed:—"And, also, in token of the love I set on his disinterested affection for me, as proved by his offer of marriage on the evening of—;" (the precise date was mentioned), "and of the degree of respect which I entertain for him in consequence of the time, the sum of—." Again the attorney paused to wipe his spectacles, keeping Quiddy breathless with expectation—"the sum of one-pound-one for the purchase of a ring."

At the reading of the clause, which was new, at least in its terms, to Quiddy, (for Grubb had omitted to state its terms in his recent confidential communication), Quiddy looked at once silly and savage, and bit his lips till tears, real tears, dropped from his eyes. Poor Janet drooped her head and turned all colours of the rainbow—a common expression, which we believe to be rather intended as figurative than to be taken as philosophically true; whilst M'Squills, with a chuckle which he could not restrain, exclaimed—

"Deil tak me but the old woman had some fun in her, and that's the truth o't!"

Grubb proceeded:—"And to Janet Gray whatever she died possessed of, in money, household goods, wearing apparel, and so forth—her money in the funds, amounting alone to rather more than five hundred pounds."

At this announcement Janet was literally stupefied. She looked about her with a vacant gaze as if some great calamity had suddenly befallen her, nor did she immediately recover herself even when M'Squills, in an ecstasy of delight, started from his chair, and, giving her a hearty kiss, exclaimed—

"I sincerely congratulate you on your guid fortune, and wish it may bring you what you deserve—some guid mon for a husband, worthy to share it with you." Adding, as he resumed his seat, and with a pretended sigh—"Ech! Janet girl, I wish I were thirty years younger!"

Quiddy thought it requisite that he also should express his congratulations, and muttered something about how very glad he was "that Janet needn't be under no obligations to nobody now, whatever people's good intentions was when they thought she needed them." This observation was specially intended for Janet, but it was so indistinctly uttered, that she could hardly have understood it, even had she been an attentive listener, which, at that moment, she was not. But her attention was speedily recalled by Mr. Grubb to something "very important;" and so indeed it was. This was nothing less than a clause rescinding the whole of the bequest to Janet, with the exception of fifty pounds, in case she should marry Phineas Quiddy, for the reason that the testatrix felt perfectly assured that he was unworthy of her. If she did, then the residue was to be distributed amongst certain charitable institutions. Beyond that single restriction, Janet was at liberty to marry whomsoever she would, or to remain unmarried, just as she chose. M'Squills, and one other friend, were requested to act as trustees for her, the nature of the trust being specified. The testatrix taking it for granted that Janet would not remain in the house longer than was unavoidable, directed that the furniture should be sold for her benefit—leaving to Quiddy the complimentary privilege of purchasing it at a fair valuation—if he could find the means for so doing.

The "very important" clause, of which Quiddy till now was ignorant (as his recent conduct to Janet must prove), fell upon him like a thunderbolt, crushing at once his hopes and his disinterested affection for the residuary legatee. But, as there are few misfortunes which are utterly beyond the reach of consolation, so was it, in the present case, with Mr. Quiddy, who consoled himself with the reflection that there was some luck, at least, in Janet's rejecting his offer of marriage: "for," as he

wisely thought, "as the will stands, I should only have fifty pounds by marrying her, and that would hardly have been worth while." Another consoling consideration was, that the widow's two-thirds of the pig-tail, Virginia, and rappee were now his, adding by so much to his possession,—another consequence of "sheer industry!"—and, again, thought Quiddy, "that's summut."

"And what am I to do with all this? it's a million times more than I shall ever have occasion for," said Janet, having somewhat recovered from her astonishment, but not exhibiting the slightest symptoms of joy at her good fortune.

"Never fash yourself about that," said M'Squills; "we'll think of some way of settling it for your advantage. But, lassie, dinna look sae glum about it: a wee bit too much o' the siller is an accident on the right side at any rate. Ech, guid lord! naeboddy would tak' you for a residuary legatee by the look o' ye."

"I wish my dear mistress had left it to somebody that would have had more pleasure in it; or that it had been only a few pounds, just to—"

"Just let weel alane, Janet," said M'Squills, interrupting her; adding significantly, and in a whisper, "ye'll be better with it than with that fifty pounds you wot o'."

"To-morrow we will have some further conversation with Miss Gray," said Grubb, folding up the will; "and as you, doctor, are sole executor—"

"To-morrow, sir!" said Janet, "but I'm going away to-day."

"Going!" exclaimed Law and Physic, simultaneously; "and where?"

"I am going back to my native town," continued Janet.

"But, my dear Miss Gray," said Grubb, respectfully, as was befitting towards an heiress, "we cannot well do without you—for a few days, at least."

"Then what am I to do, sir? I can't remain here"—(This she said in a tone of determination which carried with it the meaning of "I won't!")—"and unless I go back to Aberdeen, I have no where to go to. Besides," (and an important point it was, considering the quantity of her luggage) "besides, I have packed up all my things."

"Mr. Grubb is right, lassie," said M'Squills; "you had better remain in Lunnun till matters are put into some shape. For that time, you shall stay in my house, and my sister, bless her auld soul! will tak' care o' ye. As for your luggage, we'll put that into a hackney-coach; or perhaps a porter might manage to carry it away for you."

At length, after a pause, Janet, who had been reflecting upon the first part of the doctor's speech, without attending to the last, said—"Well, sir, I'm sure I can't be wrong in following your advice. I'm very grateful to you for your kind offer, and so, if you please, sir, as I have nothing more to do here, I'd rather go with you now—immediately."

To this the doctor willingly assented, and Janet withdrew to put on her bonnet and shawl—the only remaining portion of necessary preparations for her departure. At the same time Grubb took his leave, promising to see the doctor again in the afternoon.

"Aweel, Meester Quiddy," in a tone of consolation, said M'Squills to the gentleman with the one-pound-one, who, with a downcast look, sat biting his lips for very vexation and disappointment—"Aweel, its nae use to give up to sorrow for your loss." (Quiddy emitted a long deep sigh.) "I dinna mean the loss of the siller, mon, which you are above caring for, but of your guid friend, the widow."

"In course," replied Quiddy, "that's what I mean."

"Meester Quiddy—I'm varra greatly astonished she didna do better for you, for you loved her varra sincerely."

"I lov—I liked her disinterested, sir," said Quiddy, rather angrily.

"Tenderly, Meester Quiddy, tenderly, as I weel ken; your love for the old lady brought you near to death's door, and it would hae been opened to you if I hadna come to your assistance, for you had a' but got the knocker in your hand, as a body may say."

"I'd thank you not to touch upon that're matter, sir," said Quiddy; "it's o' a delicate nature."

"But then," continued the doctor, "there's her two-thirds of the stock in trade, which (not meaning a paltry pun at it) is not to be sneezed at. That's worth a guid round hundred to you."

"I'm sure I haven't an idea," replied Quiddy, sulkily.

"Weel, mon, I never suspected you had, so dinna fash yourself!"

"I mean of its vally, sir: it may be, or it mayn't; but it a'n't for its vally I consider it."

"Meester Quiddy"—again burst out the imperturbable doctor, after a momentary silence—"Meester Quiddy, I'm thinking the widow ken'd your character right weel: she just appreciated the delicacy o' your sentiments. That guinea, Meester Quiddy! what could be mair delicate—or mair elegant—or mair refined? Had she bequeathed you Janet's portion (which is the lion's share unquestionably), or three hundred pund, for instance—or two hundred—or ane hundred—or even twenty pund—it would ha' been coarse and vulgar in the comparison. But a guinea! a delicate compliment, varra!"

Quiddy sat writhing in his chair; and his tormentor having taken breath, was again upon him.

"Meester Quiddy—I'm thinking that a guinea is nae mickle money—that is to say, considered in the light o' money—in short, it is but a wee bit money; and, considered as a legacy, it is an unco wee affair indeed. But Meester Quiddy—as times go, a guinea is a guinea, after aw—it's just ane-and-twenty shillings, and quite enough, I'm taking the freedom to tell you, to dispense upon siccan a silly bauble, siccan a needless toy, as a ring. But then, the sentiment, Meester Quiddy, the sentiment!"

"Yes," said Quiddy, scarcely knowing what to say, "that's it."

"Meester Quiddy—how differently the auld lady has treated Janet! Nae delicacy, nae sentiment in the proceeding, deil a bit. She has left her naething but the goods, the furniture, and that like—aw money's worth, Meester Quiddy—and the trash o' siller too, a guid five hundred pounds, at the least. But where's the sentiment, as in your case, Meester Quiddy? where's the delicacy?"

"D—n the delicacy!" cried Quiddy, unable any longer to endure with patience the doctor's grave railery. "D—n the delicacy! I never cared about the money; but if I had chosen to curry and earwig the old woman, as some folks have done, I should have stood as good a chance of getting some of it as other folks—not that I care about it, not I!"

"True, varra true; and Mrs. Sanderson ken'd that right weel, as her will shows. And yet I must say she has not proved hersel' ower grateful to you for your tender affection—always excepting the delicacy and sentiment of the wee bit legacy, Meester Quiddy—whereas, I'm thinking that had you made up to Janet instead, and married her—I say, I'm just thinking—such are the contradictions in the human character—the old woman would have left you every stick and stiver of her property."

Having paused for just long enough, as he thought, to allow the barb of this last insinuation to fix itself well in the heart of his victim, M'Squills continued—

"And it would be nae sae bad a thing for you to marry Janet even now—always providing the lassie would have you, Meester Quiddy, the whilk I doubt—for she'd mak you a nice little wife: as to the forfeiture thereby of the trash o' siller, you are altogether above any such sordid consideration."

"I'm not thinking of marrying nobody," peevishly said Quiddy; "and as to Janet, she knows well enough I wouldn't have her if she was worth her weight in gold."

So saying, and to escape from further torturing, he rose abruptly and went forward into the shop.

Meanwhile Janet had made herself ready for her departure. Previously to quitting her room she looked leisurely and attentively around it, as if bidding a last farewell to each familiar object; then, just placing her head upon the pillow on which it had enjoyed so many nights of sweet and peaceful sleep, she kissed it as though it had been a thing conscious of the grateful and affectionate feeling which prompted the act; and, having so done, she, with a sigh, descended to the room which had been the late Mrs. Sanderson's. Here, with her face buried in her hands, she knelt at the foot of the bed in which her benefactress expired, and murmured a short prayer. As she rose, she perceived lying on a chair in a corner of the room, the old woman's large Bible, with her spectacles remaining in the very place where she had last been reading. She went down stairs, and timidly, and with some hesitation, asked the doctor whether she might be allowed to take something away with her "as a remembrance of poor Mrs. Sanderson."

"It's aw your ain, Janet," said M'Squills; "you may tak' ony thing you please excepting the snuff and tobacco—"

Janet ran upstairs as M'Squills added, "and Meester Quiddy, and he, I reckon, is scarce worth the taking." Janet re-descended with the big Bible under her left arm, and a small blue paper band-box, containing all her "things," in her hand.

"I have taken this, if you please, sir," said Janet, casting her eyes down at the volume. "And now I'll bid Mr. Quiddy good-bye, and go with you."

The doctor went into the shop, and motioned to Quiddy to join Janet in the parlour. Janet took his hand in her right, which was disengaged, and looked him earnestly, but mournfully in the face. He, on the contrary, bent his eyes to the ground, and looked at once sheepish and sullen. For more than a minute (a long time under such circumstances) Janet endeavoured to speak, but in vain. At length, in a low and faltering voice, she said—

"It need not have been so, Phineas; but it's all your own fault. Good bye, for ever—God bless you, Phineas."

She rushed past the doctor, who was waiting for her in the shop, into the street, and hastily turned in the direction of his house. All that Quiddy said in reply to this adieu was—

"Good bye, Janet—I'm sorry you're a-going."

"Meester Quiddy," said M'Squills, "I am not likely to trouble you with many visits. If you want to see me professionally, and choose to send for me, I'll come to you. But ye'll no hae forgotten my system of practice, I reckon; and so good day to you—Meester Quiddy."



## Origin of the Art of Navigation.

THE origin of most of those arts, which, by alleviating the necessities and improving the condition, have contributed to the welfare of mankind, are, in general, buried in obscurity; there is scarcely an invention of importance to which we can with any certainty affix a date. Many of the learned in their inquiries after the origin of letters, having in vain endeavoured to dissipate the darkness with which the subject was enshrouded, and finding that their researches only made confusion more confused, attributed it to the immediate inspiration of Divinity; how far they are justified in the surmise, may be matter of inquiry and doubt, as it is not borne out by sacred writ.

The means of navigating the ocean, the art of rendering that element, which Homer calls "unfruitful sea," fertile to knowledge and civilization, the daring attempt of braving its dangers, by presenting the resistance of a few planks to its unfathomable depths, have, with greater truth, been from thence derived.

In the infancy and first ages of the world, men lived at home, they sought not more than they possessed, the spirit of inquiry was not awakened; in the language of the poet,

"Nondum cæsa suis peregrinum ut vesit orbem,  
Montibus, in liquidis Pinus descenderat undas."\*

But when the providence of God had instructed Noah to build the ark, for the preservation of himself and family from the general deluge, his posterity had a pattern to follow. The utility of the invention being known, could not be forgotten; neither could it long remain without improvement; it was the means by which the waters were passable, and that by which the intercourse of nations was accelerated. The Chinese, in their chronicles, attribute the invention of shipbuilding to Vitey, the son of Erzelem, who first reduced their country under a settled form of government; he stands at the head of a list of three hundred and forty kings, who reigned over a space of four thousand years. It is singular that when all nations who have attained any degree of civilization, have improved in their naval architecture, that the same proportions which are given for the ark of Noah are still to be found in the junk of China. The heathen writers of antiquity attribute the invention to many different persons; Strabo to Minos, king of Crete,—Diodorus Siculus to Neptune, who, he says, from that was called the god of the seas; and Tibullus to the people of Tyre, the great commercial emporium in the early ages of the world; nor is it unlikely the Tyrians and Phœnicians, who possessed a great extent of sea-coast, and the safest and most capacious harbours then known, and whose prosperity entirely depended on commerce, should have been the first who brought navigation into use in Europe: the first vessels were probably formed of the body of a tree, hollowed out by fire, or rods or twigs fashioned into the shape of a boat, and covered with skins, the same as used by the inhabitants of the Sandwich isles when first discovered, and the last is still in use on the north-eastern coast of America. The Phœnicians, there can be little doubt, improved both their form and strength, and increased their size, but, according to Pliny, it was the Egyptians who first added the deck. Their introduction into Greece, the same author tells us, was by Danaus when he fled from the tyranny of Rameses, his brother king of Egypt, the twentieth in descent from Mizraim, in the year 2575. Among the Grecians those of Crete were, in early times, the ablest seamen, which makes Aristotle call Crete the "Lady of the Sea," and Strabo to attribute the invention of ships to Minos. After the destruction of Tyre, the Carthaginians, a colony from thence, became the masters of the ocean; their colonies were planted on the coasts of Gaul and Spain; they passed the pillars of Hercules; the shores of Britain were frequented by their navies; and the voyage of Hanno, their admiral, leaves it doubtful whether their flag was a stranger on the coasts of Hindustan. The Romans learned the art from the wreck of a Quinquiremes, or galley of five banks of oars, cast on the promontory of Antium; it was imitated by the genius of that people; it rendered them masters of the sea, and accomplished the destruction of Carthage. That France and Spain had the invention of shipbuilding from the Greeks and Phœnicians does not admit of dispute; the city of Marseilles, celebrated in antiquity for its marine being a Phœnician, and Cadiz, the great commercial city of the west, a Tyrian colony. It is also probable that both the Belgians and Britons were first instructed by the Romans in the art, though they must before that period have transported colonies to Britain. Caesar mentions the Belgians as not at all visited by foreign merchants, and in his invasion found the seas so ill furnished with ships, that in his Commentaries he tells us it was necessary to make shipping to transport his army.

Having thus traced the progress of navigation in the earliest ages, we will endeavour to ascertain as far as can be gathered from the fragments of ancient writers, who were the inventors of the different classes of vessels, their tackle and outfit. That the Phœnicians first invented open vessels, and the Egyptians ships with decks, has been said before; and to them also is to be referred the invention of galleies, with two banks of oars upon a side; which kind of vessels in course of time were so much increased in size, that Ptolemy Philopales had one built with fifty banks, worked by 2000 men; great ships of burden for merchan-

dize called "Circœca," we owe to the Cyprists; cutters or skiffs, "Skiphas," to the Illyrians or Liburnians; brigantines "Celoces," to the Rhodians; and frigates, or Covethes, "Lembos," to the Cyprianians. The Phaseli and Pampheli, which may be called men of war, were the invention of the Pamphylians and the citizens of Phaselis, a town of Lycia, in Asia Minor. The Boœtians were the first who used the oars; Dædalus and his son Icarus invented the masts and sails, which was the origin of the poetical fable that, flying out of Crete, they made wings to their bodies, and that Icarus, soaring too high in the air, melted the wax by which they were attached, and falling, perished, giving his name to the Icarian sea; the fact being, that his vessel was stranded on a rock and cast away. The vessels for transporting horse, called "Hippagines," were the invention of the Salimenians; the Tuscan were the first who used anchors; Anacbarsis formed the grappling hook; and the rudder, the helm, and the art of steering is attributed to Typhis, the ship-pilot of the famous Argo, who, noting that a kite in her flight guided her whole body by her tail, effected that by the devices of art which he had observed in the works of nature. Rude as these inventions must have been, yet there is authority for supposing that considerable voyages were performed; the greatest were those of Jason, Ulysses, and Alexander; with the fleets of Solomon, and the Egyptian kings. Of these the voyage of Jason was to the Euxine Sea and the Mediterranean, Ulysses through the latter only; Nearchus, the Macedonian admiral, descended the Indus, and brought his fleet safely up the Euphrates; and the navies of Solomon and the kings of Egypt occupied three years in their expedition from Exion Geber, on the Red Sea, to India, and their return, as appears in the 1st book of Kings. After the fall of the Roman empire, the greatest maritime states in the Mediterranean were the Venetians and Genoese, and on the ocean, the Hanse-towns and the English.

The second great era of the art of navigation may be dated from the discovery of the compass, in the year 1301, by Flavio Gioia, of Anafi, in the kingdom of Naples. This invention, then called the "Paxis nautica," at first consisted of eight winds only, the four principal and four collateral; and not long after the people of Bruges and Antwerp, improved it by adding twenty-four subordinate points or winds; and the discovery was followed by the successful voyages of Columbus; the Portuguese eastward, the Spaniards westward, and the English northwards. The origin of this invention, which has so much influenced the condition of mankind, has been matter of dispute among the learned. Fullon, an industrious antiquarian, but more skilled in the learning of the Hebrew, than in the philosophy of Greek or Latin, will have it been known to Solomon, and by him taught to the Tyrians and Phœnicians; but he brings no argument of weight to support the fact, nor is it likely that an invention so important, once known, should have been discontinued and forgotten for the space of more than two thousand years, if ever those nations had been masters of it, who could not possibly have concealed it, if they had been so inclined, from the common mariner, or that they would not have communicated it for gain or glory to the Greeks or Romans. As little truth does there appear in the argument, that the "Lapis Heraclius," of the ancient writers, or the "Versoria" of Plautus, should have been meant to signify the mariner's compass, the last being evidently that rope which is called the "boline," with which they used to turn their sails, and fit them to the change of wind. It is well known that the ancients were acquainted with the loadstone, and it is called "Heraclius lapis," by the Greeks, not because Heraclius Tyrius had found out its virtues, as Fullon supposes, but because it was found near Heraclia, a city of Syria, as we learn from Lucretius. It is also mentioned in the book of Job, by the name of topaz stone, that turns itself. The only instrument that antiquity possessed in aid of navigation, was the astrolabe, derived from the Greek words "star" and "I take," and called by the Arabs at this day, asler-lab, the first and most celebrated of which instruments was made by Hipparchus. Ptolemy contrived to change its figure, and reduce it to a plane surface, to which he gave the name of Planisphere. It is not now in use, though it has been thought equal to any of the modern instruments for taking the sun's altitude between the tropics, when near its zenith. In 1485, Roderick and Joseph, physicians to John II. of Portugal, with a man named Martin de Bohemia, a Portuguese, native of Fayal, and scholar of Regio Montanas, calculated tables of the sun's declination for the use of seamen, which Columbus availed himself of in his voyage across the Atlantic. In 1530, Gemma Frisius recommended the keeping of time with small watches, which were then newly invented, and he also invented a sort of cross staff, and the instrument called the nautical quadrant, which first is mentioned by Cunningham in his astronomical glass, published in 1359. In the year 1418 a great impulse was given to the improvement of the art of navigation by the voyages which were undertaken by the celebrated Duke of Visio, brother of Edward II. king of Portugal. This prince was greatly skilled in cosmography; he established at Lisbon a nautical school for students, and he collected from all quarters the best navigators and mathematicians, whom he employed to make charts and instruments for the sea. The voyages became much extended, and a spirit of enterprise was aroused. After the discovery of Porto Santo, and the island of Madeira, a succession of monarchs of that nation improved the art. It was then that Roderick and Joseph, physicians to John II. with Martin of Bohemia, a Portuguese, native of the island of Fayal, about the year 1485, calculated for the use of seamen, tables of the sun's declination, and recommended the astrolabe for taking observations. It was at this time that the association of the Hanse-towns rose into importance; a new society of merchants were formed in the north, which not only carried navigation and commerce to as great a perfection as it was then possible, till the discovery of the East and Western Indies, but also formed a scheme of laws for its regulation under the name of the uses and customs of the seas, which still form the basis of the maritime codes of modern times.

## Absence of Old Women.

A new Parisian novel, which speaks much truth, gives the following picture of those fashionable dames who never grow old. We suspect it might apply somewhat near home.

"When one compares these times with other times the society in which we live with the societies which a no more, and the civilization of our days with that of preceding periods, one perceives that it has lost an element, a link, and that something is wanting to it. Formerly, grow old was an art; now-a-days, it is but a misfortune. When there existed in society, conversation, literature, *bon mots*, and drawing rooms, all took their respective places and played their respective parts. And that of women was the most amiable. When a woman, according to the qualities more or less durable of her beauty, passed her years of gallantry, she resolutely submitted to her doom, retained but the *recherches* necessary to render old age endurable without concealing it, proclaimed herself an old woman, and fulfilled a mission important as tutelary to all ages. She presided at renowned circles distributed to men and women the reputation of beauty and wit; promoted the *debut* in or exit from the world of old and young; made up marriages, brought certain *bon ton* into fashion; often connected frivolous with momentous interests; kept a school of manners; maintained good language and politeness by the authority of tradition, and we to bed late. Old women exercised great influence. Youth respected those beings of a neutral sex, who retained only their first years gracefulness and the habit of pleasing, deriving from the lessons of age a taste for serving and instructing others. Unless one be a bastard or a monster who is it that does not think of his mother whom he loves or has lost, on beholding or listening to a woman who heart is freed from storms, whose features have been withered by the pangs and cares of maternity, whose words are grave and gentle, whose conversation is both light and instructive, and observations shrewd and just. After ten or twelve years of *ecclat* and agitation, a woman of our days commences a life of concentrated rage against mankind. She envies those who make the *debut*, and borrows their fashions; hoping no more for *grandes passions*, she runs after humiliating caprices; the masquerade she frisks, her waist being strangled, she made young again with whalebone, and commences a mental seduction which her face is to destroy. In the drawing room she attacks all bright reputations, discusses the beauties of the day, disputes the teeth and hair of all, proclaims people of merit fools, surprises and denounces looks, alarms husbands, destroys, ruins, and tears everything about her, and seems to say, 'here I am.' She cannot make up her mind to growing old. After such desperate efforts to live by falsehood, rouge and white false hair and false teeth, and ill nature, the matron woman soon reaches, not a happy and cheerful old age but mournful decrepitude, dejectedness, oblivion, an aversion, and what do we behold? Young men are less polite, less attentive to manners and propriety, are almost forgetful of family duties. Young women make their appearance, pretty and sought for; fashion carries them high; around them are a great noise of compliments, gallantry, waltzes, and mazourkas is made their heads turn, when their wings grow; they fly about at random, and without a guide, like young sparrows without mothers; and then, on some fine day, the breeze of scandal knocks them down."

## To My Wife.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

If fond remembrance fail me not,  
That spot still strikes my view  
Where first it chanced to be my lot,  
My love, to gaze on you.

Though time hath swept his broad wing by  
Thy beauty and thy bloom,  
Still darts the beam from thy bright eye,  
Still yields thy breath perfume.

Still stately moves that form of thine,  
The sculptor's hand would trace  
To make his workmanship divine,  
And give the marble grace.

And those sweet hues, still blooming, keep  
The rosebud's crimson glow,  
That wafted odours from thy cheek,  
Some twenty years ago!

And those gay hours still mirth afford,  
With speed that wing'd their flight,  
When sparkling wit went round the board,  
And beauty crown'd the night.

Yes! those gay hours with pride I trace  
That met my ravish'd eye,  
When mirth went glittering round the place,  
And love stood laughing by.

In dreams of bliss I banquet still,  
On memory's rich repast;  
And from the present moments steal  
The pleasures of the past.

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\* The Peri left not the hills on which it stood,  
To seek strange lands, or rove upon the flood.



# CHAMBERS'S

# LONDON JOURNAL



"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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## The Medes and Persians.

It was stated in our tenth number, in "The First Kingdoms," that the Assyrian empire ended under the weak government of Sardanapalus, against whom his principal governors revolted. Belesis, the viceroy of Babylon, placed himself on the throne of that gigantic kingdom, while Arbaces, the Mede, founded a dynasty which latterly encompassed all the great kingdoms of Asia in its sway. The history of its first sovereigns, however, is extremely uncertain, as great confusion existed in the old traditions of the three great empires. Conquerors only were spoken of, and whole centuries were allowed to elapse in a nation's legends, did those periods only tell of disaster and defeat. Thus do we know little of the Assyrian and Babylonian empires except what is related in Scripture, while the Hebrew names there given to certain personages do not at all times agree with the collations of Grecian history. Certain it is, however, that the Asiatic monarchs made themselves a terror to their subjects, rarely showing themselves in public, and fulminating slaughter-breathing edicts when the spirit of caprice, or a wanton delight in cruelty, instigated them. It was death to smile in their august presence, and treason to wear an air of confidence or erect a fearless brow. It was here that the divine right of kings was first inculcated and practised. They were given out as of a superior mould and nobler mind, to whom all of vulgar clay should bend in abject devotion—whose actions should be for ever unquestioned, and under whom slavery itself should rejoice in the delight of being permitted to serve them.

Dejoces was the first regular and settled king of Media, whose son, Phraortes, conquered Persia and other portions of Asia. In his last battle with Nabuchodonozor of Assyria, he was made prisoner, and ignobly put to death. His son, Cyaxares, however, in conjunction with his ally, Nabopolassar, of Babylon, besieged Nineveh in retaliation. They hemmed in a vast population, surrounded them with a cruel and exterminating soldiery, and, ultimately taking the capital, utterly destroyed the first great city of the renovated earth, and divided Assyria between them. Thus by the rebellion of two of its own offshoots, fell proud Nineveh, a kingdom which spread its branches far and wide, whose name was a terror to the world, and its pomp of government a model for all that luxury could hope for or desire. Travellers seek for its site in vain: it has for ever passed away.

The same Median and Babylonian kings afterwards turned their armies towards Palestine. That country and Syria had been wrested by Egypt from Assyria, but were recovered by the allies, who, with an army said to be composed of ten thousand chariots, one hundred and eighty thousand foot, and one hundred and twenty thousand horse, invaded and laid waste the country—desolated towns and fields, slaughtered children, violated women, and impaled and tortured men. It was during this merciless and really bloody campaign that Jerusalem was besieged, and all the horrors of famine crowded upon the hills of Zion; when Jehoiakim was taken prisoner, and the vessels of the house of the Lord abused to the bacchanal purposes of the heathen.

Tyre also, the city of the sea, whose ships explored every corner of the known earth, whose merchants were princes, yielded, after a siege of ten months, to the overwhelming force of the combined kings. Her ships were far away, pursuing their adventurous traffic, while the foe was at her gate, destroying each vessel as it arrived, and cutting off all succour from the ill-fated land. When the sad hour of yielding came, when the enemy swarmed in her streets, and fire rose in every quarter,—then the sword dealt fearful havoc among the citizens, files of dead encumbered the once busy streets, shrieks and cries of terror and dismay resounded where order and opulence had once held privileged place, until night and desolation spread their fearful wings on the ruined city. Here the

living grew no longer; devastation was the only means by which conquest could be retained, and thus only could the insatiate monsters who destroyed nation after nation hope to escape a like fate for themselves.

Yet that fate did come: Nebuchodonozor reigned for forty-three years, during all which time he had been sedulously employed in weeding the earth of its inhabitants. His kingdom under his successor was given to another. The very people who assisted him in his oppressions, who shared his spoils, and prospered in his successes, became the avenger of the oppressed, and cut off Babylon from the list of nations.

Cyrus, the promised and expected, came. He was a Persian prince, who raised his petty and semi-barbarous country to a height unparalleled in the history of warlike enterprise. After subduing the haughtiness of Media, and making it subservient to one of its own provinces, neglected Persia, he turned his unconquerable arm to the Euphrates, swept every contending foe before him, and sat himself down before invincible Babylon. The mighty structures and wondrous walls fell prostrate before the ruthless host of the invader—the Chaldeans were scattered, the Jewish captives restored to their native land, and a renown, supposed imperishable, given to the greatest conqueror which the earth beheld.

Yet, how vain are mortal musings! how paltry the efforts of glib-tongued poet and historian! There is more doubt and confusion respecting this very Cyrus, than there is of the far remote legends of Egypt, or even of antediluvian existence. Not that their records fail, but because the pen has been too prolific, and in its witless action produced contradiction where perspicuity was required. Herodotus, a Greek to whose lucubrations we have had frequent occasion to refer, tells us that Cyrus obtained possession of the empire by dethroning his grandfather Astyages, and that he was the terror and scourge of the human race. Xenophon, a soldier and historian, famous in Grecian history, who lived not more than two centuries later than Cyrus, declares that the valiant prince fought only in defence of his uncle Cyaxares, and was in all respects a model of virtue and true greatness. Herodotus affirms that Cyrus was killed while fighting against Tamiris, queen of Massagete, who plunged his head into a basin of blood, in revenge of her son, whom Cyrus had put to death; while Xenophon asserts that, after a glorious reign of thirty years, he died a natural death. The tomb of Cyrus was recorded as one of the wonders of the world, so he was himself; but he was looked upon with different eyes by those who prospered or suffered under his sway. Such has been the case with all warriors; such it will ever be; nor can unanimity of mind on public matters be expected, until war and its human bloodhounds cease to be honoured. Not until the profession of a soldier is despised—not until the policy of a warlike minister is repudiated—will the foolish world learn wherein its happiness and prosperity consists.

We now come to Cambyzes, who inherited all the vices of his father Cyrus, without one of his virtues. He delighted in bloodshed, and, like every other madman, rioted in devastation. We have already noticed his destruction of the magnificent city of Thebes, his wanton insult to the Egyptians respecting their religious prejudices at Memphis, where he personally slew the sacred bull. There he ordered the priests to be scourged, and massacred all the attendants on the sacrifices. This madman, notwithstanding the victories of his troops, reaped only disgrace from his warlike enterprises, and by his actions caused himself to be hated and despised. He dreamed that he saw his brother Smerdis seated on his throne, and therefore he caused him to be slain; when his wife, who was also his sister, mourned for her brother, he kicked her to death! These kingly occupations were diversified by his boasts respecting his talents in archery, to prove which he pierced the son of his favourite with an arrow. On his return to Persia he learned that the Magi

had rebelled, and that they had placed one of their own order on the throne, because he bore a resemblance to the murdered Smerdis. Hastening to punish this usurpation, he mounted his horse in a violent passion, threw himself into a false attitude, by which his poniard entered his thigh (the Egyptians say at the very spot where he stabbed the sacred bull)—from which he died. The usurping Magi was speedily dethroned, and Darius was elected in his place. This monarch displayed considerable policy in his government: instead of devastating the countries which he conquered, he placed a tax upon his provinces, and drew an immense revenue therefrom, all of which was expended in idle pomp and gaudy magnificence. As he exempted the Persians from taxes, the Babylonians attempted to revolt, but this rebellion ended in their utter discomfiture. Darius encircled the great city with his army, he cut off all supplies of food, and compelled the besieged to subsist on the grossest and most disgusting food. Still did they display a savage yet indomitable spirit. Notwithstanding their many privations, their resolution remained unshaken, their desire of independence outlived every other consideration, and they gave not themselves up to despair until human means had failed. All the old men, almost every woman and child, because they were considered useless, and only likely to consume provisions, while they assisted not in the defence of the city, were publicly strangled. Fathers gave up their daughters, husbands all of their wives but one; the noblest and the richest were allowed only a wife and a maid servant in their household; all else, who could not mount the wall nor defend a breach, were committed to the care of the executioner, whose fearful work was accomplished amidst the approving smiles of a desperate population. This horrible slaughter continued for twenty months, during which time Darius closely invested the city. It was only by a cruel stratagem that victory at length crowned his efforts. One of his captains inflicted a number of frightful wounds upon his face, and, bleeding copiously, fled to the Babylonians as if for succour. He detailed to them the cruelties of Darius, the sufferings he had endured, and offered to lead them against their countless foes at a spot where they were weakest. The inhabitants believed him: they gifted him with a high command, placed their choicest troops at his disposal, and waited with impatience to see the Persians flee from their encampments. He opened the gates to Darius, and gave the confiding citizens to the sword. With a cruelty and meanness unimitated in the annals of human barbarity, Darius caused three thousand of the chief inhabitants to be impaled alive, in token of his wrath against that high and enduring courage which had enabled them so long to keep him and his troops at bay.

Flushed with this great conquest, Darius next turned his army against the Scythians, a wandering but warlike race who long infested Asia. But here his gigantic host availed him but little. Like the Arabs of the desert, the Scythians removed from place to place, leaving a barren and desolated country to supply provisions for the immense hosts brought against them. Thus was the invading army consumed by famine; it became to itself its greatest enemy, and was therefore compelled ignominiously to retreat. Thousands died in the rugged passes, many deserted, and all the sick and wounded were left to the mercy of the offended barbarians.

This disastrous result, however, only stimulated the enterprising monarch to a new and greater enterprise. Baffled in Scythia, he projected and accomplished the conquest of India, which he added as the twentieth province to the Persian Empire. His fleet, which effected the longest voyage that had then been attempted, greatly assisted him, and added not a little to his knowledge of the countries on either side of the Indus.

At this period the Persian empire was at its greatest altitude; it now approached the confines of Greece: and when we shall have given a short outline of the social customs of the people, of the manner in which they were



acted on by the various fashions and manners they imported from conquered countries, we will be enabled to enter on a history of that chivalrous race, who stood unmoved, unscorned, and unsubdued at Marathon; when—

"A king sat on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis,  
And ships by thousands lay below,  
And men and nations—all were his!  
He counted them at break of day,  
But when the sun set—where were they?"

### Sexual Properties of Plants.

Not many years ago the public would have decided the idea, long entertained by certain botanists, that plants and vegetables were separated by sexes, and that their reproduction were governed by rules nearly similar to those which controul the animal creation. Such, however, have been the variety and extent of experiment, that an almost unusual belief now exists respecting a topic which was deemed an idle dream of the imagination. Indeed, the laws regulating the continuance of certain vegetable species are admitted to afford a strong and convincing evidence of the vastness of creative purpose, and unfold a volume in every page of which the hand of the Great Architect is traceable. Every department of the vegetable kingdom testifies this truth, and in the humblest and most insignificant plant, the multiplication and perpetuity of the species is as perfectly provided for, as in the loftiest tenant of the forest, or the noblest animal that reposes beneath its shade.

The principle of sexuality prevails throughout a very large portion of the animal kingdom, and forms one of its leading characteristics. The vegetable world we shall find distinguished by a property similar in its effects, but modified so as to suit the habits of the class of beings in which it is manifested. In some plants, as in particular animals, the reproductive organs, if really present, are not recognizable by our senses. In these anomalous instances, the bodies destined for the perpetuation of species are evolved on the surface or in the structure of the plant, without any specific mechanism being provided for their production, and without the apparent agency of sexual organs. These constitute the true Agamic plants of botanical writers, in which no traces whatever of a sexual apparatus are to be observed; the reproductive particles or corpuscles, as they are termed, by which these plants are reproduced, being developed indifferently in every part of their substance. This class of vegetables comprehends the numerous tribes of algae, fungi, and lichens.

In the next great division of the vegetable kingdom, comprehending the cellular cryptogams, better known under the name of liverworts and mosses, we find a nearer approach to a defined mode of reproduction. The sperules or prolific germs of these plants are developed and contained in receptacles of a very complicated structure, which induced some authors to allot to them properties not now generally allowed. If we examine those families of the vegetable kingdom which are usually placed next in order in botanical classifications, and which include the equisetums, the ferns, lycopodiums, the marsiliaceæ, and the various species of chara, we shall find more distinct characters than in any of those plants to which we have alluded. In some of these families, the lycopodiums or clubmoss tribe, for example, organs of fructification, of two kinds, are observed on the same plant; and authors have distinguished one as the male and the other as the female.

Whatever doubt may exist as to the presence of sexes in some of the lower plants alluded to, in the great majority, however, their existence is now undisputed. Some of our most beautiful flowers, and most valuable esculent vegetables have been produced by impregnating (under, of course, the proper observance of the laws which are known to regulate the affinities of plants) the ova of one vegetable with the pollen, or fructifying matter of another. The product of this system of crossing, as it may be called, are hybrids, or mules, analogous to those which, under similar circumstances, are known to be produced in the animal kingdom.

In some of the lower grades of animals, sponges, for example, there is a mode of reproduction by sprouts or shoots, termed gemmiparous, in which the germ is elevated on the surface of the body producing it, in the form of a small swelling, which gradually increases in size, and is at length detached, after which it continues to live as a separate individual.

In the great majority of plants it is necessary for the purposes of re-production that a certain fertilising powder, termed the pollen, which is provided by the male, should be brought into contact with the ovary, or body containing the ova, in the female flower; and nature has contrived a variety of ways to effect this object. Thus, in most plants we find both, the male

and female organs in the same flower, as if compensating for the absence of locomotion. In such instance, it is generally observed, that when the stigma of the male are shorter than the style in the female, the flower droops, in order that the pollen dust may come more readily in opposition with the stigma, the part which leads to the ovary in the female. In plants, on the other hand, with unsexual flowers, or those in which the sexes are divided on the same or on two different plants, it will be generally found, that, in the former, the male flowers usually occupy the highest position in relation to the female flowers, and obviously for a similar purpose. We may also observe, that at the period of fecundation, certain movements of the sexual organs take place, as if to secure the shedding of the pollen on the stigma. The kalmia, a plant common in most shrubberies, is a remarkable instance of this kind. In this plant the anthers of the male, ten in number, are placed nearly horizontally in the monopetalous corolla, and confined, as it were, before fecundation, in ten corresponding pouches or niches in the flower. As soon, however, as fecundation is about to be effected, the stamina free themselves from their confinement, and rise elastically until the anthers are placed in absolute contact with the stigma, the stigma, or female organ, is also in some instances observed to undergo similar movements during the period of fertilization. This phenomenon may perhaps be best seen in the mimulus, a genus of plants more extensively cultivated in gardens and conservatories under the name of the musk and monkey-flower. The stigma of these plants are bifid, or composed of two separate laminae, resembling lips, which, as soon as touched by a grain of pollen or other foreign substance, are seen quite distinctly to close, and to detain it in their embraces.

The irritability which plants possess at this period, is well exhibited in the manner the stigma is impregnated in the barberry bush. Flowers now likewise show what may not be inaptly termed an instinctive sensibility. For instance, the preservation of the pollen being essential, it is necessary to guard it against certain states of the atmosphere which produce injurious effects. Rain or heavy dews cause it to explode, and thus its purpose may be frustrated; accordingly, most flowers fold in their petals, or droop their heads at night, or when the sun does not shine, and in this manner protect their precious freight. A familiar example may be noticed in the *Anagallis arvensis*, which folds up its flowers on the approach of rain, and is hence called the "poor man's weatherglass."

In the instances already quoted, the reproductive organs of both sexes existed together, either in the same flower or in different flowers on the same plant; but in other cases, as in the Dioecious class, we find the two sexes are separated on the plant, so that one plant bears male, and another of the same kind females only. The contrivances by which the fructification of the female plant is accomplished under such circumstances is very remarkable. Perhaps the most interesting illustration we could select is the framed *Valisneria*, whose amorous blossoms gem the blue waters of the "arrowy Rhone." In this plant, which grows on the bed of the river, the flowers of the female are provided with long elastic spiral stalks, which, by extending or contracting with the rise or fall of the water, always keep the flowers floating on its surface. In the male plant the flowers on the contrary are produced by a distinct root, on short straight stalks, from which, when mature, they detach themselves, and rise in great numbers like little separate white bubbles. These suddenly expanding when they reach the surface, float along the stream towards the female flowers, over whom the vivifying pollen is scattered, and who now in turn folding their conscious bosoms, resume their spiral figure and descend again to the bottom of the river, where the fruit comes to maturity.

The fertilization of flowers is sometimes effected by insects, who fluttering from one plant to another, deposit the prolific dust which they take up from the male, upon the stigma of the female flower. A singular instance of this occurs in the *Aristolochia Clematidis*. The stamens and pistils of this flower are inclosed in its globular base, the anthers being under the stigma, and by no means well situated for conveying their pollen to it. This, therefore, is accomplished by an insect which enters the flower by the tubular part; but that part being thickly lined with inflexed hairs, though the fly enters easily, its return is totally impeded until the corolla fade, when the hairs lie flat against the sides and allow the captive to escape. In the mean while the insect continually struggling for liberty, and pacing his prison round and round, has brushed the pollen about the stigma. The ways in which insects serve the same purpose are innumerable. These active little beings are peculiarly busy about flowers in bright sunny weather, when every blossom is expanded, the pollen in perfection, and all the powers of vegetation in their greatest vigour. Then we see the rough sides and legs of the bee laden with golden dust, which it shakes off and collects anew, in its visit to the honeyed stores inviting it on every side. All nature is then alive, and a thousand wise ends are accomplished by innumerable means that, seeing we perceive not, for though in the abundance of creation there seems to be a waste, yet, in proportion as we understand the subject, we find the more reason to conclude that nothing is made in vain.

### Something from Nothing.

#### CHAPTER XI.

The talented writer of the experiences of Phil Quiddy again adorns the *New Monthly* with his tribulations. We subjoin a few extracts, in which the vailing passion—"get money, honestly if you can get money"—is displayed to the life:—

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Quiddy, with all of the greatest astonishment.

"Why, what is there about it to astonish you?" Grubb; "you knew she was going."

"I knew she said she'd go," said Quiddy: "I never thought she was in earnest. Gone to Aberdeen!" "She was not a girl to trifle, that I can tell you," said Grubb: "she remained not an hour longer than was absolutely necessary to arrange affairs, and yesterday she went."

We must here observe that the conversation into which we have rushed abruptly had been commenced on the part of Grubb, in the monosyllabic style of which he has already given a specimen.

"Gone to Aberdeen!" again exclaimed Quiddy; "pointing to the spot where she stood, when she bade farewell, he pathetically continued—"And it's only a week ago that there she stood,—Poor Janet!—Gone! And, Mister Grubb, what's come of the money?"

"That's well secured, you may be certain," replied the attorney, "for I drew up the trust-deed—ahem! and Doctor M'Squills and his bosom-friend, Mr. D. M'Endall, the undertaker, are the trustees."

"And she may marry anybody she likes, eh?" "Save and except Phineas Quiddy, at present of C. lane, Shoreditch, dealer in snuff and tobacco—I quit the deed, Mr. Quiddy—otherwise the whole of the sum of—"

"I know all that," said Quiddy, impatiently; "tho' no call for your repeating it." He paused for a moment and then said, "Trustees?—Ha! Then, I suppose, only gets the interest of the money after all?"

"And upon the interest of a clear five hundred pounds—for old Sandy invested his money when stocks were low—she may live very comfortable in Aberdeen. Old sum of thirty-eight pounds seven shillings and pence, she has taken with her for present purposes."

"Thirty-eight, seventeen, nine," said Quiddy; "and that she has taken with her: what a girl for a girl that never knew what it was to have a guinea of her own! what will she ever do with it?"

"She has a notion," continued Grubb, not noticing Quiddy's observation, "of opening a small shop in the grocery line. By the bye, M'Endall has given her a letter to his sister, who is settled there, and will advise her on the matter; and, should it be thought to her advantage to do so, the trustees will let her have a hundred pounds to set up with."

"A hundred pounds!" eagerly said Quiddy, "hundred pounds! Grocery-line—nonsense! Let me set up in my line, and send me the money, and supply her with stock without a farthing profit. That—and that's acting like an old friend."

"I don't think Mr. M'Endall (one of the trustees, remember), would consent to that, for his sister's husband is in that way himself, and might not be thankful to him for sending down a rival in trade. But Mr. Quiddy, if you please, we will return to the business I came about."

"Oh—ah!" said Quiddy, pretending indifference to the furniture. Why, to be sure, I did say I'd take at a fair valuation, providing as how I was allowed time to pay for it: but forty-eight pounds fifteen mint of money for it."

"It is worth nearly double, as you must well know," replied Grubb. "And now, to let you into a secret, was Janet's earnest wish that it should be given to you, but to that Doctor M'Squills would not listen."

"Curse Doctor M'Squills!" muttered Quiddy: "what business was it of his'n, I should like to know. Besides," said the ungracious varlet, "as the girl got all the money, it was the least she could have done. But the fellow never was a friend of mine."

"He was so far your friend that, at Janet's entreaty, he consented to let you have it at the value set upon by your own appraiser (who, between us, Mr. Quiddy, your intimate friend) and to allow you a twelvemonth for payment. However, we are willing to let you the bargain; in which case we shall clear the things away this afternoon, and sell them by auction."

"Why, no—no," said Quiddy, with more alacrity than might have been expected from a dissatisfied purchaser: "as the things belonged to the poor dear departed, I'll have them for her sake."

The bargain was instantly concluded, certain papers were signed, and Grubb took his leave. Scarcely had he outside the door, however, when he was recalled by Quiddy.

"Mr. Grubb—Mr. Grubb—I was near forgetting to say something particular."

"Then be quick, if you please, for I am in haste," said Grubb.

"Mr. Grubb," said Quiddy, with a very grave face, "we are all mortal."

"So I have been told," said Grubb. "Is that all you have to say?"

"No; but as I was saying, as we are all mortal,



ould like to know what comes of all that money if Janet ould die?"

"She may bequeath it in any manner she likes," plied the other; muttering as he went away, "The apacious, unfeeling brute!"

"That's all I wanted to know," said Quiddy; and en thought to himself,—"I wonder whether Aberdeen a healthy place."

It is an odd fact that, on that very evening, Quiddy ent to Mr. Rob'em, the appraiser, an old-fashioned ahogany escritoire, of which, in the course of his urvey, the latter had expressed a very significant dmiration; and, three days afterwards, Quiddy sold a untity of articles which to him were useless (but which he had been the particular favourites of the "poor ear departed") for a trifle more than he was to pay for e whole. And here again, the gains were, of course, e result of "sheer industry."

Quiddy being now all alone in the business, ordered e painted in large letters over his door, "Quiddy & Co."—the visionary Co. appearing to give respecta- ility, breadth, and stability to his concern; and being so alone in the house, which he found too large for his wn purposes—for his small establishment, consisting f a small cheap boy, who assisted him in the shop, and a smaller and cheaper girl, who supplied the place which Janet had vacated by accepting certain Hundreds more substantial than the Chiltern—he exhibited in his win- ow a notice of "Lodgings to let." Quiddy did not, in ddition to this announcement, put an advertisement into e *Times*, but the gossips, male and female, of the eighbourhood, served him quite as well: for, "Why, f Mr. Quiddy isn't letting his first floor?" ran from one o another of them with the rapidity of wild-fire—the circumstance occupying their thoughts and conversation ill displaced by some other local event of equal import- nce. The fortunate consequence to our hero of the e determination to disencumber himself of the superfluous ortions of his mansion we shall presently see: in the ean time, behold him in the mental agony of bringing orth a letter.

It was ten o'clock, his household had retired to rest, and the shop (or the divan, as it would be termed in these arch of intellect days, of which one remarkable, but anomalous characteristic is the love of calling things by heir wrong names) was closed. In solitude and silence at the table, in the old back parlour, sat Quiddy. Before him lay a sheet of paper, on which he was looking with "lack lustre eye;" at his side was a small dic- ionary, ready to act as an auxiliary in case of any mportant emergency; in one hand he held a pen, the eather end of which he was sedulously nibbling, whilst the other hand was occasionally employed in the inspir- ing process of scratching his head. He had been thus engaged for some time; and it must be confessed that e had composed the opening portion of his epistle with considerable facility, that portion consisting of the words "Dear Janet." But, as it will sometimes happen to e best intentioned letter-writers, there he stuck. At length, after many mighty throes, the "cunning epistle" (to use an antiquated phrase in its mo- ern sense) was finished;—the orthographical er- rs occurring, contrary to custom, in the shorter words, for which the writer trusted to the fidelity of his own memory; whilst in every case of doubt respecting hose of startling dimensions, that is to say, of three or our syllables, he prudently referred for information to his friend, little Entick.

The letter was folded, wafered, and sealed with his arms (his heraldic distinctions being at that time simply the impression of the thumb of his right hand) and addressed to Miss Gray, at Mr. Sweeney's, Queen-street, Aberdeen.

The epistle from the gentleman to the lady was crossed on the road by one from the lady to the gentleman. "A letter already," thought Quiddy, as he looked at that which the postman had just delivered to him; "why she can't have received mine yet. Double—and post-paid! I'll be hanged if she hasn't some favour to ask of me, or she wouldn't be such a fool as to do that. Well let's see what it may be. If it don't cost nothing and ain't very troublesome I'll oblige her: it can't do me no harm in that case."

The letter was short and simple (at which Phineas was not sorry), containing nothing more than a few words, and a twenty-pound bank note, at which Phineas was very glad.

Quiddy's commentary on the letter of his fair corres- pondent may serve as a further illustration of these points. "Well," thought he, gloating on the unexpected treasure, "well, this is luck! It is very kind of her, to be sure; and yet, she owns it's no more than my due—no more tis, considering all things; and she says herself, she should not have known what to do with it, so she is none the worse for sending it to me. And, as she says, moreover, it would make her very unhappy if I refuse it, why, I'll keep it. Now, I wonder whether she got my letter before she wrote this. No, she couldn't. In the first place, there wasn't time; in the next, if she had she wouldn't have given me the money out and out, when I only hinted to her to let me take care of it for her. Besides, she takes no notice of what I said about her setting up in business, or of my hints about the furniture. Well," continued he, rubbing his hands with delight, "considering what she has done before she has received it, all that will be sure to take with her

afterwards; for I took uncommon pains with that letter, and an uncommon clever one it certainly was. As to what Mr. Grubb said about her wanting them to let me have the furniture for nothing, that wasn't true, or she would have taken good care to write me of it, for nobody likes to light their candle under a bushel.—Now, come, I'll acknowledge the receipt of this at once, and then that's done with."

A post or two afterwards brought another letter from Janet, acknowledging the receipt of Quiddy's first; and which, gratefully and unexpectedly thanking him for his advice and kind offers of assistance and service, concluded by informing him that in all matters of importance to her, she considered herself bound to act according to the directions of her trustees. There being no invitation to Quiddy to continue the correspondence, but, on the contrary a cold intimation that, if at any future time she should have anything to say (which he pleasantly interpreted into *send*), she would write to him; he, now knowing the resolution and sincerity of Janet's character, felt his "uncommon clever letter" to be a failure (so far as its objects were concerned), and could only lament that so much fine epistolary talent should have been wasted.

## CHAPTER XII.

Opens with a dialogue between Mr. Quiddy and a retired shoemaker who comes to lodge with him, in which the miseries of a Londoner in the country are depicted. Mr. Poole then proceeds to give us an account of the manner in which cigars are manufactured and smoked in this wicked metropolis.

It happened about this time, that, one Sunday after- noon, Quiddy, in the course of his rambles among the more rural and sequestered spots of Bethnal-green, observed a patch of ground (enclosed within four walls, having a door at one angle) which was to be let. What was its original purpose we know not. Quiddy walked around it, and around it, looked at it again and again, and fell into a deep meditation.

"The very thing," he said, as he slowly walked homewards; "the very thing." And early next morn- ing he was with the proprietor of the small patch of ground, of whom he presently agreed to rent it.

Now, for what purpose could Quiddy possibly want that small patch of ground at Bethnal-green? It was too small to build upon to any advantage, nor was Quiddy suspected of a taste for gardening. As for flowers, he never "saw what good they were of," and daisies and buttercups, he thought, were of no other use, and grew for no other purpose, than to afford to idlers in the fields the amusement of knocking their heads off. Now, we are not of that super-refined set of philosophers who hold it to be sinful to pluck a flower; or (to adopt their silly jargon) "commit floricide," be- cause "for any thing we are convinced of to the con- trary, flowers may be susceptible of pain;" as soon should we abstain from the eating of gooseberry tart from a horror of being an accessory after the fact to the crime of hericide, by the wilful and malicious baking of live gooseberries in a pie. Notwithstanding, we con- sider a love of flowers to be, in most cases, indicative of a kindly and gentle disposition and a refined taste, as the dislike or disregard of them is, to a certain degree, evidence of coarseness and brutality. To repeat his own witty saying, the only flower Mr. Q. ever cared for was a boiled cauliflower. For what purpose, then, could he have hired that little patch of ground?

No sooner had Quiddy taken possession of his small domain, than he caused to be erected in one corner of it a drying kiln, whilst the remainder he planted with dock and cabbages.

And, what then? Why, not very long afterwards there appeared in his window a sheet of paper, on which he inscribed with his own hand—for, although he did not pretend to spell like a dictionary, and was somewhat loose in his syntax, he wrote a good round hand, which, in his jocosé way, he was wont to boast, a blind man might read as well without spectacles as with—"Quiddy and Co. has just imported a small quantity of rare Havany Segars." The lower part of the sheet was ornamented with a swan, which he had flourished with- out once taking his pen from the paper! This work of art might however have passed with great credit for a goose, or a duck, or, indeed, almost any other bird; but as he intended to represent a swan—and a swan, more- over, he choose to call it, why, a swan let it be.

The habit of cigar-smoking was not then, as it is at present, common to one in fifty of the gentlemen, and twenty in every score of the blackguards of London. The harlequinade trick of Presto! transforming dirty, squalid Swallow-street into one of the most splendid thoroughfares\* perhaps in the world, had not yet been performed; and that splendid thoroughfare not then existing, it may be proved, by the simplest logical process, that it could not have been infested nightly, and almost daily, as it now is, by foreign couriers, valets de place, and low gamblers—the refuge, in short, of all countries—each one mustachioed, be-whiskered, and be-tipped; his hands, when not in another person's pockets, thrust into his own; his arms a-kimbo; his lank and greasy hair falling over his shoulders, and a cigar stuck in a corner of his mouth.

We stop to make a remark. That the nasty fellows

\* We mean Regent-street:—this for the benefit of country folks.

we have described should be considered as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" by the lowest class of London clerks and shopmen (and the remark applies to the lowest class alone) does not much astonish us, for even monkeys imitate best that which is most extravagant. But that they should be adopted as models for imitation in dress, appearance, and manner, by any gentleman does astonish us very greatly indeed. And it is singular that it should be only amongst English gentlemen, who justly enjoy the reputation of being the truest and finest gentlemen in Europe, that a fashion should occasionally prevail of imitating the common and the vulgar. Some years ago, the language, manners, and appearance, nay, the very habits of stage-coach drivers, were the mode with many of them; and so far was this carried, that a certain one is said to have injured a fine set of teeth by causing a hole to be bored between two of the front, in order to enable him to spit to as great a distance, and in as knowing a way, as Dick Somebody the Oxford coachman. This fashion, how- ever, was less offensive than that which has occasioned this digression, because it was confined to a compara- tively small number, and could not, like it, be carried at all times into most places.

Once upon a time, when dress and good manners were more observed in public places than they are at present, Lord Chesterfield thanked a gentleman who came in boots and spurs into a box at the theatre, in which were some ladies, for his polite consideration in having left his horse at the door. We know not exactly that we ought to thank one who comes into company, reeking with the stale fumes of tobacco, for having left his cigar behind him: the fresh odour of the latter might probably be the more agreeable.

The habit of cigar smoking, we have said, was not then so common as at present; pipes were used—(par- don this display of antiquarian research, but we are not yet dubbed F.S.A.)—and smoking, in any way, was practised by men only. As for the silly hobbledoys who may now be seen swaggering about the streets, and, with an assumed air of manhood, puffing their filthy smoke into the face of every one they meet, they would just have been whipped for the offence, and sent to bed without their suppers. And here, for the benefit of any future inquirer into the origin of popular phrases, let us record that to these disgusting precocities was first applied, "Does your mother know you're out?"

Notwithstanding these seeming impediments to any considerable sale of his real Havannah cigars, Quiddy did, in fact, dispose of them both largely and rapidly. He had certain customers whom he particularly favoured, and when he had a commodity which he could "con- scientiously recommend as being prime," he would let them have it at a price very little above that which he would have charged for an inferior article. So was it with his real Havannahs.

"This I can recommend," would he say: I imported it myself. You know it is only the very best to- bacco that is made into cigars, it's almost a sin to chop it up for the pipe; but, as you are an old customer, I don't mind letting you have half-a-pound for only threepence more than you pay for what you usually smoke."

Then, the much-obliged customer, taking a whiff, would—like many a pretended connoisseur smacking his lips at a glass of detestable raspberry-juice just brought from the nearest tavern, and, which his kind entertainer is sorry to assure him (and he does so with a sigh) is nearly the last of the small, but choice, flatbath which he himself received direct from Lafayette's—give a knowing shake of the head and frankly acknowledge, "Well, this is something like!"

It was a curious coincidence that, in proportion as the sale of the "real Havannah" increased, the visits of Quiddy to his small patch of ground became more fre- quent; while the amount of his purchases at the house of Piggle and Chor, the wholesale tobacconists in Bishops- gate-street, diminished. Now and then, too, would he be so fortunate as to receive a small quantity of Virginia, or other tobacco, of a "very superior quality," in the raising of which, it might be pleasing to him to reflect, that those first cousins to monkeys, and our brethren, the negroes, had not been very severely overtasked. So thriving, indeed, had his trade become, that, for the convenience, to say nothing of the dignity of the thing, he soon opened an account with Messrs. Spec, Smasher, and Straw, the bankers.

## A Boyish Thought.

UPON the grass, I saw a child,  
Whose pretty little eyes  
Were raised to heaven; and look'd so mild,  
Unchain'd to guilty ties.  
When he erect, methought the maa,  
Encompass'd that small frame;  
His noble eye, and gesture span,  
Such looks; I cannot name.  
I look'd and look'd, and thought again,  
And said, "My pretty boy,  
What were your thoughts? if I may deign  
To ask: come, be not coy."  
He turned his eyes, and thus replied:  
"Dost hear the church bell ring?  
I imagined that, and all I spied,  
Were mine, and I A KING!"

E. V. C.



## Familiar Chapters on Science.

## NO. XV.—PURIFICATION AND SOFTENING OF WATER.

THE readers of this Journal will not have failed to note, that the facts connected with the supply of water to the inhabitants of London have received at our hands frequent and anxious consideration. In the explanation of those facts we have claimed for the water companies of the metropolis the merit which belongs to an enlightened body of men, who unceasingly, and without regard to expense, have striven and still strive, by every means within their power, to improve the quality of that first necessity of life which it is their business to deliver for consumption. What they could do, they have done; and if perfection has not yet been the result of their labours, its absence is only to be ascribed to a want of sufficient scientific knowledge,—not to a want of will.

Any improvement of the quality of water may appear, at first sight, to be an anomaly, because, it is generally supposed that water, in a state of nature, requires no improvement. Theoretically speaking, this is true; water, without impurities held by it in solution, cannot be improved. But where is water to be found free from the admixture of foreign substances, such as chalk, vegetation, and the presence of minerals? Only in the laboratory of the chemist. The chemist distils his waters: that is to say, he boils them until every foreign substance is removed by the act of repeated heating; distilled water is nothing else but water pure and fresh; and in these states it will remain untainted until doomsday, if kept in a vessel to which the air has not access.

In a pure and fresh state, however, no water exists that is consumed, and, therefore, it is susceptible of improvement for general purposes. The clever methods of filtration by the London companies, have succeeded to a great extent in purifying the waters of the Thames and the New River, from a great mass of palpable pollution; but there is a hardening and deleterious substance in all the London waters, which is not palpable, and which the methods of filtration in common use do not, and cannot separate from the fluid. That substance is chalk. More or less it is present in all fresh waters; and it exists abundantly in those of London and its immediate neighbourhood. To chemistry we are recently indebted for a new means of separating this chalk from the water which holds it in solution, and when it is considered that the result of the process is one which no filter can achieve, and that its effects are calculated to encourage human labour, and the outlay of money—and to increase the comfort, and promote the health of the community, the discovery of its application must be looked upon as a new leaf in the history of the civilization of mankind.

Chalk exists in all the London waters to a certain extent. That the various processes of filtration made use of by the engineers of the London companies do not separate this chalk from the water they deliver for consumption, is to be proved by the distillation of a small portion of the contents of any cistern in any part of the metropolis. Let the water, for experiment be taken from the supply of any one, or of the whole of the companies, the result will be, in all cases the same. An hour or two's boiling will precipitate chalk; and this will be seen by any one who employs a glass vessel for the purpose. It is a matter of fact, therefore, and not of opinion, that at the London Water Works, no means of separating chalk from the body of water is known to the engineers. Here the question naturally obtrudes itself—is there any advantage to be hoped for, or expected, by the separation of chalk from the water which holds it in solution? Certainly, we reply; there is an advantage; there is more than one advantage—there are many; some of which we shall familiarly explain to our readers.

The hardness of London water is a subject of constant complaint and annoyance, in all domestic establishments, where "washing" has to be performed and endured. Female heads of families know very well what is meant by their servants asking for soda. Soda softens water, but it gradually removes the colours from numerous washable articles of apparel and ornament. The soda, in fact, neutralizes the chalk. Were there no chalk in the water there would be no occasion for soda; and, consequently, there would be none of the loss of colour, which is the result of its use. The manual labour, too, would be much less. To deprive the water of chalk before it is delivered into houses for consumption, is, therefore, to rid the inhabitants of a primary source of labour, expense, and destruction.

Another great advantage would be the saving of soap. The water of the Thames, in its ordinary state, requires a certain weight of soap for a given quantity of washing duty. If the same water, before use, were purified from the chalk it holds in solution, half the quantity of soap would be more than sufficient for the required purpose. In a domestic point of view this advantage is the most important of all, especially when the wear and tear is taken into consideration.

A third result would be the total prevention of that incrustation which, under the name of fur, is formed in all vessels constantly used for the boiling of water. So far as tea kettles and tea pots are concerned, the mischief is

probably of no moment; but in the case of steam-engine boilers, the deposit is a frequent source of danger, and the interminable cause of unnecessary labour, delay, and disappointment. Pipes that are used for the conduction of boiling water from one part of a manufactory to another, become, in process of time, completely choked, in consequence of the gradual deposit of chalk which is constantly taking place on the inner surfaces.

Other advantages are the separation of vegetable and colouring matter from water, and the destruction of water insects. The presence of the latter in the liquid we drink is a proof that vegetation exists therein to some extent, for without it they could not live for want of food. Distilled water is perfectly free from animal and vegetable life. In addition, several minor but not unimportant benefits might be mentioned as springing from the riddance of chalk in water on the large scale, but enough has been said to justify examination into the chemical means for the prevention of the serious evils we have enumerated—means which have recently been made known to the scientific world by Mr. Thomas Clark, professor of chemistry in the Mareschal College, University of Aberdeen. Those means have, for their end, the total separation of chalk from ordinary water before delivery, by a simple and inexpensive process, which may easily be adopted by the Companies of London, and whose result is the production of a water nearly as soft and pure as that which is given by distillation. The explanation of the process is of a strictly chemical nature; we shall, however, do our best to make it easily comprehensible.

To understand the nature of the process, it will be necessary to advert, in a general way, to a few long-known chemical properties of the familiar substance chalk; for chalk at once forms the bulk of the chemical impurity that the process will separate from water, and is the material whence the ingredient for effecting the separation will be obtained. In water, chalk is almost or altogether insoluble; but it may be rendered soluble by either of two processes of a very opposite kind. When burned, as in a kiln, chalk loses weight. If dry and pure, only nine ounces will remain out of a pound of sixteen ounces. These nine ounces will be soluble in water, but they will require not less than forty gallons of water for entire solution. Burned chalk is called caustic lime, and water holding caustic lime in solution is called lime-water. The solution thus named is perfectly clear and colourless. The seven ounces lost by a pound of chalk on being burned, consist of carbonic acid gas—that gas which, being dissolved under compression by water, forms genuine soda water. The other mode of rendering chalk soluble in water is nearly the reverse. In the former mode, a pound of pure chalk becomes dissolved in water in consequence of losing seven ounces of carbonic acid. To dissolve in the second mode, not only must the pound of chalk not lose the seven ounces of carbonic acid that it contains, but it must combine with seven additional ounces of that acid. In such a state of combination, chalk exists in the waters of London—dissolved, invisible, and colourless, like salt in water. A pound of chalk, dissolved in 500 gallons of water by seven ounces of carbonic acid, would form a solution not sensibly different in ordinary use, from the filtered water of the Thames, in the average state of that river. Chalk, which chemists call carbonate of lime, becomes what they call bicarbonate of lime when it is dissolved in water by carbonic acid. Any lime water may be mixed with another, and any solution of bicarbonate of lime with another, without any change being produced; the clearness of the mixed solutions would be undisturbed. Not so, however, if lime-water be mixed with a solution of bicarbonate of lime: very soon a haziness appears; this deepens into a whiteness, and the mixture soon acquires the appearance of a well mixed white wash. When the white matter ceases to be produced, it subsides, and in process of time leaves the water above perfectly clear. The subsided matter is nothing but chalk. What occurs in this operation will be understood, if we suppose that one pound of chalk, after being burned to nine ounces of caustic lime, is dissolved, so as to form forty gallons of lime water; that another pound is dissolved by seven extra ounces of carbonic acid, so as to form 500 gallons of a solution of bicarbonate of lime; and that the two solutions are mixed, making up altogether 540 gallons. The nine ounces of caustic lime from the one pound of chalk unite with the seven extra ounces of carbonic acid that hold the other pound of chalk in solution. These nine ounces of caustic lime and seven ounces of carbonic acid form sixteen ounces, that is, one pound of chalk, which, being insoluble in water, becomes visible, at the same time that the other pound of chalk, being deprived of the extra seven ounces of carbonic acid that kept it in solution, re-appears. Both pounds of chalk will be found at the bottom after subsidence. The 540 gallons of water will remain above, clear and colourless, without holding in solution either caustic lime or bicarbonate of lime. In fact, the water will have become pure, or nearly if not altogether so.

Such is a brief explanation of the most remarkable applications of chemistry to the general welfare of mankind, with which our own times have made us acquainted. If the process were applied to the purification and softening of all the water supplied to the metropolis, the experiments of the patentee prove that ten pounds daily would be the whole of the expense attending it. By this, it will be observed, that the plan of Professor Clark, attempts and cheaply accomplishes more than has ever been aimed at by any previous project, for procuring water for the use of London, in the greatest possible and most useful state of purity.

We need scarcely here revert to a statement we made in a former number on this subject, viz., that we would expect the water companies to adopt any improvement that might occur in the filtration of their water. That improvement has been brought to light sooner than we expected; we have occasion to believe that several of the companies are not insensible to its merits; and so soon as a sufficient number of experiments shall have convinced them of its efficacy, we doubt not they will adopt it.

## Burns Illustrated and Explained.

## CHAPTER XV.—THE TWA DOGS CONTINUED.

CÆSAR, having seen with what a high hand the understrappers of his master's house proceeded in the course of enjoyment and luxury, and estimating the expense of living to be far beyond what an industrious labourer could earn, professes his anxiety to become acquainted with the means and manner of the poor man's life, which the experience of his brother philosopher thus details to him:—

Troth, Cæsar, whilst they're fash't enough;  
A cotter howkin in a sheugh,  
Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke,  
Baring a quarry, and sic like;  
Himself, a wife, he thuss sustains,  
A smyrtie o' wee duddie weans,  
An' nought but his han darg to keep  
Then right and tight in thack an' rape,  
An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,  
Like loss o' health, or want o' masters;  
Ye maist wad think a wee touch langer,  
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger;  
But, how it comes, I never kenn'd yet,  
They're maistly wonderfu' contented,  
An' buirdly chiefls an' clever hizzies,  
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

The family here depicted is among the humblest of rustic life—that of a hedger and ditcher, who by his disagreeable and ill-paid labour, sustains himself and wife, and a smattering, that is an uncounted number—of children, who have no other stay than his health and employment to keep covering of thatch above their heads. To such the greatest disasters is the loss of health, or the want of an employer, for life then hangs by a single thread, and a lengthened tension of the fragile string will snap around their existence. With cold and hunger continually staring them in the face, they sit not moping in despair, but pluck their shoulders to the burden, and with wonderful contentment pursue their laborious toil. Burns among his few antipathies disliked most the unfeeling churl who could unceremoniously deny employment to the needy seeker nor, to his mind, was there a more deplorable and humiliating situation than for a man to go about the country desirous of exerting his labour, but denied the opportunity of doing so. In his desponding dirge "Man was made to mourn," he says

See yonder poor o'erlabour'd wight  
So abject, mean, and vile;  
Who begs a brother of the earth,  
To give him leave to toil!  
And see his lordly fellow worm  
The poor petition spurn,  
Unmindful though a weeping wife,  
And helpless offspring mourn.

How many of those who have been elevated above the fellows, to superintend the distribution of their labour might read these lines with advantage—how large a amount of profit they might gather from a study of the moral they convey! But the little brief authority easily turns him of the shallow brain, and sheer caprice becomes in many instances the active principle by which he governs his trust. Not the immediate interest of the first employer—not the peculiar aptness of the workman, but the humble manner of the operative, the condescending cringing, tone in which he utters a request—the slavish smile with which he recognises some vile attempt at wit—the ready-made laugh with which he welcomes some execrable pun—these are qualifications which ensure the grovellers a place above the intellectual and independent scorner of the paltry-minded instrument of power. But fortunately for the well-being of the millions, whose labour is at the mercy of intermediate managers, such form a miserable minority.

All of them may have their passions, prejudices, and tastes—some gifted with tempers the reverse of pleasing—some with dispositions soured by the harassing duties of their situation; but an enlarged experience, carrying with it a stream of charitable reflections, bids us not decide too hastily, nor condemn too severely, for the untried, untempted, cannot appreciate the difficulties with which many of them are surrounded; nor do we know but what under similar circumstances, our conduct might be exactly similar. While, however, all due deference is given to rank and power, it is not too much, it is no more than right to expect that a delicate civility accompany their refusal to give employment to the anxious searcher; time might have been, and perhaps might occur again, when a like refusal it may be their lot to bear. It is only those whose silly pride makes them forget what they were, and what they may become, who domineer with unfeeling sway; it is only such who behold in his poverty the worthlessness of the man; it is only such who think not on the yearnings of the unemployed, who sneer at their quiet solicitude, and turn haughtily away from their repeated solicitations; yet, despite the trials and sorrows of a poor man's life—notwithstanding his repeated failures to ascend the hill of plenty—honest Luath, with the generous enthusiasm of one who knows the value of industry, who admires the hardihood of an attempt although it may be unsuccessful, tells us that:—

Huirdly chiefls and clever hizzies  
Are bred in sic a way as this is.



Beneath the humblest thatch, where riotous excess could scorn to set its foot, and where distempered wealth could tremble at the shaking of the chinky walls, are born and bred the robust sons of health, the daughters of luxuriant comeliness—the active and toil-enduring men, whose dependent hearts never swelled with envy at the inheritance of a neighbour—the careful and toil-beguiling women, whose economic expenditure spreads to its utmost length and breadth the little earnings of the household—whose ugal fingers turn with magic touch each hard-earned penny to a shilling's worth. But not alone for practical utility are the inhabitants of the cottage to be valued. From among the neglected race have sprung many of the great intellects of our land—from among the toil-worn poor playing and indestructible minds have come forth to illuminate mankind. Nor of less value to society have been the “clever hizzies” who, all unskilled in fashionable accomplishments, contrive to make their toilsome life endurable, and feel contentment and pleasure in it. It is to these women that laborious man owes his most grateful thanks—to the women who can bake oatmeal cakes as well as eat them, who can not only make a shirt but dress—who make their household tremble at the terrors of a washing day, and set off with an early breakfast to the leaching green to give their coarsest linen a healthy hue—who are not ashamed to be seen with their feet in the washing tub, their petticoats dangling daintily by the knee, while they tread the foaming water through their clothes—standing like a rustic Venus in her shell, and displaying a strong and shapely limb which silk-clad dames might envy—who return at evening with their load, and display their snowy linen—nay, whose vanity goes so far that they wish for Sunday to see their husband in well-leached linen, and hear him praise her for her labour. Wise indeed is she, as said by Solomon, “who looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness: her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates!”

All these truths, as mentioned by Luath, gentleman Caesar cheerfully responded to, but the picture of homely life was not such as he had seen it. He could understand that the poor might be contented among themselves, but professed his disbelief that they could be so when brought into immediate contact with their lordly superiors, who esteemed them as the dust among their shoes, as the proper pavement on which their tender feet should walk. He says, in reply to Luath—

But then to see how ye're neglectit,  
How huff'd, and cuffed, and disrespeckit!  
L—d, man, our gentry care as little  
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;  
'They gang as saucy by poor folk,  
As I wad by a stinking brock.  
I've noticed, on our laird's court-day,  
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,  
Poor tenant bodie, scant o' cash,  
How then maun thole a factor's snash:  
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,  
He'll apprehend them, point their gear;  
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,  
An' hear it a', an' fear and tremble!

Thus it has ever been, that the contumely of a haughty race enters more deeply, more fiercely, into the broken and rankled spirit, than the severest dispensations of directing Providence. A reflecting mind can well endure the harrowing conflict with an unseen fate—it knows that to bear it bravely is to conquer; but the contemptuous rebuffs of a little mind, proud of the possession of a good of land, or some other trifle which the world calls wealth, pierce to the marrow of disquiet, and irritate to the last verge of endurance the sensitive soul, whose only disgrace is poverty. It is not the kind and familiar look of recognition that the generous soul of poverty values—it is the spirit in which it is given. It is not the sneer of the fashionably vulgar that it despises—it is the spirit in which it is emitted. The illustration given by Caesar of the conduct of the gentry towards the industrious labourers, by whose toil alone they germinate and flourish, conveys a bitter idea of the superiority they would claim over the occupiers of the humble hut.

“They gang as saucy by puir folk  
As I would by a stinking brock.”

Caesar, be it recollected, was a gentleman by blood, birth, and education—he considered it no dishonour to associate with the poorest and most ragged of his own species—a tinker's cur, or even a tyke who had no place of residence—a beggar and a thief among his brethren—he could salute with the right hand of fellowship, and interchange with them the recognised symptoms of good will—but with a badger he would hold no communion. It was not his department to hunt the noxious animal, but he would pass him by with as saucy a sneer as ever a peacock lord or parrot lady crossed the path of a vulgar mechanic. The apron and working attire of the operative is to them like the ragged and filthy hide of the badger, and as they can see no farther than the skin, they set down the wearer as of another species—something foul if not dangerous—some reptile to be avoided, because, unfortunately, it was too large to be trod upon. What a debasing picture of social life is thus given for the despised to look and wonder on; it was by the excess of such conduct that the first French Revolution burst with its fury on the heads of its devoted victims—which awoke the merciless wrath of a furious mob, by which ruffians of superlative villany were permitted for a time to seize the rod of power, and purge the

land from its prurient evils—ruffians, who in their turn, fell before the wrath they never strove to quench, that the one great intellect might rise to chastise kings and kingdoms, till the mission of his fate was accomplished on an ocean-rock, a friendless exile, to teach posterity, with trumpet-tongued effect, that there is a limit beyond which endurance will not suffer—that there are times when man will assert his grand prerogative, though suffering and death oppose his progress to its bold attainment.

The picture of the laird's court-day, where the snarling steward collects the rents of his master's tenants, has been well illustrated by Wilkie's celebrated picture of the Rent-day: it had, however, a more original life in the person of the steward, whose unfeeling conduct to the father of the poet is thus described in his letter to Dr. Moore, of date, 2d Aug. 1787. “My father's generous master died, the farm proved a ruinous bargain; and, to clinch the misfortune, we fell into the hands of a factor who sat for the picture I have drawn of one in my tale of Two Dogs. My father was advanced in life when he married; I was the eldest of seven children, and he, worn out by early hardship, was unfit for labour. My father's spirit was soon irritated, but not easily broken. There was a freedom in his lease in two years more, and to weather these two years we retrenched our expenses. We lived very poorly. I was a dexterous ploughman for my age, and the next eldest to me was my brother Gilbert, who could drive the plough very well, and assist me to thrash the corn. A novel writer might, perhaps, have viewed these scenes with some satisfaction, but so did not I. My indignation yet boils at the recollection of the factious insolent threatening letters which used to set us all in tears.” What an ample revenge has the spirit of the oppressed family received from the deathless ignominy to which the poet has bequeathed the character of this heartless steward, whose narrow soul rejoiced in the affliction of a worthy man, and delighted in the pain and sorrow which his unfeeling letters could inflict. Again, from a circumstance like this, might the little tyrants of the poor read a lesson of vast import, for they know not what they do when they irritate and scoff the unreplying poor—an intellect may be among their victims which will record their shame to a future time, and gift them with a Promethean immortality, that the vulture of public scorn may batten on their name for ever. Shakspeare rewarded the unmet severity of a magistrate by the portraiture of his Justice Shallow, which the original little dreamed of when the deer-stealer besought his clemency in vain; nor did the factor anticipate when the ploughboy's scalding tears interrupted the perusal of his threatening letters, that his victim would leave to all posterity a record of his cruel conduct.

Caesar, in his enumeration of the evils suffered by the poor, leaves to the last the mention of that which is worst to be endured—

“That they must stand in aspect humble,  
And hear it a', and fear and tremble.”

It is the severest trial an acute mind can undergo, to be compelled to hear the upbraidings and revilings of his fellow man, without the privilege to answer—to hear the scorner, yet dare not to reply—to submit to the arrogance and presumption of, perhaps, a meaner intellect, and be denied the opportunity to wither him into his nothingness—to see before him, while his blood is boiling with a volcanic swell, the assistant superior in his haughtiest mood, and to hear from his supercilious lip the unfair or false deductions of ignorance as to his conduct, and yet to have no power of speech, but only stand like a guilty creeping thing, because his children's bread depends upon his silence. This is, indeed, the cruellest trial the progressing intellect can suffer, and yet how often is it inflicted merely because it hurts and offends the most. Yet, wretched as the sufferer is—low as he falls in his own estimation—mean as he becomes in the estimation of his fellows—there is a lower and meaner being than him—the man who, without cause, inflicts the injury on him.

#### The Broken Lute.

Thy melody is hushed, sweet lute!  
Thy glories all are o'er;  
Thy chords, once eloquent, are mute,  
And still'd for evermore.  
Yet memory thy voice shall deem  
Sweet as childhood's sunny dream.  
I view thee as the loved in death,  
Whom once 't were bliss to hear,  
In raptured strain, and tuneful breath,  
Pour gladness on the ear;  
The worshipp'd and the lovely one!—  
The flower is crush'd, its beauty gone.  
I heard thee first in childhood's day,  
When seem'd the world so fair;  
Ere Reason clouded Fancy's ray,  
And show'd that guile was there.  
When late awoke thy pensive strain,  
I've deem'd myself a child again.  
Oh! thou hast made my heart rejoice,  
To hear thee tune sweet lays;  
A mother taught my infant voice  
To sing in Godhead's praise,  
That mother led to heaven above,  
But thou oft hymn'd her notes of love!  
In nature's sweetest solitude  
I've heard thy silver strings,  
Soft mingling with the waving wood,  
And brooklet's murmurings;  
Blending the stream, the trees, the sky,  
In wild aerial harmony.  
Thy voice has swell'd the bridal song,  
And thrill'd on festive night;  
And mourn'd, in solemn chant and long,  
The spirit's heavenward flight.  
But deepest note, and holiest tone,  
Was proffer'd to the Eternal Throne.

Recaller of bright scenes long fled!

Joy of my lonely hour!

Fair fabric low in ruin laid,

By fate's relentless power!

Thou who so oft has sung for me!

The muse in pity weeps for thee.

T. W. N.

#### The Two Brothers.

AMONG many instances of public virtue there is none more touching than those which occurred at Malmaison and Mantua, between those loving brothers, Napoleon and Lucien Bonaparte. Lucien was a republican: Napoleon was—himself! Shortly before the latter destroyed the republic to make France an empire, Lucien accused his brother of faithlessness and broken vows, when he offered to make him one of his most powerful lieutenants.

“You are determined,” said the high-principled Lucien, “to destroy the republic. Well! assassinate her, then mount your throne over her murdered remains, and those of her children; but, mark well what one of those children predicts. This empire, which you are erecting by force, and will maintain by violence, will be overthrown by violence and force, and you yourself will be crushed thus!”—Here, taking out his watch, he dashed it on the ground, and stamped upon it with his heel—“yes—crushed to powder—thus!”

This vehement rejection of place and preferment, at the expense of principle, on the part of Lucien, steered the heart of Napoleon for a long time against the most talented and affectionate of his brothers. He pursued his onward career of glory, and laid, one by one, the sovereigns of Europe at his feet; but ever and anon would he feel his heart longing for his brother Lucien, being convinced that would he only yield his principles, he alone could properly understand and act in concert with him. At Mantua the brothers again met, Lucien having been sent for to meet Napoleon—one master of Europe—one a private gentleman. Napoleon was in company with three of his most renowned generals; the Emperor advanced to meet his brother, and held out his hand with cordiality. Lucien was affected; he had not seen the Emperor since the battle of Austerlitz, but he envied not his greatness, yet for some moments he was incapable of speech.

“What are your projects, Lucien? Will you at last go hand in hand with me,” said Napoleon.\*

Lucien, who had thought this interview was to be sacred to their family brotherhood and affection, stood astonished. “I form no projects,” at length said he, “and as for going hand in hand with your Majesty, what am I to understand by it?”—A large map of Europe lay rolled up on the table before them; the Emperor seized it, and throwing it open, said—“Choose any kingdom you please, and I pledge you my word as a brother and an Emperor to give it you, and maintain you in it, for I now ride over the head of every king in Europe. Do you now understand me?”

He stopped, looked at his brother, but Lucien remained silent. Napoleon, with a persuasive earnestness peculiarly his own, depicted the advantages that would arise from their combination; sought his assistance—almost implored him, but Lucien simply replied—“I am not changed, my principles are still the same; what I was in my curule chair, I am beside the Emperor Napoleon.”

“You talk absurdly,” replied Napoleon. “New times should give a new direction to the ideas. You have chosen a proper opportunity, truly, to come here and rave of your Utopian republic. You must embrace my system, I tell you! follow my path, and to-morrow I make you the chief of a great people. I will acknowledge your wife as my sister; I crown her as well as you.” Then, lowering his voice into his seducing eloquence, “I make you the greatest man in Europe next to myself, and I restore you my entire friendship, my brother!”

Lucien started and grew pale, then said, in an agitated voice—“I do not sell myself. Hear me, my brother; listen to me; for this is an important hour to both. If you give me a kingdom, I must rule it according to my own notions, and in conformity with its wants. The people whose chief I may be shall have no cause to execrate my name. They shall be happy and respected, not slaves as the Tuscans and all the Italians are.”

The Emperor frowned, and replied angrily—“Why, then, come to me: for if you are obstinate, so am I.” He paced the room with hurried steps, muttering, “Always the same—always the same!” Then turning suddenly round, and stamping on the floor, he exclaimed, “But once more, Lucien; why did you come to meet me? Why those endless contentions? You ought to obey me as your father, as the head of your family; and by heavens you shall do as I please.”

Lucien grew warm in turn; and with ill-suppressed indignation, replied, “I am no subject of yours; and if you think to impose your iron yoke upon me, you are mistaken; never will I bow my head to it; and remember—hearken to my words—remember what I told you at Malmaison!”

A long and alarming silence succeeded this generous burst of indignation. The two brothers faced each other, separated only by the table, on which lay that Europe, the sport of Napoleon's infatuated ambition. His pale lips, and livid compression of countenance, bespoke the conflict of his mind. At length breaking silence, he said, in a kinder mood, “You will reflect on what I have told you, Lucien; night brings counsel. To-morrow I hope to find you more reasonable, as to the interests of Europe, at least, if not to your own. Good bye, and good night to you, my brother.”

Lucien took his hand, and grasped it affectionately, re-

\* The substance of this conversation is to be found in the remarkable memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes.



plied, "Good bye, and good night to you, my brother. Adieu!"

"Till morrow," said the Emperor, with an imploring look; and how seldom is it that kings have to plead, much less to plead in vain! Lucien shook his head; he would have spoken, but was unable; he rushed from the apartment, re-ascended his carriage, and instantly quitted Mantua. And thus parted the man of principle, and the man of power; nor did they meet till the hour of Napoleon's adversity, when the brother he had loved, and who loved freedom only more than him, was the last to quit him, ere he became a prisoned exile. Lucien was not a man of mere theoretical principles: he was gifted with the rare qualities of policy and discretion, an extensive knowledge of the world, and clearness of human nature. Had he yielded to his brother, the face of Europe might have been changed, and much good to the principle of free government resulted from his acceptance of a crown. But he was honest—beyond the seduction of an Emperor, though that Emperor was his best loved brother. Now, both of them are in the grave. Prayers and sympathies, and funeral pomp, have lately been lavished on the soldier-king. Has the pure and honest politician been forgotten? Let us hope that a day shall come when the glory that encircles the name of Bonaparte shall be transferred from Napoleon to that of Lucien.

### The Pindarees of India.

ONE of our favourite authors, Bucke, in his *Sublimities of Nature*, gives the following account of this savage race:—

There are three species of uncultivated life particularly striking. These are expressly marked by Faria, Tacitus, and one of the Hebrew writers. "The outrages committed in Ceylon," says Faria, "obliged the natives to seek refuge among the wild beasts of the mountains, to shun the more brutal outrages of man." "The Chauci," says Tacitus, "are the noblest among the German nations: and they maintain their greatness more by justice, than by violence. Without any illegitimate desires or wishes, and confident of their strength, they live quietly and in security; neither provoked, nor provoking to war. But when roused by oppression, they never fail to conquer." "The five spies of Ean," says a Hebrew writer, "went to Laish, and saw the people that were there, how they dwelt, careless after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure; and there was no magistrate to put them to shame in anything." That is, they lived in such a state of security and innocence, that even a magistrate was not required for their safety. A state of honourable poverty, in which every father was a patriarch in the midst of his family.

Now let us contrast these pictures with the state of society in which the Pindarrees of India disgrace the form and figure of men. These outlaws have an origin much earlier than has been generally supposed; for their ancestors fought against the army of Aurungzebe. When at peace, they live in societies of one hundred to one hundred and fifty, and two hundred, governed by local chiefs. In times of excursion, they are assembled by the trumpet of their great chief, whom they style Labbrea. When this chief has resolved upon an excursion, he mounts his horse, and proceeds to a distance, preceded by his standard-bearer, and attended by trumpeters. At the sound of the trumpets the clans quit their occupations like magic, and join his standard. He then marches forward, waiting for no one; and his followers join him as fast as they can, taking with them provisions only for a few days. Wherever they go, they carry want, destruction, death, torture, and consternation. When attacked, they fly in all directions, and trust to chance and their own individual skill to unite again. By a large fire made at night the scattered forces know the post of their chief, and all endeavour to join him as soon as possible. They have little order, no guards at night, and no scouts by day; they are, therefore, frequently surprised.

Their pride and chief care consist in their horses, which they feed in the best manner; giving them maize, bread, and whatever they can get; sometimes even cheering them opium and balls of flour stimulated with ginger. They sleep with their bridles in their hands; and are, at all times, prepared for plunder, for battle, or for flight; but fighting only for the first, they never engage but when they are superior in numbers. Flight with them is no disgrace: and he who flies the fastest, prides himself the most; and his joy at escape is signified by the manner in which he caresses his horse. Such being the case, his greatest solicitude in the choice of a horse is swiftness; because, when surprised, he can spring upon his saddle, and be out of sight in an instant. If he loses him, however, the disgrace is indelible. His arms consist of a sword, a spear, and a lance; for his use of fire-arms are but partial. To a life of depredation the Pindarrees attach neither crime nor disgrace; personal interest and grandeur being the only laws they esteem. And to secure either, cruelty, stratagem, and every species of oppression, are esteemed honourable. When one of their chiefs, taken prisoner in the last of their battles with the British forces, first beheld Calcutta, the only sentiment he expressed to Sir John Malcolm relative to that fine city was, that it was a glorious place to pillage!

The Deccan and the Rajpoot states were dreadfully infested by these barbarians, who obtained such an ascendancy over the governments of Scindia and Holkar, that they threatened to establish such a system of annual devastation throughout Hindoostan, as no empire was

ever subject to before. Fortunately, however, they were totally incapable of encountering a regular force, to which they attached great power, and of which they consequently lived in great dread. Their fear of that species of force was, indeed, so great, that Major Lushington put a party of 3000 of them to flight with only 350 men!

In 1809 they generally invaded a country or province in parties, varying from one to four thousand each. Their arrival and depredations were frequently the only heralds of their approach. They carried nothing but their arms. They had no tents or baggage of any sort; their saddle-cloths were their beds; they never halted but to refresh themselves, or to indulge their lust and avarice; and their subsistence arose out of the plunder of the day. Their movements being exceedingly rapid and uncertain, it was a subject of no little difficulty to waylay them; they could only, therefore, be caught by surprise. They retired with the same rapidity as they approached; and what they consumed was frequently of more value than what they took away, for nothing escaped them; and what they did not want they burned, broke, or destroyed. Ruin and desolation marked their footsteps; they indulged their propensities, in respect to women to a most frightful extent; and when they had gratified their brutal passions, they not unfrequently murdered their innocent and helpless victims, as rewards for their shrieks and cries. To crown the whole, when they had plundered a village and polluted its inhabitants, they set fire to the buildings; thus leaving the unfortunate survivors alike destitute of house, of food, and of purity.

The chief season for their depredations was that in which the crops were ripe; and thus the husbandmen were robbed of the fruits of their labour at the time in which they expected to reap them. Every road was comparatively easy to them, as they marched without guns or baggage; and as they carried terror and destruction wherever they marched, so great was the horror they inspired, that one of the villages of the Deccan, hearing of their approach, unanimously resolved to sacrifice their families, rather than submit to the ravishment of their wives and children. The Pindarrees approached, a battle ensued, and the villagers being overpowered by numbers, they set fire to their dwellings, and perished with their neighbours and families in one general conflagration.

In one excursion of twelve days, 5,000 of these marauders plundered and polluted part of three British provinces. In this assault they robbed 6,203 houses, and burnt 269 to the ground; 182 persons also were murdered, 505 wounded, and 3,603 subjected to the torture. The property lost and destroyed was valued at 255,956 star pagodas. These bands became at length so numerous, that their force consisted of no less than 30,000 men; part of whom were in the secret, if not open, service of Scindia, and part in that of Holkar.

They were to be heard of in all quarters. The Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General of India, saw ample necessity, therefore, of suppressing, if not entirely destroying, these marauders, who were as dastardly as they were cruel. By a series of masterly movements, the Pindarree bands were surrounded, and so entirely intersected by a simultaneous movement at all points, that they were prevented all possibility of escape. The chiefs were, therefore, taken prisoners, and in one campaign the Pindarree force was annihilated. In this campaign of only three months, the entire peninsula of Hindoostan was reduced to the authority of the British empire; a dominion more extensive than Aurengzebe possessed, even in the zenith of his power, for it comprises an extent of country reaching from the Himalah mountains to the Indus, and from the river Suttee to the Cape Comorin; an area containing seventy millions of subjects, all of whom are kept in subjection by thirty thousand British soldiers. If India, therefore, has gained little by the prowess of British arms, it has at least gained this, that a predatory force has been obliterated, of whom it was justly said in the British Parliament that there was no violence they did not perpetrate, and no degree of human suffering they did not inflict. Rapine, rape, murder, and every species of atrocity and torture were the constant results of every enterprise, and the constant attendants of every success.

### A Step Father.

WHETHER the feeling and sentiment thrown into the narrative by Madame Lafarge are mere romance, or the dictates of a sensitive heart, we must not attempt to say; there is so much exaggeration of sympathy in French writers generally, that it became necessary, doubtless, for Madame to keep pace with them or her book would not sell. In the translation, however, those passages, most interesting to a Parisian, appear to the cooler English somewhat inflated. There is still great excuse for the high-flown diction employed in narrating the death of her father, and the too-hurried second marriage of her mother. The language thus employed speaks what many little girls have felt, and which, as was the case with the narrator herself, could neither be altered nor repressed.

About this time I may remark, among the visitors whom my mother received, was an elegant, amiable, and handsome young man, full of that chivalrous spirit which might be said to transform the man of our day into a

hero of the middle ages. M. de Coehorn had so much heroic vigour in his imagination, that he was placed far above or below actual life, and he disdained to translate his heart by actions conforming to the usage of civil earth. Those who had judged him by his words would have deemed him absent, weak, and egotistic; but in thought he was full of energy, love, and self-denial. He spoiled Antonine, and was agreeable and attentive to me whenever I entered for a minute during the time of his visits; and I guessed he was in love with Cecile, and that a marriage would soon stifle a remembrance I slept sometimes on a couch in my mother's chamber. One night, when I was unable to sleep, I heard him speaking. I raised myself to ask if she was unwell. She was dressing—a name fell from her lips, and a horrible possibility entered my heart. I passed the remainder of the night in inexpressible anguish. In the length, however, I revolted against my suspicion, and resolved to see with my own eyes before speaking suffering further.

The same afternoon M. de Coehorn came to pass the evening. We were seated around a work table. M. Coehorn began writing on some visiting cards, which he passed to Cecile, who handed them to my mother, and after became the agent of her answer. That action which would have appeared to me so simple on a preceding day, appeared decisive at that moment. I grew pale, and hastened from the room in order to conceal my tears. Madame de T—— came after me, to me in her arms, and embraced me for some time without speaking. When my tears were somewhat assuaged, she told me that she understood the cause of my grief, that she had been the sincere friend of my father, and was pained like me to see him forgotten; that my mother was wrong, but that it was necessary to pardon her, as her heart was affected. I related to Madame T—— my discovery, my presentiments, my fears; and she was so kind and so indulgent, that I went to sleep praying to God for both her and myself.

The next day I went with my nurse Ursula to find the abbé of the regiment, who loved me as if I had been his daughter. He pitied my suffering, but blamed me for presuming to judge my mother, saying, that "my mother would be displeased with that feeling, and that I ought to be gently resigned, and to hide even my tears. On my return, and as I going to fling my arms round my mother's neck to request at once the truth and confidence, I was stayed in an anti-room by hearing my own name pronounced by Madame de T——, who said to my mother:—"Marie is in despair; she does not like Eugene; her pride revolts against your marriage. You will be able to subdue her character only sending her away from you."

"It would afflict me to come to a separation," replied my mother.

"Well, my dear Caroline, believe me, the love of your young spouse will not endure those two living remnants of the past."

I was unable to hear more; the world stood revealed to me. I comprehended in that language of the "friend of my father," all that contains of falsehood and egotism, and resolved to conceal my pangs from Madame T——.

Not daring to speak to my brother, and unable to exist under that weight of sorrow and rancour, I wrote to her all that was passing in my mind. She came to see me; told me that she loved me, that she would love me always, and that she had spoken of all to M. de Coehorn, who had declared that he would not consent to my being sent away, and that he hoped one day, not to my father, but my best friend. He spoke to me in his self openly of the future! I confessed to him all that I felt. He was not chagrined, but, on the contrary, told me that I had gained upon his esteem, and desired me to call him Eugene, in order to avoid a tenderer name which it would have made me ill to use, as well as the word "Monsieur," which he disliked.

Autumn brought back with it our hunting parties and our English friends, with long rides on horseback evenings at the fireside, and all the poetry of lighter foliage and the last fine days. Villers-Hellon, nevertheless, did not regain its gaieties and its intimate reunions. The marriage of my mother drew nigh, and was no longer a mystery, but still it was spoken of in whispers. A general embarrassment always accompanied that subject of conversation; during which, my grandfather would call my sister and me to the side of his arm chair, take our heads under his arms, and play with our hair, in order that he might arrest, by a barrier of gentle caresses, the words which made us sad. The marriage was generally blamed; and I especially felt wounded in the most cherished region of my heart at witnessing the expression of the new affection of my mother. I suffered again from that mute reprobation of society which condemned her; and though I exhibited lively sympathy with M. de Coehorn, I had afterward bitter pangs of remorse, and I asked pardon of my mother and beloved father, till that continual struggle became an insupportable torment to me.

The wedding-day was a sad one. We were required to assist at the ceremony, without allowing a tear to steal from our hearts to our eyelids; to relinquish our mourning, when we had become doubly orphans. We were expected to smile at that consecration of forgetfulness—to smile on abdicating our share of the heart of our mother, in order that a stranger might reign there. M.



Coehorn was a protestant; the religious ceremony consequently took place in the saloon, where the workable served for an altar; a gentleman dressed in black gave a coldly-learned sermon, and afterwards a simple benediction. Ought I to avow it? I was glad of that miserable ceremony—glad that my dear little church of St. Helton was not used; that the tapers of its altar remained without flame; its censor without incense—and that the great crucifix, the angels, the virgin, the miracle, were not despoiled of their shrouds for that sake, to bless the forgetting of my father. When I shut up alone in my chamber, I took the portrait of my dear regretted one. I covered it with my kisses, and promised that I would love him as much in heaven as on the earth. From that day I never pronounced that dear name before my mother. I enshrined my treasure in the most secret recesses of my mind; and never permitted it to escape my lips, except on meeting with one of the brothers in arms, or one of the soldiers of that beloved father, and exchanging with them old remembrances and regrets.

I was fourteen years old; but had always been exceedingly childlike in my actions, though sometimes I was efficiently old in my thoughts. After have passed hours leaping over the park ditches, running across the pastures after a butterfly, an insect, or for nothing, all at once I have become sad and motionless. The sight of my mother, leaning on the arm of M. de Coehorn made me ill. I was jealous for my father, of his happiness. When questioned, I made no answer, or was impatient, being unable to tell the truth; but being punished for my exile to my chamber, I consoled myself with the proud conviction that I was suffering for my father. Usually, M. de Coehorn obtained pardon for me. He laughed at my indomitable character; teased me, permitted me to tell him everything in order to avenge himself; and played with me like a child, till frequently we became so noisy, that my mother was compelled to fly, or to banish us from the room. We led a very solitary life. My mother and M. de Coehorn experienced too much happiness in each other to seek the world—to forget themselves in order to please others. They were rare when not alone, living in themselves and for themselves.

MADAME LAFARGE A POLITICIAN.—I never occupied myself with politics. I knew that at the Tuileries there was a throne, on that throne a king; and that the king had ministers or more properly minds to act while his own was stagnant. Suddenly the cannon of July echoed over the Vosges, and the press sent among us the bulletins of a nation of heroes. It was incredible—sublime! In three days the work-people, young men, and children had avenged liberty, overturned the throne, and restored to France her tri-colour. They destroyed with one hand, and protected with the other. Without restraint in the fight, they grew truly noble and calm after the victory. As they had braved death, they also braved corruption, and laid down their arms, after having won the pomps and riches of the world, before even thinking of their bread for the morrow. What great days! what glorious men! It seemed that God had created them expressly that their deeds might give its noblest page to our history. That revolution, that glory, caused me to comprehend the people, the love and pride of patriotism. Louis Philippe became king; all the sympathies of my family congratulated his election, though to me he seemed scarcely young enough for our young France. I could have desired a little war and some grand victories. At the tribune, the orators of the left won my admiration;—but, in short, my head was exalted, and my ideas became so republican, that my mother thought it prudent to interdict to me the journals, and to forbid me to occupy myself with politics; without being able, however, to efface the deep impression which those great events had left in my mind.

#### Why Don't You Settle?

My uncle Bob was a slim old gentleman, with a short nose and reddish hair (my aunt always called it auburn); he was full of good humoured, harmless characteristics, one of which used particularly to amuse our family, and I shall proceed to relate it. Uncle Bob was never easy while any of the males of the family remained single. He has said to me, at least a hundred times, "John, I'm surprised you don't settle." I did not at first understand his meaning. I was walking with him in the Temple Gardens, and while we were in the act of contemplating the beauties of majestic Thames—I allude to a man in a red nightcap, walking to and fro on a floating raft of the timbers, and a coal-barge embedded in mud—he stopped short on the gravel walk, and said "John, why don't you settle?" Concluding that he was tired, I answered, "Oh, by all means," and sat down in the green alcove at the eastern extremity of the footpath. "Pho!" said my uncle, "I don't mean that: I mean why don't you marry? There's your brother Tom is settled, and has had seven children, and not reckoning two that died of the measles; and Charles is settled, and he had nine; his eldest boy Jack is tall enough to thump him; and Edward is settled, at least he will be as soon as Charlotte Payne has made up her mind to live in Lime-street. I wonder why you don't settle." "Pray, uncle," said I, "of what Buck's Lodge are you a noble brother?" "Why do you

ask?" said he. "Because," replied I, "you seem to think men are like masonry, never to be depended upon till they settle." As we walked homeward, we saw that adventurous aeronaut Green flying over our heads; and while we were wondering at his valour, he began to descend towards the earth. My uncle Bob began to run as fast as his legs would carry him, looking all the while so intently upwards, that he did not advert to a nurse-maid and two children, whom he accordingly upset in his course, and nearly precipitated into the adjacent ooze. "What's the matter, uncle," said I. "Matter!" answered my relative, "why I'm going to look after Green; I shall never be easy till I see him settled." Finding me obdurate, the old gentleman began to take some pains "for my good," as he called it, and at last recommended me to a lady of the name of Roper. I tried as hard as I could to be in love with her; and one warm evening, when she sung, "Hush every breeze," in a boat under the second arch of Blackfriars-bridge, and accompanied herself on the guitar, I thought that I was in love; but it went off before morning. I was afterwards very glad it was so, for she turned out very fat, and ate mustard with her roast beef; she married a policy broker, and I wished him joy; I wish it him still, but I doubt the efficacy of my prayers, inasmuch as his wife's visage bears a strong resemblance to the illuminated dial plate of St. Giles's church clock. My next affair was more decisive. An old widow lady, living near my uncle's, had a daughter named Jane, who taught me some duets. We sang "When thy bosom heaves a sigh," &c., &c., with impunity; but when we came to "Together let us range the fields," where the high contracting parties talk about "tinkling rills," and so on, the old lady, who had been carelessly sitting on a sofa, hennung day-lies, requested to speak with me in the back drawing-room, and after shutting the door, asked me my intentions. My heart was in my mouth, which plainly implied that it was still in my own keeping; nevertheless, I had no answer ready. So Jane and I were married on that day month. My uncle was so delighted at my being settled, that, after making us a present of a silver coffee-pot, he exclaimed, "I shall now die happy!" an intention, however, which he has shown himself in no hurry to carry into effect. Some of these days I shall make some extracts from my domestic log-book; shewing the felicity I derived from my wife's mother's residence being so near us; but I won't make this paper any longer, except to relate the following anecdote. We went shortly after our marriage with my uncle Bob, and my wife's mother, to Covent Garden Theatre, to see "Peter Wilkins, or the Flying Indians;" whose, by the way, the old lady took for defeated Burmese. Miss M. Glover and Miss Scott, acted two flying gowries, and were swinging across the stage, when my mother-in-law expressed a wish to go home. "No, no: wait a little!" said my uncle, looking upwards to the theatrical firmament. "I'm quite uneasy about those two girls; I hope they'll soon settle."

#### The Thibet Goat.

Mr. Fennell, in his "Natural History of Quadrupeds," says, that this breed inhabits Thibet, the steppes of Russia, and the plains partly surrounded by the great bend of the river Ural, or Yaik, which divides Europe from Asia.

It is equal in stature to an ordinary sized English goat. The body is clothed with long silky hair, and underneath this is a fine soft greyish wool, and of which the celebrated Cachemere shawls are manufactured. These articles of dress are manufactured at Cachemere, but, according to Mr. Vigne, who resided there a considerable time, the wool is not the product of that country. In Europe, they are only to be purchased at a price far exceeding that at which they might be sold. This is owing to a system of great extortion; for the weaver has to pay three heavy taxes before he is permitted to sell the work of his hands, and then there are other taxes to be paid on it at each of the several stations on the journey from Cachemere to Peshawer across the Indus, and ere it reaches Europe from this point further duties must be paid at the various custom-houses. To obtain the shawls at a cheaper rate than that at which they are sold, in consequence of these impolitic impositions, several enterprising persons have engaged in the naturalization of the animals in Europe. Accordingly, they have been introduced into Germany, Austria, Bavaria, Wurtemburgh, Saxony, France, and England, and experience has shown that the wool they produce in these countries is not inferior to that of Thibet. In 1824, Mr. Tower, of Weald Hall, Essex, introduced the breed upon his farm, where they soon multiplied, and, in 1828, he had three very superior shawls made of their wool; but, as each goat barely yields so much as three ounces of wool even in its original country, it required the produce of ten goats for a shawl one yard and a half square. Fortunately, however, it has been found that by crossing the Thibet goat with the Angora goat, a much improved, more hardy, and economical breed is obtained, and of which a single individual will yield sometimes as much as thirteen ounces of wool in a season, equal in softness with that of the pure Thibet breed, but of a still more silky appearance, and of a longer and finer staple.

#### General Solano and the Secret Closet.

General Solano governed Cadiz at the time the French were crossing the Pyrenees, and, from certain symptoms, his loyalty, like that of many other persons of rank, became suspected. Among other treasonable acts, he evinced his partiality for the invaders by affording protection to some of their ships of war, at the moment anchored in Cadiz bay, which Admiral Powis had been invited by the patriotic party to intercept. The populace rose, accused him of infidelity, and demanded his head. The most determined flew to his residence, and, experiencing no opposition from the guard at the gates, tumultuously rushed up stairs, calling on the governor to come forth. Hearing the noise, and sensible of the indignation which his conduct had excited, Solano clambered up to the flat roof, whence he sought refuge through the trap-door of a neighbour's house, which happened to be that of Mr. Mathews, an Irish merchant. His wife, a stout-hearted and kindly native of the sister isle, was standing in her drawing-room at the moment the dismayed governor burst in, and implored her protection. His pursuers had tracked him, and were already heard on the terrace,—not a moment was to be lost, when Mrs. Mathews, suddenly recollecting that in her own apartment she had a secret closet, so artfully contrived in the wall, that the slightest external mark did not appear, thither led the trembling suitor. The lady assured them that no such person was there, begging them at the same time to depart. Doubting her word, every hole and corner in the house was searched by the intruders; but Mrs. Mathews behaved with so much presence of mind and good humour, that, although much disappointed, after venting their spleen in round Andalusian slang on the concealed object of their search, they descended the staircase and seemed disposed to disperse. Scarcely had they reached the street when they were met by a stone mason, who asked the cause of their disappointment. Hearing their story, he burst into a fit of laughter, telling them that they had been outwitted by the Irish lady. "Don't you see," added he, "that the house is a new one—I helped to build it; and if you will come with me I'll show you the governor's hiding place." The mason led the way back, and having gained the inner apartment pointed to the closet, which was forthwith opened. In vain did Mrs. Mathews weep, plead, and remonstrate; her efforts—her struggles, were unavailing. Amidst yells and execrations, Solano was dragged forth; and, seizing their victim, the mob were hurrying him down to the court-yard, when, reaching the top of the staircase, and being a stout, athletic man, he loosened his arms and flung two of the ruffians over the banister, one of them a friar, who had played a conspicuous part in the assault. In a moment, hundreds of sharp-pointed knives were brandished over his head, and after a vigorous resistance the governor fell under the murderous stabs of his assailants. Concealment had whetted their appetite for blood; and his body, it will be remembered, was dragged in triumph through the streets. The populace literally gutted his house; but not a single article of property was stolen. Valuables were sent to the treasury in aid of the public purse, and the furniture burnt in the street. Some one cried out, "These things are worth preserving—let us carry them home."—"No," was universally and indignantly responded, "not even a relic of the traitor ought to remain."

COMMERCIAL INTERCHANGES.—Liberty came from the north; the sciences and the arts from Egypt, Greece, Arabia, and other parts of the east. These we have imported with safety; since we have had sufficient grace to perceive, that despotism was unworthy of importation. But, as a drawback on these advantages, Europe owes some of its disorders to her intercourse with Asia. It is remarkable that in the year which gave birth to Mahomet, the measles, the small-pox, and the hydrophobia, were first known in Arabia. The two former emigrated from Ethiopia. These disorders have subsequently been transplanted into Europe. As Europe, in this particular, has suffered by an intercourse with the east—Africa and the Pacific are under a similar disobligation to Europe. The Portuguese introduced the gonorrhoea and the elephantiasis into the Congo country; and other Europeans left the small-pox and the lues in the South Sea Islands. The natives complain that the Spaniards left them the swelled throat; Cook, the intermittent fever; Vancouver, the dysentery; and Bligh the scrofula. Europe has also introduced to them a new and more destructive method of making war.

MUSIC TO THE DEAF.—Strabo relates, that as a musician was employing his talents in the streets of Lassa, a town chiefly inhabited by fishermen, a crowd collected around him, and seemed to enjoy his music with no little delight. At length the signal being given, that the fish-market was open, all the fishermen left him but one. When the musician saw only one remaining, he began praising his taste, and admiring the pleasure with he seemed to listen to the piece he had played; when the rest of his companions had precipitately left him, upon hearing the first bell. "What!" said the fisherman, who was deaf, "has the bell rung?" By Jupiter, I did not hear it!" and off he ran after his brother fishermen.



## Editorial Notices.

**THE SCOTTISH DIALECT.**—Having crossed the border with our effective forces—having taken by storm the good opinion of our Scottish kindred, and reared our standard proudly alike on the cathedrals of St. Mungo and St. Giles, it would ill become us to quarrel hastily with our Scottish correspondents; but our editorial dignity must be preserved. We therefore say to a "Scotchman," in the language of the thistle, "thou shalt not touch me with impunity." Our friend asserts that we have put a wrong interpretation on the word "slap," and have erred in saying that the lasses from Holy Fair took off their shoes to wade the stream. We were not surprised that our correspondent should think so when he said that he had seen our journal for the first time, in the shape of the twenty-second number. With the exception noticed, he adds his testimony to the correctness of our portrait of Scottish country life. Now, had he, as we have no doubt he has by this time, seen our previous numbers, he would have discovered that we had already alluded to the interesting scene of a covey of young women travelling a public road barefooted. With respect to the word "slap" our correspondent says that it means a gate, or a breach in a fence, and refers to a glossary in defence of his assertion. How a slap can mean a gate we do not understand; but that one of its meanings implies a breach in a fence we know full well, because it means a breach, and nothing more, whether in a road, a wall, a hedge, or a roof. A slap in a wall is an accommodation—one in a road is an obstruction—one in a roof a decided inconvenience. Our friend says he never saw an unbridged stream crossing a public road. He must recollect that when Burns lived country roads were not what they are now; and we are certain he is perfectly aware that church roads were often only footpaths through fields\*—that every farmstead had its nearest way to the kirk. Nor can he be ignorant that the churchyard walls were plentifully dotted with stiles,† to which these footpaths led. A moment's reflection will convince him that across these paths a number of streams would pass. Now, the only question is, whether it is most likely that the lasses would halt at a slap in a wall or fence, which were not then common in the division of farms, or at a rivulet. He says he has seen the girls taking off their shoes and stockings at a wall; we must say that our experience does not go so far; we have seen the laughing maidens washing their feet, and putting on their articles of full dress at the end of a journey; and we do consider it more likely that the damsels would make the stream an excuse for taking them off on their return, than they would a hole in a wall. Our correspondent need not be told that the lasses would make some excuse or another, which, if not taken by the lads, would ensure to them a slap on the cheek, which action, we know to our sad experience, a Scottish lassie can perform to admiration. So far as we have journeyed through the Land of Cakes, we never saw a slap in a wall without a footpath being there. We recollect at Portobello, a road was built right across a private road, and the public repeatedly broke it down at that place. The celebrated case of "Harvey's Dyke," on the Clyde was a similar affair. This gentleman built a wall down his property into the river, thereby obstructing the right of way which the inhabitants of Glasgow claim along their delightful stream. A slap was made in the wall; the parties went to law, and the old right of way was protected. At the "Battle of Bonnymuir," when, in 1820, a few misguided workmen took up arms to join a body of insurgents they expected to join at Airdrie, the dragoons came up through a slap, which was kept by a little boy with a pike! While the yeomanry were heroically cutting down men fixed in a moss, the true soldiers laughed heartily at the little hero, the captain earnestly calling out not to hurt him. That youth is now a denizen of New South Wales. Our correspondent will observe that we have given him instances to prove his own point, and to show that we were not ignorant of the application of the word in question. With respect to the word gate, unless it means that in the Scottish idiom, implying road, we must again profess our inability to comprehend it. "Take the gate," is a com-

\* There existed an old church road from the Water of Leith to the West Kirk, which was abolished and built upon by the town council of Edinburgh, who erected palaces and paved streets, where mud and mire once predominated. A few years ago the kirk-session (or vestry) found that their churchyard was too confined, and they applied to the magistrates for a piece of adjoining ground at the base of the castle rock. The civic authorities, at all times glad to get hold of money, were ready to sell, but the "pawkie" clerical magistrates were thorough-bred Scotchmen. "No, no," said they; "we must have the ground for nothing, or else we will tear up your houses and your streets, and restore the old kirk-road." The magistrates were glad to comply.

† There is a delightful Scotch song, called "I'll gang to the brechans wi' thee," in which a lover, recounting the treasures of his mistress, who is made up of life and love, "I'rae the tie o' her shoe to the kame" [comb], says to her,

"For ye are the bravest young laddy  
That ever gaed ower the kirk-style."

mon expression for take the road. Our cantie friend Maggie Lauder, says to the piper—

"Jog on your gate, you bleatherskate,"

which we interpret, "trudge on your way, you talkative fool;" or, as would be said in London, "walk your pumps, you minnyhamer." With every wish to yield to a glossary, we prefer adopting the ideas of the old men and women of the country in preference, among whom we have joyously mixed, and spent many a glad evening by a bleezing ingle. Although Allan Cunningham's glossary is the largest and the best, it should be remembered that he is a Dumfriessian, and that the dialect of the north and west is as different from his, as that of Devonshire from Lancashire.

**THE LASS OF MORNINGSIDE, v. OURSELVES.**—Our friend at Edinburgh contends that his application of the word "mirk," is correct: that as it means dark, he is entitled to apply it as a quality to the eye. We need only say that it is derived from "murk," which English lexicographers describe as darkness. There is another passage in his letter, however, for which we must really claim his clemency. It appears that our observations are taken by him to apply to himself, instead of the class of poetry of which his production was a specimen. He tells us that the idea of his poem was not nonsense, because he himself is at this moment suffering under the displeasure of his parents in consequence of having married a lady to whom he was sincerely attached. We only wish that the lines which we felt compelled to reject had stated so, without a pastoral disguise: then, indeed, whatever the deficiencies of versification, we could have recognised the natural stamp of poetry, which breathes through and animates all the conditions of domestic life. It is superior by a thousand degrees to all that fancy can imagine to be much more pretty or genteel. We can only wish that the holiness of conjugal affection may be preserved to him through a long and happy life, and that she to whom he has confided his hopes of joy on earth may surround him with blossoms beautiful as herself, and preside in health and comfort over a queenly household. With respect to our animadversions on his poetic skill, let us trust that we have only enacted the part of another Edinburgh Review to a younger Byron. The acid of his reflections will speedily effervesce, and we may yet take our wine in his proud city, as Byron wished to do with Jeffrey. As to the misprint of the word "lea" for "tree," we must divide the blame between us. His calligraphy is somewhat like our own—what the classic might denominate hieroglyphics, but which the vulgar would decidedly call pot-hooks.

Now that all our little quarrels are made up, let us chant—

"The Land o' Cakes—the Land o' Cakes,  
Wi' many a blessing on it;  
Its hills and dales, its streams and lakes,  
The tartan and the bonnet."

**BLACK RUSSELL.**—The clergyman so irreverently named in the Holy Fair, is the same of whom our correspondent speaks. The following anecdotes of him are related by Cunningham. He came from Moray; he obtained the school of Cromarty, was no favourite with the scholars, and was one of those who mistake severity for duty. He was a large, robust, dark-complexioned man, imperturbably grave, fierce of temper, and had a stern expression of countenance. It is said that a lady, who had been one of his pupils, actually fainted when she heard him, many years afterwards, speak of transgressions from the pulpit. One of his boys, who usually carried the key of the school in his pocket, happened to lose it one day, and got such a flogging that, when he grew to be a man, in all cases of mental perturbation and misery he groped in his pocket, as he did on that fatal morning for the key. He became popular as a preacher: his manner was strong and energetic; the severity of his temper was a sort of genius to him while he described, which he loved to do, the tortures of the wicked in a future state. He printed some of his sermons: they are of a controversial nature, and written in a bold, rough style, and fitter to be listened to than read. He set himself against sabbath-breaking; and used to take his stand at one of the streets leading from the town, and turn transgressors back by the shoulders. It was not an unwelcome call to some people which took Russell from Cromarty to a chapel of ease at Kilmarnock. A native of Cromarty, who happened to be at that time in the west of Scotland, walked to Mauchline to hear his old schoolmaster preach at the Sacrament;—this was about 1792. There was an excellent sermon to be heard from the tent, and excellent drink to be had in a neighbouring ale-house, and between the two the people seemed much divided. A young clergyman was preaching, and Russell was nigh: at every fresh movement of the people, or ungodly burst of sound from the ale-house, the latter would raise himself on tiptoe, look sternly towards the change-house, and then at his younger brother in the pulpit. At last his own time to preach arrived; he sprang into the tent, closed the bible, and, without psalm or prayer, or other preliminary matter, burst out at once into a passionate and eloquent address upon the folly and sin which a portion of the people were committing. The sound in the ale-house ceased—the inmates came out and listened to the denunciation, which some of them remembered with a shudder in after-life. He lived to a great age, and was always a dauntless and intrepid man. When seventy years old or so, he saw a Cromarty man beaten down in the streets of Stirling; Russell elbowed the crowd aside, plucked the sufferer like a brand from the burning, saying, "Waes me, that your father's son should behave like a blackguard in the town where I am a minister." He grew temperate in his sermons as he grew old, and became a great favourite with the more grave and staid portion of his people. In look and manner, and fortitude of character, Russell seems to have resembled the poet not a little.

## The Lower Classes of Russia.

The following instructive observations on the state of the most numerous classes in Russia are from the pen of a clergyman who possessed ample opportunities of knowing their truth.

The domestic servants being absolute slaves, the only way to avoid absolute punishment, and have no means to exert themselves beyond what is necessary for their purpose. They have no places to lose by misconduct, advantageous situations to gain by good character; the master is bound to support them whether they are idle or active, sulky, or obliging; and though they are lazy, dirty, and awkward, he cannot exchange them for the better. The servants themselves well know that this is the case, and, therefore, the generality of them do to perform their service with as little trouble as possible. They have not much work to do, for three or four Russian servants are employed where one English servant would be necessary, and they spend half their time in sleeping, playing cards; sleep, especially, never appears to amuse them; they can enjoy it any where, or in any position, and they would certainly join most cordially Sancho Panza in the blessings which he invoked on his ventor.

It is, nevertheless, the domestic servants who chiefly bear the weight of slavery, since they are always under the master's eye, and, of course, are subject to a more galling surveillance than the ordinary serfs; they also do not readily obtain permission to marry, since too rapid an increase to the household numbers is by no means profitable to the master.

When the Emperor was detained in the small town of Chembra in the year 1836, in consequence of his carriage having been broken by the overturning of his carriage, a certain General was travelling to join his Majesty. On the road he encountered a party of peasants from Russia, with waggons drawn by oxen; the people were resting, and the oxen were lying about and obstructing the passage; the carriage was therefore stopped, and the istovostichs called out to the peasants to clear the way instantly for the General, who was in a hurry. The Russians, however, who, it seems, are an obstinate and independent race, showed no alacrity in obeying these peremptory orders; the General, therefore, put his head out of his carriage, and told his servant to get down, and to stick to the peasants if they did not make haste and drive their beasts out of the way. The servant did as he was ordered, and began to use his stick, trusting to the authority and terror of his superiors, which is ordinarily impressed upon a Russian peasant from his birth. On this occasion, however, the people, to the number of thirty or forty, choosing to submit to such treatment, pulled his stick out of his hand, and, instead of obeying, they dragged him about, without however, doing him any serious harm; in the end they allowed him to proceed on his journey. "This," said the narrator, in a tone of the utmost indignation, "was done to a General—actually a General's things must be come to a pretty pass, when a General is treated in such a manner." I asked how these peasants were punished, and he replied in a tone of triumph that they were all sent to Siberia. In which case, unfortunately, men were treated with this extreme severity, not for obstructing the highway, or assaulting peaceful travellers, but for touching the person of a man of rank, who was to be such; as they were not soldiers, an assault could not be construed into an act of mutiny, though this was evidently the light in which the people who told the story regarded it; and, I think, that the approbation of their fate, and the horror for the case which he expressed, would be a very general feeling amongst the upper-classes in Russia.

The Russian peasant is rude and ignorant, but is endowed with a high degree of natural shrewdness, ingenuity, and I have more than once had occasion to admire, not only his readiness to give assistance in a difficulty, but also his handy and efficient mode of proceeding to work on the occasion. The peasant's good humour and a gay obliging disposition, are among the least traits of his character; while his aptitude to acquire art, and his genius for imitation, are sufficiently attested by the manufactories which are carried on in every part of the country by the hands of the peasants born on the spot. Like all uncivilized men, the Russian peasant is inclined to pilfer; but open robbery or acts of violence are very rare, and one may travel unarmed in perfect security through the empire. Yet, owing to an extremely absurd police regulation at Petersburg, and also at Moscow, if a person breaks his leg in the street, or meets with any other accident, no one, as I am assured, will give him a helping hand, or render the slightest aid, till the police arrive.

The ordinary Russian tradesman is generally mean and dishonest in the highest degree; he begins by asking for his goods often twice what he eventually takes, and will, whenever it is possible, impose an inferior article on his customer, of whom, with short-sighted cunning, he endeavours to make the most at present, instead of tempting him, by fair dealing, to return another time to his shop.

The Russian peasant is too unenlightened to appreciate the real blessings of liberty, but he would readily comprehend the advantage of not being compelled to labour the days in the week for his master; although, in point of fact, by so doing, he merely pays the rest of the labour which he occupies himself. Great, however, as this temptation would be, a greater still might be held out to him in a release from the terrors of the conscription, which, in truth, the most pressing evil of his lot, and the one most dreaded by him.

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# CHAMBERS'S

# LONDON JOURNAL



"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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## Social Habits and Condition of the Persians.

It may be well supposed that a people which revered the precepts of the Zendavesta must have attained to a high moral culture, and been animated by nobler sentiments than were the other gross and sensual inhabitants of Asia. The primeval race were of a hardy mountain band, who, secure in their fastnesses, sought not the conquest of the comforts of the broad empires around them. It is related by Herodotus, that when Croesus, king of Lydia, at once the wealthiest and the most miserable sovereign of his day, projected a war with Persia, he was thus strongly counselled against it by his minister Imdanis, "What will you gain by waging war with such men as the Persians? Their clothing is skins, their food wild fruits, their drink water. If you are conquered you lose a cultivated country; if you conquer them, what do you take from them?—a barren region. For my part, I thank the gods, that the Persians have not yet invaded Lydia." Such was the country of Cyrus when he became known to those around it: the simplicity of its government contrasting strongly with the pomp and magnificence of state employed by others. Yet did it exalt mightily on the earth, until it fell by its own cumbrous weight, an ungovernable and unconnected mass, without sympathy for its several parts, without a longing among many nations to remain together. It was built by the sword, and by the sword it fell: the only remnants of its once vast power and extent being that which is shown through the recording medium of its enemies. Yet there are many traits which the generous Greek has applauded; many politic views and purposes, which appear like wells of water amidst the great desert of despotism spread around its history.

However absolute to all law—however enshrined in popular animadversion, the monarchs were at all times guided by the precepts they professed. As their persons were sacred, so were their promises; and a fiat, once given forth, was irrevocable. It was the peculiar province of the state to see that the Magi properly educated all the youth of the kingdom—to take care that each generation was nurtured in the beautiful morality of Zoroaster, and the mind elevated, as well as the body strengthened, by the course of education all had to undergo. The first idea instilled into children was, to regard the truth, as well for its own sake as for its essentiality to a good, a prosperous, and a rewarded life. An implicit obedience to parents was inculcated, as being a grand initiative into the stronger lesson of a total and reflecting submission to the will of the monarch. Fully impressed with this qualification, they were afterwards taught the use of the bow, and other manly exercises, until they were able to take up their position in the king's guard: they were all soldiers—all followers of the profitless trade of war. Every male, unless disabled and recognised as such, was compelled to follow the banner of his sovereign through his warlike expeditions: and hence the apparent ease with which a comparatively small and narrow country could swarm off its locust hosts to overrun the vast plains of Media, Lydia, and the other great countries which latterly became foot-stools to the Persian throne.

The Medes were an effeminate people, rioting in all kinds of luxury and expensive pastimes; on their subjugation by the Persian hordes, being permitted to retain their manners, and their means of displaying them, they speedily engrafted on Persian simplicity all the desire of magnificence which they themselves possessed—hence the necessity of new and further conquest: hence the pest with which a rugged race collected themselves at the battle's call, and proceeded onward lively to the lap of death, that they might on their return be laden with the spoils of civilisation and refinement. Hence the reason why the robber bands were cumbrously attended by crowds of women and their children, by troops of servants, slaves, and idlers—that the riches of the world might be theirs.

Thus were the people thrown down from their simple and serene elevation of morality—thus were the Magi corrupted, and the fountains of instructive truth dried up. As the empire, however, was thus gradually enlarged, and a large portion of foreign manners imported, some of

the more beneficial institutions of the conquering country were extended. Each satrap, or district-governor, was made personally responsible for the well-being of the country under his charge, and regular posts established, by which he could communicate with head quarters. This system of internal communication, by which despatches were periodically and securely conveyed, was employed in Persia two thousand years before it was practised in Europe! Commissions also, only lately familiarly known in England, were frequently appointed, the investigations of which often resulted in the disgrace of chiefs, in the discharging of officials, and the redress of popular grievances. Arbitrary as was the government through all its intricate ramifications, there existed some laws, as well as a just spirit in their execution, which the proudest country of Europe might do well to copy. In no case was a first offence punished with death; extenuating circumstances were largely considered, and the incorrigible alone deprived of life, and that only after ample opportunity had been given to induce a return to rectitude. In all cases of adjudication, civil as well as a criminal, the accused was brought face to face with his accuser, and if the latter failed to make good his accusation, or to show that he had reasonable grounds of suspicion, he was himself condemned to the punishment which would have been inflicted on his victim if found guilty. The kings frequently heard appeals between their subjects, but it is not said that sounder law, or stricter justice, was dispensed by them than by the ordinary tribunals. The judges were appointed for life; they had no vacation, but were employed the whole year in traversing the country, in practical fulfilment of a theory which is said to pervade the common law of England, viz., that justice shall not be sold, that it shall be cheap, and brought to every man's door. Despotism as were the emperors in almost every act of their uncontradicted lives, there exists no statement in Persian history of a judge being removed except for malversation or other betrayal of his trust. Even the brutal Cambyses respected the integrity of the judges, and proved, in his own savage way, his detestation of a corrupt judgment seat, by causing a judge, guilty of bribery, to be flayed alive, and his skin hung over the chair he had so unworthily occupied.

At the period when the Persians entered upon the war with Greece, they had totally changed from their original simplicity of manner and temperance of habit. They had adopted, with remarkable avidity, every change with which they became acquainted in their contests. Their mountain garb had been thrown aside for the rich apparel of the Medes; their accoutrements displaced for the armour of the Egyptians, and their homely duties forgotten in a vile imitation of the worst vices imported from voluptuous Athens. Yet, through all these motley changes they preserved an outward reverence for their religion; it was a national affair, and as such, (but as such only,) had to be upheld. They were more jealous of any insult to it by others, than they were zealous in discharging its obligations; a fault, which, if we mistake not, prevails to no small extent at the present day, not in Persia alone, but in more boastful countries.

Notwithstanding the many successes of the Persian monarchy, the desire of accumulation still existed. It was not likely, therefore, that the check to this boundless ambition, offered by a small colony of Greeks in Asia, would be quietly permitted. The conquering army was composed of the most heterogeneous materials;—Medes, Assyrians, Babylonians, and Egyptians, the captives of former conquests, were thrown in sublime confusion among the Persians, making up a great but ill-ordered army, formidable only in its numbers, contemptible in its knowledge of science or military tactics. Indeed, it was a principle of the Persians, in their better days, to decline all stratagem, and not to engage in battle during the night unless attacked; but Cyrus and Cambyses had abolished these practices, and they were, therefore, ready, at any hour, to scramble for a victory, to burn a town, or desolate a country, as well-educated marauders are in duty bound to do.

Croesus, king of Lydia, in his forcible acquisition of other territories, had subdued the Ionians of Lesser Asia, and added them with the colonies of Æolia and Caria, to his own dominions. But, being subdued in

turn by Cyrus, he was condemned to death, and his country added to the Persian empire. The indomitable Greeks, however, did not relish this transfer. They had been unable to regain their independence under Croesus, and looked quietly on while that haughty king was undergoing his punishment. No sooner, however, were the disputes consequent on the death of Cambyses in operation, than they besought assistance from Greece, which, after some demur by Laomedon, was granted them by Athens. This state had been involved in a quarrel with its governors, the discarded of whom, Hippias, went over to the Persian governor of Lydia, and suggested to him the conquest of Greece. Darius, enraged at the revolt of the Ionians, adopted the proposal made through his satrap, and prepared an army for that purpose. The Ionians and Athenians had destroyed the city of Sardis, with its magnificent temple, but were driven back with terrible slaughter by the Persians. Darius never forgave this insult, and caused a crier to proclaim in his hearing every day, "Great sovereign, remember the Athenians!" Having prepared his expedition, which, in one campaign, he considered sufficient to overrun the whole of Greece, he sent the customary heralds to demand earth and water as tokens of submission. This haughty requisition inflamed the Athenians and Spartans beyond the ordinary rules of modern diplomacy; they forgot the sacred character of an embassy, and threw one of the ambassadors into a ditch and the other into a well. Herodotus relates this anecdote with great glee, as if he was almost as proud of the practical wit of his countrymen, as he was of the valour they displayed against the insolent foe when he came in the crowd of his might, in the confusion of his strength, and fell beneath the wrathful spear of the invader. Many of the smaller states and islands, however, terrified at the vast preparations making by Darius, humbly acknowledged his authority, and gave the desired symbols of subjection. A fleet of three hundred ships made its appearance in the Ægean sea, but this armada was better fitted for the broad waters of the Mediterranean, than for its rocky creeks and bays: it was wrecked while doubling Mount Athos, and the warlike host was in great part destroyed. This induced the islanders to return to the patriot opposition of the mother country, and every effort was made to meet the next advent of the hitherto invincible Persian. Six hundred ships were speedily equipped; the isle of Naxos was the first to fall beneath the arms of Darius; the city and temples were burned, desecrated, profaned; the inhabitants were bound in chains, and sent as tokens of triumph to Susa; other of the islands became a prey to the invading host, till at length the immense body burst upon Attica. What follows belongs to Grecian history. The battle of Marathon ensued, when the unaided Athenians, under Miltiades, broke the iron host, and drove the spoiler in terror and dismay from the land. Then followed the conflict of Salamis, when the uncrouching power of Persia, concentrated under Xerxes, was swept away by the united Greeks, and the enduring valour, the noble patriotism, of that comparatively insignificant nation recorded in the annals of immortality. These were battles against which no philosophy can declaim; they were just in the cause of liberty, and replete with mercy to the world; for had the barbarian mass extinguished the independence of Attica, literature and science would have been clouded from the eye of Europe, and all that we know of the mighty past been hurled into chaos; the present proud age would have been deprived of the most brilliant lights which have guided to the improvements of peace and the renewals of war; nor would the many hearts that have, through all ages, throbbed in admiration of these devoted deeds, been nurtured in the love of freedom, or been hateful of enthrallment by a foreign aggressor.

Less justifiable was the invasion and destruction of Persia by Alexander. Although the reckless monarch went with a conqueror's step through the entire of the whole then known world—though he wept at sight of the vast ocean, which told him there were no more kingdoms to be overcome, no more human cries to rend the air in execration of his name and arms—though he rioted in debauchery and died in crime—his life and actions were



only valuable in this, that he was the indirect means of forming, in a future age, a pathway for the Romans, whose sword, though cruel, carried with it a knowledge of the arts, and taught barbarian man a power by which he could in turn repel the usurping host, and retain the improvements which they had engrafted on the customs of the subdued.

### A Lesson for Ladies.

THE *Metropolitan Magazine* of the present month is graced by one of Mr. Abbott Lee's excellent stories, in which the delicacies of sentiment and the grotesqueness of humour are blended in natural intermixture. In transferring it to our columns, we beg to add our meed of praise to the talents of the author, and to thank the *Magazine* itself for the kindly notice they have taken of our labours.

#### CHAPTER I.

Never was such a commotion known in the annals of domestic mopery and broomery, scrubbery and dustery. All good housewives know how to turn a house upside down, and how to throw it out of the windows, and the dwelling into which we are about to introduce our readers was just in this agreeable predicament. The curtains were down and the carpets were up; the fires were out and the sweeps were in; the floors were wet and the cisterns were dry; everything was out of its place in the endeavour to put everything into it; and the whole household was in disorder whilst being put in order;—and all because an uncle was coming.

All the little and the great Pokenhams were mustered, and marshalled, and drilled. Mrs. Pokenham took upon herself the office of drill-serjeant.

"Now, girls, no quarrelling, no contradiction, no huffing, no scowling, no scuffling—your old uncle's coming. Now, boys, no fighting, and no licking, and game-keeping—mind and put the best side out, and behave decently—your old uncle's coming. And now, where's Fanny Carr? She's always out of the way when she ought to be in it, and in it when she ought to be out of it. Can't any of you find me Fanny Carr? I want to give her some hints and orders, because my old uncle's coming."

A little plain undersized old maid, somewhere about four feet four inches and a half in height, about six stone six pounds six ounces in weight, and a complexion something between saffron and stone-blue, and dressed in a garb of forgotten date, was presently poked out of a corner by the young Pokenhams.

"Fanny Carr," said Mrs. Pokenham, "have you done those few trifling things that I desired? Have you seen fresh linen put upon the best bed?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And have you cured the chimney-board of rattling?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And the windows of shaking?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And did you see that the boot-jack and the slippers were placed ready to his feet?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And Mr. Pokenham's last new dressing-gown to his hands?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And did you see that the coffee was properly cleared?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And the chicken and bottle of wine all ready to be brought up?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You know my uncle's coming?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Has anybody told anybody that my uncle's coming?" asked Mrs. Pokenham.

"Not a soul of us!" exclaimed *omnes*.

"That's right. Why, if it were once known, we should have all the world and his wife in less than no time. The Scudamores would be racketing and rollicking here, and Christopher and Kate mincing, and carneying, and blamying, and they'd try with a witness to get my old uncle from me."

"They'd get a troublesome customer," said Miss Pokenham the first.

"Yes, but one that I hope will pay well. Now, girls, if you dare to show any of your quizzings, and huffings, and black looks, you'll spoil all, and we shall lose all my old uncle's share in the Bank of England. As for you, Jane, if you fall into that old trick you have got of turning up your nose at everybody—and you, Margaret, of curling up your lip at everything—and you, boys, of badgering, and bantering, and worrying, why, we shall just be throwing away all uncle's Jeff's Bank-stock and landed estates; and we may as well have them, for we have as much right to them as anybody else."

"I wish you may get them," said Master Daniel.

"Most rare Daniel!" said Master Humphrey; "I wish I may."

Thanks to the little sister of the primitive old maids, Fanny Carr, everything was at length in perfect readiness; the carpets were all down, and the curtains all up; the floors were dry, and the fires were lit; the covers were stripped from the best chairs, the sofa wheeled to the best place, the fire was blazing in all the beauty of concavity, convexity, and contiguity, and every face arranged so as to look delighted at the arrival of tiresome, roublesome, cross, snappish old uncle Jeff. There came a sound of very brilliant blowing of horns; everybody strained their eyes; the Royal Blue flew past in grand

style, the horses prancing and capering, and the guard making melody with a bugle horn; on it whirled and whirled, never stopping for anybody, and of course no uncle Jeff could be there, and so two tedious hours were spent in fidgetings and guessings; and then the slow coach was heard coming lumbering and trailing along, and it stopped at the steps of the respectable house where had been all the dusting and mopping and brushing and brooming, and a great masculine head, with thick heavy features, and bushy eye-brows, and large lips, poked itself out of the window, and looked up to the house in question, surveying its well hearth-stoned step, and its clean windows, and the scarlet moreen curtains through them, and the brighter blaze of the cheerful fire glowing and flickering over the window-frames, with a most morose unpleasable look; whereupon Mrs. Pokenham, and all the tribe of Pokenhams, little and big, rushed out of the parlour into the hall, and out of the hall on to the door-steps, and Mrs. Pokenham began to delight her own benevolent heart by assuring herself and her uncle, and congratulating herself upon the information, that her dear, kind, good uncle Jeffery was really looking full twenty years younger than when she last saw him.

"Dear uncle Jeffery! how kind of you to come and see us! how delighted I am to receive you into the house of my affectionate family! My dear Mr. Pokenham will be as rejoiced to find you amongst us, and all my darling children have been so anxious to welcome you, that they could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, for thinking and talking about you. But pray take care of the steps—they are so slanting, and slippery, and dangerous—not that you are in the least infirm, but I myself had an awkward slip from them one day. Why, how well you are looking! you must be growing younger every day. I declare you look more juvenile than any of us. Daniel—Humphrey—call the servant to take your uncle's luggage. My dear uncle, I cannot think of such a thing as your carrying your own luggage. Daniel; Humphrey! call somebody. There, can't you take it yourselves? My dear uncle Jeffery, pray wait till a servant can come. Daniel! Humphrey! why don't you move?"

Daniel and Humphrey stood with their hands in their pockets, staring very contemptuously at the cross-grained old gentleman took up a small hair trunk and a leather hat-box in his hands, and, under the running cannonade of Mrs. Pokenham's speech, proceeded to ascend the flight of steps, taking as little notice of the lady proprietress of the mansion as though he had heard her not, which supposititious case appeared to be pretty nearly the true one, as on their entrance into the parlour, the morose old gentleman, laying his luggage very deliberately on the floor, proceeded to draw from the depths of his capacious pocket a very serious-looking ear-horn, which having adjusted to his ear, he turned a sour look upon Mrs. Pokenham, and for the first time opened his lips.

"Well, ma'am, I told you I'd come some time or other, and I'm here."

Had all Mrs. Pokenham's eloquence and energy gone for nothing? Had it all been wasted on a deaf old man, who had not been able to hear a syllable of her mellifluous accents? Was it all to do over again, and that too to the detriment of her lungs, at the top of her breath? Yes, seemingly so, and accordingly the poor hard-worked lady began again shouting as loud as possible.

"My dear uncle Jeffery, we are all delighted to see you, and looking so well—younger than ever."

"Hey? what?"

"We are all so glad to see you! You are looking so well!" shouted Mrs. Pokenham, growing red in the face.

"Do you think I look well then?" said the cross old gentleman.

"O, charmingly. Twenty years younger than when I last saw you."

"Hey? what?"

"You are looking so much younger than you did some time back. Nobody would believe that you were the same person. I am sorry, however, to see that you are dull of hearing."

"Dull of what?" asked uncle Jeff.

"A little deaf," shouted Mrs. Pokenham.

"Deaf! who says that I'm deaf? a set of stupid people. I should like to know who told you I was deaf! A parcel of ignorant people!"

"O, I see, I see that it was all a mistake! only I thought that perhaps you had got a little cold—nothing more, nothing more," shouted Mrs. Pokenham.

"I'm no more deaf than you are!" said the sour-visaged gentleman.

"No, no, uncle, I see that you are not. I don't know what I could be thinking of," said poor Mrs. Pokenham, whose lungs began to complain at being put into such severe requisition. "But now, uncle, take the easy chair—it is such an easy one—we got it on purpose for you."

"I don't want your easy chairs! any chair is easy to a healthy man like me. What! I suppose you think I'm getting old?"

"O no, dear uncle Jeffery; you look full twenty years younger than when I saw you last. Here, Fanny Carr, do take these slippers and this dressing-gown away. I don't know who could have thought of treating my dear uncle Jeffery as if he were old or invalided. Pray, Fanny Carr, do move this footstool, and wheel this great unwieldy chair away."

The little old maid drew near, much as if she had been a little mouse approaching a lion, and proceeded to do as she was bid, with one of the most frightened airs in the

world. The great cross man looked down like a colossal statue on the diminutive little thing who was called upon to wait upon his high mightiness.

"Won't you go near the fire, uncle Jeffery? it's made on purpose for you; we thought you might be cold," shouted Mrs. Pokenham.

"Cold!" sneered uncle Jeff, unbuttoning his coat.

"Do open the window, Fanny Carr, my uncle Jeff will be suffocated."

"I wish you'd let the window be—and me to growled uncle Jeff."

"And now, uncle Jeffery, will you take tea or coffee with us?"

"Do you think I'm a tee-totaller? I hate slops!"

"Uncle Jeffery shall have a rump-steak and oyster sauce. Would you like that?" shrieked Mrs. Pokenham.

"I don't like to be plagued!" growled uncle Jeff.

Poor Mrs. Pokenham sat down in her chair, considerably exhausted with shouting, and proceeded to lament herself and console herself in a low voice, perfectly comfortable in uncle Jeff not being able to hear, in spite of his assurance that he was by no means deaf.

"Well, and so he's deaf! deaf as a door-nail! and here in the world am I to go on making myself agreeable to a deaf man! I shall soon be perfectly exhausted. A yet there is one little comfort in it—we need not be particular what we say. One may be able to express our sentiments, without being constantly in danger of stumbling over some affront or another."

"Mamma," said Miss Pokenham the eldest, "I suppose we may speak too, as uncle Jeff is too deaf to hear a word that we can say?"

"Say what you will, only don't look towards him lest he suspect that we are speaking of him."

"I was only going to give you my opinion of this new relation of ours; why, mamma, he is amazing ugly."

"What of that?" said Mrs. Pokenham, "he is as ugly as a Jew."

"Did you ever see such thick lips—such a thick nose—and such a thick head?" said Miss Pokenham the second.

"Don't make me laugh," said Miss Pokenham the first, "or else our deaf uncle Jeff will think I am laughing at him."

"What are you talking about?" asked uncle Jeff, placing his earhorn ready for the answer.

"They were talking, girl-like, uncle Jeffery," shouted poor Mrs. Pokenham, "of you. You know that is natural; and they were saying—but you must excuse them—what a fine-looking man you are?"

"La, ma, how can you say so? I never saw any body much uglier in my life, and then for expression! what he could certainly make vinegar with a look."

"Hey? what?" said uncle Jeff.

"Margaret was only saying that you have such a powerful expression. Now, boys, if you begin to titillate I'll turn you out of the room."

"How mamma is sweetening up deaf uncle Jeff! Mamma, I had better help you to a little more, sin it answers so well. Look how he is staring at us with his goggle eyes."

"Hey? what?" asked uncle Jeffery, turning again to Mrs. Pokenham.

"Jane was only saying, that you had such peculiar fine eyes. Girls, will you have done!"

"No, mamma, it is too good fun—we must have a little more of it. Don't you see how deaf uncle Jeff is looking at us, and how red he is getting in the face? His complexion and visage would do very well for a sign post at some village inn."

"Hey? what?" interrogated uncle Jeff.

"Margaret was observing how fresh-complexioned you are, uncle Jeffery, and what a fine portrait you would make. Humphrey, go out of the room. Daniel be quiet. Girls! girls! how dare you say such things before his face? I declare I sit in fear and trembling."

"La, mamma, one may say what one likes—it's a safe enough. Uncle Jeff is too deaf to hear, never fear. Besides, it does him good to hear you interpret for us. You turn our sour into sweet, and he seems to like the flavour. Better give him a little more."

"Feeding time is not over. Give him a little more said Humphrey."

"How can I keep my countenance, if you go on so? Boys, be quiet."

"It is so amusing to see ma obliged to look pleasant when she is in such a passion. Dear ma, would you like to box our ears?"

"Hey? what?" said uncle Jeff.

"The girls were saying, that they never saw me so half so delighted as I am now doing, for the pleasure of seeing you here. Girls, if you will provoke me—boys, I will punish you for this! You are behaving shamefully!"

"O, mamma, it is so amusing to see you trying to look sweet and calm and pleasant at cross deaf uncle Jeff, and yet all the while in such a passion with us."

"I'll tell you what has just come into my head, mamma," said Miss Pokenham the first, "now don't let anybody laugh—have you all got your listening face ready? are they all screwed up not to laugh?"

"Hold your tongue, Jane!" said Mrs. Pokenham.

"Ready! ready!" exclaimed *omnes*.

"Why, this is my project," resumed Miss Pokenham the first, "to make up a match between our little minikin Fanny Carr and our great deaf uncle Jeff."



Mrs. Pokenham half-screamed with fear—the rest laughed outright.

"Mamma, they would be such a nice couple. Our deaf uncle Jeff and little minikin finikin Fanny Carr. Such an overgrown giant and such an overgrown doll. It's of no use blushing so, Fanny Carr—you make uncle Jeff look at you, your face is so on fire. He'll wonder what in the world you are so blushing about. Don't you see how he is staring?"

Little Fanny Carr lifted up her eyes and saw those of their formidable visitor fixed full upon her face, whereupon she rose from her seat and got out of the room as quickly as possible.

"Pray who is that little thing?" asked uncle Jeffery of Mrs. Pokenham, as they were left together in the evening—"pray who is that little thing who has just gone out of the room?"

"Do you mean Fanny Carr? O, she is a little creature that has seen better days, and we let her be here because my feelings won't let me send her away. She is so happy, and so attached to us, poor thing, and she just makes herself useful by doing any trifle that falls in her way. She keeps the keys of the store-room, and the tea-caddy, and the wine cellar, and the beer, and the cellaret, and she fills up her time with sewing for the girls, and she has the care of the linen, and she makes all the pastry, and does the preserves—but what I most prize Fanny Carr for is, that she is such a good nurse—she nursed the children through all their maladies, and never left them when we had the scarlet fever: everybody said that she would catch it, but she never did, though she was with them day and night. Yes, Fanny Carr is a most excellent nurse!"

"So she is your housekeeper, and your cook, and your plain-sewer, and your nurse!"

"O no, uncle, I don't give her any wages."

"A servant without wages?"

"Uncle, I see that you don't like to have Fanny Carr sitting at the same table with you. I am sure I beg your pardon, but I did not think of it. I don't much think that she would like to eat with the servants, but I'll see. At all events, I can send her dinner up to her own room."

"Let the little thing stay," said uncle Jeff.

"But, my dear uncle, I confess it was very thoughtless of me to seat her at the same table with you, and I can very well make her go."

"Then I shall go too," said deaf uncle Jeff.

Mrs. Pokenham of course immediately withdrew her proffer. She could only regret that she had been so inadvertent as to place her highly-respectable, and highly-endowed, and fortunately rich uncle Jeffery, at the same table with a poor little minikin finikin old maid. Fanny Carr was still tolerated, and uncle Jeffery seemed so far to overcome his aversion to her as to permit various little offices which she was constantly performing for him in her character of general usefulness. She arranged the cushions in his easy-chair—for, after the first fit of sullenness, uncle Jeffery permitted himself to be installed into its comfortableness—she fetched him his slippers, and reached him his footstool, and got him the newspapers, and handed him his hat and his stick when he went out, and took them from him when he came in, and always met him with a smile; and, some way or another, deaf uncle Jeff could hear Fanny Carr's voice almost without the help of his ear-horn, better than he could understand other people with it.

### A Wedding Night Watcher.

THE following amusing trifle is from *Fraser's Magazine*, being a portion of an article, entitled, "A Chapter on Dogs:—"

Mr. Helvetius Partlett was a surveyor, and his dog, Snob, was a wire-haired terrier of a lightish brindle; a compact, strong, stanch little fellow, who would play the very devil with a cat; and as for rats—oh! it was one down and another come on for as long as you pleased! Snob had dwelt some time with Mr. Partlett, while he was a bachelor residing in chambers, and he was the terror of all the old *vice-chancery* cats frequenting the gardens of Clifford's Inn.

But both dog and master were now about to alter their situation in life; for Mr. Helvetius Partlett, tired of single blessedness, fell in love with Miss Evelina Brookman, at one of the Concerts de "Shiver" (held in the very cold weather at Drury Lane theatre). Miss Evelina Brookman's papa was proprietor of a good business in the oil and Italian warehouse line; and Mr. Helvetius Partlett, discovering that he was not disagreeable to Miss Evelina, commenced his acquaintance with her father, by purchasing a Bologna sausage and half a pound of macaroni. Negotiations were soon pending to bring the match about, and Mr. Helvetius Partlett's prospects and person passed muster. Consent was obtained; and after the usual allowance for courtship, the auspicious day was fixed. But it was agreed on all hands that the young couple were to commence housekeeping with economy. Mr. Helvetius Partlett accordingly became the tenant of rather a solitary cottage surrounded by a garden, in the distant province of Vauxhall. The rent was so very low, that Partlett thought that instead of his landlord taking him in, that he had taken his landlord in; for the house was in substantial repair, and Partlett had himself critically and scientifically surveyed it. The lease was signed, sealed, and delivered; when one day, as Helvetius was standing close under his garden-pales, thinking how soon the currants and gooseberries would

be ripe, his ear was greeted with the following dialogue from some persons in the lane outside:—

"Oh! there's that board down at last; the cottage is let!"

"I hope the new tenant will be more lucky than the last."

"Hope so too."

"Did they ever find out who murdered her?"

"Never. Poor old lady! the place is so lonely."

"It is. I would not live there rent-free."

"They say the house was built by some coiners."

"Ay, I suppose they have got some poor devil to live there who knows nothing about such unlucky premises as these have been."

Mr. Helvetius Partlett now thought he had been a little too hasty in completing his bargain. At any rate he determined that neither Miss Evelina nor her family should be put into any alarm about the matter; so he omitted to mention that which he had overheard, though his mind was rather uneasy.

The nuptial day at length arrived, and the whole affair was voted to be quiet and without ceremony (the church ceremony excepted).

The fatal knot was tied, and Mr. Brookman handed his daughter over to Helvetius—

"Her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king."

It was planned that the bride and bridegroom were to have their wedding dinner at the father's; and that in the evening, without any fuss, they should retire and take permanent possession of the Vauxhall cottage. No expensive honey-moon at a watering-place; no trip to Paris, where everything domestic is uncomfortable, and half-a-year's income may be spent on the journey.

The wedding dinner passed off as most wedding dinners do—Helvetius eating little, the bride less. The customary toasts "Health and happiness," "Mutual felicity," "Love and comfort," "New-married couple," "Mr. and Mrs. Helvetius," were duly honoured. At a proper and prudent period, Mr. Partlett thought it time to retire, as some of the gentlemen of the party were beginning to push their jokes a little too far. The glass coach which had conveyed them to the church was at the door, in which was placed a trunk containing Mrs. Helvetius Partlett's immediate gear and paraphernalia; and a mysterious hamper of some size, which no one knew any thing about but good old Mr. Brookman, who was now rather flustered with his libations, but who was anxiously seeing it tied fast behind the carriage.

Mr. Brookman now took a most affectionate leave of his only daughter. Tears were plentifully shed on both sides. He was a widower, and Evelina his only surviving child.

If there is a moment during the later period of life wherein a parent must feel, and feel acutely, it is in intrusting a girl to the care of almost a stranger. In parting with a beloved daughter, no matter how excellent a personage the husband may be, it is a heart-rending moment for a father.

As the coach was driven off, Mr. Brookman, wiping his eyes, called out in a faltering voice, "Don't forget the basket!"

What the conversation in the carriage might have been between the newly-married couple during their journey to Vauxhall, it is impossible for any body but themselves to know; so I shall not attempt to describe it. But when the coach arrived at the cottage, Evelina's tears were quite dried up. On entering their cottage home, they had to endure the hearty congratulations of the dog Snob, who was overcome with wonder at what had become of his master all day.

The next thing, *pour passer le tems*, was to unpack Mr. Brookman's mysterious basket, wherein they found a variety of articles each well worthy of a note of admiration! It was a present to start the young couple in housekeeping; in short, a portion of every sort of commodity in the Italian warehouse—a York ham; a Bath chop; a Bologna sausage; macaroni, both pipe and riband; vermicelli; sago; almonds and raisins; anchovies; wax candles; pickles; cayenne pepper; preserved ginger; haricot beans; noyau; capers; dried salmon; tamarinds; rein-deer tongue; dates; coloured sealing-wax; and lastly, I presume, by way of the hymeneal torch, a link!

What a glorious thing to have such a father-in-law!

We are now arriving at the very pith and marrow of our story, and have to record a strange circumstance that occurred on this wedding-night.

Mr. and Mrs. Helvetius Partlett had duly retired to rest; prior to which, Mr. Partlett, recollecting the solitary situation of the cottage, determined that his dog Snob should sleep on the rope mat at the foot of the stairs. The faithful Snob perfectly understood his master—walked once round the mat, and then quietly reclined himself on it.

Some hours had elapsed; the night was dark and overclouded; the rushlight, which had not been cleverly set up, fell and was extinguished; the rain pattered against the bed-room windows, and the wind roared down the chimney; Mrs. Helvetius had fallen into a gentle slumber; and it was at the moment crossing the mind of her husband, as they were in utter darkness, that if anything was to happen, the cottage was a long way from succour or relief, when he heard distinctly a shrill, grating sound, followed by a very heavy bang, down below: he listened—his ear had not deceived him; it was repeated—again—again.

Mr. Helvetius Partlett was in a cold perspiration; he recollected the dialogue he overheard outside the palings. He knew that he himself had locked up the doors; but the words "unlucky premises" occurred to him. The banging continued louder, and still louder, which now startled and awaked Mrs. Partlett, who tremblingly inquired, "What, in the name of mercy, is the matter, Helvetius?" But Helvetius could not define; and he thought he would make an attempt to get out of bed and discover; but the fearful noise increasing, Mrs. Partlett fairly clung to her husband, and began to scream.

Helvetius was now in a sad dilemma between his own fears and the necessity of calming the apprehensions of his newly-married lady. At length, gently disengaging her arm from around his throat, he took an opportunity of slipping out of bed; but it being perfectly dark, and he unaccustomed to the chamber, he was a considerable time before he could find a door, and when he did, and thought he was going out on the landing, he only went with the bridge of his nose against the sharp edge of a shelf in a closet. By this discovery, he was enabled to make a calculation as to the situation of the room door, which he now unlocked, and opened. The banging increased tenfold; somebody certainly was breaking in; in fact, whoever it could be, *was in*. Considerably alarmed, Helvetius ventured to call "Snob! Snob!" This occasioned a rush with the dog's feet, and was followed by another heavy blow, and a most unearthly sound, as if they were endeavouring to smother the dog. Then Mrs. Partlett screamed again, and implored her husband to return to her—for that she was swooning away. The dreadful noises continued; and poor Helvetius now, as a forlorn hope, groped about the room for a watchman's rattle, which he had purchased on the day when he first heard the ominous words about his cottage. Having, after some delay, found the rattle, he threw up the bed-room window, and with all his strength sprung the alarm; but in so doing got completely saturated to the skin with the pouring rain. And now the banging went down the whole flight of the kitchen stairs, striking forcibly every individual step; then a gushing of water was heard, and then the dog uttered a fearful hollow yell.

Daylight, after a time, began to gleam; but no assistance arrived. As it grew lighter, Helvetius felt his courage revive. And putting on part of his habiliments, he armed himself with the bed-room poker, and in spite of the vain and tender remonstrances of Mrs. Partlett, he left that better half trembling in bed, and manfully descended the staircase. He stopped at the end of the first landing—the knocking and extraordinary noises were repeated. Breathlessly he craned his neck over the handrail, when he saw at one glance the cause of all the frightful alarm—the destruction of his peaceful wedding-night! He beheld—

His dog Snob, with his head thrust into the mouth of a large stone pitcher, which had been left on the landing place with pump water. Snob had become thirsty in the night, and had inserted himself up to the neck and over the ears, to drink. A brass jagged collar which he wore, and which was fastened with a padlock, caught under the shoulder (if we may so call it) of the stone pitcher; and the poor dog's constant and violent efforts to extricate himself, including the tumble with a run of the jug and animal down the kitchen stairs, proved the cause of the true history, which we have heard related with considerable humour from the lips of Mr. Helvetius Partlett himself.

### The March of Science;

WE may cease to wonder at the popularity and approval of scientific pursuits, and at the strong bias in their favour which influences the public mind, when we reflect on the intimate relation which they bear to several of the most important wants of life, and the advantages which they confer on the entire community of mankind. Some half century since, the practical application of these studies was limited to some few departments, as astronomy and its associate science, navigation; while the rest of the studies of this character were confined to the cabinet of the naturalist, or the closet of the speculative student. But, at the present moment, by the extension and useful application of knowledge of this nature, Science lights our streets at midnight with the brilliancy and clearness of day;—impels us along the railroad at a speed which surpasses all calculation, and almost all belief; and enables us to traverse the ocean with a swiftness and a certainty which brings the far East and the New World itself within the voyage almost of a week. And since the gigantic power of steam is yet but in its infancy, and since its application both by land and sea is susceptible of the greatest conceivable extension, it is scarcely possible to anticipate the advantages which may be expected to accrue from its continued and successful career. It is well known that our most eminent engineers regard our present rate of locomotion by railway, as falling very far short of the speed which they calculate shortly on obtaining. It has been asserted more than once, by several of our most eminent professional men of this class, that they calculate on achieving, ere long, a velocity of a hundred miles an hour, with, it is conceived, no greater degree of risk or danger than attaches to the present rate of speed. Again, as regards steam navigation, this mode of transit is considered capable of so much improvement, that it is thought that not only the paddle-wheel will, ere long, be superseded altogether, but that it will be a matter of surprise that we should so long have continued to avail



ourselves of so barbarous and comparatively inefficient a contrivance. The great desideratum which still remains in these respects, consists in the practicability of adapting electro-magnetism as a motive power. Could so desirable a result be obtained, we should discard steam and its dangers—we should banish the boiler, with all its risk of bursting, and spreading death and desolation by the explosion;—and we should career along the railroad, or fly across the deep, with no other preparation than a few wires, sundry gallipots, and a bucket of water. Another result which would be in the highest degree beneficial, would be to discover, if possible, some cheap and facile mode of decomposing water—reducing it to those gases of which it is known to be composed, and obtaining the power of deducing light and heat from these. Under such circumstances, we might be able to dispense with mineral fuel altogether, and by decomposing water as described, to produce light and heat at will, and to possess ourselves of the means of creating such constant supplies of gas as would ably answer every purpose to which fuel is at present applied. Several of these discoveries may prove impracticable, and those which are attainable must, of necessity, be gradual—the slow result of study and of time; but, when we reflect on the very rapid progress which has been effected, and the numerous benefits which have thus been conferred on society, during the last half century, by means of scientific discovery, it is not too much to conceive that its career will be progressive, and that it will confer fresh and unexpected advantages, in addition to those already derived from its application to so many of the useful and practical purposes of life.

### The Husband.

BEING NO. VIII. OF THE EXPERIENCES OF BENJAMIN TRUSTEEL, ESQ.

THE most gorgeous cloud that ever floated in the variegated light of a summer evening, may, ere the morrow, be charged with lightning, and frown upon the world in darkness. The most enraptured bridegroom that ever came rejoicing from his bridal chamber, may, ere his little day of life be done, become a scowling visitant to where his presence should give joy, and where his voice at the threshold should sound as do the tinkling bells, which Mahomet says welcome his accepted to paradise. In man and woman alone has been implanted the principle of individual attachment: in all other animals it is a mere instinctive impulse. In some of the higher classes of birds (all of which have their seasons of pure fidelity) as the eagle and the swan, it is elevated to a sentiment: there are no second marriages among these monarchs of the rock and lake. But how few of the human race do cultivate the idea of attachment to a principle! It is supposed that women, whose whole existence is, or should be, devoted to domesticity, are more prone to dwell on the delights of wedded society—more inclined to engraft their souls on the circumstances by which their lives are guided—than are men, on whom employment and amusement act like distracting magnets. Should this be true—should the greatest amount of duty be fulfilled by wives, what sad and sorrow-bringing wretches must husbands be! As none, however, of either sex have yet reached the standard of excellence; as many of both have, like the Irish school-boy, gone two steps backward for every one forward, so will it be impossible to denounce or approve all by the conduct of a few. We shall, therefore, hold up a mirror; let those who look therein endeavour to recognise themselves.

There are men of whom it was abundantly prophesied that they would never make a good husband. They never evinced any symptoms of overflowing fervour, or ungovernable rapture; they never became eloquent when talking of the mighty topic; they never quoted Byron, nor sung Moore's melodies; they at all times presented the same unvarying callous countenance; they were never known to fling out their arms in ecstasy; they never leapt from their chair in a wild delirium of thoughtlessness; they may have pressed the hand, or even kissed the lip, but never bent the knee! Of such cucumbers it has been ever said, by kindly meddling gossips, "Depend on it, he will not make a good husband: he is too selfish; he thinks more of himself than of you; if he marries at all, it will only be for convenience. Have nothing to do with him. I know what the men are. When you have seen as much of them as I have, you will say the same." Thus, often, is an industrious man, endowed with a reflecting mind, contemned and set aside, that a chattering ape, who gathers his language from the shilling gallery, and his manners from the saloon, may take possession of a woman's heart and hand, of the value of which he is altogether ignorant, and incapable of ever appreciating. The prayerful vows and magniloquent promises of the lover, are too often the introductory letters of the tyranny or neglect of the husband.

We see him now, the honeymoon gently waning behind the hills of forgetfulness. All his "jewels" and "sweets" have been expended. "My dear" is not mentioned above once a day. He is late out at least one night in the week; generally the very one on which he used to be the most assiduous in his attentions to her. His dinner is often too hot, his supper is always cold, or over-cooked; he is certain that his boots are not cleaned as they ought to be, and he thinks this or that could have been done much better. These petty annoyances are the ominous trifles from which spring the heart-burnings, the conjugal strifes of after years. They are the

forgotten seeds, which, having been thrown by the way-side of a matrimonial journey, spring up in the shape of apathy or loathing. They are the sparks which lie smouldering in the dead-wood of the affections, and burst out when least expected. They are the particles of sand which a long compression hardens into stone: they are the nothings out of which the world of misery is made.

Let no woman, therefore, deem these paltry ebullitions as beneath her notice. Whenever we hear a lady say, "I never mind his little foibles, I leave him to himself, and he soon comes round again," we know that for that household there is bitterness and wrath in store. As the first few weeks after marriage is the time for the reflecting husband to tune and temper his wife, to modulate her habits to his liking, and to learn her that calm and becoming dignity which sits so beautifully on, and is reflected so lovingly from, the demeanour of a wife; so it is her time, whether or not he may have availed himself of his unreturning opportunity, when the smallest indications of selfishness or spleen are evinced, to comport herself with resolution, to fortify her mind with a determinate purpose, and prove to him that she is not to be trifled with.

But, say a thousand or more ladies to us at once, we have all tried this plan, and it has done no good. Very true, answer we; and for this reason, that you did not go about it in the right way. Some of you, at least, gentle as you mince your terms to us, forgot the dulcet tone of loverhood, and assumed a gesture, as well as emitted an opinion, which lowered you while it irritated him. Man has all the stubbornness without the patience of a certain animal, to name which might give offence. Yet, although on this said animal the science of jockeyship is generally thrown away, it can still be made useful and docile to a degree; beating only hardens its hide, scolding, or something worse, scarcely tickles its ears; but good treatment and judicious management influence it much. System is what is wanted: no difficulty can withstand it; before it impossibility melts like an icicle in spring, and pleasure diverges and expands as do the flowers in summer. The only impediment to the universal adoption of system in these matters is, that the tongue has no vocation in it. It must be studied in the mind, modelled on just principles, and carried out with inflexible integrity. If it yields once, it is gone. As prize-fighters are rigidly trained previous to a contest, so must the lady school herself well before she successfully assails the weak points of her husband. The only difference in her case, from that of the other champion of the ring, is this, that where system prevails, both her husband and herself come off victorious.

When a man begins to remain out late at night, the complaint of the neglected wife is generally made in a wailing voice, upon which he says he could not help it, and will take care again. He forgets, if he ever intended to remember; she reminds him, not in the most gentle way, of his promise, and threatens to go out too. "Well, go then," says the irritated lord of the mansion, flushed, perhaps, a little too much with the generous influence of a foreign excitement. He comes home earlier next night; supper is not ready. "Well, I did not expect you so soon. There is no dependence on your time, so you must just wait." "But I can't wait, and I won't," so he either goes to bed supperless, threatening retaliation, or walks off to a tavern, or the theatre. This is tantamount to an open declaration of war. But these matrimonial exploits, however harassing, are seldom deadly; there are plenty of feelings wounded, and a good deal of happiness missing, yet neither can claim, much less enjoy, the victory. Some women, certainly, sit down broken-hearted; others debar themselves from thinking by unmentionable appliances; some men put cotton in their ears, others declare they will not stand it, but submit notwithstanding. The great majority, however, carry on their desultory and unprofitable warfare, a speculation to all, and troublers to themselves, while a little reflection might remove the entire disquiet, and make the many, like the (alas!) too few, whose cordial unity of heart, and trustful pleasantness of conduct, produce that ineffable existence which poets have long imagined, but which the truly loving and the mutual yielding alone have realized.

There are some men so silly as to think, that to yield in any instance to the caprice of their wives, would be a lowering of their manhood, a coming down from that high place where they suppose themselves to sit enthroned with dignity. And there are some women so silly as to vex themselves into a passion, that they may tower high enough to reach him, and attempt to drag him down to their own way of thinking. Undermining is a better and surer method, provided it is commenced at a period when he is above noticing any little plan he may see in operation. If even one rebellion has taken place, it is almost too late; but, however late it may be, and however many the insurrections that may have intervened, it is at all times superior to open warfare. The exact period for its commencement, is when he begins to fret about the trifles here mentioned; and if the lady has maintained her good temper, if she has preserved her equanimity of speech, and faultlessly sustained the character she undertook on her wedding day, then an easy and a profitable conquest is before her. Let no rash word escape her; no neglect occur; every day let her ask his opinion of her conduct, and if he finds fault, show to him quietly, but distinctly, that he is in error, or promise amendment, and prove her fulfilment of that promise. The smaller the objections made, the easier and plainer

the remedy; the greater the triumph, for a victory gained over the husband's petulance as well as her own. Those who have allowed the golden age of young wedded life to elapse have only to adopt and persevere in the same system, without promise or parade, and they will gradually lead captive every feeling averse to their happiness. It is too true, that there are some men so foolish who, were they put on their guard against this remedial system, would actually endeavour to thwart their spouses lest they should be able thereby to subdue them.

There are others so mindless, that, with every intention to do well, are so easily led away by the example of others, so inclined to imitate what others do, that they cannot see the consequences. These parties also, the most likely to abuse the good lady at home for doing certain things, merely because they were done by so at so over the way. "Mr. Whatdycallhim has got splendid white hat, and I must have one too; but you can't have a white gown, for I saw Mrs. Whatshernan with one." These gentlemen are very learned in the ladies' dresses, and give as many instructions to the milliner as they do to their tailor; they recollect the precise day on which Miss Somebody put on her pill-box bonnet, which she has worn ever since. Miss Somebody looks ill in a shawl; her sister looks ill without one. In public they talk of Mrs. Myownlady, and call her "my dear" in company, adding in a whisper and with a wink, "she is dear enough, I assure you her dresses are most expensive." Now what is such fellow as this but an impostor, a husband under false pretences, taking more care of his own profitless amusement, and cherishing the littleness of his own folly, instead of making himself an example of propriety and elevated decorum to his wife. Should she be a woman of intellect or education, how can she respect him? how is it possible for her to yield to him that preference, the deference, which such small minds as his are ever most rigid in exacting? Should she be as shallow as himself, the puniest trifles will distract them both, and they will be as much disturbed by the slightest crosses as others are by the heaviest afflictions. Women of this calibre are easily cultivated; by a process of example and advice, they may be elevated to rational thoughts and consistent duties; but a man—no! he is unteachable; he will never adorn his species nor improve his kind; his children, if under his guidance, will grow up rank weeds as useless to the intellectual world as himself. He should be placed beyond the pale of improving society for his presence will be a stumbling block and an offence to all who wish to increase in wisdom as in wealth, an endeavour to lift their own dear homely circle with their in the estimation of a jealous world.

Of these specimens of masculine anility, however, we believe there are comparatively few; they are broadly marked, and distinctly separated; and only considered useful as a mark on which female jocularity may safely expend itself. There are others of a more dangerous and tyrannic class, unfortunately too plenteous who unreasonably attempt, with high hand and disturbing tongue, to carry all before them at home—where they are there. Of these we shall speak in befitting terms in our next.

### Snatches of Thought.

BY THE MODERN LACON.

Time can never be spent—we pass by it and cannot return; for no one is sure of more time than an instant.

If a man die in his infancy, it may be considered that he has broken his fast in this world; if in his youth, he has left us at dinner. It is bed time with a man at three score and ten, but he that lives to be ninety has walked a mile after supper.

He that tells a lie to save his credit, wipes his mouth with his sleeve to save his napkin.

The tongue of a jester is the fiddle to which the hearts of a company dance; the tongue of a fool carves a piece of his heart to every man who sits near him.

The superfluity of a man's wealth is the broken meat that should be given to the poor.

Faith is the best elbow for a heavy soul to lean upon, and he that sins that he may repent but surfeits that he may take physic.

Goodness itself is not happiness, but the road thither, on which fortune keeps the turnpike.

Custom is the soul of circumstances, and money is but a card in the round game of existence that art has turned up trumps.

Life is a crowd in a narrow thoroughfare. He that is first out finds ease; he that is in the middle, hemmed in with trouble, fares worst; and he that is behind, driving out and pushing against those before him, though he does not suffer injury, has his part in causing it.

Every great vice is pike in a pond, that devours virtues and smaller vices together.

Atheists in affliction are like blind beggars, forced to ask relief from some one, though they know not whom.

Time makes everything aged, and yet itself is but a minute old.

Next to sleep the greatest devourer of time is business; the greatest prolonger of it—misery; the truest measure of it—contemplation.

Titles of honour are but rattles to still ambition; and to obtain popularity is but to become the target for envy, and the quiver for fear.



Goodness is like the art of perspective—one single point in the centre diffusing infinite rays in every other direction.

A mere scholar is but a live book; action expresses knowledge better than words, for so much of the soul is set that the body cannot utter. To teach, therefore, would rather be the effect than the purpose of learning.

Age decays nature and perfects art.

Trifling faults made habitual are as dangerous as small leaks in ships; and to punish and not prevent is to labour the pump and leave the leak open.

Misfortune, fierce at the first onset, resembles a torrent mbling headlong down a mountain; for a while it wars all before it, but have patience and you may pass dry-foot.

Quarrels have scars which cannot be so well closed to the sight but they will lie open to the memory.

He who is feared of most, fears most.

The most profitable bank is the true use of a man's life, while such as grow mouldy in idleness, make tombs of their houses and die before death.

One of the surest grounds of a man's liberty of conscience is not to give another power over it.

Since pity dwells next door to misery, he liveth most ease who has envy for his neighbour, since wherever envy is, happiness cannot be far off.

Sophistry is like a window curtain, it pleases as an ornament, but its true use is to keep out the light.

Sleep is death's picture drawn to the life, or the twilight between life and death—made up from both, but belonging to neither. Retiring to rest is but so many rehearsals of death, that at last we may perform our part perfectly when the cue is given.

### Burns Illustrated and Explained.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—THE TWA DOGS CONCLUDED.

It was from witnessing such scenes as those described by Luath in our previous chapter that Caesar, in his summing up of their troubles, declared that poor folk must be wretches. But the discriminating Luath knew that he were not of so sensitive and fine-edged a temper—that there were many who could laugh at and heartily despise the ungenerous conduct of a portion of their superiors, and trust to their own worth for a continuance of employment, with a dependence on Providence when that employment should cease. Luath, therefore, replies in a calm yet confident manner:—

They're nae so wretched's ane wad think;  
They're constantly on poorth's brink:  
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,  
The view o' gies them little fright,  
Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,  
They're ay in less or mair provided;  
An' tho' fatigued wi' close employment,  
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.  
The dearest comfort o' their lives,  
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;  
The prattling things are just their pride,  
That sweetens a' their fire-side;  
An' whyles twalpenie worth o' nappy  
Can mak' the bodies unco happy;  
They lay aside their private cares,  
To mind the Kirk and State affairs:  
They'll talk o' patronage and priests,  
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,  
Or tell what new taxation's comin',  
And ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.  
As bleak-faced Hollowmoss returns,  
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,  
When rural life, o' every station,  
Unite in common recreation;  
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth,  
Forgets there's Care upon the earth.  
That merry day the year begins,  
They bar the door on frosty win's;  
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,  
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;  
The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,  
Are handed round wi' right guid will;  
The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,  
The young anes ranting thro' the house,  
My heart has been sae fain to see them,  
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.  
Still it's owre true that ye hae said,  
Sic game is now owre aften play'd.  
There's monie a creditable stock  
O' decent, honest, fawson folk;  
Are riven out baith root and branch,  
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,  
Wha thinks to kniit himsel' the faster  
In favour wi' some gentle master,  
Wha' aiblins, thrang a parliamentin',  
For Britain's guid his saul indentin'—

The poor, then, are not so wretched and forlorn as ignorance would deem them. Though wedded by untimely Fate to the coldest and most cheerless of her daughters—Poverty,—they are so accustomed to her visits, that her presence makes them not afraid. They now that a continuance of good fortune is not their lot, though their highest ambition is only to earn, by the labour of their hands, a scanty, but an independent livelihood. To them, when the labour of the day is concluded, a blink of rest is a sweet enjoyment—a pleasure which the idle rich can never learn, for the pain and wear must first be endured, ere the sweet sensations of rest can be appreciated. If the wealthy, therefore, never know the toil and weariness of the labourer, they are equally ignorant of the calm enjoyment of his own home life. Their life is one continued whirl of listless idleness, except when the riotous debauch or exciting chase drives into a swifter flow the tideless current of their blood, and gives a fictitious fury to the palpitations of their pulse; but even then the perfect enjoyment of rest is not understood; for unstrung nerves and wasted ener-

gies are the signs of weakness, not the healthful slumber of the faculties. Nor do the vainly rich feel that same acute delight in the well-being of their offspring as the laborious poor; the former have so many distracting pleasures, that they do not estimate those of easiest attainment; while the cottager, by the directing hand of Providence, esteems the cheapest blessings most, not because they are cheap, but because they are dearest to him; the little objects—the grushie weans—that is, children of thriving and healthy growth—are entwined round the inner corners of his heart, and their images nestle there like stockdoves in their parent cot; while his careful partner, knowing that there is neither joy nor hope for him beyond his cottage walls, contrives by her conduct to cheer him at his hearth. Nor does she grudge the recreative association with his fellows, when they, in his own or a neighbour's house, indulge in a moderate potation, and comment upon the political and religious strifes of the country. In Scotland patronage and priests have been fruitful subjects of discourse, the humblest tiller of the soil maintaining it as his right to have a voice in the selection of his parson, although the law, as settled at the Reformation, restricted the appointment of the parish incumbent to the proprietor, or to him who held the lordship of the land.

Among the few seasons of rustic enjoyment Luath makes first mention of the jovial ranting kirns,—that is, the entertainment which the farmer gives his labourers on the conclusion of the harvest—the joyful harvest home, when the treasures of the earth are secured, and urbanity takes the place of anxiety on the temper of the proprietor. In olden times this was the most mirthful of rural recreations, for then the rich and lordly forgot their distance, and mingled on a night among the tenants of the humblest rank. Nor were these occasional condescensions lost upon the industrious community; it was a day to be talked of before it came—it was a scene to be remembered when it was past—it was an era from which circumstances were dated—an event by which all others were contrasted. It was an offering of dissociation ranks to the shrine of nature, to prove that society and its prejudices had not yet completely seared their hearts,—it was an avowal from the rich man that his prosperity arose from the regulated labour of the poor,—it was an incentive to their industry, an emollient to their pride, of which sound sense and discretion should ever have rejoiced in the continuance, for there is nothing lost, but much gain to all parties, in an annual amalgamation of the different and sometimes contending interests of which all large establishments are composed. It is much to be regretted that these and similar festivals are falling to decay, as their discontinuance can only tend still farther to sever the harmony and good feeling which ought to subsist between the employer and employed.

Another season of enjoyment was the advent of a new year, which all parties made a season of reciprocal good wishes, when old feuds were healed, and they that had become estranged met once more in fellowship and peace. The homely scene is beautifully painted by the poet. The door is closed and bolted on the frosty wind. The punch smokes on in graceful curl upon the table, dispersing a heart-inspiring fume upon the olfactory nerves of the assembled guests. The lighted pipe and snuff-box are handed round in earnest goodwill in the course of their enjoyment. The cheerful old folks converse quietly and friendly together, while the children—collected perhaps from every cottage in the neighbourhood—pursue their mirthful amusements through every quarter of the house—running up and down stairs, laughing and carolling in artless merriment. Nor could there be a more natural and truthful conclusion to this part of the picture than the dog running amongst them, and barking his acquiescence and approval of their sports, and asking as plain as dog could speak, to be permitted to share in their festivities. The bark of a dog is not always to be despised; not only have these animals by their instinct discovered secret danger, and enabled men to avoid impending peril; but their unexpected bark has sometimes put a speaker out of countenance, or compelled him to exercise his readiness of wit. At a hotly contested election for Paisley a few years ago, one of the candidates was addressing a crowded and not too friendly auditory, when he was interrupted by the bark of a stray cur which had called in to hear his eloquence. The laugh was universal at the expense of the interrupted speaker, but he on the instant appropriately repeated these lines—

"My heart has been sae fain to see him,  
That I for joy hae barkit wi' him."

This ready application of the sympathy of honest Luath was rewarded by a long and hearty round of applause, but unfortunately it did not secure his election.

Notwithstanding the occasional concessions and interchange of good wishes among the gentry and the cottagers, Luath admits that many a creditable family is rooted out from the land of their birth by the grasping and ill-judged conduct of local managers, who are left to conduct the business of the estate while the proprietor is absent, as Luath supposes, wearying his soul in Parliament for the advantage and prosperity of the country. Caesar, however, interrupts him in his supposition, and tells him that such elevated conduct is far from their thoughts:—

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;  
For Britain's guid I guid faith, I doubt it.  
Say rather, gann as Premiers lead him,  
An' saying aye or no's they bid him:  
At operas an' plays parading,  
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;  
Or may be, in a frolic daft,  
To Hague or Calais takes a waft,

To make a tour, an' tak' a whirl,  
To learn *bon ton*, an' see the world!  
There, at Vienna or Versailles,  
He rives his father's auld entail;  
Or by Madrid he takes the rout,  
To thrum guitars, an' fecht wi' nowt;  
Or down Italian vista stables,  
W-re-hunting among groves o' myrdes;  
Then bouses dronky German water,  
To mak' himsel' look fair and fatter,  
An' clear the consequential sorrows,  
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras,  
For Britain's guid!—for her destruction!  
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction,

This startling picture of fashionable existence may serve to reconcile the hopeless labourer to his fate, although his incessant yearning may be to rise superior to the drudgery of a life of toil. The fashionable extreme is more humiliating than the other, more conspicuous in its uselessness, more debasing in its example, than the most wretched situation in which poverty can be placed. It might be thought that such men would deem their menatorial duties an incumbrance; and so they would, says our philosopher, were their only object the advancement of the people. The trust is only sought, or more properly taken, as the means of an introduction to court, as a claim to be admitted to the festivals of the great party leaders,—as a means by which to secure invitations to the balls and concerts of the female politicians who move the wires by which their booby lords are set in motion. This race, however, has fallen rapidly away, and their speedy extinction may be early as it is gladly hoped for. But the political waiters upon Providence are an undying class. The meaner in soul than needy in circumstances still make a trade of prostituted influence, and continue to earn, though in a less obtrusive manner, the wages of their venal conduct. How few are the truly great and lofty minded among the corrupt controllers of the earth—how few of noble intellect and sterling worth—how few of solid principles and honest views! And what is the reward they have met? The neglect of royalty—the derision of the press—the apathy of the people. But to a vehement and industrious party leader the path of honour and advancement is of easy access—the congratulations of power beset him at every turn—the acclamations of a thoughtless people wait on him at every step. May the day of awakening enlightenment speedily arrive, when every man will be judged according to the honesty and usefulness of his labours; then will the sophist and plausible reasoner be confounded—then the wasteful distributor of public wealth be called to a strict account—then will the careless and indolent steward be deprived of his trust—then, but not till then, will disaffection cease, and the selfish brawler be stricken dumb. O for a moral and intellectual being, whose relentless hand would sweep the money changers from the temple, and by his bright example banish party strife from the councils of the nation—whose nervous eloquence would speak the truth with power, and make the pillars of corruption shake—before whose scowling glance the selfish would shrink appalled—to whose pure and lofty purpose each honest and generous mind might bear a willing testimony—whose glorious object and sublime reward would be

The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise;  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read his history in a nation's eyes.

But be that day near or distant, we must at present follow Luath in his lamentation over the melancholy truths with which Caesar had enlightened his knowledge of the fashionable and political world.

Heh man! dear sirs! is that the gate  
They waste sae mony a braw estate!  
Are we sae foughten an' harass'd  
For gear to gang that gate at last!  
O would they stay aback frae courts,  
An' please themsel's wi' cotter sports,  
It wad for every one be better,  
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Coter!  
For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billies,  
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;  
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,  
Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,  
Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,  
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.  
But ye ye tell me, Master Caesar,  
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?  
Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,  
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

Notwithstanding the vexatious information he had received from Caesar, the generous Luath was unwilling to believe that the gentry were wilfully guilty of serious or aggravated evil-deeds. Of the harassing of the poor, he deemed them entirely innocent—that he had determined to lay solely to the account of stewards and other intermediate authorities, and hence he says that these personages are guilty of much which their employers would never knowingly sanction; yet he wishes they would reside upon their estates, and content themselves with such enjoyments as the country would afford, which course of conduct would be better for every class, for the proprietor himself, for his tenants and their labourers. Luath, in his simplicity, enumerates the principal causes of their dislike of the poor—it is for their speaking disparagingly of a lady whose relationship is of the most equivocal character, for destroying their plantations, and for poaching of their game. Except for their punishment of these misdemeanours, Luath protests that the gentry in general are not inclined to deal harshly with the poor, whose humble joy and narrow comforts he much delights to witness. He then enquires of the pleasures of the great, confident that their enjoyments must be of a lasting and elevated kind. Caesar, however, with



that strict regard to truth which so beautifully distinguishes his character, is compelled to dissipate the illusion, and state what their pleasures and amusements really are.

Lord, man, were ye but whyles where I am,  
The gentles ye would ne'er envy 'em.  
It's true, they needna starve or sweat,  
Thro' winter's cauld or simmer's heat;  
They've nae sair war'k to craze their banes,  
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes;  
But human bodies are sic fools,  
For a' their colleges and schools,  
That when nae real ills perplex 'em,  
They mak enow themselves to vex 'em;  
An' ay the less they hae to sturt 'em,  
In like proportion less will hurt 'em.

A country fellow at the plough,  
His acres till'd, he's right enough;  
A country girl at her wheel,  
Her dizen's done, she's unco weel;  
But gentlemen, and ladies warst,  
Wi' ev'n down want o' war'k are curst.  
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;  
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy;  
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless;  
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;  
An' even their sports, their balls an' races,  
Their galloping thro' public places,  
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,  
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party matches,  
Then sowther a' in deep debauches;  
Ae night they're mad wi' drink and ———,  
Niest day their life is past enduring.

The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,  
As great and gracious a' as sisters;  
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,  
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.  
Whyles, o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,  
They sip the scandal potion pretty;  
Or lee-lang nights, wi' rabbit leuks  
Pore owre the devil's picture-beuks;  
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,  
An' cheat like onie unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exception, man an' woman,  
But this is gentry's life in common.

This graphic pencilling of the cold and heartless conduct of the gentry among themselves is aptly contrasted by the wholesome and invigorating employments of the industrious. The idle rich are cursed with having absolutely nothing to do, they are the slaves of whim and caprice, merely because they have no settled object on which to employ their slumbering faculties. A ploughman has his work to do, does it, and is at ease. A country girl, whose labour is requisite for the comfort of the family, performs her allotted amount of toil, and sits down at night contented to enjoy her time. But, gentlemen, and ladies more than they, are pestered with the worst of all diseases, downright laziness, which renders their days insipid, their nights unquiet and restless. The men get drunk and quarrel, and get drunk again to heal their feud; and the ladies, when met in loving mood together, smile and talk so pleasantly to each other, that they would appear to belong to an angelic sisterhood, where envy and malice never dared to enter, in whom spleen and scandal would never find a place; but when absent from each other, the tongue of scandal is never quiet; they sit down to their scandal-breeding beverage, the talk-inducing tea, and characterise in no loving nor dignified terms the absent companions with whom they conversed so graciously. Or, perhaps, over the devil's picture books, the name which Presbyterian austerity has designated cards, they vent their fume and spleen, staking as if a trifle the possessions of their tenants on their game, and striving to cheat each other with an intensity only equalled by those who make gambling a profession, and live by its successes. This is the most rational description that Cæsar could give, and though the march of improvement has somewhat smoothed the roughness of the picture, and mellowed the more glaring tints of the free and bold outline here portrayed, it still forms a not unfaithful likeness of fashionable existence.

Our philosophers pondered deeply on the information they had acquired from each other, and there is no saying to what extent their lucubrations might have extended had they continued their dissertation through the evening. But—

By this the sun was out o' sight,  
An' darker gloaming brought the night;  
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone;  
The kye stood rowtin' in the loon;  
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,  
Rejoiced they were na men but dogs;  
An' each took af his several way,  
Resolved to meet some ither day.

There was more of wise import in that serious shaking of their ears than there was in the potent rustle of Lord Burleigh's ponderous wig. It spoke in that mute eloquence which surpasses human tongue, the prayerful earnestness of stern conviction, that the so-called lords of the creation were not the best nor purest beings of the earth—that though to them much had been given above the brute creation, of them much also should be required; and this important moral pervades the tale, that happiness consists not in the acquisition of wealth, nor sorrow in a life of labour, but that he who best discharges the duties of his station elevates himself the most, and is most worthy of the name of man. There is no other character nor title superior to this, of nature's own creating; there is no higher gift than intellect; no treasure of greater value than the mind; and he who dispenses from that ever-welling fountain the purest streams of everlasting knowledge, shall earn for himself a name, before which potentates and princes shall bow their heads, while crowns and coronets lie neglected at his feet.

## Something from Nothing.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALTHOUGH little additional information is given by Mr. Poole in this chapter respecting the character and practices of his hero, it appears essential to the plot of his story to follow him through his manœuvres with the sickly lodger. We therefore present a few extracts from his concluding chapter this month, in the expectation that another event will, next month, demonstrate the way of the world and Mr. Quiddy together.

As his capital increased, Quiddy was enabled to extend the sphere of his benevolence. He could now accommodate with loans a greater number of his friends, and to a larger amount. He had long abandoned the practice with which he had started in his financial career of lending insignificant sums to his poorer customers; the profit was not commensurate with the trouble. He would now succour a distressed tradesman with the loan of a hundred, or even two hundred pounds; always taking care to receive such security as should render the smallest loss an impossibility, and cautiously abstaining from the receipt of one single farthing beyond the legal interest. But he had in one corner of his shop a package, very neatly made up, and easily portable, containing a gross of small tin snuff-canisters, the real value of which was about just as many pence. In all his loans this one single package played a prominent part, for it was always given as a portion of the amount, varying from a fifth to a fourth, according to circumstances; as, for instance:—"You want a hundred pounds," he would say; "very well, you shall have it, and I shall take at the rate of five per cent. interest—no more. But I cannot let you have the whole sum in cash; you must receive twenty pounds' worth of canisters in part."

This arrangement being perfectly well understood by the accommodated party, he would pocket eighty pounds in money (minus the interest) and carry away the little package as the representative of the remainder. Having walked half way down the street, he would return, and innocently inquire whether Mr. Quiddy happened to want a gross of tin canisters: and the latter answering in the affirmative, the vendor would receive a few shillings in payment for them. They would then be restored to their place, there to remain till again required for a similar purpose. And thus had Quiddy the gratification of reflecting that, by this benevolent aid, was the inevitable ruin of an unfortunate tradesman—delayed till a few weeks later.

Quiddy and his lodger had gone on very comfortably together for several weeks, and the latter had frequently expressed his perfect satisfaction at the manner in which he was treated; and well he might, for Quiddy's deference to his wants and wishes (sometimes to his own inconvenience, and, occasionally, a little to his cost) was surprising. How was this to be accounted for? Was it that he was becoming less intensely selfish than heretofore, or that a single spark of generosity had found its way into his bosom? Could he have been influenced by Lickpenny's occasional allusions to his misfortune of "having neither chick nor child," or by the circumstance that Lickpenny himself was (to use Quiddy's expression) "an unnatural son;" so that, should he die intestate, there would be no legal representatives to claim his property, which, moreover, was all funded? Of this last fact, together with its amount (about eighteen hundred pounds), he had, by some indirect means, become informed; but he always carefully concealed from his lodger his knowledge of it.

One evening when they were smoking their pipes together, Quiddy, with some abruptness, expressed his wonder at never having known a relative of Lickpenny's to visit him, and inquired whether he had any.

After some hesitation, Lickpenny, adopting a periphrastic and circumlocutory form of words of exquisite delicacy, replied—"I'll tell you how it is, Mr. Q. You must know it was not till after I had popped my head into the world, that my father and mother happened to recollect that, somehow or other, they had quit forgot to get married; and, as they both died very shortly afterwards, why, there wasn't time for them to repair the omission. Now, it is probably owing to that circumstance that, properly speaking, as my lawyer says, I never had any relatives at all."

"It is a thousand pities you haven't a son," said Quiddy. "I don't mean a mere boy; that would be more plague than pleasure; but a young man of—of about my age, like; it would be a great comfort to you, at your time of life."

"That's all a chance, Mr. Q.: it might be, or it might not: all would depend upon his conduct. Yet I own I sometimes feel the want of one."

"Not so much since you have been here, I hope, for I try all I can to make you happy and comfortable—I say, Mr. L., continued he, with a simper, "it's very odd, but one can't help one's feelings, you know; but really—really, I do somehow feel for you, at times, for all the world like a son. I dare say you will laugh at me for it, but I always was a very great fool about my feelings."

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said the other: "on the contrary, I take it very kind of you; and, to say the truth, I have a sort of liking for you: you are attentive to me; you treat me well, and—"

"And quite disinterested, that you must know," said Quiddy, interrupting him: "it isn't as if—"

"If what?"

"Why, as I said, when I was told it by somebody, just after you came to live here—'It was the best thing he could do,' says I, 'to sink all his money in an an-

nuité for his own life, seeing as how he has got nobod to leave it to; he gets a better income by it, and the ol gentleman is right to take care of Number One. An then,' says I, 'when he's gone, all's gone: so he's in r fear of people pretending to like him for what they ma get. If, indeed, he had children of his own, or anybod at all he cared about, it would have been a differ matter,' says I; 'then he would have made a will, & it's a great comfort to know what is to become of one money after one is dead and gone.'

"Mr. Q.," said Lickpenny, "I don't know who ma have told you that, but I can tell you—"

He checked himself, and paused—knocking the as out of his pipe, and looking into his tobacco-box, wh he found to be empty.

"But what, Mr. L.?" inquired Quiddy, drawing little closer to the old man.

"That I want some tobacco," was the reply.

Quiddy went into the shop, and filled the box.

"And now, Mr. L.," said he, as he resumed his seat and returned the box, "you must do me a favour—have often thought of asking it, but I have been afraid of offending you. It actually goes to my heart to charge you for your little modicums of snuff and tobacco—isn't pleasant between friends. Now, you must allow me for the future, to fill your boxes for you in a friendly way: or—there's the shop, and you have only to help yourself whenever you please—the real Havannah or anything you choose. Now, will you, Mr. L.? It's n object out of such a quantity, indeed it a'n't."

"Why, really, Mr. Q., that is very handsome of you, but, indeed—Well—I take you offer: there will always be some way or other of making the matter up."

"Don't talk of that you'll hurt my feelings. I wouldn't have you think me selfish or interested, for, whatever that Doctor M'Squills may say, if I have a good quality at all, it is that I— By the bye, what were you a-going to say just now, Mr. L.?"

"Aye, who informed you, that I—"

"Oh, about the annuity! Why it was—no, it wasn't neither—and really I can't recollect."

"Well, it is of no consequence," said Lickpenny, dropping the subject, which was not afterwards resumed.

For some months, the old man's ailment (pulmonary consumption) had been on the increase, and partly for this reason, and partly because he did not know what else to do with his time, he was in the habit of lying in a-bed.

"Daddy," said Quiddy, in a tone of extreme tenderness (for Daddy was the term of endearment he was wont to bestow upon the sick fundholder)—"Daddy, I am afraid you a'n't quite so well this morning—I heard your poor dear cough, and came immediately to see how you do."

"Come to get me up because you want your breakfast I suppose," said Lickpenny.

"Oh no, indeed, Daddy," said Quiddy, with fawning submissiveness, "you know I would not have breakfasted without you if you hadn't come down for a month—and not if you'd never come down."

"Well—what's o'clock?"

"A leetle past eleven, Daddy."

"Well—I shall come down presently; and, d'y'e hear, don't keep me waiting a minute for my breakfast when I'm ready for it: you know I can't bear to be kept waiting for my meals."

"I know it, Daddy," was the meek reply.

"And, d'y'e hear? wait breakfast till I come: you know I can't bear to take my meals by myself."

"You know I always do, Daddy; though I must say it is sometimes uncommon inconvenient."

"Well—I pay for having my own way, and I will have my own way. Even in my poor dear angel's life-time, always—sometimes—so if it does not suit you, why? Well: no matter: I'm an unhappy old man! nobody care for me; neither chick nor child: no one to—"

"Now, that's very unkind of my old Daddy. An't I like a son to you? I'm sure you sometimes say I am."

"Well: perhaps you're not so bad, after all. Go—stop—and, d'y'e hear?—Nothing—I forget what I was going to say."

And Quiddy left the room, grumbling inwardly, and wishing his "Daddy" in the company of the "poor dear angel," wherever she might be: at the same time vituperating pulmonary consumption, on account of its culpable inactivity, as a disgrace to the catalogue of contrivances for despatching old people from this world to the next.

A few days after this the post brought him a letter from Aberdeen. We need scarcely say it was from Janet.

"What can this be about, I wonder," thought he. "She hasn't wrote to me for a twelvemonth—not since she sent me that twenty pound. What can she have to write about now? Oh! I dare say it is to tell me the trustees have sent her the money for the furniture, which the carneying creacher would never have had if I had bemean'd myself to earwig the old woman as she did—Well—let's see."

The letter being post-paid, he did not immediately perceive it was charged as double: his astonishment therefore, was the greater when on opening it he found it to contain an order upon a London banker for forty eight pounds fifteen shillings. The dry style of address and subscription in this letter, as in a former one, is remarkable:—"Mr. Quiddy," and "I remain, Jane Gray." In taking it for granted that the gentleman made an occasional inquiry concerning her, Janet assumed that he felt just sufficiently interested in her welfare to



himself to that trouble. No such thing; convinced her last letter that his expectations of serving her, by taking a part in the management of her pecuniary affairs, are hopeless, she was no longer an object of any consideration to him. Indeed, had it been otherwise, the erapeutic process so successfully practised upon him by M'Squills (which he never forgot nor forgave) had inspired him with a dislike of the doctor so intense as to be equalled only by the doctor's contempt for him; so that these parties never willingly put themselves in each other's way. And when, upon two or three occasions, they accidentally met in the streets, Quiddy pretended not to see his medical friend—from the fear, probably, of being honoured with one of his well-remembered gripes in the hand. Some of the allusions, therefore, in the letter just received, were, as the receiver expressed it, "gibberish" to him. For the rest, he was sufficiently careful to acknowledge that the girl had done the right thing at last by returning him his money—though he thought that, in justice, she could not well have done otherwise; and sufficiently anxious about the accident alluded to (the effects of which were becoming worse and worse) as to wonder what might be the nature of it, and to wonder, also,—what, should she die of it, she was likely to do with all her money.

### Madame Lafarge and the Diamonds.

#### SCHEME THE FIRST.

THIS versatile lady thus accounts for the disappearance of the diamonds, for the purloining of which she now stands a second time a criminal before the bar of justice. Her account true or false, it is not unlike idle plotting women's to conduct themselves.—One of her married friends, whom she names Marie, appeared to be affected by some hidden grief, upon observing which, she interrogated her respecting her distress. The abrupt reply was, "I wish you to marry." This, says Madame, took me by surprise, and I was unable to utter a word. Without, however, awaiting my reply, Madame de Leautaud proceeded to speak of the reasons that should govern my decision; pointing out to me the void in my existence, and describing the falseness and dependence of my position in respect to the world.

"You have no fortune, and are almost twenty-three," she added; "a good marriage can alone confer in society at liberty necessary to your character. Listen seriously to me. I remind you of certain disagreeable but wholesome truths. Your health is not good, and the nature of your complaint does not add to your beauty; you will soon be an old maid, as dissatisfied with yourself as you will be disagreeable to others. Avert this by becoming a desirable wife. You would not hear me last winter, and evaded the subject every time I attempted to speak to you. Now I have caught you; and here, away from the influence of your aunts, I am determined to persuade you to make up your mind, and to make you happy in spite of yourself."

I listened in mute astonishment to the sudden proposition, and Madame de Leautaud's conjugal harangue, guessing instinctively that this extraordinary solicitude in my account only veiled her real object, I answered, somewhat impatiently, that she was very kind; and expressing my sensibility of good intentions, declared my willingness to obey, provided the husband suited me.

"Perhaps you have high expectations, and romantic notions of love? Confess to me what you would accept, and I will afterwards tell you whom I propose."

"You know, Marie, I no longer believe in love as ascribed by the poets, and as we imagine it in our dreams. I am resigned to take the world as it is, and content to marry for worldly reasons. But you must understand, that, if I do not exact a handsome husband, refined and affectionate mind, and a heart all passion; I determine to make a reasonable choice reasonably, I am justly entitled to regard, as indispensable in the party whom I shall accept, an honourable position in the world, fortune, and an estimable and established character. I shall be indulgent as to his age; I would even consent to immure myself in a castle, or dwell in a country town; for I am of Caesar's opinion, and would prefer being first in a village to living second in Rome."

"Excellent! my project tallies admirably with your views. You will reign, for the husband whom I have chosen for you is a sub-prefect: his age is thirty-eight; he has no fortune, but his hopes of advancement are certain. He is good-looking and clever, and his name is George,—a pretty name, is it not? In short, he is Mademoiselle Delvaux's brother."

I was satisfied with all this, except the conclusion; and I could not disguise from Marie that it would be as difficult for me to love Mademoiselle Delvaux as to obtain her affection. To re-assure me, she told me that her overness's opinion of me was changed; that she now recognised her injustice, loved me with all her heart, and was the first who had desired this marriage, which was to make me her sister.

I promised to reflect on the inconveniences attending my position, in order the better to appreciate the advantages of the step proposed for my welfare; and then, farther, I almost accepted the match, so far as the position of the party was concerned, and promised to prepare to listen favourably to his personal overtures, Marie could no longer conceal her extreme joy, and embraced me tenderly.

"Your sinister and mysterious air at first quite alarmed me," said I; "I almost feared that your terrors of the past winter had retaken possession of you, and knew not what horrible phantom you had conjured up to test my friendship."

"Your friendship and affection are more necessary to me than ever. My former vague fears have become threatening realities. But you will save me; you have assured me you will save me."

Madame de Leautaud then informed me that her husband was exceedingly jealous, still more of appearances than of her love; that a person whom he had formerly loved, and who still possessed influence over him, revenged herself for his neglect, by wounding his vanity in the reputation of the woman who had been preferred to her. Already had M. de Leautaud reproved her with asperity for some girlish indiscretions; and she foresaw that he would never forgive the intrigue with M. Clavé, which was at the same time a blemish and a subject for ridicule.

"Tell me at once," said I, "whether M. Clavé is really in Africa, as I am convinced he is, or at the Opera, as you were so certain in the winter?"

"Once more I repeat that he is at the Opera. I recognised him distinctly among a group of chorus singers; and that his name is on the list, Mademoiselle Devaux is as certain as myself."

"I am still incredulous. To the perhaps deceptive evidence of your eyes, I have the more tangible proof of a letter to oppose. Why would you not suffer me to answer it? We should have known by this time whether to fear him or to forget him."

"You have not reflected, Marie, that he only dated his letter from Algiers the more easily to obtain your answer, and to remove from your mind all thoughts of its compromising you. Believe me, he is at this moment a figurant at the Opera in Paris."

"It may be so, but I am unable to believe it; and even should I compromise myself still further, I am resolved to write to him in Algiers, if only to convince you, and to set your mind at rest."

"Do no such thing, I entreat you—I implore—"

"Then confess that you have seen him, that you have written to him."

"No, indeed," said Madame de Leautaud, with excitement. "I have obtained the most positive information respecting his circumstances, which are indeed deplorable: he is plunged in debt, and hiding from his creditors. His object is to enter society, and he is just the sort of person to make use of a scandalous intrigue as a passport; in a word, to ruin us by exposing our letters. Your family will be covered with obloquy through your inconsiderate folly; while M. de Leautaud will probably demand a separation to save himself from the ridicule which, in overwhelming me, would reflect upon him. I could never survive the blow. No sacrifice is too great to prevent the possibility of such a disclosure. For Heaven's sake, assist me, Marie—save me, in saving yourself."

I confess that all this shocked me extremely, Mdm. de Leautaud's fears gradually communicated themselves to me. I felt that she was hiding from me a secret—perhaps an interview or a letter. What was I to imagine? Between a young woman and a young wife no perfect confidence can exist. I dared not question Marie; I dared not probe her secret; I knew not how I could protect her, still less how I could save her. Taking her hands in silence, I gave her time to collect herself, to speak more calmly. Marie had, in fact, formed a scheme counselled, or at least countenanced, by Mademoiselle Delvaux; and upon hearing it, my terror became excessive. At the time of her marriage she had received a set of diamonds; and her project was, to dispose of these, to employ the proceeds in arranging M. Clavé's affairs, purchasing back the letters, and sending him from France, and thus put it out of his power to betray us by an indiscreet disclosure, which, unsupported by proof, would be incredible. The project appeared to me to be at once dangerous and impracticable. I could not bring myself to doubt the noble sentiments of frankness and honour with which my friendship had endowed M. Clavé; I could believe him unfortunate; that, compelled to have recourse to the stage for bread, he might have been tempted in a momentary fit of desperation, to threaten Marie with revenge for her neglect and contempt; but depraved, or unprincipled, I could not believe him. I did not believe him capable of saying to a woman whom he had loved,—"Gold is as necessary to me as honour to you; purchase my silence, or I will ruin your reputation."

I told Marie all that passed in my mind. I supplicated her not to wound M. Clavé's feelings by such a proposition, nor herself drive him to the very steps that it was her object to prevent his taking. Neither could I see how I could be of service to her: I could only advise—nor was my judgment to be relied on in a dangerous or difficult emergency. Marie entreated me, with the most urgent entreaties, to banish for ever all my romantic illusions of the noble-minded chevalier of past times. She solemnly assured me that she was fully justified in believing in M. Clavé's want of honour; that she could, and ought to purchase his silence. She told me that M. Delvaux was to be let into our secret—in short, his future bride's reputation, and his sister's peace, which would both be compromised, if Madame de Nicolai should discover the intrigue, made us certain of his concurrence and discretion. When unset, the diamonds would no longer be recognisable. I was to pretend to have received them from an old uncle, and to sell them previously to my mar-

riage, in order to purchase less expensive jewels for the occasion: all which, she said, would appear too natural to awaken suspicion. I was, however, far from satisfied; and without daring positively to refuse Marie, I sought to raise objections, and to oppose difficulties, that I might avoid taking part in this imprudent course. I pointed out to her that she might, with equal safety, confide her secret directly to M. Delvaux, through his sister; and expressed myself at a loss to understand how I could be so indispensably necessary an agent in a project of which I disapproved.

"Your heedlessness and inexperience blind you," replied she. "Mademoiselle Delvaux, who is willing to assist me even beyond the extent of merely advising, would never consent to serve me directly. That which in an unmarried girl amounts to merely pardonable giddiness, would in a person of her time of life, enjoying my mother's confidence, and entrusted with a sacred responsibility, be accounted an act of infamy. As for M. Delvaux, a man cannot oppose himself to a man in an affair of this kind. You alone can unite the moral influence of the second Marie to the influence of hard cash of the first; you only can receive my letters, and make known my conditions. While the least step on my part would add arms to those already possessed by M. Clavé, yours cannot compromise you; for he could have no interest to divulge it; and authorised by M. Delvaux, no one could presume to blame your conduct. No one but you can undertake the conveyance of the money to M. Clavé, in the form of a pension, if we should be unable to trust him so far as to pay him all at once."

I yielded, and promised all that was required of me; too weakly forgetting that it is not permitted to repair the evil consequences of one false step by another.

#### SCHEME THE SECOND.

Matters being so far arranged for the completion of this domestic plot, we are told in another chapter of the work how it was carried into execution:—

M. Delvaux arrived on a Saturday evening, to sign the contract, and Mademoiselle de Beauvoir's marriage was to take place the following Monday. My heart beat violently as I entered the room that contained my possibly future husband. In the course of this first evening Madame de Leautaud contrived us a thousand little opportunities to speak to each other. He did not converse very well; but the few words with which he interrupted the reading of the contract were well received; and when Marie asked me what I thought of him, I replied that time was necessary to enable me to form an opinion, but that in the meanwhile he did not displease me. Marie was in triumphant spirits,—the success of the candidate left no doubt in her mind of the fortunate issue of her project. I had not said "nay;" and as for M. Delvaux, he had said "aye" as plainly as man could speak; and she had decided that this day of festivity, of confusion and preparation, should answer for the disappearance of her diamonds. It was no easy matter for her thus to rob herself. The jewels were kept in the drawer of a bureau, of which she alone possessed a key; the passage that led to her room led to no other; it was impossible for a stranger to invent a pretext for passing that way; it would therefore be necessary to suppose that a strange thief, knowing exactly where the diamonds were kept, had chosen his time to force the drawer regardless of danger, and fearless of a sudden surprise, against which he could not guard, and from which escape would have been impossible. To prevent suspicion falling on the people of the house, it was necessary to make some of these improbabilities probable—to find, therefore, a pretext for removing the diamonds from the drawer and taking them down into the drawing-room, and to leave them there without too palpable negligence. These indispensable circumstances, so difficult to combine, almost naturally presented themselves this day. Of that, I was aware; and notwithstanding my desire not to understand it, I had consequently only faint objections to urge: I could object to the project, but retard or prevent its execution I could not; the hour was come, and it must either be renounced for ever, or carried into prompt and immediate execution. I had recourse, in despair, to the information it was necessary to obtain regarding M. Delvaux: I remarked that my aunts might oppose obstacles to my wishes, that I was naturally anxious to know something of him who was to be my future lord and master, &c. But Marie having met and overcome one of my scruples, once more I yielded.

After dinner we led the conversation to Mademoiselle de Beauvoir's wedding-presents, and subsequently introduced the subject of her diamonds. Marie expressed her preference of Lecoine's style of setting to that of Jeanisset; and sending for her jewel-case in support of her opinion, its truth was quickly admitted, and due honour ascribed to M. Lecoine's good taste. The drawing-room was soon deserted; Madame de Nicolai went to walk in the garden; MM. de Nicolai and de Leautaud were, I believe, obliged to go to Pontoise on business; vespers called the ladies to church; while some of the domestics were engaged at Osny, making preparations for the next day; and others had errands to perform in the town. In short, all being abandoned and in disorder in the little castle, Marie placed her jewel-case on a work-table that stood near the low windows opening on the outer yard, and before which beggars were accustomed to solicit alms that were never refused. Afterwards, while M. Delvaux was engaged whispering in my ear amorous assurances of a sub-prefect's love, Marie quickly removed her diamonds from their case, and took them up stairs to her room, to avoid the risk of



having our plan executed by a real thief. Then we in our turn quitted the room, and took a long walk together. We were absent three hours. Upon our return, as we had hoped and foreseen, we found no one in the drawing-room, and the case was ostensibly removed by Madame de Leautaud. By way of additional precaution, Marie asked her mother in the evening whether during our long absence she had entered the saloon; and the reply was in the negative.

Madame was not altogether fond of the husband intended for her, while Marie wished to hasten it, so that the supposed robbery might be discovered with as little delay as possible, I was of opinion, she says, that we had better take our time, and wait till the winter,—which seemed to me the more advisable plan. The jewel-case, as I have said, was kept in a drawer of which she alone possessed the key; and as, in the country, she was certain of having no occasion to wear her diamonds, it was much easier therefore to let them lie forgotten, than to find a means of calling attention towards them, and then to establish the fact of their theft without suspicion of the real fact. Marie thought differently. She did not wish to be alone to bear the first shock. In six months I should be away from her in some distant department; all our elaborate arrangement to screen the servants from suspicion would by that time have been forgotten or easily overthrown, and she could not endure the terrible prospective. She told me that I could not be capable of abandoning her in the hour of danger; insisting that my presence was necessary to support her—my sympathy to save her from sinking under her fears; and, finally, that our momentous resolution required to be promptly executed. I still adhered to my original opinion; but as it originated in a mixed sentiment of weakness and selfishness, which I was half-ashamed to avow, I yielded; and we resolved that on the next day, which was a Sunday, we would deliver ourselves from all further anxiety by a bold and decisive step.

Marie, on pretence of having a few lines to write, contrary to her custom, stepped up-stairs to her apartment in the middle of the day, begging M. de Leautaud and me, as we were disengaged, to accompany her, and take our seats in her comfortable *caneuses*. The conversation we presently turned on Bourguignon's well-imitated false jewellery, which I pronounced to be so perfect, that at a short distance it could not be distinguished from real stones; instancing several leaders of fashion, who, possessing superb diamonds, often wore them with Bourguignon's paste without observation. Marie maintaining the contrary, we appealed for a decision to M. de Leautaud; and I offered to produce for comparison with her diamonds the clasp of my missal, which was ornamented with some of the strass-paste. I fetched it; Marie opened the drawer, took out her jewel-case, and, to her consternation, found it—empty.

An inquiry and search were immediately instituted. The lady's maid being sent for, declared that she had never seen the jewels "since the day that Madame had sent for them in the drawing-room." Marie then remembered that on that occasion she had placed them on the work-table, and, through unaccountable forgetfulness, had there left them during several hours while we were out walking. She had a distinct recollection of having carried the case up-stairs on her return, and also of having hastily put it away, without first ascertaining by inspection that the diamonds were all safe within. There was no longer any doubt that they had been stolen by a beggar or a vagabond; and all the accessory circumstances that we could recal to mind strengthened and confirmed this belief. We remembered having been a very long time away, and having pushed the table near the window to waltz a little after dinner; that all the domestics were absent; that the case on the table could be plainly seen, and easily reached, through the open window; that we had observed several men of suspicious appearance in the neighbourhood, &c.

Frantic at the consequence of his wife's negligence, M. de Leautaud upbraided her with the harshest reproaches. He ransacked every drawer, overwhelmed us with questions, and searched all our work-baskets in the drawing-room; while Marie and I stood apart in consternation, which increased when we heard of M. de Nicolai's intention of sending to the magistrates for two gendarmes to search all the servants' rooms.

The evening was spent in conjectures and recriminations, M. de Nicolai alone preserving his temper. As for M. de Leautaud, he was raving; and after having exhausted the language of passionate reproof, and suspecting nearly everybody in turn, learning that M. Alfred de Gouy had been some short time alone on the deserted premises on the memorable Palm-Sunday, he seriously persuaded himself that he had taken the diamonds to present to one of his mistresses: and it was long before he would retract, with an ill grace, this insulting and unjustifiable suspicion.

All that night my terror for the consequences of our imprudence was unbounded; and the next morning I declared to Marie that no earthly power should induce me to retain possession of her jewels (which had been hidden for some days in my room) while the officers of justice were in the house. I wished her to take them back again, and entreated her to renounce her project, if it were not yet too late. Unfortunately, she was not to be convinced. The immediate danger seemed to frighten her much less than the prospective. Her anxiety, it is true, equalled mine; but she could devise no means to have the diamonds found in a natural way, and believed, that, having advanced so far, the

slightest hesitation would entail irreparable consequences.

Marie could not succeed in calming me; but her prayers and entreaties deprived me of courage to abandon her to herself. What was to be done with the fatal diamonds? To conceal them in her apartment was impossible: her attendant turned topsy-turvy everything in it twenty times an hour; and M. de Leautaud had made it the theatre of his interminable perquisitions, his despair, and loquacious invective against his wife: there was not a nook or corner safe from his prying investigation; and, although I felt the extent of my poor friend's anguish, I confess that I had no courage to keep her dangerous deposit. On a sudden, while we were perplexing ourselves for an expedient in this perilous emergency, we heard the gendarmes' swords clanking on the hall pavement, and it became necessary to act. We were conversing in my room, and had barely time to hide them in a pair of long gloves, and thrust these precipitately under the cushion of an arm-chair, into which Marie then threw herself. And so, with failing hearts and a smile on our features, we awaited the issue of this terrible judicial visit.

Who can describe our sufferings while the gendarmes were prosecuting their researches? Every step seemed directed towards us, every question to be addressed to us, every look to watch us. Seated together at the door of my room, which we had left open in order to appear to be observing with interest what was passing, we experienced a degree of terror amounting to the most painful torture all the time of the minute investigation of the gendarmes. Alas! how vain and weak are struggles against remorse and conscious guilt!

Nor did our tribulation cease upon the departure of the dreaded instruments of law: another determination became immediately necessary; for to conceal the diamonds with their setting was impossible. We resolved to destroy the setting of the jewels, and to convert her rich ornaments into unsightly and common-looking little stones. We applied ourselves to this work in my room, with penknives and scissors for tools. The task was a laborious one, and we were very clumsy: we even tore our hands in several places, heroically bearing the pain without complaint or relenting. Fortunately, when we came to the larger diamonds, the idea occurred to us of breaking up the setting with our feet; and so we facilitated and accelerated the rest of the work without further lacerating our hands.

The further history of this scheme and its result, we must delay till another occasion.

#### Minuteness of the Animal Kingdom.

Among the different branches of science which modern times have so successfully introduced to the attention of general readers, there is none more replete with interest and instruction than that which investigates the structure and habits of the beings which compose the animal kingdom. The classification and methodical arrangement of ideas which a careful study of zoology induces, must prove of very great value in giving correctness and precision to the exercise of the mental faculties. This is especially the case with regard to comparative anatomy—a more difficult and philosophic branch of science, which treats of the intimate structure and organization of the different classes of animals, as compared with one another and with man. In contemplating the wonderful resources of nature, by which she effects a single purpose by a great variety of means, in accordance with the conditions of her operations; and in tracing the beautiful analogies with which we are presented, and which are the more striking in proportion as they are more closely and attentively observed, the mind is not only engaged with a fascination and a charm, but acquires, also, a peculiar and important training.

The simplest form of organized matter, or matter susceptible of life, is that of complete solution; and the lowest classes of animals pass the greater part of their existence in a fluid element. Of this kind are the Infusory Animals, so called from being developed and abundant in stale animal and vegetable infusions, and of the nature of which we are indebted for the greater part of our knowledge to the astonishing microscopic researches of Professor Ehrenberg, an eminent German physiologist. These minute creatures have a great resemblance to seeds, and like them may exist for years in a dry and torpid state, without apparent life or motion, but are re-animated on the application of a small quantity of fluid. They are almost universally distributed throughout nature, being found in the sea, in rivers and lakes, in the blood and other fluids of the body; in the tartar of teeth, in vinegar, paste, seeds, and even in sand; they ascend with the sap of vegetables, and are supposed to float in the atmosphere, and to be carried about by its currents. Ehrenberg has discovered monads not exceeding the twenty-four thousandth part of an inch in size, and has calculated that a single drop of fluid contains 500,000,000 of these beings. He has found them in the depths of the earth as well as at its surface, and has even detected their remains in plastered walls. He has never seen them in dew or rain. Their extreme minuteness and apparent simplicity of structure formerly led to the idea, originated by Buffon, that they were the ultimate molecules of organised matter, and that they formed, by their aggregation, the bulk of the animal tissues. This bold theory, however, was overthrown by the discoveries of Ehrenberg, who proved that they are themselves built up of a variety of organs, and that they possess a complexity of structure which, judging from their size,

would appear almost incredible. Many of them are furnished with eyes, some having one, others two, three and even four of these organs. They have also been found to possess the rudiments of a nervous system—species of legs, a mouth, and digestive organs. The most remarkable part of their structure is the digestive apparatus, which consists of forty or fifty, and in some even of a hundred stomachs. These are sacs or pouches, originating in different parts of a lengthened tube which extends from one extremity of the animalcule to the other. Around the entrance to this alimentary canal is placed a row of minute hair-like processes called cilia, which, by their rapid vibrations, excite towards them a current of fluid, carrying with it the materials of nutrition. Among the wonders of the part of the creation is their extraordinary power of development and rapidity of increase. A single animalcule will produce, within a few days, a million of beings. They probably perform an extensive part in the economy of nature. In the animal body they appear to excite, by means of their cilia, currents of fluid in particular directions, which assist in the production of very important ends. They are the means of support to the Polype tribe. Gold fishes, also, which appear to live for some time without taking food, draw their nutriment from the multitudes of them contained in their water.

In the lowest forms of animal life, Nature seems to have exerted her energies in the multiplication of external shape. In the production of these she has worked upon the model, first of lifeless objects,—the globe, the star, the disk, the cylinder, endowed as it were with the principle of life; proceeding next to the creation of beings imitative of the various members of the vegetable kingdom,—the sea-anemone, maygold, carnation, and the branch-like forms of the coral habitations. In turning our attention to the insect tribes, we are presented with the same endless profusion and variety of existence. The number of distinct species already known amounts to no less than 100,000; and when we are told that of these four-fifths have been discovered within the last 90 years, what an addition to the present list may we not expect from the researches of future ages!

#### Editorial Notices.

SCENES AND SKETCHES OF MILITARY LIFE.—Our readers will no doubt have noticed that the admirable papers under this title have for some time been discontinued. It is with a regret deeper than we can express that we state they cannot again be renewed. Our gifted contributor, who added to a playful imagination and generous mind the practical knowledge and acute discrimination which travel, experience, and suffering can alone supply, is no more. Some few months ago he accidentally broke a blood vessel, and, until the period we now write, continued in wasting decay. His spirit retained its meekness, its fervour, to the last. The final tracings of his nervous pen for us were embodied in "The Old Soldier's Tale," in which he infused sufficient energy to show his hatred of tyranny, as well as his disquietude at crime. His manuscripts are being collected, preparatory to publication. All of them breathe the softening influence of his kindness, proclaim the truth of his toil-worn observation, and prove that the chastening of his manhood had amply redeemed the recklessness of his youth. His introduction to "Patrick O'Neil" was a faithful portrait of his feelings as well as experience; and although for a time he forgot the charms of home, took to the trade of a soldier as a release from what he considered bondage, and underwent many of the hardships common to a campaign, still were his impulses and affections made for peace—still were his aspirations for universal brotherhood—still inclined his hopes to the union and improvement of the mighty family of man. He is the first of our fellow-labourers who has been called from us. His mild reproach shall no longer upbraid us with delay; his fervent commendation no more brighten our eyes to gladness; yet shall his memory be green in our soul, for he displayed an amount of human charity, and so utter an absence of selfishness, that he seemed to have been truly one of those who are only a little lower than the angels.

SIZE OF THE JOURNAL, &c.—A number of readers have, from time to time, suggested an alteration in the size of our Journal, so that it could be made more portable and better fitted for binding. With every desire to accommodate all parties, we must be allowed to complete our first volume before any alteration can be entertained. In the interim, we shall consult our publishers, and the trade generally, whose experience will enable us to form a correct opinion. Our own impression, however, is, that the present size of page, though large, is best fitted for perusal in parts or numbers; of volumes we are not old enough to speak. The suggestion of a correspondent to reprint the Experiences of our friend Benjamin separately, is decidedly premature. A little reflection, we have no doubt, will convince him of the fact. The letter of J. V. has been transmitted to the paper-maker; we were not aware that any difference existed, and have every wish to meet his views. The present number is altogether printed in new type, as will be all our future publications.

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"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BRUGHAM.

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## Sepulture in London.

### CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

PREPARATORY to giving a description of the cemeteries adjacent to the metropolis, we shall advert to the present defective system of interment in London. This subject has recently been brought fully upon the attention of the public by the common council of the city,—and some months ago a most harrowing description of the revolting consequences of burying the dead amongst the living was given by Surgeon Walker, in his work entitled "Gatherings in Grave Yards." In reverting to the subject of interments generally, it may be observed that the payment of the last sad rites to human remains has in all countries, and at all times, been solemnly recognised. The form of these rites has varied, but, according to the opinion of Cicero, the mode of burial by inhumation,—or simple interment, was the most ancient and general. With a greater degree of wisdom, and with stronger regard than we manifest for a permanent resting afforded to the remains of their friends, the Jews and heathens generally committed their bodies to the earth without the city; but we read of the tombs of the Kings of Judah being in Jerusalem, and even in the gardens belonging to them. Samuel and Joab rested when dead in the houses they had occupied when alive. The grave of Rachel was on the road side from Jerusalem to the favoured city where the sophists of the East adored their infant redeemer.

Calmet shows that the Valley of Kidron was the place of sepulture for Jerusalem. In Rome it was specially decreed in one of the Laws of the Twelve Tables that no burial should take place within the city walls. Julius Cæsar himself had great difficulty in obtaining for his family relaxation of them; but similar relaxations were afterwards made in favour of other illustrious families. The practice of the Greeks was similar to that of the Romans; at Lycurgus permitted interments in cities, under the pretence of bringing more frequently the eloquent admonitions of a funeral procession before the youth, for whose morals he was so solicitous. The early Christians absolutely prohibited city burial for upwards of three centuries, and it was not until the latter portion of the sixth century, under the pontificate of Gregory the Great, that burials were permitted in churches. This latter practice is not known in England until Cuthbert filled the archiepiscopal seat of Canterbury, in the year 750; and it is supposed that the first vault ever erected under a church was in the time of Lanfranc, who was Archbishop of Canterbury—the cathedral of which was erected by him, towards the close of the eleventh century. The plea upon which Gregory the Great permitted the burial of bodies in churches was somewhat similar to that upon which Lycurgus permitted interments in cities. The motive of Gregory was, that by "the frail memorials erected nigh" to the churches, the living who repaired there should be reminded of those who had gone before them—that they might be admonished that they must surely follow, or that in conformity with the religious belief of the times, a prayer might be poured forth for the relief of the involuntary emigrants to purgatory.

Constantine the Great was the first upon record who was buried in the porch of a church. For centuries after the bodies of none of the Emperors of the East were admitted into the church,—and the first Bishop of Canterbury who was buried in the Cathedral, was buried there only because the porch was full, six of his predecessors having been interred there.

To the frightful extent to which evils have arisen, in our days, from city and church interments, we shall now advert. It has, indeed, long been a subject of complaint. Pennant, more than fifty years ago, thus referred to the churchyard of St. Giles:—"In the churchyard have been observed, with horror, a great square-pit, with many rows of coffins piled one upon the other, all exposed to sight and smell. Some of the piles were incomplete, expecting the mortality of the night. I turned away disgusted at the vice, and scandalized at the want of police which so little regards the health of the living, as to permit so many putrid corpses, tacked between some boards, dispersing their dangerous effluvia over the capital!" By consulting cotemporary docu-

ments, we find that Pennant did all in his power to cause the removal of this indecent and dangerous practice. But revolting as this picture of Pennant is, it is not near so appalling as others which it will be our duty to draw; and unless the density of a population, or the force of customs, form a plea for violating some of the feelings most sacred to our nature—viz., those which relate to what should be the peaceful sanctuaries of the dead—it is to be feared that, whilst we boast of our civilization, we must confess our inhumanity. We shall not enter upon the depravity of the "body-snatchers"—which has alternately been the theme of Hood's wit, and the subject of many a good man's sorrow. But it may be mentioned that, in 1818—when the practice in question was at its height—a company was formed, with the somewhat fantastic title of the "Royal Patent Burial Company." Their object was to afford a safeguard to the dead, by the use of iron or metallic coffins; but the rector of one of the metropolitan parishes refused to inter a corpse in one of these Royal Safety affairs, alleging that, if such interments were permitted, the churchyard would soon be so full that no more could be buried there. This refusal of the rector's became the subject of magisterial investigation, and the award of "his worship" upheld the determination of "his reverence." In 1824, the state of the burial-grounds in London caused a proposal to be made for establishing an extensive, burial-ground, similar to that of the celebrated cemetery of Pere la Chaise, one of the four places of interment for the city of Paris. This caused the King of the Netherlands to appoint a committee, to whom was submitted the question, "Whether the practice of burying the dead in churches was or was not injurious to the public health?" The report of this committee was, that the practice was injurious to the living, and that it should be discontinued. In several countries in Europe, the practice of burying in towns and churches is altogether abrogated; and it is singular that this Churchyard and Church Reformation began in Spain, where religious reforms are so little to be looked for. At first the clergy opposed it, but they were soon compelled to yield. In the Times of Nov. 7, 1825, there were the following appropriate remarks:—"It is singular that, in the Protestant countries of England and Holland, where the doctrine of purgatory is renounced—where masses for the dead are unknown, and where, of course, less superstition is connected with the spot where they are interred—the practice should still exist of burying the dead in places of worship, and among the habitations of the living. Everyone who, in this metropolis, observes our churchyards converted into thoroughfares, and our temples into charnel-houses, must allow that it is at once offensive to health and decency."

In 1825 and 1830 the state of the burial grounds in London was brought under the notice of Parliament by Mr. Spottiswoode, who laid some horrid details before the house; but no legislative enactment upon the subject followed. He alluded to a chapel in Fetter Lane, from the vaults beneath which a dreadful stench proceeded, for the cause of which a near inhabitant was at a loss to account, until he was satisfied that it came from the remains of the dead who were crowded around him. The hon. member referred also to the state of the churchyard of St. Mary Abchurch. The Bishop of London had been applied to on the subject. The particulars we have found in the Morning Herald of April 17, 1830. The Bishop was told, and was convinced, that in the churchyard in question "parts of the human frame had been picked up by passengers, thrown out of the graves, which were in the course of decomposition." Upon this his lordship most properly ordered the churchyard to be closed; but the parishioners became refractory, and refused to obey the episcopal command. Mr. Carden, a barrister, who signaled himself by his zeal for church-yard reform, stated, that he had discovered no less than twenty vaults in London where corpses were interred in merely wooden coffins. In the vaults of St. Dunstan's, Fleet-street, he saw the lower coffins, upon which the others were piled, "crushed by those above, and the remains of a recently-interred corpse forced in part of the coffin, and in a state of decomposition too disgusting to be described."

Some idea of the consequences of burying bodies in vaults in wooden coffins may be formed from the following fact. A few weeks ago an advertisement appeared in the papers from the churchwardens of a parish at the west end of London, stating that the lead coffin of a person who had been buried some seventy years before had decayed, and that the remains of the person interred were thus left exposed. The churchwardens then gave notice, that unless some of the family came forward to provide a new coffin, the remains would be buried. If this were the case in vaults where leaden coffins only are used, how much more revolting must be the result of interments in wood? How painful must such an advertisement be to the descendants of the deceased? What must be their feelings on seeing the exposure of the relics of a loved and cherished one thus paraded in the public prints? Why this interruption of the peace of death? Why this violence to the feelings? Why the expense and the poignancy of a second preparation of the trappings of death?

Even in 1835, since which the number of deaths in London has vastly increased, there were, in some of the chapels, pits, with moveable wooden floors over the entrance to them, and into these great numbers of corpses were deposited. The consequences need scarcely be pointed out: but to such an extent did they rage, that Mr. Carden alludes to a chapel, in a populous district, in which no fires were lighted in winter, because of the extra effluvia which the heat would occasion to be thrown off from the heaps of putridity beneath. Apart from all considerations of a sanitary character, how strongly did such a state of things, in the very place of prayer, attest man's depravity and avarice. "God loveth the order of his own house," and faithless were the servants of his will whilst they caused and prolonged such a moral nuisance within its wall. Yes: it was a moral nuisance as well as a social and physical one. How many would it keep from resorting thither publicly to "keep holy the sabbath day"? and who can tell the evil done to those around them, by the example of such as the pestilent atmosphere of the chapel drove into unsought seclusion from the prayerful duties of the day of rest?

The difficulty of procuring ground for places of interment in the metropolis has of late become very great, partly from its increasing value, and partly from a repugnance which is now very justly felt to reside in the neighbourhood of a churchyard. The most casual observer must have noticed the great number of churches which have recently been built without any burial ground being attached to them; but the pernicious practice of having vaults beneath is still persisted in. It has been no uncommon thing for parishes, the burial grounds of which were too scanty to remedy the inconvenience by bringing to the old churchyard a new layer of earth, to form a kind of new story for the occupancy of the dead. There is upon record a most painful recital of what occurred during the progress of one of these additions to the churchyard of St. Sepulchre, in 1823. It became necessary to erect a wall, as a kind of skirting guard for the new earth which was about to be deposited. To gain a foundation for this wall it was necessary to clear out a bone hole. How many graves had been rifled to fill it! It was 25 feet deep. A man at the bottom was filling a basket with bones; and the number of skulls and bones which protruded from the soil-walls, bespoke the churchyard, one great charnel-house. In another large pit of a similar nature three men were at work. A strong overpowering vapour arising which was sensibly inhaled at the mouth; a lighted candle was given to one of the labourers at the bottom. The flame grew less and burnt more dimly, giving scarcely any light at all. It was drawn up, and the flame was of the ordinary size and brightness. The removal of the earth, saturated with human juices, was proceeded with; and upon the candle being again lowered the air was so impure, that it would not burn at all. This excavation was to be carried on amidst the element of pestilence, and amidst the disturbance of the bones of the departed, throughout the whole churchyard, at the depth of fifteen feet. Some coffins, after twenty-five years settlement five feet beneath the ground, were quite perfect; others were in various stages of decay. A bystander, who did not go



into the pit, was for some days after in a state of fever, which caused the skin to peel from off his lips and the insides of his hands. Several of the workmen were confined to their homes for many years afterwards, totally unable to resume their labours. Large quantities of unslacked lime had been previously thrown upon the ground, so urgent were the necessities of the parish for want of room, and upwards of 3,000 persons had been buried there during the last twelve years. The curious reader will find further particulars relative to this horrible affair in the *British Press* of August, 1825, as the use of lime in the London churchyards is not uncommon;—nay, we shall have to record authenticated instances in which human bones have been deliberately burnt by the sexton. The ancient custom of burning the bodies of the dead is supposed to have arisen from the supposition that fire possessed some purifying quality. This practice was occasionally tolerated by the Jews. Samuel tells us, that the men of Jabez burned the body of Saul, (1 Samuel xxxi. 12.) But the motive for these burnings was generally a solicitude to restrict contagion, or to prevent the bodies of the slain from being indignantly treated by their enemies. The Chaldeans, whom Sir Thomas Browne calls "the great Idolaters of Fire" abhorred the burning of bodies as a pollution of that Deity, and the Magi of the Persians acted in the same manner.

The Athenians slew one of their generals for throwing the bodies of the slain into the sea, during a tempest, after he had gained a splendid victory; but in christian and enlightened London, lime and fire are used for the destruction of what is not permitted by the process of natural decay to return into its mother earth; nor is this the only interference to which the sanctuaries of those who have "gone down to the sleep of the grave," are exposed by the practice of urban burial. Amidst the frequent changes which are made under the name of "improvements" in every large town, decency to the dead is ruthlessly sacrificed for the real or fancied convenience of the living. A recent case of this has occurred in the preparation of the site for the New Royal Exchange. The rude pickaxe of the thoughtless labourer, penetrated the hallowed tomb of him\* whose name stands foremost in honour amongst the Scriptural sages whose pious labours have for ever enshrined them in the hearts of every lover of the Bible. New Farringdon Market is where a graveyard was;—the vaults and burial-ground of St. Catharine, near the Tower, have been wholly removed. At St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, a vast quantity of bodies have been dug out, and numbers of others would have shared the same fate, if the Commissioners of Woods and Forests had not interfered to prevent the carrying on of a work so repulsive to decency, and so fraught with imminent danger to the public health. The light of Nature led the untutored heathens of old to speak of interment as being "*hid in our mother's lap*,"—"another striking similarity between the rude notions derived from the natural and uncultivated testimony of conscience, and the truths which have since received the solemn impress of revelation. How slight the transition from the heathen's "*being hid in his mother's lap*," to the Christian's doom of remembering "*that he is dust, and that into dust he must return*!"

Our remarks and extracts have run to such an extent, that ere we commence our notices of the London cemeteries, we must devote another paper to the recent statistics which have been collected concerning the burial-places of the metropolis.

It is true that we have no cemetery, which like Père-la-Chaise, contains its 120,000 graves, or a Ney, whose very grave (doomed as it was to be unmarked by a name) seems to guard its tenant's worth and fate from dull oblivion;—we have not in our cemeteries the resting place of Abelard and Heloise, the lover's resort and the poet's theme;—but still, even in our cemeteries, where sepulchral interest in its infancy and monumental splendour has but commenced to put forth its sheen,—hours of dumb instructiveness may be profitably spent;—for the humble briar which marks the grave of the unknown mechanic, discourses as eloquently of death and hereafter, as the splendid monument, which, in unsoothing accents of flattery, proclaims the last lodging-place of the merchant and the monarch.

### A Lesson for Ladies.

#### CHAPTER II.

In giving the conclusion of Mr. Abbot Lee's enlivening story, we again beg to acknowledge the source from which we derived it, and hope that the *Metropolitan* will long rank him among its contributors:—

"I wish I had deaf uncle Jeff's money!" said Master Daniel. "How I would make it fly! He has not the heart to do anything with it but keep it to get moth-eaten and rusty."

"There he is under the window," said Humphrey.

"No matter what one says, he can't hear us. It is such fun to look him in the face and coax him—telling him what an old curmudgeon he is, and all the while making him think that you are paying the greatest compliments. Mamma does that in fine style. Now I'll show you her honey, milk, and sugar way."

And so saying, Master Daniel walked up to his dear uncle Jeff, and with an insinuating look and a soft smile said, "It gives me the greatest pleasure to assure you that I think you have not sense enough to enjoy either your life or your money."

\* Miss Coverdale, who first translated the Scriptures into the English language.

"Hey? What do you say?" said deaf uncle Jeff, applying his ear horn.

"O fie!" exclaimed the little old maid, turning very red, "how can you mock his infirmities in that manner!"

"I'll tell you what," said Master Daniel, turning sharply round upon the poor dependent—"I'll tell you what—mamma ordered you to make the amiable to old deaf uncle Jeff here for our sake, but she begins to think you are doing it for your own."

"O Master Daniel!" exclaimed little Fanny Carr, "you know that I try to be kind to everybody—indeed I ought, for I feel what it is to wish for kindness myself; and when I see how you all play upon this poor gentleman, because he happens to be deaf, I can't help feeling the more pitiful over him; but it would be just the same if he were poor."

"Hey? hey? What does she say?" asked uncle Jeffery.

"She says that she is quite exhausted with the trouble of speaking to you, sir, you are so very deaf."

"Deaf! deaf!" exclaimed the old gentleman—"I am not deaf—I told you all before that I was not deaf."

"O Daniel!" exclaimed Fanny Carr, with the tears in her eyes—"how can you so misrepresent me?"

"Hey? hey? What does she say?" asked uncle Jeffery.

"She says, sir, that she is quite worn out with the trouble of shouting and running errands."

"O Daniel!" ejaculated the little old maid.

"And she says that if you don't go away very soon, she must. But mamma is very angry with her for grumbling, and I shouldn't wonder if she were to show her the way to the door."

The little old maid burst into tears.

"Hey? hey? What's all this?" ejaculated the deaf gentleman.

"O mamma, you are here, and it's high time," said Master Daniel, as Mrs. Pokenham entered. "If I had not been here to meddle, Fanny Carr was managing deaf uncle Jeff in fine style."

"Fanny Carr," said Mrs. Pokenham, "your conduct has been more and more extraordinary every day."

"What have I done?" exclaimed the little old maid.

"You have been trying to manage my poor silly uncle—that has been plain enough in my eyes for a long time. You tattle after him and go about fetching, and carrying, and coaxing, and looking like a lamb, and you know that you have your own private ends in it all."

"What ends can I have?" exclaimed Fanny.

"Why, Miss Carr, if I must speak the plain truth—and I am a plain-spoken person, you know, not much given to flattery—I must say, that I see clearly enough what you are aiming at. When one party is foolish, and the other is artful, it does not need much discernment to see what is in the wind."

"What do you mean, ma'am?" exclaimed the little old maid in an agony.

"Why I mean, Miss Carr, just this:—you see that my uncle is a silly old man, and rich, and you being clever, and poor, you think that you may be able to catch him in a match. You think that it would be a better thing to be Mrs. Jeffery and keep your carriage, than even to live the idle life which you are now doing."

"The idle life which I now lead?" exclaimed the little old maid. "I, who toil in labours which have no end through all the weary days, without either thanks or wages!—and now to be accused of this!"

"You see that my uncle is half a fool, and you think that you can juggle him into marrying you. But I tell you once more that I will not stand by and see such things done in my house; so just have the goodness to tie up your things, and take your departure in half an hour—and very glad shall I be when you are fairly gone, for I see how artful you are, and there is no knowing where the mischief may end."

Fanny Carr burst into an agony of tears.

"Mr. Jeffery is not the weak man you think him, but clear-headed and strong-minded enough to detect me, if I were the artful creature you accuse me of being. But I will go. I will not stay to be accused of eating the bread of idleness, or practising subtleties! No, I will go and beg my bread rather than that!—anything rather than that; only—only—don't laugh at him any more, poor gentleman, for if he were to find it out he would feel it, for he is not so simple as you think him, dear, poor gentleman."

"Hey? hey? what does she say?" asked uncle Jeff.

"O, my dear uncle Jeffery, don't mind her. She is an ungrateful creature, after all the kindness which we have shown her, to be weary of paying you the few little attentions which I had enjoined upon her. But, my dear uncle, I have sent her away. Nobody shall slight you in my house, so I have sent her away."

"Humph!" said deaf uncle Jeff.

The little old maid's eyes were almost drowned with tears—and, whatever poets may say in rhyme on the superlativeness of the beauty of bloodshot orbs, and their red curtains, and all that, we have always been accustomed to consider those sort of things amazingly unbecoming. But it happened that our little heroine forgot to consult her looking-glass upon the occasion, and consequently her eyes became something like the red sea. The poor little body, however, proceeded as expeditiously as might be to lay her scanty wardrobe as straightly as possible in a wooden box, which was both small enough and large enough; to collect her needles and her knitting; a few letters, carefully tied up with a piece of faded blue ribbon, the dates of which proved chrono-

nologically that the paper had been made full two years ago, all of them written in a neat masculine hand like that of a school usher, and dated, as many years back; to look very particularly at and sigh over a little morsel of sandy hair; to stroke her favourite "pussy" the last time; and then to take her clogs, her reticule and her umbrella; to look at an old summer-house; gather two or three leaves from an old tree; and then pass through those inhospitable doors into the wide, white, bleak and cold world, alone—alone.

There are some hearts like some vegetables—they take root anywhere, no matter how unfavourable the soil, how blighting the atmosphere. Thus it was with little old maid. In spite of derision, and scorn, and feting, her feelings had grown to the inanimate walls that surrounded her, simply because they were nothing else to cling to; and if the mere impulses of loving nature could thus attach her to repelling and pulsive objects, how tenderly might she have loved what was really loveable!

Poor Fanny Carr, with the liberal, large, and innumerable sum of somewhere about five shillings in her pocket, looked mentally round for a shelter for her head, and having bethought herself of one of Mrs. Pokenham's discarded servants, who had married and settled, determined upon seeking shelter there.

In a little cottage by the road-side, as clean as the dear cottages of England ever are, with a neatly-trimmed garden without, luxuriant in summer blossoms, and with the whitest of white curtains within, and the reddest of red floors, and the brightest of round tables, and the most resplendent of fire-places, sat the little old maid, dressed as neatly as if fairy hands had been her tirewomen, and working at her needle as blithely as birds perform their daily task of singing. What though her five shillings was very nearly exhausted, she could earn almost sixpence a day, and that was independence and independence was happiness.

There came a great dust whilst the little old maid was thus delving for happiness and sixpence a day, and the noise of carriage-wheels; and looking up to see what might be coming, she saw a plain, respectable, gray-steady, brown-visaged carriage and pair, with a coachman in a brown livery before, and a servant in a brown livery seated in the box behind, and lo and behold, stopped at the very cottage-door where she was working; and so the little old maid jumped up, and threw down her cotton and her scissors, and hastened to them it was all a mistake, when, to her particular astonishment, she saw deaf uncle Jeffery getting down the steps, and walking across the cottage garden, and coming in at the door. And having gone, thus far, deaf gentleman took hold of her diminutive hand, his great gigantic paw, and gave it a squeeze, that almost made the little old maid cry out; which, however, she did not do, for ladies of all sizes very seldom cry out at a squeeze of the hand, generally bearing that sort of pain very philosophically, and then uncle Jeffery proceeded to draw one of the brightly-rubbed wooden bottom chairs to himself, for his own particular use, and to sit down upon it close to the little old maid.

"I hope you are all well, Mr. Jeffery," shouted the little old maid; "it is very kind of you to come and see me. I hope you are well."

"Quite well, thank you," replied uncle Jeffery, "and now tell me what you think has brought me to see you?"

"Perhaps," said the little old maid, colouring slightly with the remains of a well-whipped, well-worn-down well-subdued pride, "perhaps you wanted me to do some plain work for you, Mr. Jeffery. I am taking it plain work."

"You need not speak so loud, my dear," said deaf uncle Jeff; "you know you will tire yourself, you will exhaust yourself."

"O, Mr. Jeffery!" said the little old maid, the tears rushing into her eyes, "O, Mr. Jeffery, pray believe that I never complained, or never even felt it a trouble to talk to you. Indeed, I did not! I don't know how soon I may be afflicted myself."

Uncle Jeffery took poor Fanny's hand, and gave it another squeeze that almost threatened it with compression. "I know you did not. Yet nevertheless you must not speak so loud."

"But you have not your ear-horn," said Fanny Carr, persisting in shouting, lest her visitor should think she grudged the trouble; "but you have not your ear horn."

"But you know that I always told you that I was not deaf."

The little old maid looked perplexed.

"But you never believed me—was that it?"

The little old maid coloured crimson, but she could not deny it.

"Well, then, if I were deaf, I am better."

"I am glad of it, with all my heart," said the little old maid, "for it must be a miserable thing not to hear a word that is said to us."

"Yet sometimes it is better not to hear what is said of us," replied uncle Jeffery.

The little old maid coloured again. She remembered too well all that had been said of him and before him.

"But do you know that I had, even when I was a the worst, quite hearing enough to know how kind you were to me, and how amiable to everybody else."

"O, you are too good to think so," said the little old maid, with a blush.

"And now tell me your plans, and if there is anything I can help you in, and really you need not speak



so loud. You know I could always understand you, even when I was very hard of hearing. Now tell me your plans."

"O," said the little old maid, "they are soon told. The people who live here were Mrs. Pokenham's servants, and they are very kind to me, and I have got plenty of work, and I am quite happy and contented. Only if you want any shirts making—"

"I certainly would not let you do them."

"O!" exclaimed poor Fanny Carr.

"No, that I would not; for your gentleness, your kindness, your simplicity, your disinterestedness of character, deserve something better. Now you have told me your plans, shall I tell you mine?"

"Yes, if you please," said the little old maid.

"Well, then, to begin with myself," said uncle Jeffery. "I have a few thousands a year; I have a carriage and horses, and servants, and a very good house, and gardens and orchards, and pleasure-grounds; and I believe that all my own county consider me rather a respectable man."

Fanny Carr got up and curtsied.

"But yet I have the character of being a severe and sarcastic and morose man."

"O no, that you are not!" warmly interrupted the little old maid.

"I am glad that you do not think so. Well, I have one want in my house. Can you guess what it is?"

Fanny looked puzzled. "Money will buy everything."

"Not the thing that I want."

"Then it must be something very particular indeed."

"It is something very particular indeed."

"O, I'll help you to find it."

"That is very kind, and I hope you will—I want—something to love."

"The world is full of such things," said the little old maid.

"To you who love everything from the overflowing of your heart, but not to me."

Poor Fanny looked infinitely perplexed. "I wish I could do anything to help you."

"You can. I told you I had a carriage and servants, and house and furniture, and plate and money, but I have no one to share them with me; no one to ride with me, sit with me, walk with me, talk with me, take the head of my table—to love me if they could. In short, I want a wife. Will you take this troublesome office?"

"O Mr. Jeffery!" exclaimed Fanny Carr, with a face as red as *blushes* could make it.

The plain brown chariot, with the brown horses and brown hammercloth, and the servants in brown liveries drew up with a great dash, quite in an unusual manner, at Mr. Pokenham's door. It was very evident that every thing belonging to the brown affair was in a considerable state of excitement, in fact quite in a brown fever or sort of effervescence, and some way or another the agitation was communicated to the family of the Pokenhams within.

"Who can it be?" exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham. "Don't bring them in here, but show them into the drawing-room. I always like to receive carriage people in the drawing-room; and, Jane, fetch me a clean pair of gloves."

"La, mamma, a wedding! look at the white favours!" exclaimed Miss Pokenham the first.

"Then there's one chance less in the world," said Miss Pokenham the second.

"It's all right," said Master Daniel; "I like bride-cake, and I don't care how many people marry and are miserable, so that I get a good feast by it."

"I like the quarrelling quite as well as the cake," said Master Humphrey.

"Look!" exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham; "I declare if it is not deaf uncle Jeff! I thought he'd be glad to come back to us; I made him so very comfortable with his chickens and easy chairs, that I thought he'd soon want to be back again, if that little deceitful Fanny Carr had not poisoned his mind."

"He's a good customer," said Master Dan.

"Mamma's legacy will keep well: it will be fine high game," said Master Humphrey.

"How smart uncle Jeff is!" said Miss Pokenham the first.

"White silks and pumps, I declare, and a flower in his button-hole!"

"And what on earth is that little lump of finery behind him?" said Miss Pokenham the second.

"Why, goodness gracious! you don't think that uncle Jeff has been such an old stupid as to get married himself!" said Miss Pokenham the first.

"I shall faint at the bare supposition," exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham—"an unnatural monster!"

"Here he comes, and his queen doll with him."

Uncle Jeffery walked into the room as stately as the tallest grenadier in the service of Frederick the Great, dragging after him a bundle of white satin and white lace and French blond and white kid gloves and orange blossoms, and it really was astonishing to see how many dozens of yards they had managed to tie up together.

"Is it you, uncle Jeffery?" shouted Mrs. Pokenham, of course not at all expecting an answer to her question.

"Yes, I have brought you myself and my better half."

"What do you mean, uncle Jeffery?"

"You need not speak so loud," said uncle Jeffery.

"True, true," said Mrs. Pokenham; "I had forgot that you are not at all hard of hearing."

"I am not," said uncle Jeffery.

Mrs. Pokenham stared in spite of herself.

"I always told you that I was not deaf."

"You did, of course you did."

"But you never believed me."

"O yes, that I am sure I did," shouted Mrs. Pokenham.

"Speak in a whisper, as you used to do. Can't you tell each other what a fool, and a dolt, and what a piece of ugliness is cross and deaf old uncle Jeff?"

"O, uncle, and can you really hear?"

"Ay, a pin fall to the ground; I always had excellent hearing."

"Yes, uncle, I know you had."

"But you didn't believe it."

"O, certainly, certainly."

"Well, if some people are hard of hearing, others are hard of belief. Perhaps you won't believe me when I tell you I am married?"

"Married! and to whom?"

Uncle Jeffery lifted up the veil of the bundle of white satin and poms and vanities, and introduced "Mrs. Jeffery."

"Fanny Carr!" exclaimed the whole congregation.

"Wretch of a man!" exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham.

"Is it thus you come to wound our feelings?"

"And to make you what I hope you will consider a handsome present."

"How liberal! how kind!" exclaimed Mrs. Pokenham, her hopes reviving.

"Yes, indeed, I have brought you my ear-horn tied with white ribbon, and I hope you will keep it hung up here in the drawing-room, to remind you of cross, deaf, old uncle Jeff."

### Madame Lafarge and the Diamonds.

#### SCHEME THE THIRD.

FOLLOWING Madame through the intricacies of her narrative, we learn that she did not altogether approve of the husband sought out for her. Her aunts also giving their advice against the match, she informed Madame Leautaud of her intention of proceeding no further, in the matter. She then adds:—

Marie's indignation at this intelligence knew no bounds. I was harassed all day by her offensive remarks, turning continually upon my dependent position, which left me no liberty of choice, and made it my duty to accept with gratitude the first offer. A poor girl can suffer no worse martyrdom than the prosecution of friends bent upon providing her with a husband. They would make her happy in spite of herself; and there is no pardon for her who revolts against the panacea of happiness with which friendship would drug her on these occasions. Sad and weary, and desirous of leaving Busagny, the next day, I told Marie that my marriage with Delvaux being broken off, I would return to her the diamonds. Unable to controul her passion at this, she accused me of an intention to ruin her—reproached me with abandoning her in revenge for a few angry words prompted by the warmth of her friendship. She said tauntingly that I had never loved her: that I had filled her head with M. Clave, and now left her to support alone the consequences of an indiscretion that I had shared; that my conduct was selfish, cruel, malignant. Then followed a torrent of tender reproaches and entreaties, which unfortunately had far more influence than her injective over my resolution. I was heart-broken. I tried in vain to calm her, in vain I sought to make her comprehend that my position being a thousand times more dependent than hers, it would be impossible for me to assist her; that I knew no jewellers; that I never went out alone; that I should have no opportunity of seeing M. Clave, even to give him the diamonds themselves.

Although compelled to admit the truth of all this, Marie still asked me to retain the jewels until she could find an opportunity to convert them into money—urged the impossibility of keeping them herself—and the insignificance of the favour asked at my hands—simply to keep a reticule in one of my drawers. Almost ashamed of myself for not having married to assist Madame de Leautaud, I consented to accept the less important part she now proposed, with more vexation than serious anxiety.

They then set off for Paris. In a short time Madame is introduced to M. Lafarge, whom she describes as excessively ugly, but reported rich. A marriage is speedily got up, and preparations made for her setting off to the ironworks of her bridegroom in the country. Thus situated, Madame says she wrote to Madame Leautaud in Artois:—"I asked her what I should do with the diamonds, it being impossible to sell them previously to my marriage, while my departure immediately after its solemnisation would leave me no time to attend to them after. I also expressed my sorrow at being unable to serve her, and my ardent wish to return her jewels, and rid myself of the responsibility attending their possession. Marie promptly replied, that for her to keep her diamonds was more impracticable than ever; that M. de Leautaud's researches and suspicions went on increasing: she implored me, therefore, to carry them with me into the country, and keep them until the return of Mademoiselle Delvaux should offer us a means of making use of them. 'We may then,' she added, 'correspond without danger through her intervention.' But until then we must use the utmost precaution." Then, to prevent the possibility of consequences, she recom-

mended me to burn her letter directly I had read it, as the one in which I had spoken of my marriage and of the diamonds had already been destroyed by her. Further on, Madame de Leautaud requested me to make use of the pearls she had formerly destined for my wedding-present, but to speak vaguely to her sister of her gift, without explaining of what it consisted. Finally, she demanded a full account of the wedding, my trousseau, my jewels, my present happiness, and my dreams of the future."

Then follows a long account of her likings and dislikings of her husband, his abode, manners, and family. Her romantic soul is sickened by all around her, and she is frequently unwell. "I was not yet convalescent," continues the heroine of her own story, "when one of my labourers came to make me a present of a basket of apples, beautiful enough to have lineally descended from the first apple of creation. M. Lafarge was desirous of using this beautiful fruit for an exhibition of his dexterity; and after a few very pretty passes with them, managed to throw the largest apple through a window, which he broke in shivers. I should easily have consoled myself for this destruction by laughing at the appalled vanity of M. Lafarge; but the weather was cold and damp, and I found the contact of the air did my convalescent head very little good. I sent to Uzerche for a glazier—he was ill; another resided at Lubersac—he was gathering his vintage: at last I was resigning myself with some ill-humour to the base necessity of submitting to a paper square, when it came into my head to employ one of Madame de Leautaud's diamonds for the purpose of cutting a large sheet of glass which I had preserved in a cabinet, and which might thus replace the broken pane. In an instant I went to seek the little reticule which contained them, and was drawing one of the little diamonds out, when M. Lafarge entered, and, finding me thus occupied, began to interrogate me as to the when, the why, and the how, after the usual fashion of our lords and masters. To my great concern, instead of attending to my new trade, I was obliged to relate him a history, in which I had to conceal some things and explain many others. M. Lafarge would not only see the useful diamond, but also the others which were in the reticule. He weighed them, estimated them, sought their value in his books on metallurgy. In short, I had exhausted all my patience, when to increase my misfortune, in came his mother, and he made her admire the lustre of all the little gems which lay glittering in the sun.

"Oh," cried she, "how beautiful! and how valuable they must be! Tell me, Marie, who gave them to you? Why do you not use them? Why have you said nothing about them to me? It is quite a treasure!" I answered rather harshly, that it was no treasure of mine. Then came a thousand other questions; and M. Lafarge seeing that I reddened with impatience, took away his mother, and made me a sign to be silent. I should have been miserable at my indiscretion and imprudence had I not felt that, sooner or later, it would have been indispensable that I should confide the matter to my husband, that the diamonds might be returned to Madame de Leautaud, or sold, and the money sent to M. Clavé. The concurrence of M. Lafarge would have been to me both a moral and material necessity.

When M. Lafarge returned to me, he appeared delighted.

"Come!" said he; "be content; for I managed the matter delightfully. I have made my mother believe that the diamonds are yours; but that you did not wish them seen until you had sufficient to form a *parure*."

"Such a tale is beyond belief!"

"My mother believed it, however, very easily; but you know nothing of business. When one is engaged in commerce, we must throw dust in the eyes of the world; and the richer I make you out, the richer shall I become."

"I must confess to you, that I do not much desire a fortune gained by such means."

"I do not ask you to employ them; leave me to do so alone."

"At least let me entreat you to prevent Madame Lafarge from hawking your diamond-story."

"My mother will do what I wish her; she was thunderstruck when I told her they were worth 30,000 francs."

"I wonder at your exaggeration, when you know they are scarcely worth 6,000."

"After we had used the diamond to cut the glass with, I found it useless to replace it and the others in their reticule; and I enclosed them in a box, which M. Lafarge might deposit for security in his strong room. Not daring to put the name of Madame de Leautaud upon the box, I wrote thereon that of Lecoigne, an honest man, Marie's jeweller, to whom we might have entrusted the secret in case of absolute necessity."

The sequel to this plot yet remains to be given by Madame herself: the tribunals of France have adjudged her guilty as well of this abstraction, as of the poisoning of her husband. The promised third volume of her memoirs will give us her account of the result, as well as her reflections consequent on the condemnation she has endured. We must say that her mock-heroics as a bride gave us little promise of a faithful or dutiful wife; but her earnestness during the death-bed scenes of the victim would almost induce us to believe her innocent. We shall give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves, and, in the meantime, again thank the talented translator for the information he has given us.



## The Husband.

(CONTINUED.)

BEING NO. IX. OF THE EXPERIENCES OF BENJAMIN TRUESTEEL, ESQ.

Among the many impulses which induce to marriage, such as affection, convenience, thoughtlessness, or the desire of gain, there is generally one by which they are animated, and rendered more active, viz., the intention of making home as agreeable as possible. It is as natural for young ladies to wish to exchange their mother's house for one of their own, as it was for them to cast their teeth when children. So, as the teeth, when shed a second time, are lost: in like manner, if the second home be neglected, there is no safe or kind return to the first; they become strangers where they once were native dwellers; they are pilgrims where they once sojourned. A returned wife at her father's table is looked upon as an alien by her unmarried sisters—as a tax on the bounty which they consider belongs exclusively to them. Yet this should not be. Even though her own negligence or mismanagement had been the cause of banishment from her adopted home, she should be viewed as a wreck of disappointed hopes—as a warning pillar set up to guide the unwary—to teach the thoughtless wisdom, and to point with undrooping finger—“This way thou must not go.” But when, as is unfortunately more often the case, the misconduct of a dishonest partner has produced the fatal bankruptcy of blighted years, the forlorn woman is twice a widow; her life is embittered by the broken vows of the past; her eyes are saddened by the callous obtrusions of the present.

We may be told that only an unimportant few are so situated. But how many live through a long and heartless contest of years on the very verge of this unhappy existence? How many are there, who, although living together, are separated in heart, careless of each other's welfare—one deeming the other the offending party, and determined to mete out such ill-usage as is measured unto them? How many men are there, who, by riotous or neglectful living, have become as ignorant as they are careless of the feelings and attachments of their wives? It would be a fearful number to sum up—it would proclaim, through all the corners of the land, misery of soul and desolation of hope—it would look like a blighted forest, where the last green leaf had withered—a fatted well, where the bowl was broken, and the spring been dried up.

Truth will not be hid; while every individual family flatters itself they live pretty happily together, all are ready to admit that there are thousands such as we have described. It is this vain unctious of deceit which produces much of the mischief: it is the slothful design of doing better at a future time that causes all the evil. Business men make it a rule to balance their books at stated periods: good housewives have periodical fits of cleansing and scouring: lovers have mutual ponderings: should married couples only have recriminatory strifes between them? As it is more noble and generous—as it proves a greatheartedness which commands the admiration of the world, for the more powerful to give precedence to the weak, for a conquering host to permit the vanquished to walk off with all the honours of war, so it is more becoming, and likely to produce more good results, for the husband to yield his high pretensions, and sit down to cheer and instruct his wife. But who will adopt our advice until they are satisfied they require it—until they believe that they are wrong, and that we are capable of setting them right? Listen to the experiences of Benjamin, for he has not been an idle observer of conjugal contrarieties.

There are men who, with many good points in their character, and no glaring bad ones, still make home unhappy by their petulance. There is no pleasing of them in trifles, although it is in such alone that they desire to be attended to. They have no stated hour for dinner, yet they grumble if that meal is not prepared for the moment of their arrival: they reach home at all hours of the evening or night, and fret if the good lady is not wreathed in smiles to receive them. If they do dine at home on Sunday, it is generally on a preparation not worth sitting down to. We have seen a man who was called a good husband and a kind father, carve for his family, yet refuse to partake himself, because melted butter had not been set up with the roast beef! We are not sorry to add, that his conduct was treated with that silence which we deemed at the time best indicative of contempt; but we were greatly mistaken: it unstrung the nerves of the wife for the entire evening; it affronted the daughters, it annoyed the sons, and instructed us. It made us more admire the patient and enduring wife, who might have retaliated and produced a scene; she might have adopted the false course of crying, and besought him, what ever were his censures, to refrain from detailing them before a stranger; she might have retaliated, and told him to procure the missing condiment himself. But she did none of these: she merely stated that it was an omission which might be overlooked; and we remarked, amidst the blushing cheeks and glistening eyes of all, that it was only when no fault was to be found with what was on the table, that discontent, thought of what was absent. This trifling annoyance passed away, and was forgotten; yet had the wife been as hasty as the husband, it would have been a topic for quarrel until something more important occurred. But, in all likelihood, had a portion of his fire animated the feelings of the lady, he would not have made the attempt. Now, we wish to ask, should this gentleman, merely because he is gifted

with a mild and dutiful wife, be tolerated in domineering over her; be entitled to accept the praises all friends bestow upon her for her care of the household, and the superior breeding of her children; or be entitled to boast of the enjoyments of his home, when he contributes little or nothing thereunto? True, he supplies the means of existence, but this, in the absence of those little offices of love, without which home ceases to be endurable, only makes his tyranny more conspicuous, only makes her dependence more irksome. Did such men as these reflect on their conduct—would they but think that an affectionate wife receives into her heart every unkind word and look, and that they lie there like knives, cutting and fester the strings of all domestic enjoyment—they would not again demean themselves by such paltry conduct. Some men may think themselves very clever in tantalising their wives—some, unpossessed of feelings themselves, may not understand how a vile word or stupid act can vex a keener soul: but it is meet they know and remember this, there is no greater crime than to take a woman from her father's hearth, where she stood in blooming independence, to load her with the cares of a family, and then to trample on her hopes by proving that he is no better than those for whom she never cared or sighed—that he is no worthier than those who were forgotten in her dreams, and passed unheeded as she clung with fondness to his arm. Children of disappointment, why do women consider their lovers the choicest among the sons of men?

There are some (we are afraid many) men who were never guilty of going at once home from their employment, who scarcely ever see their children except by candlelight, and who think that the chimes of midnight were only meant to suit the shutting up of taverns and the knocking at their own doors. How profitless is the toil of such wretches! Their blood, and sweat, and exertion are expended to enrich the stranger, while the weary and the waiting are comfortless at home. Yet do they deem it so manly, so like a true-born Englishman, to enjoy a pipe with a work-mate, instead of a smoking supper with their wives and children. They enjoy a song above all things, forgetful that there may be a wail at home. It is to these a just punishment of Providence that they are always in difficulties, ever on the brink of poverty and want. But, hark! they determine in consequence to drive dull care away, or to drown it in a bowl. Still, on the morrow, it comes like an armed man, with oppression for its sword-bearer, and its banner borne by penury. Did they only suffer, were the inflictions showered on their heads alone, then pity might dry its tears, and charity quicken its pace. There is a ruined altar for all such men as these, and which cling in devoted grief the degraded wife,—the despoiled children. Some, by good fortune, are enabled to put off the evil day; but it will surely come, and with it maddening thoughts and self-accusing charges; she also, who, under a better system, would have been a source of comfort and delight, will become a cause of agony and shame, while every child shall look the offspring of despair. We desire not to deprive any man of enjoyment according to his stomach or his taste; we set down no rules by which the use of any of nature's gifts may be debarred; but we say that these unpolluted mercies were intended only for those who forget not they are men, who abuse not the rationality with which they are endowed, and who remember that there are others among whom these enjoyments should be shared. If a man who is apt to forget himself would make a rule never to drink, except in his own house, there would be more gowns, shawls, and shoes in it; more joyous thankfulness; more radiance in the eye, and pleasure on the lip of her who sometimes, in bitterness of heart, mutters curses loud and deep, while she points to the peeping toes of those whose pattering feet should sound like the gambolling of kids on a rocky knoll. There are many who act and suffer thus—always for the last time. Tomorrow will see them another man; but custom is difficult to break, and a false sense of honour or companionship leads them where they had resolved not again to go. Others glory in their shame, and boastfully declare that they will not abate one single pint per week to pay for the education of their eldest boy. There are plenty of parish schools, and the little devil may go there, as his father did before him. It would be according to the sister sex too great a compliment to say that all such men have sensitive and sympathising wives. In the midst of all this carelessness and crime, woman would be more than angelic did she never become tainted and subdued. But we contend that many of them so prostrated might have been redeemed from the slough of hopelessness, or vulgarity, or participation into which they are thrown; while those who longest kept themselves apart from the pervading manners, who mourned in secret, and struggled for improvement, might have been made happy as they were high-minded,—might have been adorned in body as they were in mind, and been blissful monitors to a smiling offspring, instead of heart-broken, aimless, and sorrow-stricken creatures, whose life is one of misery; who desire yet fear death; who have given up hope, and thrown themselves, careless of consequences, into the embraces of inebriation and despair.

There are some men so sensitive of propriety, whose minds are so made up of little punctilios, that their whole existence is one round of petty instructions to their better halves; and should the lady be artful enough to humour him in his small extravagancies, she will readily control him in all his more important transactions.

These men are always making discoveries or improvements, and are ever on the eve of realising a splendid fortune. No disappointment vexes them; they were prepared for it; they knew it would be so, and consequently cared little about it. As they are sure of being rich very shortly; they not only rush out into rather inordinate expenses, but teach the lady at home that she is already a superior being, and must give up the company of so-and-so; the people next door must not be invited any more to tea; and she must dress much more elegantly than the ladies over the way. Should this dreamer be blessed with a discreet wife, he calls her spiritless, devoid of ambition, and threatens to astonish her; should she be as giddy as himself, she is a nice creature, so well acquainted with his wishes, and so desirous of pleasing him, that he really does not know what he would do without her. It is not surprising that people who are always scheming should make a hit at last; but the majority of them settle down in imbecility, and become a burden on the discretion and good management which they formerly set at naught; or go about complaining that their children are disobedient and ungrateful, and think that the world will soon be at an end. There is not an attribute of man more like that which God intended him to be, than fixedness of purpose; and true mind is best exemplified when a straight path is chosen, and undeviatingly pursued, whether in morals, manners, or merchandise. But it is at home that a decided as well as a lofty aim is requisite; and he who is always changing, always altering, and of course always spoiling, cannot expect that the government of his household can sit well on the shoulders of her who is as liable to his caprices as are all his arrangements.

There are some men who do not know what the house would do without them; who believe that but for them not a carpet would be beaten, nor a window cleaned; who are convinced that the cook knows nothing of her business, and declare that they would make a better tire-woman than the waiting-maid. But they do nothing but talk; they never show their domestic ability, nor prove the correctness of their views. They go about with their hands in their breeches pockets, and would wish it was dinner-time, only they are certain nothing will be fit to eat. These fly-catchers, if without patrimony, are generally to be found in ladies' seminaries or millinery establishments. They make out the bills, and draw the money, while the lady superintends the work. The most important moment of their lives is on Saturday evening, between eleven and twelve, when all the girls are kept standing, shawled and bonneted, waiting on their money. He is doubtful whether this one has been attentive all the week, or whether that one did her work properly. The most impudent and unmanly part of his conduct is, that his wife has never a shilling, and lives in continual terror of his discovering that a portion of the ready-money work is not accounted for. When in this way, or any other, the wife becomes the bread-winner, and the husband remains in health, he should be modest, quiet, and unassuming, and bear upon him as many other womanly qualities as is consistent with his situation. But when affliction's heavy hand has sore oppressed him—when his frame is broken by disease, or his mind laid low by weakness, he should bless the ministering of her who looks to his wants, and smiles upon him while she labours for his ease and comfort. In this position women become doubly dear—dear to a thinking husband—dear to an admiring world. Yet have we known a man, so called by courtesy, though invalidated by a loathsome disease, and to which were added the hopeless troubles of asthma and consumption, accuse and insult his wife because all the dainties for which his palate longed were not served to him. We have seen that unexampled woman sitting unrepiningly at his couch, while reproaches, rendered still more bitter by his breathing obstructions, were crowded on her; while he annoyed us with complaints against his weary watch, we have seen her eye retain its mildness, looking to us with confidence, and on him with affection. We have seen him in a gasping agony, struggling for breath, and when relief came, his first effort was to upbraid her whom he should have blessed, and mutter curses when prayers and vows of love would have best become him. Not in his paroxysms alone was this conduct evinced, but also in his calmer moments and milder moods; instead of enjoying rest himself, and permitting his devoted wife to do the same, he would continue to insult and annoy. What rendered his conduct less bearable was the mournful fact, that while in health he had not been the attentive, the faithful, the supporting husband he should have been. His lady had suffered much in various ways; she suffers yet; for years his she tended on him, laboured for him; and her reward is what we have stated. Yet no one can challenge her for neglect, nor ever heard her repine. Oh! she must suffer keenly though in quietness; a pang lingers where her heartstrings crack, and sorrow is nurtured where life must shortly ebb. Shall her devotion be in vain? Shall her heroism of heart be accounted nought when the heavy laden are unburdened of their woe? Though the world shall not know, and the object of her care haply see it not, a fadeless diadem shall be hers, when the pure in heart have realised the promise given to them by Him, who blessed while he taught the multitude, and gave the example, being reviled, to revile not again.

There are other classes of husbands whose peculiarities require the graphic aid of our pen; they need not be in a hurry, as we shall not forget them.



## Faded Beauty.

Following polished and chaste tribute to the maiden beauties  
a lovely and mild-hearted girl, now the matron of a crowded  
household, is from the pen of one of the best scholars in Ire-  
land, whose productions we shall occasionally insert in our  
lunus.]

In the best hours of boyhood's rathest prime,  
When, dreadful, dreamless of these toils below,  
I was invulnerable, as yet, to woe,  
The freest denizen of joy's far clime;  
Of that most undiscoverable land  
From whence I parted ages long ago,—  
And yet but yesterday; when I was numbered  
Still with the trustful unattained band  
Who do believe in hope, with hearts uncumbered,  
The fairy people of an Elin kingdom,  
Who live each minute that their day can bring them,—  
I knew a maid—almost a matchless one,  
A primal creature among those that be  
Most like the angels. Where her beauty shone  
Heaven seemed to shine with more than heavenly beams,  
For oft has minstrel sung of lady gay,  
More fair, more worthy of a deathless lay,  
More meet to win a noble knight than she,  
Or kindle wild romance's wildest dreams;  
And much I grieve, in very sooth, to wrong  
A theme so goodly with so mean a song.  
She was just then in the unclouded May  
Of rarest loveliness, and many a wight  
Sighed for her sorely, many a day and night.  
Even in her April she made scores of fools,  
If love be folly, as the unlovely say;  
And many an idler made, in several schools,  
Where youths, to think of her, forsook the cares  
Of study, as impossible affairs,  
And lolled in solemn reverie, or waged  
War for her sake, and 'gainst each other raged.  
Some took to rhyme, despite of grammar rules;  
Some scrawled sad prose, and most devoid of art,  
Wondering how faintly to the beating heart  
Words could interpret; then they tore their letters,  
Dumb in their trance, alas! just like their betters;  
But all agreed upon one point—to curse  
Learning of every kind, in every tongue,  
Till the dread sage, with disenchanting wand,  
Unlyed each Phœbus, and each Mars unarmed.  
Matters, however, still grew worse and worse,  
As she grew lovelier, each day that came,  
Their dear disquieter and sovereign dame,  
Love and the learned with deeper hate were burned:  
For still two visionary eyes of blue  
That, once beheld, were evermore in view;  
Two lips that could but speak the angelic speech  
Were present with them, and withdrew from each  
The power to learn, although a god should teach.  
A god—ah, yes—a little god was he  
Who did unteach them all most wondrously;  
And what cared they for ought that Mars had said  
Of arms and of the man? One simple maid  
For them annihilated verse and prose,  
Arithmetic, and all the dull world of know;  
Their literature entire, still sure to please,  
Were certain scribbled sheets—love's litanies.  
This heart of mine, too, had well nigh forsaken  
Its childish sports to love her,—and the grace  
Of that young smiling girl awoke my soul,  
And all the witcheries of her form and face  
Left a bright picture, bright as love could trace  
In my keen memory, mocking Time's control.  
For from the life that portraiture was taken,  
And painted on the life, in stainless hues;  
Not Titian's pencil ever could awaken  
A shadow to a more strong reality  
Than that remembered image had for me.  
It was enshrined beyond my power to lose,  
A living semblance that my thought would shift  
At will, to every unforgetten scene  
Where I had gazed upon that more than queen:  
For I was of the quick-born,—had the gift  
To note all beauty with a vision clearer,  
To come into Love's presence earlier, nearer,  
Than can the many. Nor was I unured  
To magic books, withal, that learnedly prove  
The mysteries and miracles of love.

And so this mortal goddess ever spread  
Her blest religion, without word or book,  
Her small army of martyrs onward led.  
Whene'er she walked abroad, you might have seen  
How many a swain the self-same way would choose,  
A careful to meet her at each turn she took,  
And gain the ruinous bliss of one sweet look.  
They tracked her steps like restless spies—I mean  
Like lovers. There is no espionage  
To equal theirs, who, not alone with sight  
Can watch and watch, but with the very might  
Of heart and soul. That was a golden age,  
While earth was yet ungrateful to my view,  
 Ere death had found the beautiful—the true;  
But gold hath eagle-wings to wend its way,  
 And have somehow reached this iron day.  
Yet, as the hapless bird, despite his cage,  
Strives to recal the gay green woods again—  
He wanderings on the wing, the heritage  
Of songful summer-time, in many a strain,  
Such as the sylvan echoes knew full well—  
O I, albeit but in uncouth lay  
I struggle, for awhile, to dream away,  
Away through thousand sunsets, back on time,  
From out this straitened earth and frozen clime,  
Into that marvellous world of which I tell.

The maid of whom I spoke had gone, and left  
The heart-sick to their pain, and secret tears.  
She dwelt afar—some cruel miles away,

From her first worshippers too soon bereft,  
Who felt like exiles, home-bound, and would fain  
Have toiled through deserts wide as the world, to gain  
Sight of the Holy City of her abode,  
Forbidden pilgrimage they never trode!  
I was of those forsaken ones, and ere  
I look'd on her again, some half-score years  
Were added to the past, when lo! appears  
Once more, by chance, that best-remembered fair.  
'Twas on a day of Spring, just such a day  
As I had know'd her to have brightened oft  
With the pure love-light of her glances soft,  
More than could Sol with his returning ray.  
His beams can never reach beyond the sight;  
Hers dazzled inmost to the heart, and made  
The year all festal, put all care to flight,  
Save love alone, where'er she made her dwelling.  
And can those virgin-glories quickly fade,  
That pure dominion far beyond the telling?  
Alas, they were but of a mortal maid!  
I saw her, and I knew that it was she,  
Despite the faithful witness in my breast,  
Which told of all that she had been erewhile.  
I knew her truly by that tender smile,  
I knew her by the sparkle of her eyes,  
The gleam of the glad spirit, only blest:  
Yet that seemed now—bright though it was—to be  
But the wan spectre of their former light,  
A wintry sunset in the clouded skies.  
I almost doubted if I saw aright,  
So strange, yet so well known she seemed to me.  
Those lips that were bright coralline when last  
I had beheld them, wore another hue,  
Resembling rose leaves scattered by the blast  
Of Autumn, where there falls no freshening dew.  
But oh, the cheeks! Out on ye felon years  
That could despoil that gifted creature so!  
How could ye quench the pure and living glow,  
The sunny bloom, the soul's transparent flow,  
To make those cheeks but as a path for tears?  
And me she knew not; for I had outgrown  
Acquaintance with her sweetness, and it smote  
Like grief upon me to be thus unknown,  
Almost unseen—present, and yet remote—  
To hear her speak no more, to touch her hand no more,  
As in the fleeting days, the blessed time of yore.

Thus all was changed, save that her tresses fine  
Were wreathed in silky darkness, as before,  
Over her smooth and lily-tinted brow;  
And still her form retained the grace divine,  
The faultless elegance of maiden mould,  
That won the gaze of all who might behold.  
Yet those remains of lesser beauties, now  
But told of each excelling charm the more;  
So lavished once on her—so soon bereft.  
As in mid-desert some fair columns left  
Still towering, some great idols yet uncut,  
Unfallen, reveal the dreary site from whence  
The boasted piles of old magnificence  
And the world's early grandeur have been raised.  
O'er such a waste had I then, musing, gazed  
On some great ancient empire's desolate seat,  
Where nought around the exploring eye could meet  
But broken burial marks of many a dome  
Whose vastness might have been a Titan's home.  
Where once the hundred-gated Thebes arose,  
And is not—or where the Assyrian's pride  
Reared his great state by rich Euphrates' side,  
Or by swift Tigris—even such scenes as those,  
So still, so bare, so gloomy, so decayed,  
The dried-up course of a once boundless tide  
Of living power, whose funeral repose  
Speaks in its depth of silence—utters all  
The solemn epitaph of those we call  
The mighty and the famed of elder clay—  
Not such could move my soul, as then 'twas moved,  
Nor with such touching truth could e'er have proved  
How dreamy are the nothings that do sweep  
Before us, with us, from this land of sleep—  
Seeming so real, half our little day,  
So steadfast o'er the quicksands of decay,  
With such a witching light upon them shed,  
Till comes the dull eclipse, and all is fled—  
Not such could give me that unworded sense  
Of Time's dethroning power, those thoughts intense,  
Which stirred my heart, while sadly I surveyed  
The faded beauty of that gentle maid.

And now, though thrice ten years are past and gone  
Since those soft spells were broken, yet I have  
No feeble vision of that vanished one;  
But gazing backward o'er each darkening wave  
Of time, I see her in that sunny land,  
In her first beauty walking under shade  
Of the aged linden trees, or 'neath the wall  
Of that old lofty castle, ere its fall,  
Where Ormond's Dukes and Earls their dwelling made;  
Or seated mid the smiling sisterhood  
Of her young glad companions; yea, I hear  
Music, not merely from her voice or hand,  
But melodies of that same short-lived year  
That are for ever hers, because she stood  
Near when my spirit won them from the waste,  
And back with them through air she oft doth haste,  
Unwithered, as a joy not all gone by.  
Ah! what is she to-day—and what am I?  
Sad changelings; weary watchers upon Fate,  
Who were the living of a former date.

THE BITER BIT.—A black snake, about six feet long, was lately  
purchased for the Royal Zoological Society of Dublin, with two  
other snakes of smaller dimensions; a mouse was put into the  
case with the snakes, with the intention of serving as food to the  
black snake. The mouse remained for some time in a state of  
alarm, but then recovered his courage, attacked the snakes, and  
slew and devoured the smallest, and wounded another, though well  
supplied with ordinary food.

## A Disappointed Host.

In *Bentley's Miscellany*, among a number of excellent  
papers, there is a laughable article entitled, "A Tale of  
the Great North Road." The time selected for the oc-  
currence is that when Lord Brougham made his cele-  
brated tour in 1834. Intelligence has reached a country  
inn that his Lordship is on his way, and that he has  
chosen, as in duty bound, the "William the Fourth" as  
his head quarters. The excitement consequent on this  
important intelligence having in part subsided, prepara-  
tions are made on a grand scale to welcome the illus-  
trious guest.

"The landlord went into his cellar, whence he issued  
speedily with sundry bottles of his choicest wines. The  
landlady paid a visit of inspection to her larder; but  
being dissatisfied with her scrutiny, despatched the cook  
into the town to procure the best fish and poultry that  
were to be had. The waiter received orders to rub down  
the dining-room furniture, take all the most valuable  
silver plate out of the iron chest, and arrange it osten-  
tationously on the sideboard; the chambermaid was di-  
rected to put the best linen sheets on the beds, and  
polish up the or-molu clock on the mantel-piece; and  
Boots was privately instructed to hire a few shillings'  
worth of mob to cheer his lordship as he came in, and  
also to give a hint to the sexton about the expediency  
of setting the parish-bells ringing.

"Having seen these orders duly attended to, and the  
culinary operations put into a proper train, the landlord  
hastened to indulge in the luxury of a clean shave, and  
rig himself out in his Sunday vest; while his wife ex-  
hibited to equal advantage in a showy flowered silk  
gown, and well-oiled side curls, which strayed out in  
most seductive fashion from beneath a lace mob-cap,  
which she had got up with her own fair hands.

"At length, just as the church-clock was striking  
seven, two ragged little boys rushed half frantic up to  
the hotel, and bursting through the crowd that was ga-  
thered in front, roared out at the top of their voices,  
'They're coming!—they're coming!'

"Instantly a loud shout was set up by the mob.  
'Hurray for Lord Broom and Wox!' cried one; 'Re-  
form for ever!' shouted another; 'No taxes!' bawled  
a third; while the wooden-legged ostler rendered him-  
self conspicuous above all, by waving the stump of a  
broom in circular flourishes above his head.

"Oh, James!' exclaimed the excited landlady,  
clasping her husband's arm, as if to support herself, 'I  
do feel so agitated—so faint—I shall go off—I'm sure I  
shall!'

"It's a awful moment, certainly,' replied the land-  
lord; 'but hold up, my life, hold up.'

"I will do my endeavours, James,' rejoined the  
lady, with a smile of touching sweetness.

"Scarcely had she spoken, when the tramp of horses  
and the brisk crack of post-boys' whips were heard, and  
presently up dashed the valet on horseback, followed  
close by a travelling chariot and four, wherein sate the  
Keeper of the King's Conscience—the Speaker of the  
House of Lords—the Lord High Chancellor of Eng-  
land!

"And now the great man alights, amid cheers that  
you might have heard a mile off, and is received by the  
landlord at the door with a reverence bordering on the  
idolatrious, while his equally awe-struck wife keeps bob-  
bing and courtesying, as if she would disappear through  
the floor! It was, as the landlord justly observed, 'a  
awful moment'; and all within and without the hotel  
felt that it was so, with the exception of the two ragged  
urchins above mentioned, who expressed a bitter sense  
of disappointment at his lordship's looking just like any  
other man, when they had confidently reckoned on see-  
ing him, to use their own emphatic phraseology, 'figged  
out as fine as fippence!'

The affability and condescension of his lordship excite  
unlimited admiration. The host is all anxiety and smiles,  
the hostess voluble in his praise. But—

"While the delighted dame was thus running on in  
praise of her celebrated guest, the chambermaid en-  
tered the kitchen, and drawing one of the waiters aside  
into an adjoining pantry, said,

"Oh, John! I'm so shocked, you can't think!'

"Indeed! What's the matter, Betsey?' inquired the  
surprised waiter.

"Why, when I were coming out of his Lordship's  
bed-room just now, I heard him laughing and talking  
with missus in the dining-room, the door of which was  
ajar; and just as she was coming away what do you  
think he did?'

"Can't imagine.'

"Why, he actually kissed her!' and Betty looked the  
very image of horror.

"What! the Lord Chancellor of England kiss missus?  
Impossible!'

"But I'll swear he did; for though I didn't see it, I  
heard the smack. Oh! John, John,' added the moral-  
izing Betty, 'what will this world come to!'

"Kiss missus!' repeated the astonished waiter; 'the  
first law-officer of the Crown kiss a tough old piece of  
goods like that! No; I'd just as soon believe the Arch-  
bishop of Canterbury did it!'

"But Betty stuck stoutly to her text; she had heard  
the smack, and as there can be no effect without a cause,  
her deduction was legitimate enough, that the kiss was  
the cause of that smack. Finding her thus positive, the  
waiter did not contest the matter; he was a man of the  
world, and had seen many extraordinary things in his



time; so, after musing for a few seconds, he exclaimed, with a philosophic shrug of the shoulders,

"Well, well, Betty; it's no affair of ours—great geniuses is queer, werry queer, and there's no accounting for their tastes."

The smart valet of his lordship orders supper for the whole household, cracks immense jokes, and tells the funniest stories. Midnight arrives: the party breaks up, all cautioned not to be alarmed should his lordship be heard moving during the night. As the house is opening next morning, the landlord of the inn previously visited by the travelling party arrives in breathless haste to warn the unsuspecting Dobbs. In answer to the happy host's inquiry "What's the matter," the enraged Tomkins exclaims:—

"Swindling's the matter!—forgery's the matter!—you're done, Dobbs,—done brown, as the saying is, Lord Brougham—"

"Well, well! what of him? No bad family news, I hope?"

"Family news!" repeated Tomkins, with a grim laugh, "yes, family news enough, and to spare! His lordship, as he calls himself, is not only one of the family, but one of its most distinguished members! He's a rank swindler, Dobbs, and so is his sham valet."

"Impossible!" replied the landlord, beginning, nevertheless, to turn exceedingly pale.

"Fact. They managed, it seems, to inform themselves accurately of the real Lord Brougham's movements, and, learning that he was expected down the road about this time, they left London yesterday in a carriage and four, and, by paying their way with forged notes, they contrived to escape detection till late last night, when an express came to me, as well as to the other hotel-keepers in D—, from the person from whom they had procured their turn-out, acquainting us that he had discovered they were swindlers, and requesting our aid in apprehending them should they be travelling in our direction, and also in exposing them as quickly as we could along the North Road. I had my suspicions of them when they changed horses yesterday at my house, but the fellow who played the part of Lord Brougham really looked so like his lordship, and was, besides, so artfully muffled up, that I was afraid to take any decisive steps. However, the moment I learned how things were, I determined to lose as little time as possible in putting people on their guard; so I started off this morning just before it was light, thinking that if they had passed the night here, as they talked of doing, we might nab them before they were aware."

"And so I will nab them," exclaimed the ferocious Dobbs,—"the infernal villains! If they'd only gone to any other hotel in the town, I shouldn't so much have minded; but to come and do me, who've been only six months here in business—"

"Have they done you to any extent, then?" inquired Tomkins, with a smile, which he could not suppress, for, as Roucheffoucault has shrewdly remarked, there is something in the misfortunes of our friends that always occasion us amusement.

"Done me?" thundered the exasperated Dobbs, "haven't they? I should think so, indeed! They've cleared my pantry, and choused me out of some of the best wine in my cellar; and, what makes the case still more aggravating is, that that d—d valet, not content with drinking himself my oldest port, actually made me assist him in getting rid of it! The scoundrel got to the blind side of me by showing me a forged fifty-pound note, and telling me a cock-and-bull story about his lordship's being indisposed, though I might have known it was all gammon, for the old fellow eat more like a horse than a invalid. And, to think that I should have gone bowing, scraping, and carrying a couple of wax-candles before such a swindler!—Here, John," shouting out for the waiter, "go instantly, and fetch a constable."

"Oh, sir!—Mr. Dobbs—here's a pretty to-do!" screamed the chambermaid, rushing along the passage where the above dialogue was held, "they're gone—both off!—the bedroom's empty—the window's wide open,—and a rope-ladder's hanging out of it!"

"Gone!" gasped the bewildered Dobbs, exhibiting serious indications of a swoon; "gone! that accounts, then, for the noise I was told to take no notice of. Gone! Lord, what a ass I've been!"

"Oh James—James Dobbs!" exclaimed the landlady, following close on Betty's heels, "not only are the willins gone, but all the plate on the sideboard's gone too! Oh James it's a awful blow—I shall go off—I'm sure I shall."

"Go off?" roared her half-frenzied husband; "d'ye think there hasn't been enough going off already this morning?"

Stung to the quick by this sarcasm, so unusual in her generally placid husband, and forgetting even the loss of her plate in the affront offered her before a stranger, the indignant landlady rushed in a paroxysm into the kitchen; and as a family quarrel generally runs through a household, she immediately let loose the flood-gates of her wrath on the unoffending cook; the cook, resolved not to be the only sufferer, lost no time in abusing Boots; Boots visited the indignation on the scullion, who, finding no one else whom she could safely fall upon, consoled herself by flinging a mop-stick at the cat; so that in a short time the whole establishment was in as pretty a state of uproar as could be desired.

The landlord, meanwhile, continued stamping and swearing in a way dreadful to think of; the whole of that day he kept men scouring the neighbourhood in all di-

rections, while the friend Tomkins posted placards on every wall for miles round: but all was vain; the rogues were never caught; and to this day—though so many years have elapsed—Mr. Dobbs never hears Lord Brougham's name mentioned without shivering, as if he had got an ague-fit!

### Old Maids for an Hour.

SUPPOSING you have three beautiful women all in a row, how are you to describe the differences in these beauties? Only think of the difficulty of the task! It would be easy enough if one had hair as black as the raven's plumage (we make use of the simile, for we really cannot hunt about for a new one), and the second brown, and the third blonde; but, in the present case, they happened all three to have glossy and luxuriant auburn tresses, with not a shade of variety in the colour. All three, too, had Grecian features, and all three were women to cause an eccentric rush of emotions to the person who should be rash enough to hold parley with their loveliness. Think of the difficulty! There was not even a difference in the colour of their eyes, which were dark hazel, long, lashed, deep, voluptuously lucid, the dwelling-place of unutterable emotions; wherein alternately were reflected sadness and joyousness, indignation and indifference, hatred or love; and that love, not like the transient ripples upon the water into which you may have waywardly cast a pebble, but strong, profound, and irrevocable. I am almost puzzled how to describe these three ladies; for, though upon paper their charms would be the same, yet in reality how different were they!

They were three cousins; all named differently; all orphans; yet all living beneath the same roof; all wealthy, but wealthier in heart than in fortune; and they were under the protection of an elderly maiden lady, who looked upon them as her daughters, loving them all equally. It was a singular thing, so singular that I half fear to proceed, lest ill-judging people should think me inclined to stray into the realms of fiction, when I am bent on merely taking a jaunt along the high-road of life.

A hot July day in London is a thing to be borne with patience; in the country it is a thing to be loved. The breeze, though warm, comes over green fields and flower banks, and the sky is radiantly blue, and the clouds are snowy and bright, fringed with silver and gold, and shadowed by violet tints. The distant hills sleep beneath a soft mist; the birds sing; the bees hum; butterflies are on the wing; and the trees cast long and broad shadows, cool as the valleys of Hemus. It was on such a day that these three were together in a room opening upon a lawn which was bordered by trees—ashes, elms, and oaks, all towering and venerable. No end of flower-beds studded it, a stream, too, crawled on at some distance. I can assure you that it was a very lovely summer's day. All three were as idle as such a day inspires one to be, that its sweetness may be the better tasted. The room was cool and dim, and fitted with the adornments which a woman prizes: there were vases of flowers upon the various tables; there were books strewn about—books both outwardly and inwardly beautiful; there were soft and voluptuous ottomans, and embroidered sofas; a harp, a guitar, and a piano; pictures chosen with the eye of an artist; but the most beautiful things in the room were the three ladies, who continued listless, silent, almost sad.

One of them, Lucy Kestrel, was reclining indolently upon a sofa. She had an expression of extreme gentleness; but she had brought her lips into the prettiest pout imaginable. There was some latent cause for indignation at work. Her eyes were half filled with tears, and occasionally a half suppressed sigh escaped her. Were these tokens of melancholy noticed by her two cousins? Not a bit of it; for these seemed also abstractedly weaving the links of interminable day-dreams.

The second was seated on an arm-chair near the open window, which reached to the floor. Ah! sweet Ann Besburgh! why did she rest her dimpled cheek so pensively on her small hand? Why cast her eyes upon the scene before her, yet see it not? It was very beautiful—but the slowly ascending smoke in the distant village, and the small church, and, still farther up the vista, the downs over which the clouds traced their shadows, were to her as if they had not been. What signified it that all these beauties were there, so long as—

Rosette Alben, the third, had thrown herself upon a sofa, and remained silent; but the mood did not last long. She then walked up and down the room, restlessly, took the guitar, and played a wild air, then threw the instrument down, and walked forth upon the lawn, then returned, her anger becoming greater and greater, and finally exclaimed, "What a world this is!"

Ann and Lucy started, and said, "Yes!"

"Full of disasters," continued Rosette, "and heartlessness and hypocrisy; a world of broken vows, bitter affections—autumnal hopes merging into winter—a very mean, pitiful, shabby world!"

"So it is," said Lucy, quietly.

"It is not to be denied," added Ann, reflectively.

"I wish I were dead—that is, if I did not wish to live for revenge," said Rosette.

"What ails you, dear Rosette?" asked Lucy, and the question was echoed by Ann.

"I have irrevocably discarded the man I once loved," said Rosette, impetuously.

"So have I," observed Lucy, tears setting upon the long lashes of her eyes.

"And I, too," reiterated Ann.

"What! are we all three betrayed?" rejoined Rosette. "Oh! what a thing is man—so infinite in folly, so miserably furnished in mind, so vile in taste, so defective in everything that bears nobility with it—thing fit for nothing but to be despised—as I despise them. Will you believe that he yesterday said I had a bad temper? Now, although I plead guilty to a certain hastiness, I am not ill-tempered. Am I ill-tempered?"

"No."

"Not by any means."

"He said I had an ill temper, a thing I dislike beyond everything—the wretch! I have treated him with infinite kindness—a younger son too—I have condescended to be kind to him; I have even loved him; and he repays me by saying that I have a bad temper. O that I should have lived to hear such language addressed to me by a man who calls himself my lover!"

"It was very wrong of him," said Lucy, with a sigh.

"Nothing could have been in worse taste," ejaculated Ann.

"Worse taste! I have discarded him," went on Rosette; "rejected him; told him I would have nothing more to say to him—that I had never loved him—that—that—I would never see him again; and now must hold my tongue, or I shall say more than I should. Oh, what a man!"

"Yes!"

"Certainly!"

"Everybody knows that I have a disposition of mill—nothing ruffles me. I have been always accustomed to put up with this horrible world—and to be told now—but mark me, girls, be gentle and tender to a man—let him believe that you love him—show him all possible consideration—and if he can, he will trample on you! No! I'll never marry."

"Nor I."

"I am sure I shall not."

"I would rather throw myself into the river, or do any other dreadful action. But why should we continue talking of these creatures?"

"Why, indeed!"

"I see no reason for it."

"There is none. I will never talk of them again, but to speak of their imperfections—though this is a theme quite inexhaustible. We very foolishly twine our own garlands of flowers, and these wretches wither them. We dream of a Paradise, and these gentlemen prove for us only folly. I am weary of existence—why cannot we be true and constantly loved? I wish I were dead,"

"So do I."

"And I also."

"He was every way unworthy," said Rosette.

"Yes," said Lucy, "of an obscure family."

"And," added Ann, "excessively poor."

Rosette said not another word, but began sobbing very piteously.

There was a long pause, and each fell back into her former train of reverie. This time it was Ann Besburgh's turn to break silence.

"I sincerely wish that not any of us had gone to the dreadful dinner-party yesterday; we should not then have been so wretched to-day."

"I am very glad we went," said Rosette, hurriedly "for I now know his character."

"To be sure," resumed Ann, "that can be said in favour of our having gone, for we now all know the beings whom we were silly enough to like, to be very different persons from what we expected—very different. After all, it would be very unwise to marry, for if we lived in London there are those horrible clubs, and in the country there is hunting and shooting by day and drinking by night. I am beginning to have a very poor idea of the world. Isn't it shocking? Well, I am thankful that one cannot live for ever with a broken heart."

"That is very true," observed Lucy.

"Broken what?" exclaimed Rosette; "I shall never break my heart for any man, living or dead. Die of a broken heart! I should as soon think of dying of th gout."

"Yet one does hear of such things," continued Ann "and I declare that I never felt half so wretched as I do at present. Oh! I was so angry—you know how loved Malvern. Last evening he came up to me, and said 'Ann, you know how I adore you!'"

"What a wretch!" said Rosette.

"You know how I adore you," continued Ann "that I would sacrifice life, fortune, everything for your love; but you are aware, Ann, that my father will cast me off if I marry any other than Lady Jane Plasham therefore, if you indeed love as you say you do, let our marriage be secret, until a favourable moment come for declaring it. I care not for myself, but your own efforts would be decreased by my father's resolution. This is what Malvern said."

"And what did you say, Ann?" asked Lucy.

"I was very angry, and told him that I would never marry as if I were ashamed of myself; and then I dismissed him."

Then came another long pause, and the trio became sadder than ever.

"And what are your griefs, Lucy?" at length said Rosette.

"I scarcely know, excepting that Roseburn said great many bitter things to me, and flirted with Floren Graemere, and I discovered that he did not love me and I told him we had better part for ever—so we did and we shall never meet again, for he declared that the



orning he should go to the Continent." Then followed a longest pause of all. Thus you see all three had unravelled with their lovers and discarded them—had in fact made a red ruin of their own hopes; all their most affectionate impulses went for nothing. As far as love was concerned, they were as they had been before they knew it; and this is not a little provoking, having, like Peris, once caught a glimpse of Paradise, they sighed at its gates, and repentingly thought of former days. But the affair was settled. Their love, and all its hopes, fears, joys, anxieties, had, like a castle built of cards, suddenly given way. Rosette's sobs, however, became less and less frequent, and tears seemed to come no longer into the dark eyes of Lucy. Ann's morbid melancholy too had changed. All were more unquiescent; but their sorrows had gone inwards—and, like hypocrites, were the calmer without for the turbulence within. Something, too, of sadness was gathered from the glory of the day. How mournfully did our three ladies listen to the rustling of the leaves, and the sighing of the stream. The winds solemnly rocked the boughs to and fro, and the shadows waved slowly upon the lawns. For the beauty of nature, as it appears to us, is a beauty half reflected from our own moods of mind. The same scene will change like theameleon to our eyes. The sun's gorgeousness is at one moment full of sadness, the next it shall be to us little better than a sepulchral pageant. The breezes impressing the nodding corn fields will bear to us the most buoyant of thoughts, or the most monotonous and gloomy.

The calm was not destined to last long. For Rosette used herself from her melancholy reclining attitude, good for a moment like a Pythoness, and then said, "Dear cousins, what an odd thing it would be for us to live and die old maids?"

"I should rather like being an old maid," observed Ann, "if it were only out of spite."

"Yes," said Lucy, "if we could only get somebody to be kind to us."

"We must be kind to ourselves," answered Rosette; "that is the best principle of life. I will never be in love again. No, never! Not if all the dukes, lords, baronets, and commoners were dying for my sake."

"Yes," rejoined Ann, "it would be very silly to be so."

"Yes," sighed Lucy.

"And the state of an old maid is a blessed one," went on Rosette, enthusiastically; "what liberty she has—what food for disdain in looking upon those mincing male monsters. She has nobody to say to her—'This you must do, and that you must not do.' Nobody to grannize over her in the matter of ribbons and lace, or the shape of her gown. She can go out and come in when she pleases. She has everybody to esteem her."

"Everybody," echoed Ann.

"And nobody to protect her," said Lucy, timidly.

"Yes," exclaimed Rosette, "I will be an old maid."

"So will I," said Ann.

"So must I," ejaculated Lucy.

"Come," said Rosette, energetically, "we will all three be old maids."

"We will."

"We will."

"Nothing must disturb our resolution."

"Nothing shall."

"Love is not the only road to happiness. We shall be happier by our new method."

At length, being all three wrought up into a state of excitement, they all exclaimed, standing up, "We will all irrevocably live and die the oldest of maids." After this they sat down, half exhausted by their emotions.

The pause was broken by an awful double knock at the door—rap-a-tap-tap-rap-a-tap-tap; then a tremendous pull at the bell. The door was thrown open, and three distinguished men were ushered in; all had an aspect of contrition. But what was their surprise when the three ladies got up, slightly curtsied, and, turning round, walked deliberately through the open window into the garden, and then shut it. It was horribly rude; and the hearts of the three gentlemen sank. There was no remedy but by opening the window and following. This they did. Two hours passed before the three ladies returned—two long hours. Nothing was to be seen of them. What a beautiful afternoon it was! The breeze had become cooler and cooler. The sun, too, had got entangled in a procession of clouds, and shadow after shadow fled merrily across the fields. The scene was again changed, for every hour has its own lights and shadows, which the next alters and destroys. Two long hours!

After they had expired, the three ladies were again in the room. They had again fallen into a dreadful silence, but the expression of their features was different from what it had been. They looked at each other, and attempted to appear very sad—then they looked again; there was positively a smile upon each of their faces—then they looked again. There was nothing to laugh at—still they all began laughing! "Ah!" said Rosette, "let us—fools that we are—make the best of the short time that we are to remain old maids!"—*Abridged from the Court Gazette.*

**THE HOUR TOLD BY A SUSPENDED SHILLING.**—However improbable the following experiment may appear, it has been proved by repeated trials:—Sling a shilling or sixpence at the end of a piece of thread by means of a loop. Then resting your elbow on a table, hold the other

end of the thread between your fore-finger and thumb, observing to let it pass across the ball of the thumb, and thus suspend the shilling into an empty goblet. Observe, your hand must be perfectly steady; and if you find it difficult to keep it in an immovable posture, it is useless to attempt the experiment. Premising, however, that the shilling is properly suspended, you will observe, that when it has recovered its equilibrium, it will for a moment be stationary; it will then of its own accord, and without the least agency from the person holding it assume the action of a pendulum, vibrating from side to side of the glass; and after a few seconds, will strike the hour nearest to the time of day; for instance, if the time be twenty five minutes past six, it will strike six; if thirty five past six, it will strike seven; and so on of any other hour. It is necessary to observe, that the thread should lay over the pulse of the thumb, and this may in some measure account for the vibration of the shilling; but to what cause its striking the precise hour is to be traced, remains unexplained; for it is no less astonishing than true, that when it has struck the proper number, its vibration ceases, it acquires a kind of rotary motion, and at last becomes stationary, as before.

### The Young Person.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.\*

"THE young person" who has interested me so much is of the middle size, slight, and well proportioned. Her features are perfect in form, but wanting the moral development which freedom of thought and action gives to every face; hers have been tutored into subjection; consequently, their invariable expression is that of patient, self-denying endurance. I have sometimes observed a smile relax her well-formed mouth, but it was always followed by a half-born-sigh; to sigh outright would be a luxury "the young person" does not dream of. I was going to write as I feel, and call the "young person" my young friend; but the lady who considers her her own especial property would never recognise her by that name. "The young person," then, moves so silently in, out, and about, that you never know when or how she comes and goes. She is never missed or inquired for, unless she is wanted; never considered as a being endowed with reason and feeling, except when reason and feeling are necessary to the comforts and convenience of any individual of the dwelling—save herself. The mistress looks upon her as a necessary evil; the master pulls off his coat and shoes while she is in the room; the children torment, though they cannot help loving the thing they tease; the servants consider her a spy, and hold her up to contempt, because she wears "cast clothes!" the lap-dog snarls if she puts her foot on the hearth-rug; perhaps the old house-dog is the only living thing that sympathises with her; his services, as well as hers, are forgotten; and the creature licks her hand, and while she "does up" the housekeeper's cap, sits with his head on her lap, and his almost sightless eyes fixed on her plaintive face. You may recognise this "young person" by her painful anxiety not to be observed, and to keep out of every body's way; by her manifest desire to get whatever business she has on hand performed as quickly as possible. Her dress has so evidently seen better days that you know she never had it when it was new. Her gloves have been carefully mended, and if the wind blows you perceive that her stockings are darned above the shoe. The trimmings on her bonnet are faded; and it always happens that in summer "the young person" wears something belonging to the past season; while, in winter, instead of cloths, and furs, and velvets, she trembles in washed "mouse-line and foulards." Shop-boys and attorneys' clerks look under her bonnet as she passes, and because she is alone, deem her a fit object for insult; but high born gentlemen see an unprotected woman, and, therefore, consider her entitled to respect. The spirit of chivalry is not yet dead in England.

My particular specimen of this no-class, and yet numerous body, belongs to a family of consideration; consequently, there is an air of humble dignity about her, which both fits and unfits her for her situation. It must not be imagined that only the rich and prosperous permit "young persons," like her which I so frequently think of, to move within their orbit; you see them in all grades of society, but, as I have said, acknowledged by none. The green-grocer down the lane has one—a slipshod, solid-looking girl, with tawny plaits dangling down her cheeks and tied by bits of black strings that have not been untied for a week.

"Is that your daughter, Mrs. Green?"

"Oh, la! no, ma'am; my daughter's at the pianar, with Miss Grub, the butcher's niece."

"Your servant, then?"

"No, ma'am, my servant never waits in the shop; she's only a 'young person'—a 'young person' Mr. Green likes me to have,—nothing ma'am but a 'young person.' Probably, in this sphere as well as in any other spheres of life, that hapless, helpless thing—a poor relation. Dress-makers invariably designate their pupils as "young persons," and upon them all faults are placed.

"I was not so fortunate, ma'am, as to take your pattern myself, and my forewoman was ill, so I sent a young person on whom I thought I could depend, but, oh, dear!" and then the "young person" (some lone and lonely girl, who has but little opportunity as yet to "take a pattern" and who must be a slave until her talent enables her in her turn to become a tyrant), is sent for,

\* From Heath's Book of Beauty, one of the most elegant and costly of the Annuals.

and scolded; and insulted, until you forget the misfit in compassion to the "young person's" tears.

The governess to a family of the middle rank in society is somewhat happily circumstanced—that middle class in England has made a rapid stride in mental improvement during the last ten years; its mind has enlarged, its prejudices have decreased, it has gained nerve and much dignity; a little more, and it will not only be able to stand alone, but to walk alone—where to—is a matter I leave wiser heads than mine to determine:—in that class a governess is usually very well treated, but a "young person" is almost as badly off as in any other grade of society. She is with them, but not of them; if she is asked to sing, the men of the family talk louder than when she was silent. She is expected to refuse jelly if there is but one shape on the table, to prefer cold meat to hot, and drumsticks to wings, to laugh at the old gentleman's jokes, and never to dress like the young ladies, her hair I mean—of course she has no opportunity of wearing the same sort of clothes. She never dances but when required to make up a set, and it is an understood thing that when visitors come in she is to go out. Fortunately for herself she is seldom of so refined a nature as the "young person" of whom I have already spoken—every other heart has its green spots upon which memory lingers—the ploughshare and the harrow have passed over hers.

I paid a visit the other morning where one of these "young persons," was sometimes seen during the ornaments, or copying music nobody ever heard her play. The family consists of two daughters and a mother. A rich cousin, "Cousin Edward," was an occasional visitor, the betrothed, it was whispered, of the elder of the young ladies.

The footman looked perplexed as he opened the drawing-room door, and there was a painful flutter in mamma's manner while she desired "John" to tell the young ladies who their visitor was.

"You are a neighbour and must have heard the news, of course."

"No, I had heard no news, I am a bad news-monger."

"I really did not think the world was as wicked as it is," she commenced. "You knew that 'young person'?"

"I have caught a glimpse of a young lady."

"My dear madam, she was no 'young lady,' she was only 'a young person,' the fact of it was, having her in the house at all was an indiscretion."

We both paused, and I began examining the trimming of my handkerchief, for the observation was "peculiar."

"She was a relation—nothing disgraceful—but not a stiver in the world had she."

"Her eyes were fine!"

"Ah!" she exclaimed, spitefully; "she was clear sighted enough, not that we care at all about it—girls with ten thousand pounds each, and expectations, have no need to go a begging—only for the honour of the family one does not like those sort of things to happen, and if his poor dear father could only look out of his grave, and see!"

"See what?" I inquired.

"Why see his son, Cousin Edward, whom I loved as my own child, married to a 'young person!'"

"Oh? but then it is not so very bad,—is it? because he was her cousin also, was he not?"

"And so were Julia and Jemima, not that either of my girls ever thought of him but as a brother, only it is so provoking to have that sort of thing—'young persons' in your family."

"But, my dear madam, you introduced her into the family."

"Yes, as a 'young person,' everybody who can afford it has something of the sort: but to dream of such a marriage—and her impudence to tell me of such a thing, and ask my consent and blessing, as if I were a parson! Consent, indeed!—I turned her out of the house! And only think of Edward's madness,—married her by license at St. George's, Hanover-square! There was a 'young person!'"

I certainly rejoiced at this poor girl's good fortune, which made me think still more of my too refined susceptible favourite, whose lot has been far differently cast. Having been once mistaken at the entrance by a visitor for "my lady," she was directed to go down the area steps in future; but after a time "my lady" thought she might make acquaintance with the under servants, and so be unfitted to act that useful thing a "young person," in "my lady's" dressing-room,—to be lady's maid without the salary or the credit, amanuensis and reader, winder and worker of silks, to all appearance a mere automaton; yet gifted with a heart that will throb, a head that will ache,—knowledge and memory. Memory! the joy of the happy; but, oh! what to her, the once-cherished bird of those whose eyes filled whenever they named her name. One comfort she has still; but memory, of all her faculties the most acute, has no time to act; if it had she would be hardly equal to exertion,—it moves her sometimes to sudden tears; but the necessity for their suppression, stronger for a time than memory itself, sends them back; and the duties of the day, the overpowering fatigue that forces her to trail her weary limbs up to the heated or frozen attic, causes all other things to be forgotten.

When she is ill, and unable to rise from her bed; then, indeed, thoughts like dreams so crowd upon her, that for a time they bring back scenes and voices—gone from her for ever—here. Her young father, pale from study and fatigue, the curate of a large parish, teaching her, his



cherished one, that learning and the lore which is rather a bane than a blessing to woman. A little music, a little French, some dancing and a very little Italian, that she might have been a governess, and finished young ladies in what she herself did not understand. But why did her father teach her the uncompromising dignity of truth? Why call things by those plain, unvarnished names of vice and virtue? Why draw the line between right and wrong with so firm a hand that she never could—never did mistake the one for the other? Truly that father must have been a man of most unworldly mind. And so he was; for, in addition to this, he taught her the exceeding beauty in woman of a submissive spirit. He taught it so well, that, looking clearly and steadily beyond this world,—its gauds, its paltry, unworthy ambitions, its child-like pageants, its gilded yet decaying dross; looking not only above and beyond these, but beyond and above death and the grave—she, “the young person,” in her lonely attic, is a happier and far holier creature—oh! a thousand times—than the proud baroness she served. Her father had taught her these things, because he considered time but as the stepping-stone to eternity. What a noble heritage is immortality. And when she thinks of it, she wonders why she suffers the bitterness and gall of life, such as it is, to make her miserable. When she recovers, and is able to come down again, she is very grateful for every look and word of kindness. She bears hardness at all times like a heroine, but tenderness overpowers her. Speak to her kindly, and tears overflow her cheeks.

“I think she is paler, more shadowy than ever, her eyes are bright, and there is a bright pink spot on either cheek which bodes no good. And yet I never saw her look so happy as she did last Sunday evening as I came out of church. She was reading an inscription on a tomb-stone setting forth that the girl who was buried there had died young.

“What a sweet, quiet spot it is!” she said, looking round; “how very tranquil!—I should so like to be buried under that humble willow-tree, though I shall have no choice—have no one to choose. So best—I shall shed no tears, but bless God for the release—as I have done for all other things. I would not exchange the faith that is in me for worlds of wealth!”

How glorious it is to see the power of mind overcoming all other things; to witness the triumph of faith, to feel assured that no worldly circumstances can change or subdue the soul! Nobody would dream of making “the young person” a heroine; but she is something better. When she reached the end of the church avenue, she turned to look back—the setting sun shone full upon her face, and it looked bright as that of an angel. She will soon be one—I am sure of that.

### Songs for Catarrhs.

Our laughter-provoking contemporary, *Punch*, in the midst of his caustic wit on passing events, has not forgotten the cold weather. The following may amuse those who are inclined to make cold an excuse for not assisting in the harmony of an evening:—

“The variable climate of our native land,” as Rowland the Minstrel of Macassar has elegantly expressed it, like a Roman epicure, deprives our nightingales of their tongues, and the melodious denizens of our drawing-rooms of their “sweet voices.” Vainly has Crevelli raised a bulwark of lozenges against the Demon of Catarrh! Soreness will invade the throat, and noses run in every family, seeming to be infected with a sentimental furor for blooming—we presume from been so newly blown. We have seen noses chisled, as it were, from an alabaster block, grow in one short day scarlet as our own, as though they blushed for the continual trouble they were giving their proprietors; whilst the peculiar intonation produced by the conversion of the nasals into liquids, and then of the liquids ultimately into nutes, leads to the inference that there must be a stoppage about a bridge, and should be placarded, like Westminster, *No thoroughfare*.

It has been generally supposed that St. Cecilia with a cold in her head would be incompetent to “Nix my Dolly;” and this erroneous and popular prejudice is continually made the excuse for vocal inability during the winter months. Now the effect which we have before described upon the articulation of the catarrhed would be, in our opinion, so far from displeasing, that we feel it would amply compensate for any imperfections of tune. For instance, what can be finer than the alteration it would produce in the well-known ballad of “Oh no, we never mention her!”—a ballad which has almost become wearisome from its sweetness and repetition. With a catarrh the words would run thus:—

“O lo, we lever betlied her,  
Her labe is lever heard.”

Struck with this modification of sound, *Punch*, anxious to cater even for the catarrhs of his subscribers, begs to furnish them with a “catzolet,” which he trusts will be of more service to harmonic meetings than pectoral lozenges and paregoric, as we have anticipated the cold by converting every *m* into *b*, and every *n* into *h*.

### A SONG FOR A CATARRH.

By Bary Alle is like the sul,  
Whel at the dawl it filgs  
Its golde! shiles of light upol  
Earth's gree! and lolely thigs.  
H vail I sue, I o!ly wil  
Frob her a scorfowl frowl;  
But sool as I by prayers begil  
She cries O lo; begole.  
Yes! Yes! the burthel of her solg  
Is lo! lo! lo! begole?

By Bary Alle is like the mool,  
Whel first her silver sheel  
Awakes the light!gale's soft tulle,  
That else had sile!t beel.  
But Bary Alle, like darkest light,  
Ol be, alas; looks dowl;  
Her shiles of others beab their light,  
Her frowls are all by owl.  
I've not ole burthel to by solg—  
Her frowls are all by owl.

### Editorial Notices.

**PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.**—Requiring as we do to be some weeks in advance of our publication (the Journal being published in all parts of the kingdom on the same day), it is not in our power to answer our correspondents as their communications reach us. In the present case, unfortunately, this is of little moment: we write, not for particular instances, but for general and fixed principles; and, in all likelihood, ere our views are sufficiently adopted, too many unhappy victims of a cruel and vengeance-breathing law will have expiated their crimes on the public scaffold, and the sad exhibitions have brutalised and degraded thousands, as such fearful sights have ever done. We rejoice over every proselyte we receive within the gates of our convictions—we offer up his testimony as an oblation at the shrine of truth and mercy, as a record that the desire of blood has one votary the less—as a proof that our own England shall not be stained for ever with the foul vindictiveness of its criminal jurisprudence. While we, in common with all who fear to be consenting to the death of a fellow creature, deplore the miserable exit of a late victim to his own passions, we cannot agree with a correspondent that the birth of an heir apparent to the throne would have justified an extension of the royal clemency. Is it possible that a judicial murder could be more justifiable had it occurred a few days earlier? To admit the royal mercy is to admit the royal right to put to death. We demand an abrogation of the law. A criminal sins against the world, and the world, which cannot itself move out of its own place, should confine its punishments to its own locality. He also sins against the Great Lawgiver truly, but He is his own avenger. Another correspondent bids us reflect on the Mosaic testimony, and on the example of Samuel in hewing Agag to pieces. It is that reflection which impels us to our way of thinking. If the people of England can call themselves a peculiar people, why do they set at naught the descendants of the chosen race? If they borrow or imitate one of their laws, why do they omit the manner of its execution? When a member of the congregation did that which was worthy of death, he was judged by the elders, and stoned by ALL the people. Are those who justify capital punishments prepared to act as executioners? Oh, no! That miserable dispenser of blood-desiring justice is execrated equally with the lowest and most fallen wretch who ever stood the gaze of a brutal and disgusting mob, which had gathered to witness his last agonies. But the example, say some. Oh! the iniquity, the depravity of that example, the burlesque of death which it fixes on the besotted mind; the cruelty and callousness of heart which it engrains on their life-springs. Riotousness, drunkenness, and theft, are common attendants of a public execution; even the relatives of the slayer and the slain are lost enough to profit by the fatal act! If our embryo-criminals, our future manslayers and violators of chastity, are to be drugged with the fear of death, let these scenes of violence be taken from their view—let them no more behold the struggles and convulsions of a strong man who is unwilling to die; but, as a punishment of surpassing force, as an ordeal through which the strongest-nerved cannot pass unmoved, let them be taken to the public hospitals—let them there behold the dread encroachments of disease, the hollow eye and the palsied hand—let them hear the prayers of the righteous, the wails of the neglectful, the sobbings of the despairing—let them see youth and its boastful glory laid for ever low—let them witness robust manhood bowed with affliction, and look on age creeping slowly, wittingly, to the tomb. There would they see the vanity of life, the pangs of parting existence—there would thought rush upon them as a whirlwind, and punishment, prevention, and repentance send the guilty to his cell another being. Feeble and unheeded, as may be our efforts now, the trumpet-voice of truth shall yet sound conviction in the ears of all. However numerous, brawling, and indecorous were those who thronged to see the violent death of a misguided wretch, we trust yet to hear of a public execution without one spectator looking on. Then, as we stated in a former notice, will the dispensers of the law pause in their proceedings, and apply themselves earnestly in the arrangement of secondary punishments. In the meantime, it is the duty of all who deny the right of man to expel his fellow from the world, to discuss the topic in public and private, that the humanising influence of their doctrines may prepare the way for the extinction of this barbarous relic of the middle ages.

**CONJUGAL INFIDELITY.**—Rather a severe question has been put to us by a correspondent. It is—why do those who sanction death for murder from the Old Testament, not inflict the same penalty on those who violate the marriage vow? Without in the least adopting the insinuation of our correspondent that the power-holders would thereby be themselves too much affected, we must inform him that the crime he alludes to was at one time capital in England. In the year 1031, under Canute the Great, it was punished by cutting off the nose and ears of the guilty parties. This punishment continued on the statute-book until 1650, when, on the

14th of May, an act was passed by the Parliament of the Commonwealth, making incest and adultery capital for the first offence. So severe were the Puritans against sexual improprieties, that any one guilty of unwedded intercourse was to be imprisoned for three months; while a second offence was deemed worthy of death. On the Restoration, however, all the acts of the Commonwealth were set aside; the Merry Monarch was flagrantly guilty of these offences, so they were mitigated to a civil injury. In the eye of the law of England, therefore, these parties are not criminal, nor has any one ever explained why Parliament considers one of the Ten Commandments of less value than the other. It is a topic from the discussion of which no good can arise; a high authority has stated that there are certain things which ought not to be named amongst us; and we are almost of opinion that this is one of them.

**THE DRUIDS.**—This class of priests were the teachers and lawgivers of the ancient Britons. Their worship was a concentration of all that could be called cruel, barbarous, and bloody, and any one who affects to deplore their extirpation, must stand guilty of a wish to perpetuate superstition in its foulest and most unholy forms. Theirs was indeed a reign of terror over the savage mind, in which the worst passions of the privileged were freely exercised on the lower classes. No man's property, his heritage, or his wives or daughters were free from the rude grasp of his tyrannic masters. The Druids were certainly the stoutest opponents to the Roman invasion; they fired, by song and incantation, the warlike energies of the hardy Britons, and cheered on the falling hosts with the idea of the approbation of the gods. In all their previous conquests, the Romans had respected the religious prejudices of the vanquished, but in Britain they found it necessary to extirpate the Druids ere the people could be properly subjugated. In the fastnesses of Wales and the Western Isles, the Druids long held a potent sway, and from thence sent many a devoted band to wage a hopeless war with the almost invulnerable Roman. The imperial generals no doubt committed many wanton and abominable excesses, outraging every feeling of shame and humanity; yet to them are we indebted for the earliest of our improvements; they taught the rude inhabitants how to make bread and cheese, to manufacture brick, shapely garments, and other decencies of clothing; to them also do we owe the first principles of self-government, inasmuch as municipal institutions were planted by them in conquered provinces, round which grew the most civilized communities, and which had the election of the magistrates confided to them. It was the vaunted Norman conquest which deprived the people of this invaluable privilege, these haughty soldier-robbers placing all civic rights under the prerogative of the Crown. Whatever feelings of ancient independence, therefore, our correspondent may cherish respecting the Druidical period of English history, of this he may be assured, that there was as much wanton aggression then against the body of the people as under the Romans, without one redeeming quality by which posterity might be benefited.

**COMPLIMENTS.**—We know not how to acknowledge the commendatory letters we continue to receive respecting the progress of our Journal. To allude to them, much more to print them, savours of affectation: to pass them in silence would be an apparent negligence which we wish to avoid. We trust, therefore, that our approving correspondents, many of whom are ladies, will accept our thanks, and believe that we are sufficiently proud of their communications. It is something in the dearth of fame to be so rewarded. The plan of our Journal may now be seen in its extent, and appreciated in its originality of design, as well as its loftiness of purpose. To have failed in an attempt to reëem the cheap literature of England from its degradation would have been no inglorious task; but to be successful in so short a time to the extent we have been, proves that the love of home, the adornment of the mind, the reverence for truth, and that common kindness, without which no denizen of the earth should be called a brother, command votaries sufficient to establish us beyond the reach of failure, if not from the snarl of envy. In the name of our esteemed contributor, Benjamin Trueteel, Esq., we have to acknowledge many similar compliments addressed to him. He is, however, superior even to a lady's flattery; his incognito must be preserved, or his pen would lose its force. This reason only compels him to decline the handsome invitation he has received.

### The Blind Girl at the Holy Well.

I've often heard of beauty's charms, and of the glorious day;  
And how dark clouds of night succeed the brilliant solar ray;  
But Nature's richest scenes present no pleasing change to me,  
No fascinating form can lure the eye which cannot see!  
Oh! Pilgrim, say is this the well whose water purifies  
All sinful souls? Oh, if it is, pour some upon mine eyes,  
That I may be endued with sight, and see that blessed sun,  
Best image of our maker God, the everlasting One.  
“The water of this sacred spring alleviates all pains;  
Quite inexhaustible its source, what virtues it contains!  
But in that blessed land of light, where darkness is unknown,  
Clear streams of living water flow profusely from the throne.  
Oh! wouldst thou wish of this to drink, and in that land to dwell,  
Thy Saviour only can conduct and lead thee to that well.  
Eternal sunshine there will beam upon those eyes of thine,  
And happiness shall always reign with influence benign.”  
R. J. T. P.

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# CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL



"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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## Glimpses of Women.

BY THE EDITOR.

"It is pleasant to observe, on a Saturday night, about eight o'clock, a pair of human beings walking slowly along, loitering and stopping at shop windows, and then looking at each other, as if saying 'Shall we go in?' One of these persons has his right hand in his breeches pocket, his left in that of his vest; the curve thus formed by his arm supports the hand of the other person: no other than a woman disguised in bonnet and shawl, and elevated on pattens, while her left hand sustains a basket in a manner indicating that it is somewhat heavy. The other evening we encountered a pair so progressing through a crowded street; they seemed so determined to be happy, so exactly as they wished to be, that we at once set them down as being in their proper element. That philosophy for which we are so much distinguished, however, made us reflect why all the ladies we met were not similarly situated? Why some were alone? Why some were in couples (not in pairs), and why some were seen waiting anxiously at workshops or tavern doors? We accordingly retired unostentatiously to our uninvaded dormitory, lit the fire and a pair of short sixes, took out pen, ink, and paper, and sat down to reflect on the varied and cruelly chequered life of woman—on the fate and circumstances which have controlled her destiny through ages, and made her, not a rational creature, but the god or devil of those who worshipped at her feet, or trampled her beneath their own.

Yet in general has she been well regarded. She has been found of value; and although repeatedly cast aside, still has she been resorted to for peace, pleasure, or ambition. This would be a strange world without them, and it is a strange world with them. By some they are supposed impotent for good, by others incapable of evil! They are helpless, yet all have been sustained by them. They are the creatures of fashion, the sport of manners, and the victims of custom; yet has fashion, manners, and custom, been deranged, controlled, and guided by them. They have no political power, no social privilege; yet have kingdoms been laid waste by them—for them; and society uprooted for their sake. They are a dangerous race, yet safety nestles round them. What are they? They are the moral scriptures, in which good and evil is reflected. But the devil can quote scripture, and they—No! they are not so bad as that; but sometimes they are nearly so. It will, perhaps, be a safer and easier task to say what they have been, than what they are. In these observations we shall pretend to no chronological order: we fling them from us as they occur: they are an after-crop of school-boy readings, reaped by a withered hand, which trembles while it rejoices in recalling to present view the occupations of after and more careful years.

### SUFFERINGS AND SACRIFICE.

Women have borne the curse as well as men—ay, and they have sustained it meekly and well. It was to the daughters of Cain that the wickedness of the antediluvian world was laid, as if they, the thoughtless damsels of young life, knew other than was taught them by grey-haired sires, and rough-bearded husbands. It was accounted one among the sins of Esau, that he married an Ammonitish woman, as if she was an instrument to the undoing of the hungry hunter: she bore him many sons, all dukes and princes however, an example which a lady of distinction appears in process of imitating. The daughters of Ham display a heroism, a fidelity, a love of country and of home, and an abandonment of all for him who was a prince and a ruler there, that reflects lustre on their sex and name, beyond all that the chosen and protected can ever claim. Why was this? Why is it that the doomed, the sacrificed, thus became eternal monuments of human greatness, and that their women, when seen enduring hardship, and surmounting suffering, became doubly precious in the eye of man. It is so, because the unrepeatable destiny of the human race, while it took its course unopposed in exterminating slaughter, in decay, in ignominy, and defaming history, never intended to take away the glory which radiates round adversity, never to injure the fame of those who acted according to the light given them. In the midst of war, pestilence, and famine, women have ever been most

devoted; more heroic, more self-sacrificing than their hereditary masters. We read much in the brutal wars of the early ages of women being sacrificed rather than that they should fall into the fangs of the conquerors, and many pass the narration by as extraordinary high-mindedness in man. We are not always told that the sufferers consented; but in no case, through the entire range of ancient history, have we read of the women rebelling or exclaiming against such measures. They appear to have submitted in quietness, if not with alacrity, apparently contented with the resolve, because it emanated from those they loved, and had for its purpose protection from the hated. In numberless instances, however, it is recorded that the women rejoiced in such determinations, and hastened gladly to the place of immolation. When the inhabitants of Phocia were sorely pressed by the encroaching warriors of Thesaly, they met openly to discuss what plan should be pursued. In the predominating agony of distress, all were called to this universal council, for the lives of all—men, women, and children—were involved. It was a dread moment; the love of life, the fear of death was in the ascendant then as now; piercing glances were exchanged, yet the tongue was dry. At length, one more desperate than the rest, proposed that a vast pile of combustible materials should be raised, and that on it should be burned their wives and children rather than that they should be taken captive. Who applauded the speaker? Who rent the air with their joyous acclamations? The women! They only interrupted the adoption of this dreadful proposal by decreeing a crown of laurel to its author. Then they hastened to prepare the pile; household stores were brought readily forth, until the gigantic mass proclaimed their willingness to die: they stood, sorrowful, yet silent; they prepared themselves for death; the enemy was at the gate, the torch was in their hand; the heroic sacrifice was ready to be offered up! Could the men look tamely on? Would they throw aside their weapons, and stand idly by when their best, and indeed their bravest, endured the smoke and flame? They rushed upon the foe—Greek met Greek—and the tug of war, after a cruel and murderous struggle, decided in favour of the Phocians. The state was preserved, and the women!—They were taken home again, to be spoken of no more.

When the Persians invaded Armenia, they met with so stout a resistance, that it was decreed that the men should be expatriated, and the entire country populated with strangers; and, while this was being carried into effect, the women, whom it was intended to leave like cattle belonging to the soil, seeing nothing for them but bereavement on the one hand, and violation on the other, assembled on precipices, and threw themselves into rocky ravines below. Many were dashed to pieces, and there lay bleaching and decaying in the sun, visited only by the ravenous birds of prey, who fed daintily on their mangled limbs: others, however, were not so fortunate. After throwing themselves off the frowning battlements, they were caught on projections, or bushes, by their flowing hair, and there hung dangling in mid air, until relieved by a lingering and torturing death. While the heartless historian records the brilliant progress of the warrior's arms, and pauses to dwell delighted on the adventurous tasks of mercenary bands, he disposes of in a sentence the glorious resolution of these high-hearted women, who resolved to die thus fearfully rather than endure a life of shame. Were all such circumstances collected, and dwelt on as they ought, the silly women of England would not admire a red coat so much as they unfortunately do.

The progress of the Roman arms was for fourteen years withstood by the inhabitants of Numantia, although it was undefended by walls, and possessed not a single watch-tower. This disgrace to the Roman name was confided to one of the Scipios, that it might be wiped away, and a portion of his warlike fame derived from the conquest of so chivalrous a people. The Numantians in all did not amount to four thousand souls: to conquer these the valorous Scipio collected an army of sixty thousand men, and yet met with a brave, a devoted, a miraculous resistance. The power of num-

bers, and the aid of tactics, however prevailed. He circumvallated their territory; provisions were cut off; and the besieged reduced to live on horseflesh. That resource failed, but they yielded not! They lived upon the dead bodies of those who fell in the siege! That failed; and then they drew lots among themselves! The humane Roman, it is said, could not endure this barbarity, so he summoned them to surrender. This they indignantly refused: but seeing that the last extremity had approached, that there was no help under heaven, they set fire to their houses, threw their wives and children into the flames, and then mounted the smoking walls, and fell among the desolation around them. A few only yielded to the invader, and these were gallantly chained to his chariot wheels, and graced his triumph when he returned to Rome. There was not a woman amongst them! Beautiful war!

Long before the time of Herodotus the practice prevailed in India of widows burning themselves on the funeral piles of their husbands. It is a paltry robbery of the honour due to a woman's heart to say that this was the result of superstition, of priestly cunning, or the fear of poverty and disgrace. It might have been all, or any of these impulses, and yet the widow, in the darkness of her mind, would feel a glow of transport in thus triumphantly fulfilling her destiny. What had been her reward through life?—Neglect, slavery, and the most thankless task to which humanity can be doomed—that to please the palled appetite of a privileged superior. These sacrifices, when freely made, prove the depth of affection which can be garnered in a woman's heart. While she displayed her weakness, it also evinced that yielding, that quiet submission, for which woman has never yet been sufficiently commended—for which she never will, until the record of her actions is written less selfishly by man. The abolition of this cruel practice by Lord Wm. Bentinck, while Governor of India, only required one accompaniment to make it a truly humane and perfect measure—that of ensuring the widow a means of livelihood after her husband's death. Queens, and so forth, may live well enough; but what becomes of the forsaken widows of the lower castes? No one can tell. They are beneath the notice of great statesmen; yet haply have they hearts as loving, and wants as great, as those who become the pensioned of the state.

In Hindostan, where human life is accounted of little value, it has still its gradations. In the Shastres, or holy records, it is declared, that to kill one hundred cows is equal to killing a Brahmin, the only class of men who are supposed to be spiritually valuable: to kill one hundred Brahmins is equal to killing a woman: to kill one hundred women is equal to killing a child: to kill one hundred children is equal to telling an untruth. Notwithstanding this blood-stained elevation given to truth and innocence, the Hindoos are still as great liars and thieves as are to be found among those animals gifted with hands and speech.

In Dahomy, one of the countless kingdoms of Eastern Asia, the children are the property of the sovereign; they are early taken from their mothers to remote districts, and appropriated as the kingly wisdom may direct. This same monarch is in the humane practice of sprinkling the graves of his ancestors with human blood. One king of Ashantee, indeed, respected the memory of his royal mother so much, that he sacrificed two thousand prisoners of war, and one thousand of his own subjects in her honour. Amestris, the wife of the Persian Xerxes, sought and obtained as a favour from her lord, that he would bury alive fourteen young men of noble blood, whereby she hoped to propitiate some deity.

In Affghau, there prevailed a custom by which murder was conciliated: a man so guilty could give six women with portions, and six without any, to the family of his victim, and they would be appeased in law. The great number of women at command made this generally an easy task, as any change to them could scarcely make them worse; besides, they are so totally impressed with the sublime duty of obedience that they do not consider they are entitled to any kindness in return. A bare subsistence, in return for grievous labour, is their highest hope of life.



When Jerusalem was besieged by Vespasian, some of the inhabitants took refuge in the Castle of Masada, wherein they were closely invested. No succour being at hand, the wives and children of all were sacrificed; then lots were cast, and ten were chosen to destroy the rest; again the lot was taken, and to one was given the farewell duty to kill his nine companions, to fire the place, and stab himself. Of nearly one thousand persons, only two women escaped; they, with five boys, saved themselves by hiding in the aqueducts; all the others submitted to their doom rather than become a prey to the conquerors.

In the Tonga islands, the chastity of married women alone is regarded: it is no crime to violate unprotected females: they have no safeguard, no privilege in their own classes; they can, however, demand vengeance should their spoliator be of an inferior grade; if he is one of the "upper classes," they must submit in quietness, or deem themselves honoured by his notice.

Some centuries ago, the Pagan Arabs buried their daughters alive, if they found them difficult of maintenance. The sword of Mahomet, however, taught them otherwise: the Prophet inculcated this one good belief, that he who saved a person from death is as one who had saved the lives of all mankind. While he, therefore, denied a future existence to women, as beings unfitted for immortality, he taught soul-gifted man to respect their lives in this world, for they were as useful to him as his camel or his horse.

Some of the old Greeks annually sacrificed a virgin, as an oblation to the gods of the highest and purest nature. At Plataea, a youth of both sexes was yearly offered up to Diana; while among the Tauri, all shipwrecked on the coast were sacrificed to the virgin about to be made the propitiation for their sins.

At Arebo, on the coast of Guinea, there prevailed a custom that any woman who was guilty of producing twins, was killed with both her children. At Formosa no woman was permitted to have a child until she was more than thirty: any lady likely to infringe on this law was handed over to the safe keeping of the priestesses, and struck on the body until a premature result took place.

The ancient Britons, when hemmed in by Agricola, destroyed their wives and children, so miserable did they deem themselves, and so hopeless were they of being able to protect them from the ravages of the conqueror. This is what is dignified by the grand name of the fortune of war; but in some parts of America, shortly after its being discovered, women were known to be so disgusted with life—so torn and tormented by the degraded position in which they were held, that they frequently murdered their daughters, as giving them a release from the bondage that awaited them.

The above are a few instances which now occur to us of the suffering and sacrifices endured by woman at the hands of her tyrant master man, in all of which she has gone down to the grave unhonoured and unsung, as if she had only fulfilled her common lot. To show to our female readers, however, that all is not dark in their history, to prove that slavery is not the condition in which women can best be seen, or for which they are peculiarly adapted, we shall endeavour, in another Glimpse, to show forth acts of heroic valour, of noble actions, and sublime attempts—when they cheered on the bold defender of their hearths, or stood even in the battle's van to encourage and assist. We must also, in a third and concluding view, relate the social condition in which they have been kept by many nations—the vile purposes to which they have been prostrated, and the merchandise to which their virtue and affections have been converted.

### Carlist Atrocities.

A TALE OF THE WAR IN SPAIN.\*

The scene and circumstances depicted in this narrative give a painfully severe account of the excesses committed by the robber band which infested Spain during the late war of succession. The story details to us the progress of a diligence through a rough road until it is stopped and rifled by banditti. The first seized hold of is a courier who is indignantly thrown aside for the more profitable spoil of richer travellers:—

"At once seize the passports!" cried the leader, when he saw that a portion of his men were busily engaged with the plunder. "It is the duty of every caballero to attend to the interests of his king, although at the same time he is not called upon to neglect his own."

And he took a passport from amongst a dozen of those documents, which one of the Carlists had collected from the travellers, and now offered to his chief.

"Hm!—French—Strasburgh—Paris—Verneuil—Propriétaire—" and, in conformity with the almost unvarying practice of the Carlists during the late war, to conciliate the French, whether individually or as a nation, either in hopes of assistance, or, as many say, in gratitude for aid secretly received from that power, the guerrilla returned the passport to its owner, with some attempt at courtesy, and a sort of half apology for delaying his journey.

Very different was the effect produced by the next passport which he snatched from his orderly. It was that of the sailor-looking Englishman, who stepped forward on hearing his name called out by the guerrilla.

"Ha! ha!" cried the latter with a grin of savage exultation; "un Ingles. You are one of those accursed

foreigners whose artillery drove us from before Bilbao, at the very moment we were about to triumph—who snatched from us the reward of the fever and thirst, the cold and hunger we endured when lying on the bleak and dreary hills, with snow for our beds, fain to shelter ourselves from the biting frost under the bodies of our dead comrades. You are one of those who filled the once happy valleys of Guipuzcoa with wallings, and lamentations for the loss of their best and bravest sons. To you, and such as you, shall no mercy be shown."

Before the unlucky Englishman could proffer a word in his defence, he was seized by two of the Carlists, and dragged to the foot of a tree growing at the road-side. Over a high gnarled bough, a rope had been thrown, with a slip-noose adjusted. The drops of perspiration stood like beads on the brow of the wretched man when he saw the imminence of his peril, and he again attempted to obtain a hearing, and to explain the peaceable nature of his profession as master of a merchantman.

"One minute for a prayer!" shrieked he at length, seeing his fate inevitable, and by a violent effort nearly shaking off the two men who were fixing the rope round his neck.

"Heretics have no need of prayers," was the reply; and the next moment the doomed wretch hung writhing and dangling full ten feet from the ground.

Such common occurrences as the hanging of one man, and the torturing, and perhaps mortally wounding of another, produced no sensation amongst the *partida*, accustomed as they were to the daily repetition of similar atrocities. But when the turn of the lady and her brother came, the rummaging in trunks and portmanteaus, which had been occupying the greater part of the Carlists, was abandoned, and they crowded round their chief, who read aloud the contents of a passport, setting forth that Dona Beatrix D—, wife of a colonel in the Queen's service, and her brother, José Maria Valdez, were proceeding from Saragossa to Madrid on their private affairs.

"Let us see her face," said a gigantic Carlist, with features scarred by a sabre cut. And, stepping forward, he was about to pull aside the mantilla which shrouded the lady's head, when he was prevented by the young Andalusian, who placed himself before his sister with a look and gesture showing his determination to protect her even with his life. Before the bandit could recover from his astonishment at being opposed by an unarmed and beardless stripling, the obstacle was removed from his path. One of his comrades brought his lance to the guard, and, with a vigorous parry, hurled the youth, stunned and senseless, to the ground. At the same instant the black lace veil was snatched brutally from before the lady's face.

For a few seconds there was a deep silence, and even the scum and refuse of humanity there assembled together seemed absorbed in admiration of the beautiful creature now before them. Every physical perfection had, indeed, been bestowed with a lavish hand on Dona Beatrix D\*\*\*. The beautifully rounded and symmetrical form, which had already attracted the attention of her fellow-travellers, was accompanied by a countenance of enchanting expression, and perfect regularity of feature. Large masses of hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, clustered over her high white forehead; her eyes were cast down, and from under the long fringes of their lids big tears chased one another over cheeks where the warm olive tint was now replaced by a deadly paleness. The scene was one of strange and intense interest. In the foreground, the wild figures of the Carlists, some on horseback, and some on foot, surrounded this beautiful and hapless woman, who appeared about to swoon away, overcome by the horror and suspense of her position. A little more to the rear the travellers were grouped together, for the most part lamenting, in subdued tones, their individual losses. The young Frenchman stood a little in advance, and it had required the forcible representations of the mayoral, who was standing by him, and the evidently worse than uselessness of his interference, to prevent him from rushing forward to interpose in the bloody episodes he had witnessed. In the back ground, the traces of the diligence had been cut, and the mules were endeavouring to crop some meagre furze-bushes which straggled over the road side. Trunks and packages were broken and torn open, their contents lying scattered and tossed in the mud; and in the direction whence the diligence had come, a vidette was placed to guard against a surprise. Nearly over the head of the chief of the Carlists the now dead body of the Englishman was dangling in the wind. No care had been taken to cover his face, which was surcharged with blood, and of a deep purple colour, with the tongue thrust out of his mouth, as though in derision of his murderers; while on either side of the road were lying the courier and the Andalusian, both senseless, and the former waltering in a pool of his own blood.

The momentary pause perhaps a little emboldened the lady, and she ventured half to raise her eyes, and to give a trembling deprecatory glance around. But there was no mistaking the frightful expression depicted on the faces of the desperadoes who surrounded her. A half-suppressed scream escaped her, and, covering her face with her hands, she sank upon her knees, when suddenly the same scared and hideous ruffian who had torn away her veil bounded on his horse, then stooping low, caught the lady round the waist with one arm, and

throwing her before him on the saddle, drove spurs into his charger's flanks, and in an instant disappeared over the summit of the hill.

The banditti packed up the despoiled goods and set off. The harness is repaired, and the diligence is about to resume its way; the stunned Andalusian having now nearly recovered. He inquires for his sister; on being told of her fate he rushes off in the same direction, followed at a more leisurely pace by the vehicle. Proceeding about half a league, at a dozen paces from the road-side, stretched on the grass, which in this place was trampled and blood-stained, her head supported by her brother, lay the hapless Dona Beatrix; but, alas! how different now from two hours back! Her dress was torn into fragments; her small silk shoes had fallen from her feet, which were stained with mud, and bleeding, as though she had been dragged barefoot over flinty paths. The tightly-fitted bodice, which enclosed her beautiful bust, was rent asunder; her dark hair hung tangled and dishevelled on her exquisitely formed shoulders; blood was on her bosom, and the cadaverous paleness of death upon her lovely countenance. Several of the travellers alighted, but Valdez motioned them to keep back. "Padre," said he, "your holy aid would be acceptable!" The priest approached, and knelt beside the dying lady. Scarcely, however, had he commenced the first words of spiritual consolation, when a slight rattle was heard in her throat, her eyes rolled, and Valdez felt an increased weight on his arm. Her spirit had passed away. Placing his sister's head upon the soft turf with as much care as though it had been that of a new-born infant, the young Andalusian threw himself on his face by her side, and remained in that position while the priest recited prayers for the departed soul. When the churchman had finished his ministry, Valdez arose, and kneeling beside the body, placed one hand on its forehead, yet clammy with the dews of death, and raising the other towards heaven, for the space of a minute his lips moved, although no sound escaped from them. Then dipping a finger of his right hand in his sister's blood, he tore open his shirt, and marked a crimson cross on his breast over his heart. This strange ceremony performed, he wrapped the corpse in an ample cloak, bore it with a dry eye and firm step to the couch, and took his seat beside it in the Berlina. Two hours afterwards the diligence was at Ariza.

Some months elapse after these occurrences, when a battle is about to be fought between the Carlists and Christinos. Among the officers of the latter are the chief of the banditti, who had deserted from the Carlists, and Verneuil, the Frenchman who had been robbed. The latter is somewhat disgusted at being thus brought into contact with a highwayman, but says nothing. He observes also a private in the troop whom he thinks he has seen before, but cannot call to recollection where. He also was a Carlist deserter. The day appears to be passing without any decisive action taking place, and the Christino general, therefore, adopts a stratagem by which to draw the Carlists from their position on the hill. It is successful, and the whole force proceeds against them. The squadron to which Verneuil and Matias belonged was one of those which had been brought down to co-operate in the manoeuvre by which it had been hoped to draw on a general action. As they charged the Carlists, and not twenty yards before they got up to them, Matias, struck by a ball, fell from his horse, and the squadron passed over him. In the din and excitement of the moment such an incident drew little attention. The quick eye of Verneuil alone, who was riding in the interval between his own squadron and the next one, had seen smoke issue from the front rank of his troop, and had detected the young Carlist deserter's sabre dangling from his wrist by the sword-knot, whilst its owner replaced a pistol in his holster. It was nearly evening before he had leisure to give a second thought to this circumstance, and then he was reminded of it by his squadron passing within a few yards of the place where the first charge had occurred. Canterring to the spot, and dismounting, he disinterred the body of Matias from under a pile of slain. The bullet which had killed him had entered at the back, and cut the spine in two. His suspicions fully confirmed, Verneuil rode musingly after his squadron, which was preparing to pass the night on the field of battle. He inquired for the Carlist deserter, but the latter was not to be found, and by a splendid moonlight, Verneuil strolled a short distance from the bivouac. As he passed along the side of a thick and tangled hedge, he heard the sound of a human voice lifted up in prayer, and, looking through a gap in the wild vines, he beheld the very man he was in quest of, kneeling bareheaded before one of those wooden crosses which peasants in Roman Catholic countries frequently erect as a protection to their fields. The thanksgiving—for a thanksgiving it was—appeared extemporaneous, and was uttered in terms of fervent and gushing eloquence. The eyes of the young man were lighted up with an unnatural lustre, and his pale haggard face flushed with a hectic glow as he thanked the Deity for having permitted the accomplishment of his revenge. As he rose from his knees with a more tranquil aspect, the evening breeze blew aside the bosom of his shirt, which, as well as his uniform jacket, was loose and unbuttoned, and by the bright light of the moon Verneuil saw on his left breast the figure of a cross, which appeared to have been burnt or seared in the flesh. In an instant all flashed across him:—the horrible fate of Dona Beatrix, the despair of her brother, the vow he had apparently made beside her yet palpitating corpse,

\*Abridged from an article in *Bentley's*, entitled "La Diligencia."



and the cross he had traced over his heart in her blood. He cast a glance at the receding figure of the deserter, now nearly lost to view amongst the trees, and returning to the bivouac, wrapped his cloak around him, and threw himself on the turf. But the startling incident, to which he had just obtained the key, occupied his thoughts too much to allow him to sleep. He lay revolving in his mind the chain of circumstances of which accident had made him a witness; and although as a brave and honourable man he could not but abhor the assassin-like mode of revenge adopted by Valdez, yet he made due allowance for the habits of his country, and for the peculiar circumstances in which the youth had been placed. Writhing under the most horrible of injuries, lacking the physical strength and habit of arms necessary to give him a chance of success in open combat with his formidable enemy,—far more willing to risk his own life than to lose his revenge, which would have been perilled by over-precipitation or rashness,—he had bided his time with the patient and untiring vindictiveness of a true Andalusian, and, after dogging his foe from province to province, and from camp to camp, the rewarding hour of retribution had at length struck for the brother of the murdered Dona Bettrix. Engrossed in these and similar reflections, in spite of his fatigues, it was not till an hour or two before daylight that the drowsy morning air procured Verneuil a slumber, of which he stood much in need. He awoke as the *diana* was sounding, and the roll of his squadron about to be called. When the name by which the Carlist deserter was known was shouted out by the sergeant, there was no reply. A second summons was equally ineffectual. The horse and arms were there, but the man had disappeared; nor was he ever afterwards heard of in the ranks either of Carlists or Christinos.

### Burns Illustrated and Explained.

BY WM. BIGGAR.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—HIGHLAND MARY.

THERE is a story written on the world's memory, of which posterity shall speak, and latest time rejoice in the acquisition of the narrative. The heroine of this enduring love-tale was neither of royal, or noble, nor of gentle blood, and yet her name shall blossom in continual youth, green as the young spring verdure on her native hills. She was but a cottage girl, and gained her livelihood by waiting at a rich man's table; her lover was but a plough-boy—an uncouth rustic, who struggled all his life against the iron rule of oppressive poverty. But to her name he lent a portion of his immortality—he bequeathed to the memory of her love of him the undying glory of his genius, and wedded her to the affections of all mankind; for there is neither man nor woman who shall read that simple detail of village love, but will sigh over her early grave, and wonder not why the unbidden tear will come when the song of "Highland Mary" meets their eye, or falls upon their ear. This impassioned song—into which Burns has thrown the most tender breathings of his muse, the most intense and delicate of his feelings—was written long after the object of his boyish love had mingled with the dust—when his wife and children sat around his hearth, and the busy cares of an ungenerous employment hung heavy on him. Of what strange and undefinable materials is the heart of man composed! and how strongly will it dwell upon the past, although that dwelling is treason to the present! True it is that those who are truly loved haunt the memory for ever, as if the spirit hovered where its young impulses first met a kind response. Although the object of his boyish dreams had stood before him, had been his own, and blessed him through life with unfaltering fealty and never-ceasing attention, he could not have poured out more warmly the fervent gushings of his recollection of that hour when they met by gurgling Ayr, to pass the day in each other's company, ere she left to visit her friends in the Highlands;—so certain it is that the greedy heart keeps close possession of its pleasures, and broods upon them when those who are around deem that its musings are upon them alone. Sweet Highland Mary met him in the fragrant wood, and walked with him among the murmuring trees, listening to the blackbird's song, while wearing in her hair the wild flowers plucked by her lover's hand. She heard the musings of his breast, the dreams of his aspiring brain, and smiled a sweet consent to meet him on that chosen spot when she returned again. But she returned no more. She visited her parents, and was on her return to Montgomery Castle, when she was attacked by a malignant fever at Greenock, under which she sunk ere she could send either to her lover or her friends. Burns arrived only to look upon her grave, and there to feel the embittered palpitation of a groaning spirit—to witness the prostration of his gay imaginations—the wreck and ruin of his blissful hopes—the annihilation of his boyish love. But though his heart was susceptible in the extreme, and a new object perhaps too soon took the place of her who would never more listen to his voice, yet he forgot her not; he kept her name and memory in the dearest and most secret recesses of his bosom; and at length gave to the world the unknown passion of his early years in the sublimest strains that were ever dictated by his pen.

Burns, during his acquaintance with Highland Mary, had dropped his courtship with the Muses. The depressed condition of his father's house, their poverty, his unceasing toil, engrossed his entire imagination. It was not until he met with the poems of Fergusson, that

he strung his lyre anew, and wrote those perfect pieces of scorn and sarcasm such as the "Holy Fair," the "Ordination," and others, which raised up against him the hue and cry of the preachers of the west of Scotland. Nor was it until after the removal of Burns to Dumfriesshire, when he employed himself in writing his songs for the works of Mr. Thomson, that his "Highland Mary" was produced. He had been attempting to write new words to the good old air of "Catherine Ogie," but found the repetition of the name so cumbrous, that he changed the character of the song, and substituted the words of Highland Mary. In transmitting it for publication, on the 14th Nov., 1792, he says—"The song pleases myself; I think it is in my happiest manner; you will see at first glance that it suits the air. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days; and I own that I should be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would ensure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, it is the still glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the events of the composition." In reply to this modest epistle, Mr. Thomson wrote, "Your verses upon 'Highland Mary,' breathe the genuine spirit of poetry; and, like the music, will last for ever. Such verses, united to such an air, might form a treat worthy of being presented to Apollo himself. I have heard the sad story of your Mary; you always seem inspired when you write of her."

"Highland Mary" was neither what is termed beautiful nor handsome, but is said to have been even plain in the extreme; yet her eye was mild and gentle; her voice ever spoke words of kindness, and her temper was as smooth as the surface of her bosom; yet these are charms which discriminating man shall ever prize the most and love the longest, for they contribute essentially to his happiness, and endure when the outward signs of beauty have departed, or become distasteful from the want of these better qualities.

Not only is the object herself a star in the memory through the world's dark way, but every word her lips have spoken become an oracle to the ear—every spot her foot hath pressed continues "haunted, holy ground." Thus it is in the beautiful invocation to the scenes of his choice delight, when he addresses the localities where his Mary lived, working, by the mighty energies of his genius, pictures of eternal beauty out of the most common and unnoticed trifles. He wastes no sigh upon an introduction to the merits of his subject, but with the power and effect of conscious ability, he commences at once with the heart and marrow of his divine melody:—

Ye banks and braes and streams around  
The castle of Montgomery;  
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumble.  
There simmer first unfaded her robes,  
And there they longest tarry;  
For there I took the last farewell,  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
As underneath their fragrant shade,  
I clasped her to my bosom.  
The golden hours, on angel wings,  
Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me, as light and life,  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,  
Our parting was fu' tender;  
And pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore oursel's asunder.  
But, oh! I felt Death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower so early!  
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O! pale, pale, now those rosy lips,  
I aft ha'e kiss'd so fondly;  
And closed for ay the sparkling glance,  
That dwelt on me sae kindly.  
And mouldering now, in silent dust,  
That heart that lo'd me dearly,  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary!

Except of rosy lips—and what lips are not rosy when they are "kissed so fondly"—there is not a word of personal beauty in the song. Not one of the ordinary charms of woman are enumerated, and yet throughout the entire melody there pervades a strong impression that Mary must have been a sweet girl—an object worthy of the love of man, and fitted to elevate his soul above the grosser passions of his nature. Nor is there a woman upon earth but who could be as loveable and endearing if she chose; there is not one among all the exciting and excitable daughters of Eve but who could equally impress the same lofty ideas of her excellence on the imaginations of her brother sex, if she would only study nature more, and pride, and folly, and fashion less—if she would adorn her mind more richly than her person, and gather up in her memory a rich treasure of tasks and duties, and ponder how she might best perform them, to the honour and advantage of herself, and the peace and pleasure of him with whom Providence has entwined her existence.

If Highland Mary had little or no beauty in her countenance, she could make all things around her pleasant to the eye of him whom she had charmed—the young and ardent labourer in the stubble-field. He had then no name in the world; yet it was written in her bosom, and she thought it would live and blossom there. But the fond wish, which it is said all maidens feel, was not to be fulfilled with her; nor was the disappointment hers alone. The proud and ambitious boy who thought he was a man indeed, because poverty compelled him to perform a man's daily toil, was a sharer in the suffering

—and there have been many such as he and her, though the world hath known it not. It is only the province of the poet to sear the memory of the living with a remembrance of the dead, and the tale of Highland Mary will awaken a reverberation of kindred sorrows even in the bosoms of those, who, in a long after time, shall fill our places on the earth—who, knowing nothing of us, will yet become acquainted with Burns, and the immortal melodies his genius left for the pleasure and improvement of his species; and they will think of the banks, and braes, and streams that surround Montgomery Castle,—even when the building shall have fallen before the ruthless hand of time; they shall know that the clear stream shall flow for ever, that its duration shall be coeval with the love-deed of her who often wet her little feet in its waters.

It might have been that an ordinary eye could have discovered no peculiar beauty in the scene described—that the richness and warmth of the verdure must have been a faded dream, and that summer lingered no longer there than on any other less noticed spot. But although years and season changed—green spring and gaudy summer giving alternate place to the sigh of autumn and the howl of angry storms, the poet's imagination never beheld that charmed scene in other than its brightest aspect, and the reason thereof is given with a power and truth that poetry and love alone could equal:

For there I took the last farewell  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

Nor is this a mere license of the poet; it is one of the privileges of humanity to forget the intervening spaces of time that we may the better dwell upon a happy hour—that we may string the blissful moments like a row of pearls, and throw them round the neck of her who was our chief delight during the gladly-remembered time—that we may weave those blossoms of our memory into a chaplet of sweets, and place them on her transparent brow—that care, and sorrow, and regret, may be chased away, and the harmony of grateful affections crown with perpetual gladness the throbbing temples of the soother, who strove to make herself more and more worthy of that kindness which her own conduct created for herself, though she thought it was alone for him; goodness at all times reverts back to the giver, and none live more happy than those who employ themselves in ministering to the happiness of others. A portion of their blissful spirit is communicated even to inanimate creation, and joy and gladness welcome the love-devoted at her every step—they sing her praises every hour.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
As, underneath their fragrant shade,  
I clasped her to my bosom.

Every breath of wind that kissed the blushing leaves bore testimony to the truth of this glowing description of his favourite trees. The glad applause of their sounding branches spoke clear as the voice of heaven; and the silver-spotted hawthorn, like a banner of innocence borne by sturdy truth, waved delightedly over that pure embrace, when Mary's bosom heaved with unspoken tenderness, and her cheek glowed with the welcome pressure of her lover's lip. At that moment, if they did remember they were mortal, they at least forgot that they were poor in the world's neglectful eye, for the world was absent from their thoughts. Not all its wealth could purchase the luxury of that entrancing moment—not all its cares could erase it from the recollection of the thoughtful swain, who, through all the drudgery of his existence, cheered his fancy by that rainbow-token, which shone in unclouded brilliancy before his vision till his eye grew dim in death, as had those of his loved and dear-remembered maid.

The golden hours, on angel wings,  
Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me as life and light  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Swift as the time flew by, not a second of its exact measurement was ever lost. Every moment of that day, crowded as they were with enjoyments, and laden to forgetfulness with excess of pleasure, pressed back their existence and drove away with rebel force the succeeding minutes from their possession of his thoughts. He lived that day over and over again. At his toil upon the mountain side, on his couch of nightly rest, he went back to the green woods and fair flowers of summer's first unfolding, and clasped again the departed to his bosom, and felt once more as if the raptured thrill of joy run riotous through his impassioned veins. She was dear to him as life and light, and though the twin stars that spoke of love had fallen from their firmament, the Promethean fire of his poetic genius conjured her up to his aching vision, as did the Enchantress of old raise up the prophet of Israel before the disquieted monarch of the tribe of Benjamin. By that specific power which poets alone can wield, surpassing the utmost fable of the magician's wand, he not only created her anew for himself, but he left her in the immortality of her re-creation to inherit the esteem and receive the homage of all whose life and light upon the earth is concentrated in virtuous, kind, and soul-consoling woman. Yet, as her airy form danced pleasantly to his mental eye, and her shape and air, and her looks of tenderness took possession of his brain, the acute conviction nestled closely in his heart that she was really gone—gone to her last resting-place—the bride of the darkness king,—the doors of whose narrow chambers open not again, and even when we enter which, we meet not those we fondly



wished to see, for there is no communion in the tomb—the dead hold no fellowship together. These reflections brought back his proud spirit, which, rebelling against the decrees of fate, ever took her from her silent sleep, and clothed her anew with life and loveliness. His pierced and wounded soul then sought retirement in the worst bitterness of his disappointment, dwelling on the parting moment with a pathos so touching, that we feel as if the bereavement had been our own.

Wi' mony a vow, and locked embrace,  
Our parting was fu' tender;  
And pledging oft to meet again,  
We tore oursel's asunder.

But of what avail was the promise for a future day—the tenderness of the parting hour was but the farewell gleam of hope—the last ray of light that issued from the storm-emburdened sky. The oft repeated pledge was broken, though a truer or more kindly promise had never been given by confiding woman to earnest-seeking man. He then felt, though he knew not its meaning—that the strong emotion which bound him to her side was prophetic to his hopes; and the subdued, though powerful toned expression, "tore ourselves asunder," embodies all that could be suffered, but not explained. She, however, had said that fatal word, as only for a season, young life looked gaily forward to the revolving hour when he would again joy in her presence, and listen to her repeating the promises he loved so well to hear—when the visions of growing manhood would rise up in strength and pride before him, the foreground occupied by the progressive characters of his Mary—as a lover—a wife—a mother—excelling in them all; and he, the penniless ploughboy, the only object of her kind and gentle heart. There are many proud and gaudy flowers which bloom upon the hill tops of society, yet on whom the winter winds are not suffered to blow; and to whom cold and nakedness are unknown, yet not one of them has had her existence prolonged beyond the grave as has thus our lily of the valley, which death nipped in its early bud, and crushed ere the summer of its life had well begun. Green shall be that sod upon her unforgotten grave, when the gilded butterflies of fashion, generation after generation, shall have been swept away into their original nothingness. They were of the earth, earthy; the undying essence granted them in common with all mankind had never lent a portion of its animation to their material existence; and therefore they pass away like mist from a sun-lit hill; but she who strikes the sounding shell with tuneful hand, or becomes the object of a poet's love, bequeaths a portion of the fire of heaven to the adoring sons of earth, and becomes a monitor to future ages, as well as to the period of her earthly sojourn, when the bereaved sung in mild complaining mood,

O pale, pale, now those rosy lips,  
I aft hae kissed so fondly;  
And closed for ay the sparkling glance,  
That dwelt on me so kindly.

The colour would rush no more to her almost bursting lips, and the flame of love sparkle no longer from the windows of her unburdened soul; their portals are for ever closed, and their beams of light are quenched. Even the mournful pleasure of beholding her inanimate features had been denied him; he had not been blessed with the melancholy pleasure—

To bend him o'er the dead,  
Ere the first day of death had fled;  
Before Decay's effacing fingers,  
Had swept the lines where beauty lingers;  
Nor mark'd how sweet, how coldly fair,  
The rapture of repose was there.

He saw not, knew not, how the fever shook her frame—how her hot pulse beat, and her life-blood struggled against the insidious workings of the fell disease. If his hand had held a cup of water to her lips—had held her struggling limbs, or wiped the film from her burning eye, there would have been some consolation in her death; but the concluding truth alone reached him:

And mouldering now in silent dust  
The heart that lo'd me dearly.

It would beat no more with its gentle heave against the pressure of his straining breast—it would leap no more when he came in view—her ear to the story of his pilgrimage would never again tingle—the silver chord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken; she was lost to earth; but, no! she could not be entirely lost to him. Her blissful state would sanctify his dreams, her phantom meet him on the misty hill; and he comforted himself with this assurance—

But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary.

It will matter nothing in the conflicting destinies of nations that such a humble girl as Mary Campbell lived and died—that a plough-boy loved her, and remembered her in his after years; but it will soften many a maiden's heart—it will purify many a youth's desire—it will shed a benign and healing influence around the cottage hearth—it will induce a higher and a holier aim into the energies of opening life—it will chasten the delights and modify the sorrows of those who live at home—who think what they were and what they shall become. May every girl that reads it remember the important lesson which it teaches, that it was her gentleness of heart and kindness of disposition which endeared her to the poet—that she possessed less of these, even with more of beauty, her story would have remained untold, her name continued unknown; and the

world would have possessed one pleasure less if the humble cottage girl had loved her mirror better than her mind—had studied the plaiting of her hair more than the guileless purity of her heart. Had Mary, at her first meeting with the coarse ungainly youth, in hoddens gray and hobnail shoes, tossed up her chin with a scornful dimple, or pursed her lips into a freezing refusal, she would never have been known beyond her lowly village range; but the quiet look of kindness in which lurked smiles of love, gifted her with an immortality which dames of proudest blood may sigh in vain to acquire—which men of power, and rank, and riches never can confer.

### A Pithy Paper for Pedestrians.

BY LEMAN BLANCHARD.

Reader, your arm awhile. Let us shake off this unhealthy chilliness superinduced by a December fire, and escape into the streets. You agree, eh? that's right! Another moment and there we are with the fresh breeze fanning our faces, and the cold air exciting you to double the rapidity of your locomotion. Gently, gently there, reader of ours, remember we are no ariel living skeleton or "fasting man," to be whirled through space at the rate of more than six miles per hour, albeit we do not "lard the lean earth" as we walk along. Since, then, our progression is slackened, we shall have more time for scanning the different kinds of pedestrians who throng in our metropolis, as fast and numerous "as the gay motes that people the sunbeams." First, in size and importance, come the *Rollers*, distinct from the rest, and as a general rule it may be relied upon that the whole class of *Rollers* are well-fed. Amongst these are usually to be found, overseers of the poor, Somerset-house commissioners, single gentlemen who dine out every day, and gourmards in general. Before you catch a glimpse of that protuberance of flesh which usually heralds their approach round a corner, you obtain an *a posteriori* view of their legs, which, if in black silk stockings, marvelously recall to one's recollection a brace of dumpy black puddings; or, if encased in white, still more seem like a couple of balustrades feloniously removed from Westminster-bridge. Their abdominal protuberances are to them as burthens, which they carry about with them as a punishment for their sins in gluttony, and often have we seen them jut out so far from the fair line of the body that little boys have run under them as to a pent-house, from a bull qualifying for a case of *de Lunatico Inquirendo*, or dog, whose snapping propensities are becoming fearfully conspicuous. An adventure of this description is full of dreadful perplexity to a *Roller* of the class above mentioned. As his eyes cannot discover the cause, he is obliged to speculate philosophically upon what it may be that is bobbing and clinging to him from beneath, and ere the said inquiry is satisfied, off the young scapegrace whisks round the corner to the disturbance of the *Roller's* centre of gravity, and causes him to introduce his shoulders into a shop-window through the medium of two costly panes of glass, for which the startled shop-keeper rushes out to demand a guinea, and your *Roller* finds that he is not only out of breath by his fall, but out of pocket too.

The *Drawlers* are a race of men—inappropriate as the term is when applied to them—who pursue "the noiseless tenor of their way" with the monotony of a drone, and the rapidity of a snail, to borrow entomological metaphors from Kirby and Spence. If you come in contact with one of these, it is invariably in some narrow pass which they render impassable—say an alley in Cornhill, or a court near the West-end, for instance. You compress yourself to the flatness of a Normandy biffin to get beside him, and, by a consolidating squeeze of this description, you endeavour, in a parallel position, to ooze out of the turning; but, alas! no sooner have you abridged yourself from an elephant-folio-sized edition of humanity down to an insignificant duodecimoed manikin, than the *Drawler* seems all at once to expand, like the frog in the fable, beyond his natural dimensions, and you might as well attempt—though not one of the camels or rich men who are proscribed from so doing—to thread your way through the eye of a Whitechapel No. 12 needle, as pass him by. Or, perhaps you are in a hurry, got an appointment—male or female, it don't signify which—you are anxious to be punctual, but find your watch is wrong, and that you have only three minutes to run as many miles in. You rush down one street, up another, escape the contamination of a crowd, and knock down in your progress half-a-dozen children, three chimney-sweepers, and two purblind old apple-women, whose stalls you made a fair attempt to jump over, which turned out a failure. For a short cut, you turn up an alley, which, though wide as Highgate Tunnel at the mouth, yet narrows like a funnel at the other extremity. There is a *drawler* before you, and only "room for one," as they say outside the shows. Finding how impossible it is to pass, you make up your mind to follow in his wake, whilst he leisurely crawls his caterpillar-pace, halting a minute or two to stammer through a long placard pasted on the back of the house, which straddles over the end of the alley. Here, smothering the murderous insinuations that rise in thickcoming fancies before you, you content yourself with whispering a few impatient imprecations upon such creeping creatures, and rushing desperately between the two dead walls in which for so long you had been immured alive, full tilt you rush against a very short

old lady in very high pattens, whom you eject into the middle of the road and run away from, leaving doubts upon the minds of the outstripped passengers whether you are an escaped felon, an emancipated pickpocket, or a pedestrian running for a wager.

The next class, whom we shall christen the *Sidlers*, from their always selecting the side next the wall as their not-to-be-disputed prerogative, are generally a set of stout, sour-looking, vinegar-faced bachelors on the umbrageous side of forty-five, who are to be met with every day in the city very pertinaciously persisting in preserving the peculiar side of the pavement they prefer. Your true *Sidler* is as fond of the Wall as if he was a second Pyramus about to make love to another Thisbe on the other side, and sticks to the bricks and mortar with as much tenacity as a theatrical broadsheet posted and pasted by a member of the honourable fraternity of "External Paper Hangers."

The *Hurriers*—or men of business—are a set of walkers who are always on the can't-stop-for-a-moment-to-talk-with-you sort of run. To notice the breathless speed at which the *hurrier* is trotting you would imagine that nothing short of life and death depended on the rapidity of his motion, whereas he is merely on his way to his counting-house or dining-rooms, and his hurried and breathless bustling is but the effects of that eager and intense desire to "push along, keep moving," in which all people of a similar bent of mind participate to a very great degree.

The *Crowders* are a species of pocket-handkerchief-and-purse-and-pocket-book purloining pedestrians, the very "snatchers up of unconsidered trifles," with whom *Autolycus* might have claimed kindred. In the hurry and confusion of a crowded city, these *Crowders* are apt most inadvertently to plunge their hands into your coat pockets in mistake for their own, but they are always gentlemanly enough to apologise very heartily to you for the error the moment it is discovered. This is a great circumstance in their favour, though it must be acknowledged that, if they are too bashful to return the little article they have taken by accident from your pockets instead of their own, it is no uncommon sight to behold them soon afterwards wiping their nose with your best cambric, or industriously perusing by gas-light the contents of your pocket-book. This very natural feeling of curiosity being now gratified, it is surprising to see how careless they are of all your careful memoranda, flinging down some area all your dinner engagements for the next two months, and this, too, in the face of the cooks in the kitchen below, as if, because you did not intend to dine there, they should be insulted with knowing where you did. In the meantime, your *Crowder* mixes himself up with the undistinguished mob, and perhaps the next day will fall into a similar error; and, it grieves us to say, there are people, incredible as it may appear, who, for a moment of temporary absence of mind like this, would punish the poor fellow by either seven long years of transportation, or else supplying him with rural apartments at Brixton, compel him to be continually going up stairs without ever giving him the opportunity of coming down again.

Such, reader, are the principal pedestrianising features that present themselves to our notice as we stroll through the metropolis, and with which we have endeavoured to make you familiar. We could have amplified our hasty sketch to treble its present extent, but preferring brevity to prolixity, and, to preserve our walking metaphor, short steps to long, we offer you the present as a sample of a few more glances at the lights and shadows of London life and London manners.

### Sepulture in London.

BY P. M. HAYNES.

CHAPTER II.

Sir Thomas Browne in his *Hydriothaphia* says "who knows the fate of his bones; or how often he is to be buried? who hath the oracle of his ashes, or whither they are to be scattered?"—The facts mentioned in our former chapter were illustrative of the truth of the question proposed by the learned author of the treatise on "*Urn Burial*,"—and how appropriately are they commented upon in the following lines from the unfortunate Kirke White, whose mind so constantly turned to the grave, of which he was so early a tenant. He said—

And who would lay  
His body in the city burial place,  
To be thrown up again by some rude sexton,  
And yield its narrow house another tenant  
Ere the moist flesh had mingled with the dust;  
Ere the tenacious hair had left the scalp,  
Exposed to insult, lewd, and wantonness?  
No! I will lay me in the village ground:  
There are the dead respected.

The statements published by Mr. Carden some years ago, alarming as they were, did not attract the attention which they merited, because they were put forward with a view to establish a General Cemetery Company, and were regarded too much in the light of assertions made hastily and for an interested body of speculators. A few years, however, have proved that Mr. Carden was right. Residing at Blackmore street, Drury-lane, and with an extensive practice, Mr. G. A. Walker, surgeon, had constant opportunities of observing the prevalence of malarious diseases in that crowded district, and at length he became convinced that a main, though not the only cause of these was the crowded state of the places of interment. Hence he was induced to extend his inquiries from that immediate locality, and influenced solely by the desire of



promoting health amongst the living, and a proper respect for the ashes of the dead, he undertook the difficult and dangerous task of ascertaining the real condition of the burial places of London. The result was communicated to the public in his "Gatherings from Grave Yards." The frightful details contained in that ample volume created a sensation which is daily increasing, and which we feel satisfied will never subside, until putrefaction is banished from the foot of our altars, and until the dead are buried where their remains can do no injury. Mr. Walker reports upon no less than forty-three receptacles for the dead. In the burial ground in Portugal-street, in April 1839—in which Joe Miller was interred in 1738—he saw heaps of coffin-wood piled up for removal. The cloth had not decayed, the nails could be plainly seen, and the sextons were known to force off the plates, &c. In the *Times* of June 23, 1839, a letter appeared from one who had "interred twelve of his nearest and dearest relatives in that ground," complaining of this horrid desecration of the dead. Five men were employed for a week in removing these spoils from the grave. But this place being only a specimen of so many others in the metropolis, we cannot dwell longer upon it than to add that it is surrounded by houses which are tenanted by some of the most needy of poverty's children, who are frequently compelled to keep their windows closed on account of the effluvia which rises from the ground; and yet, since Mr. Walker published these facts, a large building at one extremity of this burial place has been turned into "King's College Hospital!" Previously it was the parish workhouse!—a sad receptacle for the poor, where the flagging vapours of infection added danger to the poignancy of their penury. Very near this place is ENON CHAPEL; in the vaults beneath, which are separated from the chapel only by a boarded floor, the dead are crowded at one end up to the very boards, and not one of these bodies is inclosed in lead. What are we to think of the following facts—for facts they must be, inasmuch as not the slightest effort has been made to contradict them. "Soon after interments were made, a peculiarly long narrow black fly was observed to crawl out of many of the coffins. The children attending the Sunday school, held in this chapel, in which these insects were to be seen crawling and flying in vast numbers during the summer months, called them 'body bugs.' The stench was frequently intolerable; one of my informants states that he had a peculiar taste in his mouth during the time of worship, and that his handkerchief was so offensive that immediately upon his return home, his wife used to place it in water." It happens that the writer of this paper has personal knowledge of a case occurring at this place, which fully sustains Mr. Walker's statement. A compositor resided in a house, the cellar of which was separated only by a wall from this hideous Golgotha. One Saturday evening he bought a shoulder of mutton which was hung against this wall, and the following morning it was so infected that it could not be used. This place is no longer used for burial, the exposure having led to its discontinuance as such. Again, in the Strand, at St. Clement's Church, there is a vault in such a state, that within the last few days a gentleman offered to bet one of the church officials £100 that he dare not go into it, and if he took that bet he offered to bet any one he might name as his executor another £100 that he would not come out of it alive. Both bets were refused. A well which is sunk close to this burial-place, and which is much used, has frequently contained water very offensive, both in smell and taste, owing most probably "to the infiltration of the dissolved products of human putrefaction." But now turning from the statements of Mr. Walker, we copy the following from a weekly paper of December 30, 1828:—"What a horrid place is St. Giles's church-yard! It is full of coffins up to the surface. Coffins are broken up before they are decayed, and bodies are removed to the 'bone-house' before they are sufficiently decayed to make their removal decent. The effect upon the atmosphere in that exceedingly dense and crowded spot must be very injurious. Near to the east side we saw a finished grave, into which had projected a nearly-sound coffin, and half the coffin had been chopped away to complete the shape of the new grave. A man was standing by, with a barrow full of sound wood and several bright coffin-plates. I asked him, 'Why is all this?' and his answer was, 'Oh, it is all Irish.' In the bone-house you may see human heads still covered with hair; and here, in this 'consecrated ground,' are human bones with flesh still adhering to them." We owe it to the delicacy of our readers to forbear from this painful recital. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that in almost all parts of London, the scenes exhibited in our burial grounds are most revolting. We find the traces of the evils of the system, not only in the crowded neighbourhoods. In the more tranquil suburbs it also prevails. At Stepney, "the soil largely imbued with the results of putrefaction, is extremely moist, and many of the tomb-stones have sunk deeply in the earth. A peculiar putrefactive odour may be here frequently distinguished; nor is it only in the district where poverty holds its sway, but even where royalty holds its court, the inconveniences of the practice which we are considering, exist. In Palace-street, close to Buckingham Palace, is "Buckingham Chapel." In the burial-ground there are so many bodies that it is with the utmost difficulty a grave can be obtained. Most of the graves are seven feet deep, and nearly filled to the surface with dead. The ground is raised more than six feet from the original level, formed only by the *débris* of mortality. In any of the

vaults interments are allowed, either in lead or wood coffins. One of the vaults is beneath very large school-rooms, in which some hundreds of children receive daily instruction, and the vault is lighted by holes made in the floor of the school! It may be said that in many of the church-yards in London the decay of bodies is rapid. It is not so rapid as to prevent the atrocities to which we have referred; and even if it were, that is no diminution of the evil. For the more rapid the decay, the greater is the impregnation of the atmosphere with the deleterious effects of the decomposition which is going on; and consequently the greater is the danger to the public health. But taking the size of our burial-grounds, the number of interments which take place in them, and the space of ground necessarily occupied by each that is consigned to earth's cold embrace—it will appear that in the nature of things, it is utterly impossible that the bodies committed to the earth within the last fifteen or twenty years have been allowed to remain there! Oh, that we could reveal the secrets of the charnel-house! Lime and fire have done their work. Passers by our church-yards have been assailed and sickened with the stench arising from the burning of human bones; and the very land which yields our food, has been manured with the remains of our fellow-men. We speak upon no slight authority. The *Quarterly Review*, January, 1819, says—"Many tons of human bones are sent every year from London to the North, where they are crushed in mills constructed for the purpose, 'and used as manure.'" Such is the testimony of the *Quarterly*. The author of a Letter from Grimsby, in Lincolnshire, says—"The eagerness of English agriculturists to obtain human bones, and the cupidity of foreigners in supplying them, is such as to induce the latter to rob the tombs of their forefathers." Much do we fear that our reproach of the foreigner might with equal justice be laid at our own doors. Surely the time is come when a consistent and vigorous effort for the correction of these evils will be made. It is a subject which is deeply interesting to all. The eloquent Sir Thomas Browne has truly said, "the number of dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? It cannot be long before we lie down in the darkness and have our light in ashes—since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time that grows old itself bids us hope no long duration." Mercifully is it ordained that as death is the chief epoch of our lives, every season by its change should emblem our mutability;—the flower which rises to greet the spring reminds the thoughtful man that as flower succeeds to flower, so one generation shall yield to another;—and in Autumn, the leaves which danced in their beauty in the breezes of summer are now

around us falling  
Dry and withered to the ground;  
Thus to solemn mortals calling  
In a sad and solemn sound.

Man has been said to be "a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave!" But looking at the devastation of our churchyards may we not with Hamlet exclaim "Did these bones cost no more but to play at loggats with them?" Is there one of us that does not wish to keep something of his glory in the dust? Who has not the "calm desires that ask but little room," viz. space for a coffin? Who wishes that "little room," to be intruded upon ere decay has done its task? Who would not shrink at being—

Denied the charity of dust to spread  
O'er dust! a charity our dogs enjoy?

But independent of our regard for our own remains, and for those of our friends—who would wish his own, or those of others whose love he felt and reciprocated, to become the source of contagion—making the very grave itself the cradle of injury to his fellow-men? Let not the rich, encased in their crimson and lead, rely upon an imaginary security greater than the poor pauper who sleeps in a parish shell. The gas created in the lead coffins frequently causes them to expand so much, that, if they are not "tapped," they burst. Mr. Walker says, the "tapping" is done by boring a hole with a gimlet: a jet of gas instantly passes through the aperture; and this, when ignited, produces a flame which lasts from ten minutes to half an hour. The men who perform this operation are perfectly aware of the risk they encounter, and they are extremely careful how they execute it. The following is a singular instance of the power of the gas in question. A clergyman, who lost a beloved daughter, was anxious to preserve the body above ground. The body was first embalmed, and then put into a shell: a leaden coffin received these, and on the top of it was inserted a square of glass. These again were enclosed in a handsome mahogany case, the lid of which moved on hinges. The day after the corpse was put in, the glass broke; another square shared the same fate, and so did a third. The *Sun* newspaper, May 6, 1839, gives an account of the burial of Nour-ri, at Marseilles. The leaden coffin had been made at Naples. At the funeral, it burst, and exposed its contents in a state of far advanced decomposition. A quantity of chloride of lime was immediately used, and a new coffin prepared.

After the statements already made, these observations may for the present be closed. There are police acts for compelling persons to remove any decayed vegetable matter or filth which may lead to the slightest contamination of the atmosphere; but the churchyards, the great sources of such contamination, to which the

torture of our most sacred feelings is superadded—are but partially noticed, although their claims both upon our wisdom and our christianity are so potent.

When Alderman Wilson was Mayor, he turned his attention to the subject; and it is likely ere long to receive the notice which decency to the dead and justice to the living require. In our next, we shall commence a series of sketches of the London Cemeteries. "There are the dead respected":—there the broken-spirited widow may weep without inhaling infection: there the child, through whose curly locks the fingers of a fond father's hand have doatingly played, will see that father's grave held in honour: and there the maiden, who goes forth to the long home of him with whom she had established a partnership of hearts, will never find the last memento she placed in his coffin, amidst the mould thrown up "by some rude sexton." No; the Cemeteries of London—sacred to death and bereavement—will afford soothing to the sorrowing. They are a PUBLIC BENEFIT, and a PRIVATE COMFORT.

### Popular Delusion.

A very entertaining work on this subject has recently been published by Bentley, from the pen of a gentleman named Mackay, in which much valuable information, as well as judicious reflection, are given and displayed. Among the more prominent topics of elucidation is the remarkable Mississippi scheme and the South Sea Bubble. Of the former of these adventures, with a biography of its originator, John Law of Larieston, we present the following summary:—

This shrewd adventurer was born at Edinburgh in 1671. His father was a rich goldsmith and banker, and his son for three years laboured in the counting-house; he there acquired an insight into business. At the age of seventeen, however, on the death of the elder Law, he withdrew entirely from the desk; and fancying himself handsome, though he was so scarred and seamed with the small-pox that his face resembled a cauliflower, and being besides of a restless, enterprising, mercurial turn of mind, and inordinately fond of female society, he determined on quitting Scotland and pushing his fortune in London. As he was well endowed in point of pocket, he found no difficulty in procuring the means of enjoyment. He gamed; flirted with the women; fought a duel in which he killed his antagonist; was found guilty of manslaughter, fined, and detained in the King's Bench, from which he contrived to make his escape to the Continent—as poor as Job, for his fortune had been all lost in gambling. After travelling for three years, he settled himself at Amsterdam, where he devoted his mornings to finance, and his nights to play. Thus accomplished as a worldly adventurer, he quitted Holland, and continued to vagabondise for years, supporting himself chiefly by gaming. At length, he decided on taking up his permanent residence in Paris, and trying there his skill in play and speculation. At this period the Duke of Orleans ruled as Regent, during the minority of Louis the Fifteenth.

When Law first made his bow at the Duke's levee, the finances of the country were—as Mr. Mackay truly observes—"in a state of the utmost disorder." The corruption and extravagance of the preceding reign were now telling with ruinous effect on all classes. The national debt was of an amount almost incredible, when the value of money at that time is considered. The currency was depreciated one-fifth. The right arm of commerce was palsied. A cloud of tax-collectors, like locusts, overspread the country. And what was the system of policy pursued by the Regent in this alarming crisis? He had none. In vain one Minister recommended the declaration of a national bankruptcy, and another, the assembling of the States-General; he listened to all, but pinned his faith upon none. But Law now appeared on the public stage, and henceforth, for a season, all was to be changed. He soon contrived to ingratiate himself with the Regent, and to exercise that quiet, despotic mastery which a strong mind rarely fails to exercise over a weak one. His influence was first shown in the permission which he gained from the Government to establish a bank, under the name of Law and Company, the notes of which should be received in payment of the taxes. So adroitly did he manage this concern that, in the course of a year, his notes rose to fifteen per cent., and so widely was his credit extended, that branch-banks were formed in many of the principal towns and cities of France.

### THE MISSISSIPPI SCHEME.

Law's prospects were now hourly brightening. He was on the high, broad road to fortune, and was not the man to stop while aught of ambition's career remained to be run. Strike while the iron is hot, seems to have been his motto; and strike, God knows he did, and this with a force that stunned France, and resounded through Europe! Shortly after the formation of his bank, the beneficial effect of which was soon felt, he proposed to the Regent—we quote our author's words—"to establish a company which should have the exclusive privilege of trading to the Mississippi, and the province of Louisiana on its western shore. The region was supposed to abound in the precious metals, and the company supported by the profits of their exclusive commerce, were to be the sole farmers of the taxes, and sole coiners of money." Delighted with the success of Law's Bank, the Regent assented without hesitation to this new proposal, and letters patent were issued, incorporating the Company, in the year 1717. And now began that rage for speculation which brought France to the verge of ruin. Des-



spite the opposition of Parliament, the applications for shares in the Mississippi scheme increased daily; additional privileges were bestowed on the Company; and Law promised a yearly dividend of two hundred livres upon each share of five hundred! From this moment the game was in his own hands—the ball at his feet. People of all classes, and of all professions, the young and the old, the rich and the poor, speculated in the rise and fall of the Mississippi bonds. The high-born dame quitted her boudoir—the secluded scholar his closet—the merchant his counting-house—the Minister his Council-board—the actor the green-room—and the artist his studio—to go and buy shares of the jobbers in the Rue de Quincampoix. From the remotest provinces sanguine speculators flocked by thousands to take part in the one grand scheme of the day. So astonishing, indeed, was the infatuation, that the price of shares sometimes rose ten or twenty per cent. in the course of a few hours! The consequences may be imagined. Men's social positions were changed in an instant, as if by magic. The Lazarus of yesterday was the Dives of to-day. The tradesman, who rose in the morning comparatively poor, by a lucky investment, became before nightfall rich beyond the wildest dreams of his ambition. All that can be conceived of the romantic and the marvellous, of the desperate and the infatuated, was realized in Paris at this period. The barriers between the patrician and the plebeian classes were thrown down. Pride offered itself up a willing sacrifice at the shrine of avarice. France, in short, was mad—stark, staring mad, and society fairly turned topsy-turvy. And Law, the arch conjuror, whose power had worked all these wonders, where was he? What was the extent of his authority during this season of phrenzy? Mr. Mackay shall inform us:—

During this time, Law, the new Plutus, had become all at once the most important personage of the State. The ante-chambers of the Regent were forsaken by the courtiers. Peers, judges, and bishops thronged to the Hotel de Soissons: officers of the army and navy, ladies of title and fashion, and every one to whom hereditary rank or public employ gave a claim to precedence, were to be found waiting in his ante-chambers to beg for a portion of his India stock. Law was so pestered, that he was unable to see one-tenth part of the applicants; and every manoeuvre that ingenuity could suggest was employed to gain access to him. Peers, whose dignity would have been outraged if the Regent had made them wait half an hour for an interview, were content to wait six hours for the chance of seeing Monsieur Law. Enormous fees were paid to his servants, if they would merely announce their names. Ladies of rank employed the blandishments of their smiles for the same object; but many of them came day after day for a fortnight before they could obtain an audience. When Law accepted an invitation, he was sometimes so surrounded by ladies, all asking to have their names put down in his lists as shareholders in the new stock, that, in spite of his well-known and habitual gallantry, he was obliged to tear himself away *per force*. The most ludicrous stratagems were employed to have an opportunity of speaking to him. One lady, who had striven in vain several days, gave up in despair all attempts to see him at his own house, but ordered her coachman to keep a strict watch whenever she was out in her carriage, and if he saw Mr. Law coming, to drive against a post, and upset her. The coachman promised obedience; and for three days the lady was driven incessantly through the town, praying inwardly for the opportunity to be overturned. At last she espied Mr. Law, and pulling the string, called out to the coachman, "Upset us now!—for God's sake, upset us now!" The coachman drove against a post—the lady screamed—the coach was overturned—and Law, who had seen the accident, hastened to the spot to render assistance. The cunning dame was led into the Hotel de Soissons, where she soon thought it advisable to recover from her fright, and, after apologising to Mr. Law, confessed her stratagem. Law smiled, and entered the lady in his books as the purchaser of a quantity of India stock. Another story is told of a Madame de Boucha, who, knowing that Mr. Law was at dinner at a certain house, proceeded thither in her carriage, and gave the alarm of fire. The company started from table, and Law among the rest; but seeing one lady making all haste into the house towards him, while everybody else was scampering away, he suspected the trick, and ran off in another direction.

But this state of things could not last. It was high water, and the tide was about to ebb. The extraordinary increase of paper-money, when the rage for speculation had in some degree abated, began to produce its usual bad effects; whispers got about injurious to the credit of Law's Bank; the stock-jobbers took the alarm, conceiving justly that shares could not go on rising for ever; and many of them quietly converted their money into specie, and sent it off to foreign countries. Hundreds followed their example; and hundreds, too, concealed what coin they possessed; so that in a short time the operations of commerce could no longer be safely carried on. In this emergency, "Law hazarded the bold experiment of forbidding the use of specie altogether." It was his death-blow. The value of the Mississippi shares fell almost immediately; general distrust took the place of general confidence; the Bank stopped payment; and France, at length aroused from her infatuation, poured forth the vials of her wrath on the devoted head of Law. Quack, impostor, were among the

lightest of the charges brought against him. Every ministerial blunder—every obnoxious edict—was laid at his door. He never appeared in public but at the risk of his life. If he begged for a patient hearing he was laughed at. If he suggested a remedial measure, the Court was suddenly seized with deafness. Of all his former friends, not one remained to cheer him in his adversity. Thus bereft of all influence—stripped of fortune and of reputation—the Regent's scape-goat and the people's abhorrence—the unhappy man quitted France, and, after restlessly wandering over the Continent, supporting himself, as before, by gambling, he died at Venice in the year 1729.

#### THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

About the same time that France was convulsed to the heart's core with the Mississippi malady, England was running wild about the South Sea Bubble. This scheme originated with Sir John Blunt—a cunning, plausible, unprincipled scrivener. The pretence for his project was to discharge the national debt by reducing all the funds into one. On this occasion the Bank and the South Sea Company outbade each other; but the latter offering the highest terms, they were accepted by Government, and a bill was ordered to be brought into the Commons, formed on the plan presented by the Company. "While this affair was in agitation," says Smollett, "the stock rose from one hundred and thirty to nearly four hundred;" and when the bill had received the royal assent, the avaricious hopes of the people were excited to a degree that bore the aspect of the wildest insanity. In vain Walpole in the Commons, Earl Cowper in the Lords, pointed out the inevitable evils of the speculation; the country held fast to its belief, that "the Company trading to the South Seas would be the richest the world ever saw, and that every hundred pounds invested in it would produce hundreds per annum to the stockholder." Day by day this belief strengthened, till at length it became a deep-rooted conviction. Everybody rushed to purchase shares; Exchange-alley was blocked up; Cornhill was impassable for carriages. In one week stock rose from five hundred and fifty to eight hundred and ninety, and a few days afterwards was quoted at one thousand per cent! But the bubble was now full-blown; trickery had done its best, and was to pay a proportionate penalty. After fluctuating for some days, stock—notwithstanding the contrivances of Blunt and his agents—began to fall as rapidly as it had risen, and a general panic was the immediate consequence. In the first plenitude of her disappointment England, as in the case of France, looked out for victims, and pounced upon the directors, whom they compelled Parliament to punish with remorseless severity. Sir John Blunt, in particular, was reduced to the verge of beggary; nothing could surpass the popular ferment against him; and in this case the victim deserved his fate, for he was so consummate a rogue that John Law shows like an angel of light beside him. It is not a little remarkable that the proud, wealthy aristocracy of England were as eager in the support of the South Sea scheme as the most desperate jobber on 'Change. In the hot pursuit of gain they stooped to every meanness; and a descendant of one of the Peers of the Norman Conqueror might be seen in Cornhill humbly soliciting the patronage of some upstart director, who, like a mushroom, had sprung but yesterday from the dunghill! Among those who suffered most severely by this famous bubble was the elder Craggs, whose son, the Secretary to the Treasury, is now only remembered by his friendship with Pope and Addison. Our author tells us little or nothing about the senior Craggs; we will supply his omission, therefore, by stating that he was originally a barber, who by his talents and perseverance raised himself to eminence. He became, in succession, postmaster-general, and home agent to the Duke of Marlborough; amassed a vast fortune; and was looked upon as one of the most efficient, if not the most honest, men of business of his day. His son, as well as himself, was mixed up with the South Sea hoax; and they died within a few weeks of each other, while the Parliamentary investigation into their conduct was going forward. Gay, the poet, was another of the sufferers. Poor Gay! he fancied, in his simplicity, that he was about to be put into possession of the wealth of Croesus; and went about dreaming of parks, and palaces, and paintings, and such luxuries, as no poet ever yet acquired, but in imagination; but one fine morning, his delusion was rudely dispelled; the bubble burst; and he found himself possessed of nothing beyond the shirt on his back, and the friendship of the Duke of Queensberry.

#### IMITATION BUBBLES.

Maitland, in his "History of London," gravely informs us, that one of the projects which received great encouragement, was for the establishment of a company "to make deal boards out of saw-dust." This is, no doubt, intended as a joke; but there is abundance of evidence to show that dozens of schemes, hardly a whit more reasonable, lived their little day, ruining hundreds ere they fell. One of them was for a wheel for perpetual motion—capital, one million; another was for encouraging the breed of horses in England, and improving of glebe and church lands, and repairing and rebuilding parsonage and vicarage houses. Why the clergy, who were so mainly interested in the latter cause, should have taken so much interest in the first, is only to be explained on the supposition that the scheme was projected by a knot of the fox-hunting parsons, once so common in England. The shares of this company were rapidly subscribed for. But the most absurd and preposterous of all, and which

showed, more completely than any other, the utter madness of the people, was once started by an unknown adventurer, entitled—"A company for carrying on the undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is." Were not the fact stated by scores of credible witnesses, it would be impossible to believe that any person could have been duped by such a project. The man of genius who essayed this bold and successful inroad upon public credulity merely stated in his prospectus that the required capital was half a million, in five thousand shares of 100*l.* each, deposit 2*l.* per share. Each subscriber paying his deposit, would be entitled to 100*l.* per annum per share. How this immense profit was to be obtained he did not condescend to inform them at that time, but promised that in a month full particulars should be duly announced, and a call made for the remaining 98*l.* of the subscription. Next morning, at nine o'clock, this great man opened an office in Cornhill. Crowds of people beset his door, and when he shut up, at three o'clock, he found that no less than one thousand shares had been subscribed for and the deposits paid. He was thus, in five hours, the winner of 2,000*l.* He was philosopher enough to be contented with his venture, and set off the same evening for the Continent. He was never heard of again.

#### WIT AND WITCHCRAFT.

It was thought, during the middle ages, that the earth swarmed with demons, who were divided into seventy-two battalions, each of which was commanded by a prince, or captain; Satan, of course, being the commander-in-chief. These demons could assume any shape they pleased; and when male were called Incubi, when female, Succubi. Although their supernatural powers were great, yet they had the greatest possible difficulty in concealing their tails, which used to stick out in spite of them. Sometimes, however, the male demons managed to hide these embarrassing appendages, and then they would make love to, and marry beautiful young women, by whom, if they ever had children, such children could always be detected by their innate genius for kicking and squalling, and requiring five nurses to suckle them! Every Friday night the witches and wizards held their *Sabbath*, and once a-year on the Brocken, where they settled all their business matters with the greatest punctuality. If any of them attempted to *levant*, they were instantly caught, and soundly flagellated by order of Satan. At these weekly and annual meetings, Beelzebub always presided in the prepossessing shape of a he-goat, with one face in front, and another in his rear! When all the business-matters were disposed of, the whole assembly stood up for a dance, in which they were joined by toads and frogs, who capered away on their hind-legs like mad, to the enlivening music of the devil's bagpipes. The dance ended, two or three of the superior witches figured in a reel, with tom-cats round their necks by way of necklaces; and then the whole party sat down to a capital supper, Satan in the chair, at which they made a variety of excellent speeches, till cock-crow, when they hurried away to their respective homes; but not being tee-totalers, the majority of them got so gloriously drunk that they actually tumbled off their broomsticks; and had they been discovered by any of the New Police, they would most assuredly have been taken to the station-house, and next day fined five shillings by a Bow-street magistrate.

We need not add that in the following observations on this work, by the editor of the *Sun* newspaper, to whom we are indebted for much of the above summary, we entirely concur:—"Such were the superstitions that for centuries held Europe in thrall; and this, too, at a period when Bacon, Shakspeare, and Milton were diffusing far and wide the broad searching light of their genius! The circumstance is one humiliating to the pride of human intellect; but how much more so, when we bear in mind that among the firm believers in witchcraft and its attendant absurdities, were such luminaries as Fairfax, the translator of Tasso, Sir Matthew Hale, and the philosophic author of the '*Religio Medici*!' But indeed Mr. Mackay's volumes throughout are calculated to lower man's estimate of man's pretensions; for what are they but authentic records of such errors, crimes, hallucinations, and pitiable weaknesses, as exhibit human nature in the light of a moon-struck idiot! One sad truth they forcibly impress on our attention—namely, that while Intelligence is the slow, laborious growth of years, Folly shoots up and arrives at maturity in a day, as though rooted in a congenial soil. The nation that listened with impatience to the sagacious warnings of a Walpole, welcomed with general enthusiasm the frantic offers of a Sir John Blunt! We here take leave of our author, with the remark that his work will excite great differences of opinion among his readers. A Democritus will find in it food for inextinguishable laughter; in a Heraclitus it will call forth only a sigh or a tear. "When we contrast," says Gibbon, speaking of the invention of gunpowder, "the rapid progress of this mischievous discovery with the gradual advances of reason, science, and the arts of peace, the philosopher, according to his temper, will laugh or weep at the folly of mankind."

#### To a Lady.

Where modest worth with sense superior joined,  
Reflects the features of a noble mind;  
Where virtue smiles, with unaffected grace,  
And more than beauty dignifies the face;  
Where candid honour knows no mean control,  
And lights the lamp of friendship in the soul;



'Tis here we find that delicacy ought  
To weigh each word, and balance every thought;  
'Tis here we feel what sense of truth conveys,  
And scorn to flatter where we dare to praise;  
Then let the muse retreat in silent pride,  
Nor raise a blush that modesty could hide. J. F.

### Mock Heroics of a Married Prude.

#### THE COURTSHIP AND THE CEREMONY.

HAVING previously given, by extract from her own work, an idea of the girl and the woman, as evinced by Madame Lafarge, the painful situation in which she is now placed renders it compulsory on us to lay before our readers an outline of her thoughts and actions during her residence at Glandier. Being an orphan, not beautiful, and without fortune, unless a very small patrimony could be called such, it would appear that she became impressed with the necessity of a marriage of convenience. Accordingly, on mention being made to her of M. Lafarge, who appears to have been a wife-hunter, or matrimonial adventurer, she sums up the information given her thus arithmetically:—M. Lafarge was twenty-eight years of age, of honourable family, of acknowledged good character, great intelligence, and desirous of carrying out his speculations to the utmost extent. He was owner of one of the finest estates in Limousin, with extensive smelting-works and furnaces; he possessed two hundred thousand francs in land and vested capital, secured from the risk of his speculations, and received a large income from his iron-works. As his person was not described, I had misgivings on that head; but on recalling to mind all the husbands of my acquaintance, I could remember so few handsome among the number, that I concluded a fatality prevented the alliance in the same husband of good looks and fortune.

I saw M. Lafarge for the first time on a Wednesday. The weather was most lovely, the sky cloudless; and no presentiment of the dark future disturbed my mind. Ye plaintive breezes, that sometimes murmur in unison with the sighing of the wretched in this world, why awakened your voices no echo in my heart! Oh, ye clouds! coursers of the tempest, why sent ye no warning thunderbolt to rouse me from my sleep! no lightnings to disclose the abyss yawning at my feet! And ye loveliest stars! that shone upon me from your azure thrones, could ye send no pale and prophetic messenger of futurity, in falling, to presage to the unhappy Marie her impending perdition!

My aunt had dressed me in the colours that became me best. Strauss's exhilarating waltzes, played by the orchestra, lit up my eyes with recollections of balls and pleasure. And thus seen to advantage by M. Lafarge on his presentation, I felt in an instant that his impression was favourable. Not equally favourable was mine; for M. Lafarge was extremely ugly. His form and features were the most business-looking conceivable. He spoke to me a good deal, but the noisy harmony of the orchestra drowned his words; and I retired for the night with my head filled with Germanic dances, and forgetful of the important interview.

The first thing the following morning the natural consequence followed. I was summoned by my aunt, whom I found engaged perusing in exultation a heap of letters of all forms and sizes. She told me that I had made a conquest of M. Lafarge, that he was desperately in love, that he had written to ask me in marriage, and to transmit the most minute information respecting his fortune; position, and character. The letters seemed dictated by real affection; while the honourable signatures of the writers would not permit a suspicion of exaggeration.

On the following Friday my aunt returned, if not a positive acceptance, at least a very favourable answer to M. Lafarge; and when I entered the drawing-room, they were going over a thousand little confidential details which my presence did not interrupt.

"You must call upon my notary, sir, in order that you also may obtain the necessary information as to my niece's fortune," said my aunt.

"What information can I require, my dearest madam? I know Mademoiselle Marie; and the matter of fortune has become of no importance."

Deeply affected by this disinterestedness, I gratefully extended my hand to M. Lafarge; and he spoke to me of his mother, who would love me as a daughter: then he reverted to his future projects. He told me that Glandier was rather solitary, but that he saw a good deal of company; adding, that every spring, his business calling him to Paris, he should bring me to revisit my family. The next day M. Lafarge brought in a statement of the product of his manufactory. The actual net income was thirty-five thousand francs a year; which, when the completion of a road in progress of formation should supersede the expensive transit of the iron on the back of mules, and my portion should have enabled him to extend his works, could not, he proved, amount to less than fifty thousand.

On Sunday M. Lafarge dined at the bank. He and my aunt were looks of deep import when I entered the drawing-room; and they showed me the coloured plan of an extensive manufactory and works, headed by a view of a charming mansion, whose blue-slatted roof harmonised admirably with the sky; while smooth gravelled terraces led to a garden symmetrically laid out, with box borders, and aristocratic fountains in full play.

The sight of this pretty spot eliciting from me a cry of joy, "Tis your future home," said my aunt, kissing me, and giving M. Lafarge my hand: "it is your own, in-

deed; for, without consulting you we have hastened the tedious preliminaries of the marriage, and the banns have been published this morning. "A slight tremor shook me at this; I was uncertain whether to smile or weep, when, to calm me, my aunt adduced a thousand excellent reasons. M. Lafarge, she said, had been six months absent from his works, where his presence had become indispensable. And, after adding that M. Lafarge, being proud of me, wished to show me at Pompadour races, which, attended by all the rank, wealth, and fashion of several departments, were to take place on the 19th of August,—"Be merciful," she concluded, laughing: "he burns with love and impatience; I also am gasping for breath in this scorching Paris, to which I am only returned to see you married: so restore us to life and to the country as speedily as possible."

Then follows a long detail of the wedding dresses and presents, so prolix indeed that we could scarcely have believed it to have been written by a widow.

One day, when I was out shopping with my aunt De Martens, while we were at a jeweller's, selecting setting for a set of turquoises, she made me buy a broad dead-gold ring, as a present for my future husband. I had engraven inside it simply a date—that of our first meeting, with our names. On our return, we told my aunt Garat of our purchase and its destination. She seemed uneasy. "My dear girl," said she, "you must not be romantic. I have to tell you a piece of news of no great importance, and which you must not suffer to disturb you. M. Lafarge is a widower." This was a thunderbolt. From my earliest years I had had a horror of second marriages; I had persuaded myself, and had often said, that I could never bring myself to marry a widower; and now, in three days my marriage-settlement was to be signed—in three short days I was to succeed a buried bride mouldering in her shroud! My first impulse was to break off my engagement; my second to burst into tears under the caresses and exhortations of my aunts. They could allow for surprise and vexation; but regarded as madness the rooted despair that would have prompted me to rescind my given promise. I knew not what to say in my excuse; my sorrow was not of that kind that can be expressed in language, and it weighed on my heart like a presentiment. They had long been seated at table, when I was compelled to make my appearance in the dining-room with my red and swollen eyes. My antipathy had been disclosed to M. Lafarge; for I observed a few moments after that he was pale, silent, and overwhelmed. My aunt De Martens placed me by her side, and taking my hand in hers,—"Courage, my love," she whispered; "forgive our involuntary concealment, and be nobly forgetful: you see how your emotion agitates him." From that moment I rarely regained my wonted tranquillity; yet I never attempted to put off the marriage: my word was sacred.

On Saturday, August the 10th, the notaries and the male members of the family met to settle the articles of the deed. Understanding nothing of the jargon of the law, I did not think myself bound to listen: and seated apart in the embrasure of a window, I conversed on literature with M. de Chabine, my old notary. A moment's silence gave me notice that the bargain was concluded on both sides; and when the pen was placed in my hand to sign the deed in which two learned notaries had exhausted their ingenuity, the one to sell as dearly, and the other to buy as cheaply as possible, a poor creature made in God's image, I smiled with contempt, and a blush of shame mounted to my forehead. The news arrived, that, as it was impossible for us to be married at the mairie on Monday, we must repair thither immediately. Without time to reflect, I was arrayed in the most charming dress in my trousseau, placed in a carriage, and conducted through dark passages into a room hung with dirty drapery, and there received by a big man with his throat enveloped in a tri-coloured scarf, and holding in his hand an open code. So far I had observed the drama performing around me I had mechanically watched in a glass the waving of the feathers that shaded my bonnet; but when it became necessary to say "Yes,"—when, shaking off my lethargy, I felt that I was giving away my life,—that the object of the contemptible legal farce was to imprison my thoughts and to fetter my affections and will,—tears, that to check would have choked me, found their way, and I sunk almost insensible in my sister's arms. Borne into the air, new impressions rapidly succeeding each other recalled me from this painful crisis. My aunt Garat, wishing to distract my attention, determined that I should be left alone to enjoy my new state of independence; and saluting me as a wife, and free, placed me in a pretty little calash, and without permitting my sister or M. Lafarge to accompany me, told me to employ the rest of the day as I pleased. I drove first to the Flower-market; and finally to Madame de Valence, who had company, and was astonished to see me enter alone duly wrapped up in my cashmere. We stepped aside and I imparted to her that I had been married an hour before; that my first moment of freedom I bestowed upon her; and that I had obtained a promise for my marriage to be kept secret two days, in order to remain still single to the persons who would come in the evening to sign my contract,—above all, to be still a maiden to him whom the law had already made my lord and master. M. Lafarge presented to me, on my return, a magnificent bouquet of orange-flowers and magnolia. He continued all the evening affectionately attentive, and kindly forgetful of his rights, scarcely pressing my hand

openly. All day on Sunday I was sad and painfully occupied preparing for my departure. My dear little room already wore an air of confusion and desertion; it was encumbered with handboxes, trunks, and packages. I did not wish my maiden-sanctuary to be seen in such a plight, so when M. Lafarge knocked at my door, I entreated him in pity not to enter in the midst of the confusion of packing. Disregarding my words, "The time for ceremony is passed," said he, laughing, and opening the door; "and I enter in virtue of my marital prerogative." Seizing me round the waist, he would have kissed me, but I repelled him impatiently, and made my escape into the drawing-room—where, finding myself alone, I burst into tears. My feelings were too painful to be described; and even now my heart bleeds at their remembrance.

On the morning of the public ceremony, I knelt before my aunt De Martens; and having entwined the orange-flowers in my hair, and attached my white bridal-veil, she pronounced over me a solemn blessing, in my parents' names, and in those of all my absent and departed relatives. M. Lafarge entered; he appeared affected at witnessing my emotion, and kneeling before me, kissed my hands over and over again. Reconciled by these tokens of solicitude, I conjured him to be always confiding and indulgent; never to cease, above all, to love me,—remembering that I was an orphan and in need of all his tenderness, and that I should have no one but him to look to for affection. Kissing my forehead, he promised all; and then led me to the drawing-room, where we were awaited by my assembled friends.

After a long and animated breakfast, my aunts took me to the drawing-room, and, closing the doors, began to initiate me into the fearful mysteries of my new duties. They said things that made me so blush and tremble, that to stop their disclosures I was tempted to tell them a fib, in declaring that I knew all they could tell me perfectly well. However, as I had only speculated on the nature of these important mysteries, I retained my illusive theory, which was innocently stupid, and my terrors, which were overpowering: fortifying my resolution to travel night and day without stopping until I reached Glandier.

The parting moment having arrived, Madame is so shocked and unwell, that it is deferred till next day. The husband is informed that his bride is dying, and he accordingly is content to play the part of sick-nurse: he kissed her paternally on the forehead, and she enjoyed her night's rest alone.

### A Moral in Manners.

THE Table Talker in the *Morning Post* is frequently very happy in his observations when eliciting a refined moral from the dross of fashion. A correspondent, under the signature of "S." has given him some topics for illustration under the following heads:—

THE NEWSPAPER.—Delineate who can the great luxury of a newspaper at the breakfast table, moist and steaming from the press, the concomitant mental repast, served not in *entrées*, but in bulk, and redeeming even the vulgarity of "butter'd rolls in the middle of July." Yet has it its alloys. Of which is it not one to detect in the theatrical advertisements an apology for the non-appearance that evening of a favourite actor, or substitution in the programme of an old for the new play, in consequence of unforeseen circumstances, you having secured a box or "places," and effected other needful arrangements to witness such performance in company with your cousins from Land's End, to take their departure to-morrow? Or to learn from the *Gazette* the insolvency of a friend whom you had recently accommodated with a loan, to be repaid punctually in three months? or, from the list of fashionable departures, the sudden exit to the Continent of the identical nobleman before whom, for a "consideration" you were about to prostrate yourself in the sanguine attitude of a suitor? or to read in the police columns the exposure of a near relative for assaults upon door-knockers, bell-handles, mendicants, and cripples, or for other youthful incoherencies, and finally setting at naught the nocturnal authorities in accents too forcible to be endured or quoted even to his Worship; or, in the law report, that another and respected kinsman had been called to figure in a witness box, and there, overawed by the novelty of his situation and the *suavity* of his learned inquisitor, had committed himself by a lapsus that caused a titter through the court, and amused even his lordship? or to find in the literary column a review of the new work, for whose success you felt a "slight interest," replete with sarcasm and contempt at the author's powers and presumption, couched in all the pungency of expression, which, though equally available on either side of a question, nevertheless does either way influence the judgment of the most courteous reader; or, on referring to a leading article for which you thirst for enlightenment on the all-important subject, to find assertion in place of argument, and in lieu of the threatened dissection, or an attempted one of the "fallacies" of an opponent, only a vilification of person or persons unknown (and by you uncared for) from whom the "fallacies" may have emanated; or from the births, &c., to gather that your esteemed but unprosperous friend, who perpetrated a love-match in his zenith of youthful intrepidity, has been presented with another reinforcement to his hungry battalion? It is not always with equanimity that we scan the marriages ("another star gone out?"); but the worst of all is the furtive glance at the daily list of de-



partures from this mortal scene, in which occasionally we recognise a familiar name.

THE DANDY appears to be a specimen of humanity, *sui generis*, standing out in superfine relief from the general throng, an instinctive non-conformist, sophisticated in fashion as in nature, and arrayed against the conventionalities of his species in the garb of a "fantastico," nothing—if not—pictorial. Yet, though costly, and slightly, and brilliant to the sense, he is not all vanity—exulting in his proficiency in the science of elaboration more than in the eminence, spite of all, it procures him. There is a chasteness in his profusion, a tincture of austerity in his very luxuriance. The rude critic does not estimate his subtlety, and is far from dreaming that he may by possibility be a philosopher. But it has been thought abroad that, forasmuch as the Dandy tribe, so far as the chronicles record, has never been convicted (save hypothetically) of generic or sectarian imbecility, they may yet reconcile themselves to a disapproving world, and that, in the progress of enlightenment, we may see the Dandy, now "caviare to the general," assume his rightful station amongst us, and become as conspicuous, radiate as brightly, and comport himself as exquisitely, in a moral sense, as he has hitherto done in a physical one. The way is open to him. Unrevealed, he is yet untarnished, and needs no "perfume of Arabia" to vindicate his claim to confraternity with his kind. He may yet make a character. At present he is but an impudent enigma.

OSTENTATION.—Ostentation is the effervescence of vanity. Vulgarly it flourishes through the media of mansions, equipage, dress, and such symbols of wealth and power, for the which our votary may consent to the turning of his coat with the seamy side without, and presenting to a scandalised world the spectacle of one whose secret passion is display, and secret practice pinching parsimony; who will mortify his own to pamper his horse-flesh, and can, even under stress of fortune (not to speak profanely) stoop to strange contacts under the gaberdine of vicarious ostentation. His lavish expenditure is not distinguished, but his economical shifts are "stuff of the conscience," and he would have them sacred as his thoughts from the world's penetration. Occasionally, however, they are detected, which puts him upon contrivances, and may contribute to give a subtler character to his science of display; in which case he indulges it covertly and by stratagem, ensnares rather than compels your homage, subdues your credulity through your curiosity, and captivates your suffrage through the more intricate mazes of sinister imposture; he ceases to appear as an agent, and, like the invisible spirit of the Pantocchini, disposes his materials and conducts his operations without implicating himself as their director. His scholarship consists in the having read the classics in translation, and purchased the originals neatly bound for his bookcase, and in conversation he favours topics least likely to be familiar to his company, discussing politics with the juvenile, philosophy with the imbecile, mysticism with the mechanic, and equity law with a fiddler; with the recluse or the valetudinarian he dilates upon the pleasures, and with the *roué* or the humourist upon the stern realities of life. He is ingenious in the disposition of visiting cards upon his mantel-piece, especially such as have addresses on them—nay, he has walked out of his way to get a "respectable" postmark to the envelope of his letter, rather than incur unworthy suspicion as to the place of his residence. His casual encounters with more considerable persons than himself, are frequently *premeditated*, and on being accosted by an inferior, he resents the humiliation by an extortionate tax on his envy or admiration, through the medium of false innuendo and exaggeration. His cordiality *en passant* with pedestrian acquaintances depends upon whether himself be on foot or on horseback, or in "vehicle," adapted to each and all of which contingencies he has a graduated scale of salutations—indeed, so various is the influence of such trivialities on his social temperament, that his demeanour towards an individual, equally innocent and unconscious of any inequality of merit in himself to account for the waywardness of his friend, exposes our hero to the imputation of the most antithetical qualities which can be conceived to co-exist in the same being: good fellow and bashaw, mild and repulsive, cold and warm blooded—according to circumstances. Tired of his game, *finesse* at length gives place to a method of self-exaltation still further in principle removed from the primitive one of broad display, namely, a purely purgative mode—aggrandisement through the disparagement of others. His one province and talent is *universal contempt*. The process of decomposition has reduced him to the level of a mere detractor. Heaven remodel him.

### Emigrant Lyrics.

#### NO. I.—THE DEPARTURE.

Mother of Nations! Albion, old and dear,  
Remembered with regard on every shore,  
Where hardy enterprise hath dared to steer,  
And plant thy name, thy language, and thy lore!  
Another land springs from thy teeming store!  
The Zealand Isles, where climes and skies are gay,  
The bold, adventurous in peace explore,  
Unlike the time when rapine marked thy way,  
And Hindoo, Caffir, Indian, all withstood thy sway.

The olive arts of peace securely bind  
The energies of an uncultured race,

And wake a new idea in their mind,  
To look with favour on a white man's face,  
And deeds of kindness in his actions trace.  
Thus Penn, who with the "pilgrim fathers" sought  
In the wild prairie a resting-place,  
From native chiefs his territory bought,  
And lived, secure in person, unenslaved in thought.

The circling seas of Britain roll not back,  
Although her population yearly swells;  
Improvement cultivates the mountain track,  
And ploughs tear up the old romantic dells,  
While the vehement axe the forest fells;  
Yet, all unable to sustain her stock,  
Year after year necessity impels  
Labour to quench his homely cottage smoke,  
And wealth to ward off adverse speculation's stroke.

Labour and wealth united ought to bear  
The germs of fortune in a golden field,  
When common watchfulness, and prudent care,  
Direct the one the works of art to build,  
And doth the other from disaster shield.  
But the old markets of the world are full,  
Adventure hath a profit ceased to yield;  
And competition pushes from her stool  
The Mistress of the Seas, who made the earth her school.

Therefore her children seek another land,  
Healthful and ocean-girt as England is,  
With teeming soil, with climate rich and bland,  
In the far regions of the antipodes;  
From hamlet, town, and even the Hebrides,  
Have gone an enterprising host;  
A nation's blessing dwelling on the breeze  
Which wafts them from their friends and native coast,  
While straining eyes do watch them to the distance lost.

W. B.

### Editorial Notices.

OUR FIRST VOLUME.—Having commenced our labours at Midsummer, we cannot, at this present Christmas, present to our readers so large a volume as we might have wished; but our publishers, as well as many correspondents, having decided on the necessity of our volumes being completed with the year, we must content ourselves with the lank appearance which a volume of seven parts must present, and comfort ourselves with the reflection that our second shall rejoice in a more portly appearance. Yet we flatter our somewhat sanguine self that within the two hundred and fifty pages of our first yearly volume will be found much to interest, to amuse, and to instruct. We have not pandered to the prevailing appetites of the day; we have not dealt in grossness, nor scattered prejudice to the advantage of the few and the injury of the many. We have endeavoured, and we trust not unsuccessfully, to elevate the tone and principle of economic literature, and have throughout taught the doctrine that rank and wealth, though comfortable adjuncts, and therefore to be respected, are not the most distinguishing or honourable attributes of man: we have applauded self-culture instead of pedantic learning: we have endeavoured to open the classic stores of bygone ages, and so far as time and space have permitted, discoursed to the best of our ability on topics hitherto only known to the versed in the dead languages. An ample field still lies before us, which we propose to traverse diligently and fearlessly through the numbers of the succeeding year. Nor shall that new path in literature which we were the first to occupy—the domestic—be forgotten. Without promising to be perfect, or boasting to outshine all our contemporaries, we shall endeavour to sustain the character we have earned for ourselves, and proceed gladly on our way, satisfied that our labour has not been in vain, else had we not taken and retained that position in literature which we are proud to occupy, and which we shall strive industriously to maintain. The first volume of CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL will be completed on Saturday, December 25, 1841.\* It will contain thirty Numbers, or seven monthly Parts, the latter of which will be accompanied with an Extra Number, containing an original Memoir of Lord Brougham, a General Index, &c. &c. To every purchaser of No. 30, or Part 7, or Volume I., will be presented a splendid Mezzotinto Engraving of Lord Brougham.

THE ARGUS.—We almost wish that a correspondent had not called our attention to the opinions of the *Argus* newspaper, respecting the punishment of death. It gives us little encouragement to proceed in our labours, to witness those who, in part, command the ear of the public, demeaning themselves by such reasoning as is employed by the writer in question. He gravely censures those who appeal to the Scriptures, either for or against the exterminating practice, because—(hear it not, either truth, or justice, or mercy!)—the doctrine of legal death is settled by one of the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England,† and thence contends that for the members of that church the question of right or wrong is set at rest! Seated under the canopy of his own wisdom, this scribe would endeavour to make

\* This volume contains original contributions by Miss Reddell; Miss Cowper; H. H. Chambers, Esq.; H. S. Chapman, Esq.; Wm. Biggar, Esq.; Raymond Percival, Esq.; Leman Blanchard, Esq.; John Le Strange, Esq.; J. H. Fennell, Esq.; P. M. Haynes, Esq.; J. Richardson, Esq.; John Clark, Esq.; E. N. Shannon, Esq.; Benjamin Trustees, Esq.; and other celebrated authors; with acknowledged extracts from the first writers of the day.

† Article 37, "The laws of the realm may punish Christian men with death for heinous and grievous offences." We humbly ask the prelates and clergy of England, can a murderer be a Christian? He may become one in after life, but not without the forgiveness of God. If that is vouchsafed him, why should man punish whom the Highest has redeemed?

men believe that their opinions on moral and social topics are locked up in a series of doctrinal maxims, which were compiled in a rude, ignorant, and, indeed, shamefully prejudiced state of society, presided over by one of the most brutal, disgusting, and sensual wretches who ever disgraced a crown, or made the dignity of man nearly approach to that of the brute creation. Deriving his reason from such a source, it is not surprising that the writer in the *Argus* should deceive himself by saying that—"the common sense and feeling of mankind, from the time of the first murder on record, has been in favour of rendering life for life." Who desired the life of Cain? No one. If the death-punisher looked more to the source of the Thirty-nine Articles, than to these human exactments, he would know that the care and the desire of all was to preserve the life of the first murderer. The fear of death was only in himself; and his punishment, more than he could bear, was, that he should live his full time, oppressed by that grievous fear. And we do say, that a murderer in our own times could not be more cruelly or more effectually punished, than by being permitted to live within himself, his soul tortured by the conviction that the blood of the slain would be required of him, not at a given moment, but when the Creator should of himself call him to his dread account. The writer also talks of the "enormous fear of the gibbet." The good and merciful, those who shrink from the appalling sight of a public and legalised murder, have no doubt much fear of the dreadful engine by which the crime is perpetrated—by which one crime is shown to the multitude as only to be expiated by another; but the loose, the thoughtless, the born in shame, and nurtured in iniquity—are taught from their polluted childhood to sneer at death—for they believe of nought beyond—and to look on the fatal tree as a hero would on his last battle field. Corporal punishments of all kinds are useless to instruct the mind—they may degrade the man, but have no weight upon the soul. In this high intellectual age, mental punishments are more than ever required, for by them only can the wicked be taught to forsake his way, and the unrighteous led to thoughts, which, although they can never bring him back to the society whose peace he has outraged, may more properly than a hasty conversion at the scaffold's foot, lead him to lift his eyes to that place which truly is more the resting-place of the repentant, than the abode of the sinless—for there no one can stand guiltless, much less those who judge, careless of being judged.

GOLD POWDER.—A correspondent has favoured us with the following note:—As I was this morning reading in the 21st Number of your excellent periodical, page 162, some observations on breaking gold to powder, a thought struck me that it might possibly be done by having the gold steeped in quicksilver, which was suggested to my mind, not by any knowledge of science or chemistry, which I do not possess, but simply from recollecting the following facts:—I was once on a visit with a gentleman in the country, when in attempting to put quicksilver into the tube of a barometer, a very strong gold ring he had on came in contact with the mercury, when it immediately burst on his finger. Some time after this I went into a shop, when the owner complained of having had a bad sovereign passed on him, a short time before, producing the coin, greater part of which was of quite a different colour from the rest. I said, perhaps it was not a base coin, but in handing it back and forward it fell upon the flagged floor, and was broken to pieces; on which he asked me what I then thought. I replied, I was then convinced it was a genuine good sterling gold coin that had somehow come in contact with quicksilver, and would, if taken care of, still pay twenty shillings. He then recollected having let it drop into the quicksilver which he had been weighing out to a customer in the morning; so he had the coin tested, and found I was right, and soon after sent and got the full, or nearly the full value for the pieces. I have subsequently seen, in more cases than one, gold rings change colour, become quite brittle, and break on the fingers of persons using mercury medicinally. Of course these are facts, as well as their cause, with which scientific men must be familiar; and my only reason for stating them here is, that it struck me that Moses might at once, by only for a few minutes plunging Aaron's golden calf in mercury, have made this abomination capable of being ground or pounded to powder.

INQUIRER.—We have on two or three occasions given acknowledged quotations from "Charles O'Malley," the incidents in which are derived from the Peninsular war, when, at the expense of countless dead, Wellington, at the end of six years, was enabled to expel the French from Spain. The "Military Sketches," by our deceased contributor, were written expressly from this Journal, and related to the advent of the British squadron in Portugal, where it was sent by the orders of Canning, to prevent a civil war between the partisans of Donna Maria and Don Miguel. The person to whom our correspondent alludes can know little of these events if he confounds them together, and has no claim to be entitled to sit in judgment on the matters to which our correspondent has alluded.

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# CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL



"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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## Glimpses of Women.

BY THE EDITOR.

### HEROISM AND DEVOTION.

It would occupy more space than we can devote at present to give a fair exposition of the claims of women to heroic and devoted feeling, wherein they have excelled all that could be claimed by man in the exercise of these elevated impulses. A few instances, however, scattered over various ages, and collated from different countries, may suffice at present, leaving the many others until our historic disquisitions approach the circumstances to which their efforts and fate relate. In the honourable catalogue of heroic women, those of elder Greece bear an honoured place. It was said of them that they alone "gave birth to men," which originated with the queen of Leonidas, the hero of Thermopylae. Some foreign ladies visiting her, observed, that "the Spartan women alone knew how to govern the men," when she replied, that the Spartan women alone bring forth men. Another matron was heard to give this last benediction to her son on his going out to battle—"Return with it, or return upon it." Intelligence having been brought to another that her son had been slain, she answered, without emotion, "It was for that I brought him into the world." Brasidas, one of the kings of Sparta, being killed in a sally against the Athenians, during the Peloponnesian war, the news of his death was carried to his mother, with many encomiums on his bravery. "Yes," replied the dignified matron, "my son was a brave man, but Sparta hath many a braver citizen than him." Nor were the Athenian women less brave on emergency, though certainly less heroic in their actions. In Athens, even that class of women the most fallen could command respect by the refinement of their manners, and the patriotism of their sentiments. Aspasia, the mistress of Alcibiades, was also his tutor, and cherished and encouraged in him the desire to renovate his country. Even Socrates delighted in her conversation; and Phidias, the most illustrious sculptor of antiquity, hesitated not to make her form and beauty as immortal as her name, by taking her as a model for his Venus—a masterpiece of Grecian art.

On the entry of Alexander into Persepolis, after a series of victories over the Persian monarch, the conversation at a banquet being upon the miseries the Greeks had suffered from the Persian invasion, an Athenian woman of too notable repute, started up and said—"This day has fully repaid all my wanderings and troubles in Asia, by putting it in my power to humble the pride of the Persian monarch. To insult over the palace of Persepolis would be a noble deed; but how much more glorious would it be to fire the palace of that Xerxes who laid the city of Athens in ruins, and to have it told, in future times, that a single woman of Alexander's train had taken more signal vengeance on the enemies of Greece than all her former generals had been able to do." All the guests applauded the discourse, the royal madman himself, crowned with flowers, led the way, and fired the palace in his drunken vengeance. In Dryden's ode to St. Cecilia, Thais is represented as the royal favourite, as seated by the side of the imperial victor, as if her Grecian passion required to be so situated to do a daring deed. As Thais has had her wish, and her name become the property of history, false delicacy should not rob her of a portion of her honours. She was neither princess nor lady of quality—she was unfortunately a poor follower of the camp; but she was an Athenian, and, even in her degraded state, could feel a glow of patriotic vengeance when the story of her country's wrongs became the topic of conversation. When such as Thais thus could feel, the more virtuous and dignified must have been well-fitted to produce and instruct a warlike race.

The proudest triumph that ever a warrior made on his return from slaughter, was that of Aurelianus, the conqueror of Palmyra, when, in addition to the gorgeous treasures from that desolated land, he brought Zenobia, the lovely Empress of the East, the daring huntress and most fearless of women, a prisoner and a slave. Her warriors were dragged at their conqueror's wheels; she sat beside him in his car, her arms

and ancles manacled with chains of gold, her hair studded with diamonds, her zone adorned with pearls of price. Yet that high-souled woman disdained the homage of the robber's heart—she spurned the offer of her conqueror's hand. Despoiled of her kingdom, she lived a dignified matron, unsubdued in mind, although denied all external honours, save, indeed, the homage of the gallant-hearted, the respect of all whom blood and conquest had not reduced to the ravening appetites of beasts of prey.

Another queen as brave, though less polished in manners, though more ignorant of the subtle art of war, still more fiercely withstood the Roman sword. Prasutagus, king of that district in England known as the country of the Iceni (Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridge), impressed with the conviction that the Romans were invincible, and that no power he could call to his aid would be able to withstand their force, endeavoured to ensure their protection by making the emperor Nero the equal heir of his kingdom with his daughters. On his death, however, the dignitaries of the emperor seized the entire province, publicly whipped and otherwise disgraced Queen Boadicea, and violated her daughters in her presence. The dauntless woman went through the country, showed her wounds, and exposed the shame she and her daughters had endured. She besought her countrymen to redeem the land of their fathers from the ruthless spoiler, and by her eloquence and determined purpose assembled an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men. She proceeded at the head of this mighty host, attacked a number of the Roman colonies, and destroyed upwards of seventy thousand persons; neither age nor sex was spared; all of Roman blood that fell into their hands were destroyed. The Roman army, at that time employed against the Druidical headquarters at Mona, returned in haste, gave battle to the Britons, routed the ill-armed host, and destroyed more than eighty thousand men, women, and children. Boadicea, knowing well the fate that awaited her, poisoned herself, rather than again fall into the hands of those who had already so cruelly tortured and disgraced her.

The romantic history of Joan of Arc is well known, yet have English historians done unjust violence to her memory. Traduced as a witch, and denounced by all the foul names which can disgrace the character of woman, she was a lofty-minded heroine, and a brilliant example of what daringness the female heart is capable when roused by any stormy passion, or agitated by the deep rooted convictions of contumely or wrong. It matters little what was the impelling motive: in superstitious times, when signs and wonders were required, and oracles sought after, it is not surprising that a lion-hearted girl, when she found herself so distant from the social position of a woman, should suppose herself inspired, and flatter herself that the heated mind was illuminated from on high. Superstition to her was no more a false courage, than would have been a sense of personal injury, or a patriotic love for the independence of her native soil. If it armed her soul with higher resolves, and enabled her fragile frame to endure fatigue as her mind did scorn and suffering, it was to her an influence equal to inspiration. Her efforts were not directed to her own advancement; she sought to repel the invader, and give peace to her country, by placing an independent crown on the head of a legitimate king. Men flying before the hosts she led might call her mad, and because the Dauphin of France believed her capable of redeeming his crown and country, she might be challenged as less holy than she called herself; but there is neither proof nor colourable story to affix that stain upon the heroic Maid of Orleans; and it is a wanton insult to justice, a poor revenge on noble deeds, to blight her fame by obloquy. It is one of the crimes of Shakspeare that he adopted this view of her character and conduct; it would have been another rose in his fadeless chaplet had he despised the paltry English feeling respecting her, and made her, what she was, a heroine of France.

It must not be supposed that in giving these specimens of heroism in maidens, that we consider them examples of women. They were meteors, not fixed

stars, in the female firmament; yet, although they proved themselves strangers to that timid softness which is not unbecoming in woman, they had thoughts as pure, and feelings as tender, at the most delicate of their sex. The Maid of Orleans, on her last defeat, was consigned to the flames, and her last agonies gluttoned over by a brutal English soldiery. How unlike the character taken to themselves by chivalrous Englishmen! If Joan, by her prowess, her foresight, and her tameless resolution, was deemed aided by the Lost Spirit, to what foul essence can we apply the demoniac jests and ribald words which accompanied the death of the heroine? For twenty-five years the records of French justiciary bore the doom of Joan as for withcraft, but upon the urgent appeal of her mother, who was of no higher degree than the wife of an innkeeper, the sentence was reversed, and the Maid esteemed and recorded as a patriot and a martyr.

Among less warlike, but not less devoted instances of female fortitude, may be recorded the daring attempt of the Countess of Nithsdale, who for the love she bore her husband, and the estimation in which she held the cause for which he suffered, effected his escape from the Tower. The Earl had been a main supporter of the Pretender, Charles Stuart; had been taken prisoner, and condemned to die the death of a traitor. On her last interview with him, previous to his execution, she dressed him in the clothes of a stout female relative who accompanied her, and whom she had got out in an under-dress. The lady whitened and rouged her husband's cheeks, to hide his beard, and instructed him to go out as her friend had come in; to cry bitterly, as if parting from him; her voice was heard by the keepers, and she was seen to come from the chamber of the doomed, with her handkerchief to her face, and her limbs agitated and quivering, as if from excess of sorrow. It was the Earl who passed out; he escaped, and by this noble and devoted act his life was saved. Yet, what were his fears, in comparison with those of his devoted wife! She returned to the room alone, talked as if to her husband, feigning his voice as she best could. What must have been her feelings during this trying moment? Every second she staid it gave him time to escape, but it also made her liable to interruption, and consequent discovery. At length she ventured forth, drawing the string of the latch inside so that the door could not be opened easily. She gained the open air: but knew not where to seek her husband, as the friend to whose safe keeping he was to have been entrusted became so agitated that he could not be trusted. Next morning she discovered him, she having the evening before visited several of the female nobility, to interest themselves in his behalf. Three days he remained in hiding, in a room of one of the servants belonging to the Venetian Ambassador, who was about to leave the country. On the departure of that functionary, Nithsdale dressed himself in livery, and stood behind the carriage while it drove from London to Dover. Arrived at the coast, the pinnace was taken, and so rapid was the passage that the captain remarked his passengers could not have had a more favourable wind although they had been fleeing for their lives. "Little did he know," said the countess in a letter to her sister, "that some of his passengers were so situated, or else he might have understood their feelings at his remark."

Exactly similar, yet less fortunate in its result, was the devoted attempt of the Countess of Lavalette. Her husband had been condemned to death by the ruffians who presided over the destinies of France during the terrors of the first Revolution. He escaped disguised in his wife's habiliments, the lady remaining behind in his place. The anxiety of her mind could now restrain itself no longer; she had been cool and collected during the process of the stratagem, but on its being effected her resolution forsook her; she was so borne down by fear and anxiety for the safety of him she loved, that her intellects wandered, and she came forth a witless lunatic! In after years, when they resided together in peace, what must have been the feelings of the husband when he looked on his idiot wife! Her helplessness was to him an endearment which ennobled while it saddened his affections; and every tender word and look from him was a willing yet grief-laden acknowledgment that for him



had she suffered—for him had she dared more than her nerves could bear: she had taken upon herself a task under which her mental faculties sunk in darkness, so that she could neither understand nor appreciate the carresses of him whose life she had preserved.

Not always, however, have the motives of such women been admitted to be pure—not always have the innocent triumphed over slander, or been able to rescue their name and efforts from the foul tarnish of calumny. Than Flora Macdonald there never was a more lofty, self-sacrificing, pure minded woman. When want, disease, and the near prospect of capture had formed a fearful combination against the unfortunate pretender Charles—when he was beset, tracked, and pursued by the government forces—when his friends were scattered, and hopes broken for ever—the fearless Flora left him not, but under various disguises took him through the midst of danger. When it became known that the Prince was under her care in one disguise, she checked the vigilance of his pursuers, and clothed him in another. Once, when escape was hopeless, when the muskets of the soldiery were raised to destroy the fugitives, a relative of Flora's came forth and received his death wound, crying as he fell, "You have killed your prince." Again did the adventurer escape, and ultimately was enabled to reach the continent, leaving Scotland and its throne for ever. And what was the reward of Flora? Those whom she aided were helpless—those whom she had eluded were neither chivalrous nor honourable. They loaded her name with curses—they traduced her honour, and bestowed upon her every opprobrious epithet. Her reward was in her own mind; except, indeed, may be added, the grateful and heart-accorded homage of the noble peasantry of Scotland, who, greatly attached to the house of Stuart, looked upon the deliverer of the last of its princes as a being sent from heaven, and worthy of a sceptre there.

But not alone among those of sublimer clay have deeds of devotion been accomplished. We may allude to one by a peasant girl, aged seventeen, which at this moment recurs to our recollection. A common sewer in the town of Noyon, in France, had been opened for repair; late at night four men in passing fell in. The alarm was raised, but no one would venture down in consequence of the deadly effluvia which rose up from the opening. At length, Catherine Vassent resolved to descend; she attached a cord to the senseless bodies of two of the men, which were drawn up, and speedily restored to consciousness. While engaged in fixing the cord to a third, she felt the mephitic vapour beginning to overpower her senses; she then attached the cords to her loose hair, and was thus drawn up by those above as senseless as the man she rescued thus devotedly. During the time lost in restoring her, no one of the assembled crowd would venture down to the relief of the fourth sufferer: when sufficiently recovered, she again descended, and brought up the lifeless body of the victim; the poisonous malaria had done its work. This girl of seventeen was led to church, a solemn thanksgiving was offered up for the recovery of the three men, after which she was publicly thanked by the Duke of Orleans, the Bishop and magistrates of Noyon, and decorated with a civic crown, one of those simple yet valuable rewards for which the provinces of France are celebrated. Pecuniary aid was not withheld: yet had she a higher and a nobler reward than all of these—the congratulations of her own heart.

### Warren Hastings.

#### HIS YOUTH AND EARLY FORTUNE.\*

Warren Hastings sprang from an ancient and illustrious race. It has been affirmed that his pedigree can be traced back to the great Danish sea-king, whose sails were long the terror of both coasts of the British channel; and who, after many fierce and doubtful struggles, yielded at last to the valour and genius of Alfred. But the undoubted splendour of the line of Hastings needs no illustration from fable. One branch of that line wore, in the fourteenth century, the coronet of Pembroke. From another branch sprang the renowned Chamberlain, the faithful adherent of the White Rose, whose fate has furnished so striking a theme both to poets and to historians. His family received from the Tudors the earldom of Huntingdon; which, after long dispossession, was regained in our time by a series of events scarcely paralleled in romance.

The lords of the manor of Daylesford, in Worcestershire, claimed to be considered as the heads of this distinguished family. The main stock, indeed, prospered less than some of the younger shoots. But the Daylesford family, though not ennobled, was wealthy and highly considered, till, about two hundred years ago, it was overwhelmed in the great ruin of the civil war. The Hastings of that time was a zealous cavalier. He raised money on his lands, sent his plate to the mint at Oxford, joined the royal army, and, after spending half his property in the cause of King Charles, was glad to ransom himself by making over most of the remaining half to Speaker Lenthall. The old seat at Daylesford still remained in the family; but it could no longer be kept up, and in the following generation it was sold to a merchant of London.

Before the transfer took place, the last Hastings of Daylesford had presented his second son to the rectory of the parish in which the ancient residence of the family stood. The living was of little value; and the situation of the poor clergyman, after the sale of the estate, was

deplorable. He was constantly engaged in law-suits about his tithes with the new lord of the manor, and was at length utterly ruined. His eldest son Howard, a well-conducted young man, obtained a place in the Customs. The second son, Pynaston, an idle worthless boy, married before he was sixteen, lost his wife in two years, and went to the West Indies, where he died, leaving to the care of his unfortunate father a little orphan, destined to strange and memorable vicissitudes of fortune.

Warren, the son of Pynaston, was born on the 6th of December, 1732. His mother died a few days later, and he was left dependant on his distressed grandfather. The child was early sent to the village school, where he learned his letters on the same bench with the sons of the peasantry. Nor did anything in his garb or fare indicate that his life was to take a widely different course from that of the young rustics with whom he studied and played. But no cloud could overcast the dawn of so much genius and so much ambition. The very ploughmen observed, and long remembered, how kindly little Warren took to his book. The daily sight of the lands which his ancestors had possessed, and which had passed into the hands of strangers, filled his young brain with wild fancies and projects. He loved to hear stories of the wealth and greatness of his progenitors—of their splendid housekeeping, their loyalty, and their valour. On one bright summer day, the boy, then just seven years old, lay on the bank of the rivulet which flows by the old domain of his house to join the Isis. There, as threescore and ten years later he told the tale, rose in his mind a scheme which, through all the turns of his eventful career, was never abandoned. He would recover the estate which had belonged to his fathers. He would be Hastings of Daylesford. This purpose, formed in infancy and poverty, grew stronger as his intellect expanded and as his fortune rose. His pursued his plan with that calm but indomitable force of will, which was the most striking peculiarity of his character. When, under a tropical sun, he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics, his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance, and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford. And when his long public life, so singularly chequered with good and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed for ever, it was to Daylesford that he retired to die.

At eight years of age Warren was sent by his uncle Howard to school at Newington, "where he was well taught but ill fed." After two years he was removed to Westminster school under the care of Dr. Nichols. Here he met as schoolfellows Churchill, Colman, Lloyd, Cumberland, and Cowper. It was here, too, he first made acquaintance with the notorious Impey. Hastings distinguished himself greatly at school, and was about to be sent to Oxford, when an event occurred which influenced his whole future career. His uncle died, leaving him to the care of a distant relative named Chiswick. Contrary to the urgent solicitations of Dr. Nichols, this gentleman removed Warren from Westminster, sent him to learn arithmetic and book-keeping at a commercial academy, then obtained for him a writership in the service of the East India Company, and in January, 1750, just as he completed his seventeenth year, he was shipped off for Bengal, where he arrived the October following. For two years Hastings worked at a desk in Calcutta, when he was sent to Cossimbazar, a town on the Hoogly, about a mile from Moorshedabad. At the latter place was the court of the Prince who then ruled the three great provinces of Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar. The place to which Hastings was sent was famous for its trade in silks, and for several years he was employed in making bargains for these stuffs with the native merchants. While there, Surajah Dowlah became the reigning Nabob, declared war against the English, seized upon Cossimbazar, sent Hastings a prisoner to Moorshedabad, then advanced upon Calcutta, from which the Governor had fled, and there perpetrated the tragedy, which to this day is remembered with horror—the terrible Blackhole. Burying his detention in Moorshedabad, Hastings was treated with indulgence, owing to the intervention of the Dutch residents.

In these events originated the greatness of Warren Hastings. The fugitive governor and his companions had taken refuge on the dreary islet of Fulda, near the mouth of the Hoogly. They were naturally desirous to obtain full information respecting the proceedings of the Nabob; and no person seemed so likely to furnish it as Hastings, who was a prisoner at large in the immediate neighbourhood of the court. He thus became a diplomatic agent, and soon established a high character for ability and resolution. The treason which at a later period was fatal to Surajah Dowlah was already in progress; and Hastings was admitted to the deliberations of the conspirators. But the time for striking had not arrived. It was necessary to postpone the execution of the design; and Hastings, who was now in extreme peril, fled to Fulda.

Soon after his arrival at Fulda, the expedition from Madras, commanded by Clive, appeared in the Hoogly. Warren, young, intrepid, and excited probably by the example of the Commander of the Forces, who, having like himself been a mercantile agent of the Company, had been turned by public calamities into a soldier, determined to serve in the ranks. During the early operations of the war he carried a musket. But the quick eye of Clive soon perceived that the head of the young volunteer would be more useful than his arm. When, after the battle of Plassey, Meer Jaffer was proclaimed Nabob of Bengal, Hastings was appointed to reside at the court of the new prince as agent for the Com-

pany. He remained in this situation until the year 1761, when, in consequence of being made a member of the Council, he was obliged to reside in Calcutta. This was at a period when the foulest tyranny, plunder, and oppression made infamous the British name in Bengal.

Mr. Vansittart, the Governor, was at the head of a new and anomalous empire. On the one side was a band of English functionaries, daring, intelligent, eager to be rich. On the other side was a great native population, helpless, timid, accustomed to crouch under oppression. To keep the stronger race from preying on the weaker, was an undertaking which tasked to the utmost the talents and energy of Clive. Vansittart, with fair intentions, was a feeble and inefficient ruler. The master caste, as was natural, broke loose from all restraint, and then was seen what we believe to be the most frightful of all spectacles, the strength of civilization without its mercy. To all other despotism there is a check: imperfect indeed, and liable to gross abuse, but still sufficient to preserve society from the last extreme of misery. A time comes when the evils of submission are obviously greater than those of resistance; when fear itself begets a sort of courage; when a convulsive burst of popular rage and despair warns tyrants not to presume too far on the patience of mankind. But against misgovernment such as then afflicted Bengal, it was impossible to struggle. The superior intelligence and energy of the dominant class made their power irresistible. A war of Bengalees against Englishmen was like a war of sheep against wolves, of men against demons. The only protection which the conquered could find was in the moderation, the clemency, the enlarged policy of the conquerors. That protection, at a later period, they found. But at first, English power came among them unaccompanied by English morality. There was an interval between the time at which they became our subjects, and the time at which we began to reflect that we were bound to discharge towards them the duties of rulers. During that interval, the business of a servant of the Company was simply to wring out of the natives a hundred or two hundred thousand pounds as speedily as possible, that he might return home before his constitution had suffered from the heat, to marry a peer's daughter, to buy rotten boroughs in Cornwall, and to give balls in St. James's-square.

Hastings was not a sharer in this baseness; no charge of such a nature was ever brought against him; in fact, he continued poor, when, had he been cruel and dishonest, he might have become rich. His mind was of a higher order—power was his idol, not wealth; he was an unscrupulous statesman, but not a mercenary plunderer.

In 1764, Hastings returned to England with only a moderate fortune, part of which he shared with his relatives. While he remained in England, he mixed chiefly in the society of men of letters. It was at this period he became acquainted with Doctor Johnson, upon whose mind he made a most favourable impression. Liberal and improvident he soon became embarrassed, and then he applied to his "old masters," the Directors, for employment, who acceded to his request, and in the most flattering terms appointed him a member of Council at Madras. In the spring of 1769, four years after he landed, he embarked in the "Duke of Grafton," once more for India. It was on board this vessel he met the lady, who afterwards became his wife. The Baroness Imhoff, for such was her name, was going with her husband to Madras, where he purposed following the profession of a portrait painter. During the voyage, circumstances threw this lady and Hastings together. One young, handsome, accomplished, married to a man she despised—the other, agreeable, intellectual, and unfettered by domestic ties, it is not surprising, that, while seeking in the pleasure of each other's society to relieve the tedium of the voyage, a tendresse should grow up between them. Hastings fell ill, and then the tenderness which woman alone can show, and with which the baroness nursed and watched him, soon deepened his feelings towards her into love—love strong and enduring, such as a heart like Hastings would own.

The husband being of a complainant disposition, threw no impediment in the way of the lovers. He agreed for certain considerations, to assist his wife in obtaining a divorce, to live with her until that was granted, when she was to marry Hastings, who would also adopt the children already born to Imhoff.

On arriving at Madras, Hastings lost no time in advancing the interests of the Company. He effected many important reforms, and so pleased the directors, that, in a short time, they placed him at the head of the Government in Bengal, whither he went in 1772.

The English Council which represented the Company at Calcutta was constituted on a very different plan from that which has since been adopted. At present the Governor is, as to all executive measures, absolute. He can declare war, conclude peace, appoint public functionaries or remove them, in opposition to the unanimous sense of those who sit with him in council. They are, indeed, entitled to know all that is done, to discuss all that is done, to advise, to remonstrate, to send home protests. But it is with the governor that the supreme power resides, and on him that the whole responsibility rests. This system, which was introduced by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas, in spite of the strenuous opposition of Mr. Burke, we conceive to be, on the whole, the best that was ever devised for the government of a country where no materials can be found for a representative constitution. In the time of Hastings the governor had

\* Abridged from an able article in the *Edinburgh Review*.



only one vote in council, and, in case of an equal division, a casting vote. It therefore happened not unfrequently that he was overruled on the gravest questions; and it was possible that he might be wholly excluded, for years together, from the real direction of public affairs.

The internal government of Bengal the English rulers delegated to a great native minister, who was stationed at Moorshedabad. All military affairs, and, with the exception of what pertains to mere ceremonial, all foreign affairs, were withdrawn from his controul; but the other departments of the administration were entirely confided to him. His own stipend amounted to near a hundred thousand pounds sterling a-year. The civil list of the nabobs, amounting to more than three hundred thousand pounds a-year, passed through the minister's hands, and was, to a great extent, at his disposal. The collection of the revenue, the superintendence of the household of the prince, the administration of justice, the maintenance of order, were left to this high functionary; and for the exercise of his immense power he was responsible to none but the British masters of the country.

Prior to Hastings coming, this important office had been contested by two candidates, both of whom were men of high rank and consideration—one a Musselman, named Mahomed Reza Khan, a man highly esteemed by the Mahomedans, active, able, and religious; the other was a Brahmin of the highest caste, the Maharajah Nuncomar, and, as his name is inseparably associated with that of Hastings, by one of those extraordinary events which sway the destinies of that great man, we shall give Nuncomar's description at length:—

This man had played an important part in all the revolutions which, since the time of Surajah Dowlah, had taken place in Bengal. To the consideration which in that country belongs to high and pure caste, he added the weight which is derived from wealth, talents, and experience. Of his moral character it is difficult to give a notion to those who are acquainted with human nature only as it appears in our island. What the Italian is to the Englishman, what the Hindoo is to the Italian, what the Bengalee is to other Hindoos, that was Nuncomar to other Bengalees. The physical organization of the Bengalee is feeble even to effeminacy. He lives in a constant vapour bath. His pursuits are sedentary, his limbs delicate, his movements languid. During many ages he has been trampled upon by men of bolder and more hardy breeds. Courage, independence, veracity, are qualities to which his constitution and his situation are equally unfavourable. His mind bears a singular analogy to his body. It is weak even to helplessness, for purposes of manly resistance; but its suppleness and its tact move the children of sterner climates to admiration not unmingled with contempt. All those arts which are the natural defence of the weak, are more familiar to this subtle race than to the Ionian of the time of Juvenal, or to the Jew of the dark ages. What the horns are to the buffalo, what the paw is to the tiger, what the sting is to the bee, what beauty, according to the old Greek song, is to woman, deceit is to the Bengalee. Large promises, smooth excuses, elaborate tissues of circumstantial falsehood, chicanery, perjury, forgery, are the weapons, offensive and defensive, of the people of the Lower Ganges. All those millions do not furnish one sepoy to the armies of the Company. But as usurers, as money-changers, as sharp legal practitioners, no class of human beings can bear a comparison with them. With all his softness, the Bengalee is by no means placable in his enmities, or prone to pity. The pertinacity with which he adheres to his purposes yields only to the immediate pressure of fear. Nor does he lack a certain kind of courage which is often wanting in his masters. To inevitable evils he is sometimes found to oppose a passive fortitude, such as the Stoics attributed to their ideal sage. An European warrior who rushes on a battery of cannon with a loud hurrah, will shriek under the surgeon's knife, and fall into an agony of despair at the sentence of death. But the Bengalee who would see his country overrun, his house laid in ashes, his children murdered or dishonoured, without having the spirit to strike one blow, has yet been known to endure torture with the firmness of Mucius, and to mount the scaffold with the steady step and even pulse of Algernon Sydney.

In Nuncomar, the national character was strongly and with exaggeration personified. The Company's servants had repeatedly detected him in the most criminal intrigues. On one occasion he brought a false charge against another Hindoo, and tried to substantiate it by producing forged documents. On another occasion it was discovered that, while professing the strongest attachment to the English, he was engaged in several conspiracies against them; and, in particular, that he was the medium of a correspondence between the Court of Delhi and the French authorities in the Carnatic. For these and similar practices he had been long detained in confinement. But his talents and influence had not only procured his liberation, but had obtained for him a certain degree of consideration even among the British rulers of his country.

Clive decided in favour of Mahomed, and when Hastings became Governor, he found him installed in the office, and guardian of the infant Nabob, son of Meer Jaffer.

We must take another chapter in which to give an outline of the more important circumstances connected with the troubled period of the life of Hastings.

## Mock Heroics of a Married Prude.

THE JOURNEY AND ARRIVAL AT HOME.

WE continue our abstract of the sufferings and sensations of the over-sensitive Madame Lafarge while undergoing the affliction of becoming a wife. Having passed her first woeled night alone as she demanded, she informs us in her usual pompous style:—At early dawn the next morning the horses' bells gave the signal of departure: it became necessary to tear myself from the home of my friends. I looked at first mechanically on the rich and cultivated landscape that was passing before my eyes; then listened unreflectingly to the song with which the postilion accompanied the cracking of his whip. M. Lafarge seemed to adore me: I had not yet learned to love him, but was told that I soon should; and love in an interested match being only a tender esteem, I already felt in my heart all that such a sentiment could inspire. While reason thus whispered, imagination pictured to me the delicate and impassioned words that were to soothe me all this day:—the first kiss on my forehead, the second, and then the third, which I might perhaps return; then the arm tenderly supporting my feeble frame, and a whispered "I love you;" to be succeeded, when the first star appeared, "Dearest, do you love me?" A jolt awakened M. Lafarge; stretching his arms with a prolonged and sonorous yawn, he kissed me on both cheeks, and said, "Come, my dear, let us breakfast."

The carriage contained a cold fowl; seizing this by the two wings, M. Lafarge divided it, and offered me half; slightly disgusted, I decline the food. Thinking I was ill, he became anxious and very attentive; he poured out a glass of Bordeaux to restore me, and upon my declining that also, drank the whole bottle himself, "for himself and for me, who now made but one."

The smell of the provisions overpowered me, and I took Clementine's seat on the box. Towards noon I re-entered the carriage; and sought to converse on literary topics, theatricals, my beloved Villers-Hon, and its fine forest. My words on this subject seemed to interest M. Lafarge; but my ignorance of the science of felling, and the price of timber and charcoal, soon silenced him; and pulling out his pocket-book, he became absorbed in calculations, and appeared not over-pleased with his employment. Towards five we reached Orleans. I could scarcely support myself, and asked for a bath, in hopes of obtaining a little refreshment and repose. I had scarcely entered the room, when the door was violently shaken.

"Madame is bathing," said Clementine.

"I know it. Open the door."

"Sir, the bathing-room is open, and it is impossible for Madame to receive you."

"Madame is my wife; and to the devil with all ceremony."

"Pray do not speak so loud," I exclaimed, somewhat petulantly. "Wait ten minutes, and I shall be dressed."

"It is precisely because you are undressed that I want to come in now. Do you take me for a fool, or think that I am to be driven off for ever by your d-d Parisian modesty?"

Clementine trembled violently, but continued to say firmly, "Surely Monsieur will be polite the first day."

"Marie, I command you instantly to open the door, or I will break it open."

"Break it open, sir, if you please; but it will not be opened by me. Strength is powerless over my will; know that once for all."

After terrifying me by a storm of obscene imprecations that I should shudder to write, my husband departed in furious mood. I sunk insensible on the floor of the bath; Clementine in alarm kissed my hand a thousand times to console me, and when I became calmer, left me in tears to seek M. Lafarge. In vain she attempted to persuade him of his error; but on her telling him that I was ill, and that a repetition of scenes of the kind would kill me, "So be it," he said: "I say no more for the present, but I will bring her to reason when we arrive at Glandier."

I met M. Lafarge without a word. He asked me at first whether my "airs" were over; and seeing that I was unwell, he embraced me, and became kind and attentive as before. I was unable to eat at dinner; and having taken a cup of tea, I spent an hour on a balcony, feeling the horrors of the abyss yawning at my feet, but dreading the thoughts of coolly measuring its depth.

[Arrived at Châteauroux, they met an aunt of M. Lafarge, who accompanies them on their journey.]

When night brought M. Lafarge into the carriage, his aunt jested with him on the wandering commencement of his honeymoon. He wished to answer like a conqueror; but having the bad taste to plead the cause of his love with coarse and noisy kisses, I had my skin rubbed off by that public mark of possession, and repulsed him at first gently, and afterwards with impatience. Madame Pontier laughed at my prudery, so removed from the primitive manners of those I was about to mix with; and told me that one of the pleasantest customs of Limousin was to invade the nuptial-chamber on the marriage night, in order to carry to the newly-married pair a cup of spiced wine, of which they must partake in bed. The wit of the men most esteemed in society displays itself here by the deeper or brighter crimson their jests can bring to the brow of the youthful spouse, by the amount of stifled laughter they can call from the lips of other women, anxious to see the modesty of the bride profaned, whom they envied perhaps in the morning.

"Oh, you will not escape, my lovely niece; and I constitute myself the champion of that merry tradition of olden time," said Madame Pontier, in conclusion.

"I conjure you not to do this, Madame; I cannot support so bitter a jest; and never will I pardon a husband who suffers me to be soiled by that humiliating and sinful mirth."

I concealed my face in my hands, and pretended a desire for sleep, to relieve myself from my sad impressions. I felt myself tremble at the recital of such brutal customs.

[They arrive at length at Glandier, the promised paradise.] After three hours' dolorous travelling, we ascended into a hollow. They showed me some smoky roofs, which emerged from the fog, and informed me that they belonged to the buildings of the forge; and at the end of a little avenue of poplars the carriage stopped. I leapt from the carriage into the arms of two women. I walked up a long dark, damp, and cold path. I mounted a little dirty stone staircase, clammy with the drops of rain that escaped from a broken roof. I then entered a large chamber, called the drawing-room, and fell in a chair, gazing wildly around me. My mother-in-law had taken one of my hands, and examined me with a censorious gaze. Madame Buffiere, a little red, fresh-looking woman, in perpetual motion, loaded me with caresses and questions and wished to draw me from the bitter stupefaction which she mistook for timidity. M. Lafarge came to seek us: he tried to seat me on his knees; and as I repulsed him with a positive refusal, he said aloud, laughing, that I only knew how to recline in a *tête-à-tête*. "Mamma," he added, "you do not how she loves me? Come, my duck, own that you are devilishly fond of me." At the same time, to suit the action to the word, he clasped my waist, pinched my nose, and embraced me. My pride revolted at those words and actions, and I felt myself bursting with indignation as I listened to the endearing names which classified me so politely with so many animals. No longer able to support this torture, I pretended excessive fatigue, letters to write, and retired to my chamber, where I locked myself in with Clementine. My chamber, as large as the drawing-room, was wholly unfurnished: two beds, four chairs, and one table, hermit-like, occupied its vast solitude. I asked for an inkstand; they brought me a broken sweetmeat-jar, in which a morsel of cotton was swimming in grey water, an old pen, and paper blue as the sky. Clementine wished to undress me—it was impossible for me to rest in my bed. I made her lie down near me—for it appeared to me that, even sleeping, that good creature would be my safeguard, and I attempted to write: I could not command an idea;—I was crushed by a terrible deceit! I recoiled at the idea of so soon causing so much sorrow to my friends—my tenderness refused to tell them half my anguish—my pride so soon to play the part of victim. A hundred leagues separated us. Long days must pass ere I could bring them to my side. What would become of me during these long days? What would I do? My God! what should I do? The grey colour of the heavens, darkening as night approached, added to the indignation which filled me at the deceit I suffered from—the greater and more repugnant fear of the nocturnal *tête-à-tête*, which I dreaded so much, and could no longer shun. I have never known hatred; but when my heart is wounded, I am powerless to master my indignation. At that moment I should have sickened if M. Lafarge had kissed my hand—in his arms I should have perished. Suddenly my part was taken—I resolved to leave him—to fly to the end of the world; but especially not to pass the night within these dismal walls. That firm resolve rendered me a little calmer; but a means of executing it must be found. My imagination came to my aid: I resolved to obtain from M. Lafarge himself an order to depart—to wound his pride, his jealousy, and his honour; to render a conciliation impossible—to tell him that I did not love him; to tell him that I loved another, and that, violating my recent oaths, I had seen his rival at Orleans and at Uzèrche. In short, to tell him that all my married thoughts had been adulterous! Never could I have dared use that frightful word—never could I have repeated aloud so many humiliating lies; but the paper blushed not, and I trusted it, in all the bitterness of my heart with the care of my deliverance. Having written several pages, I wished to reperuse my letter; its energy appalled me, but I saw that I was saved. After reading it, they might kill me, but it was impossible to retain me, or to pardon. They came to call me. I placed the letter in the folds of my girdle. I was calm, because my will was strong; and I had the invincible courage of the warrior who has set fire to his vessels that he may hope alone for victory or death.

All the inhabitants of Glandier were present in the dining-room—the dinner was long: the evening even longer. The affectionate manner of Madame Lafarge, and the attentive care of Madame Buffiere, added to my sufferings. I tried to be amiable. I would have shown myself sensible of their kindness, during the last moments of our companionship. I was troubled and ashamed to return upon them so soon all the ill they had made me suffer during the three last days. Every time that I felt myself grow pale or weak—every time that the monotonous tone of the clock told me the dreaded hour drew nearer, I pressed the letter to my breast, and as I listened to the crackling of the paper, I seemed to hear it murmur, "I watch: fear nothing." Ten struck, M. Lafarge interrupted a business-conversation in patois, carried on more especially with his bro-



ther-in-law, but in which others of the family occasionally joined. I did not attempt to comprehend their strange idiom, but I could not avoid a profound feeling of sadness in listening to a tongue which was not that of the country.

"Come, let us to rest, my wife," said M. Lafarge, drawing me by the waist along with him.

"Give me, I conjure you, a few minutes to myself in my chamber," I answered.

"Another whim!" he replied; "but I yield to it, and for the last time."

I entered my chamber, summoned Clementine, and giving her the letter, begged her immediately to give it to M. Lafarge. At her return I drew the bolt, and cast myself sobbing in her arms. The good girl, dreadfully frightened, addressed a thousand questions to me; and I had scarcely strength to explain to her my despair, the letter I had written, and my resolution to leave the same evening. Clementine was terrified by this confidence, and supplicated me to endure all for a few days; to send for my family, and not expose myself to be killed by my husband in a moment of wrath.

They struck loudly on the door: I refused to open it, and kneeling by the bed, I wept. A more energetic summons restored my self-possession. I told Clementine to leave me alone—to open the door; I retired into the embrasure of a window which was open. M. Lafarge entered in a fearful state. He addressed to me the most outrageous reproaches; told me that I should not leave him; that he needed a wife; that he was not rich enough to purchase a mistress; that, lawfully his, I should be his in fact. He wished to approach and seize me. I told him coldly that if he touched me I would leap from the window; that I recognized in him the power to kill, but not to pollute me. On seeing my paleness and energetic despair, he recoiled, and called his mother and sister, who were in the neighbouring chamber. They surrounded me, weeping; prayed me to pity their poor Charles, for the sake of their honour and their future happiness, which I was about to destroy. M. Lafarge also cast myself at my knees; and my courage; firm enough to contend him with injuries, softened into tears at the voice of their sorrow and their prayers. I answered, that I could easily pardon the odious lie of which I had been the victim—that without regret I abandoned all my fortune—that I knew how to keep the name I had taken pure and honourable,—but that I should never possess the courage to remain among them; that I wished to fly, and, if they detained me, I should know how to die.

My sister-in-law took me in her arms, and loaded me with caresses and questions. I related to her a few words from the scene at Orleans, and of all which had chilled me: I allowed her to imagine how much I dreaded the first evening of my arrival, and what terrors I had felt. She drew her brother into a corner of the chamber, and spoke warmly with him. Madame Lafarge came in turn to attempt to calm me; she promised to love me, assured me that she was proud of me, and that she would use the most maternal and affectionate attention to her daughter Marie. She entreated me to pardon her son, who, loving me to distraction, had deceived me to avoid the despair of losing me: lastly, to console me, she tried other means; she assured me that the country, which appeared so sadly gloomy under the wet torrents of the storm, was rich, gay, and animated, on a fine day. She told me also that I should be the absolute mistress, and alter my new dwelling at will, according to my tastes and my habits.

M. Lafarge returned near us now with his sister. He was already more calm; he took my hand and kissed it, weeping. I abandoned it to him, and after some minutes' silence, begged him to forget the injury I had done him—to take my fortune, but still, beyond all, to allow me to leave him. He explained to me that I could not dispose of my dowry without the consent of my family; implored me to wait for two or three days; and promised me not to attempt detaining me, if he failed to obtain his pardon, to prove to me his love, and to make me happy. I could not resist so many prayers and tears, and consented to remain some days with him as a sister. M. Lafarge assured me my wishes should be commands to him; that my kindness made him but too happy.

This violent and stormy scene had so grievously disturbed me that I felt exceedingly unwell. I remained more than an hour without consciousness, and suffered until morning the most painful nervous spasms. My new family would not quit me: they feared I had taken poison; but at length, on day breaking seeing I was suffering from fatigue alone, they left me to myself, and I slept heavily until the dazzling rays of an August sun opened my eyes to life—late enough in the morning.

#### Life.

What is life, what is life? a bubble on the wave,  
Dancing onward gay and bright,  
Decked in tints of rainbow light,  
And yet it quickly fades from sight,  
In its liquid grave.

What is life, what is life, that mortals so much prize?  
'Tis a painted butterfly,  
In the sunbeams flitting by,  
Yet beneath the night-wind's sigh  
Mark how soon it dies!

What is life, what is life, with its hopes and fears?  
'Tis like morning's rosy cloud,

In the blue sky sailing proud,  
And yet before the storm is bowed,  
Vanishing in tears!

What is death, what is death, mortals dread so much?

'Tis from strife a blest release  
Bidding Passion's whirlwind cease,  
Calming all in tranquil peace;  
By its icy touch.

J. L.

#### The Brother Artists.

BY MARIA JOSEPHINE REDDELL

##### CHAPTER I.—SKETCH THE FIRST.

In one of those long, wide, brick-bordered avenues, the grand arteries through which the stream of life ebbs and flows to and from the "mighty heart" of London, a sort of debateable land between town and country, stands a row of houses, I should say a terrace, dignified by some high-sounding name, the dwellings consisting respectively of three stories, with the usual adjuncts of balcony and porch, with kitchen windows peeping timidly from grass banks. Each house has a very small garden in front, some of which refresh the eyes of the passer-by with a patch of turf, and some put forth botanical pretensions in the shape of a few dusty flowers. In an upper room of one of these houses sat, one summer's morning, the two brothers, Pietro and Raphael Martini, the only children of a widowed mother, with whom they lived—the apartment, well-lighted, though rather small, was fitted up slightly as a painting-room, and each was now occupied at his easel; but though both seemed earnestly bent on the employment, it was in very different degrees; the elder brother's pale and grave face bore an anxious expression, and his brow clouded as he occasionally glanced furtively at his brother, whose thoughtful countenance, bright eye, and clear brow, plainly spoke an unruffled mind, energetic in a pursuit in which head and heart were alike interested.

"Well," said the elder, at length, in a cold, reserved tone, "have you yet completed your sketch?"

Raphael lifted his head but did not turn it from his canvas, as he answered abstractedly—

"Almost—come and see," he continued, turning his dark earnest eyes on his brother,

Pietro slowly complied, rather sauntering than walking towards him; he looked carelessly; but as his eye dwelt on the masterly sketch before him, his lip grew pale, and his brow more contracted.

"Well, what think you of it," continued Raphael, after waiting some minutes in silence for his opinion.

Pietro tried to speak calmly, but his voice slightly shook as he replied.

"Excellent!—that especially," and he pointed, perhaps, to the tamest line in the whole sketch.

"Nay, Pietro," said Raphael, "you are laughing at me, that is certainly a failure, but," he continued, retouching it, "I think I can improve it—there"—and he looked up with exultation to his brother at the effect that touch had produced. Pietro endeavoured to assume a good-natured smile, but something of sarcasm was blended with it.

"I see you incline to the heresy that Egeria was merely human," he said. "I could swear that she was a very woman, and had no objection to dining in the chamber of Apollo; pray let Numa thoughtfully bring a dish of nightingale's tongues, and some old Falernian."

"Pietro," said Raphael, starting up with a glowing cheek, "I know you do not mean any thing unkind; I am sure you do not think how that tone of observation—that common-place mode of viewing the ideal, jars on my feelings—how they mortify me with a sense of ridicule that cramps my imagination."

"I had no idea you were so touchy on the point," said his brother, coldly. "You ask my opinion, and I give it," and he turned away.

"Nay, don't be angry, Pietro," said Raphael, affectionately; "for that were worst of all;" and he followed his brother to his easel. "Come, let me see what you have done—you will not lie open to such remarks. Perverted feelings, like imperfect glass, cannot reflect objects truly."

These words, though spoken from an almost blind deference for his brother's powers, seemed to Pietro to convey a sarcasm and depreciation; and in a passion of wrath, that for the moment he could not bide, he dashed his brush across the imperfect sketch, blending the few lines drawn in utter confusion. Raphael started back in surprise at an action to him altogether unintelligible.

"My brother," he said, "what means this?"

"I am not accountable to you for my actions," was the sharp reply. "But," he continued, forcing a laugh, "perhaps I feared your retort."

"You fear me?" said Raphael; from whom the studied lightness of tone in which the words were spoken did not hide their deeper feeling.

"Do you dare to say it?" interrupted Pietro, striking his easel with his clenched hand. "I fear you!" and he made a convulsive effort to laugh derisively.

Passions are contagious, especially anger; and Raphael was irritated, but he endeavoured to command his temper. "I really do not understand you this morning, Pietro," he said: "do not let us quarrel—we have only each other;" and he laid his hand on his brother's shoulder as he spoke.

Pietro shook it off; but said, in a calmer tone—"Bah! this is all nonsense,—sentiment, which, you know, I cannot bear;" and he busied himself in putting aside the implements of his art.

Raphael watched him silently a few minutes;—his movements were hasty yet studied, like those of one who is trying to display a coolness and unconcern I cannot feel. Among the contents of a folio that lay partly scattered on a table near him, was a careful finished sketch, with many of the faults of inexperience, yet showing much of the boldness and imagination of genius: it was Raphael's first attempt at original composition, and had been given to his brother with a feeling that made the acceptance considered by the giver an honour: this, with an expression of contempt, Pietro tossed carelessly into the folio. Raphael saw the movement; and heaving a sigh, which he strove to make inaudible, he turned away, and walking to a window stood looking from it for several minutes, but seeing nothing of the prospect of clouds and chimney-pot-thence discernible. At this moment the door of the apartment opened, and a young girl, seemingly about seventeen, came in, with a face decidedly plain, and a figure that was much too short to be called elegant. There was an expression of cheerfulness, kind feeling, and candour in her countenance that was more pleasing than mere beauty.

"Why, Raphael," she said, "you are idle this morning; and, Pietro, you seem to have anticipated my errand. Aunt wants you to come down directly—who do you think is come?" she continued, leaning against the door to bar their egress till she had announced the fact.

Raphael came forward with a feeling of relief—"Mr. Dester, perhaps," he guessed—a gentleman who much affected to patronise the brothers.

"No, no," she said, laughing, "no such honour—this is a pleasure."

"Well, Mary, I believe you must tell us," he replied.

"Pietro—come, your guess," said the lively girl.—He sat still unconcerned. "Nonsense," he replied, harshly, "tell us at once if we are to know."

The unusual sharpness of his reply nearly brought a tear to Mary's eye;—she looked at Raphael with questioning surprise, who turned away his head.

"Come, come, who is it?" continued Pietro more gently.

"It is Catherine," she replied in a subdued tone.

"Catherine!" repeated Raphael with delight, and he darted past her and ran down stairs with a rapidity in which there was some hazard.

"Wont you come, Pietro?" said Mary, timidly.

"Yes, yes, presently," he replied; his attention seemingly fixed on an endeavour to close a box with a chalk between the hinges.

Mary stood for a moment astonished and hurt at his strange manner; and then walked slowly down stairs.

Soliloquies, in general, do not look very natural, and yet, the silent thoughts, especially when moved by some deep and hidden passion, will often array themselves in words, clear, if not audible. Thus did the following pass through Pietro's mind as he threw himself back in his chair, and his eyes wandered vacantly over the apartment. "Do I envy him?—envy!" and he shuddered; "that I have ever thought the mark of mediocrity and weakness."—"Oh, thus it has a double sting—envy him—he does not envy me—no, and that makes mine deeper." He started up and rapidly paced the room as he became more and more agitated. "First in my circle till he entered it—I never questioned my own powers—now, beside the enthusiasm he excites, I am nothing—am disregarded; he grasps with ease and confidence what my ruffled mind cannot reach—his is genius—mine, mediocrity—poor miserable mediocrity.—Oh God! oh God! that thou should'st give the thirst and not the fountain;—if it had been anything else, it might have been borne; had it been wealth, honour, woman's love, anything else, and I could have been at peace;—but this, which is myself, my own—in solitude as in the crowd—the consciousness of power—he has robbed me of it—should I not hate him?"—and he ground his teeth and stamped his heel upon the floor. The sound of feet on the stairs arrested the torrent of his passion, he threw himself into a seat, and shading his face with his hand, affected to be looking among some papers on a table near him. It was Mary again.

"Pietro," she said as she entered, "are you coming? Why, what ails you?" she continued, in a softened tone, as she saw his pale lips and hurried movements, "Pietro are you ill?"

"No, no! What should ail me," he replied lightly.

"Wont you come down," she said.

He interrupted her, "Raphael is there and I am not wanted."

"Pietro!" repeated Mary—"And you," he said, suddenly looking up, "what do you want here!—not come only to call me, I fancy."—Mary stood aghast.

At length she said "Catherine wishes to be drawn in character, and she wants to look over your portfolios to seek among your sketches one she would like; I come for Raphael's, and for yours," she added gently.

"Well, take it, it stands there,—what do you wait for?"

"Yours, and you," she replied. He sat silent a few minutes trying to calm down the violence of his feelings. "Anything but to be suspected," he muttered, and rising with a changed manner, he said, "Well, go down, and I will bring them; they are too heavy for you."

Again Mary left the room, and in a few minutes, with forced composure, that however gradually made itself real, he went down stairs. Catherine Rivers was not yet eighteen, beautiful and lively from the age of eight



years, when a sweet voice, and remarkable talents for acting, recommended her to the manager of a minor theatre. She had on different stages gone through a whole range of theatrical characters in the comic line, infantine and upwards, with extraordinary success, and was now a deservedly great favourite on the boards of one of the larger theatres. She was an orphan, but under the kind and strict charge of a respectable aunt, whose instructions, the only ones she received except those relating immediately to her "profession," were limited to reading and writing, and such lessons of moral conduct as had made her, spite of her dangerous situation, and, excepting an intense thirst of admiration, private as well as public, well-principled and irreproachable as she was amiable. When Pietro entered, she was talking with great vivacity to Raphael, Mary sitting silently admiring her, but looking now and then at the door, and his mother listening with a pre-occupied air to a small piece of news retailed very earnestly by Mrs. Dunn, Catherine's aunt, who greeted him with sober civility, but her niece almost forgot the usual courtesies in her lively eagerness to look over the folios he carried. Raphael's was first placed before her, and with different degrees of admiration and questioning of the subjects, were quickly passed over. Pietro's followed, but these were past over with very little remark. In truth, there were but few, and those not calculated to excite the admiration of the uninitiated; they consisted chiefly of unfinished sketches, slight and disjointed, and some few well imagined, but carelessly finished groups that showed to peculiar disadvantage beside the better regulated and more complete ones of his brother.

"This is Sinbad and the Old Man of the Mountain, I suppose," said Catherine, laughing, "as she turned over one of the last. Poor fellow, he does not look very amiable under the infliction."

"No," said Raphael, who could not restrain a laugh at the mistake; "No, that is Eneas bearing his father from the flames."

A careless stroke had given expression of malice to the pious face of the filial wonder of antiquity that was certainly amusing, especially to one who knew the subject intended to be portrayed. Pietro laughed, too, a cold harsh laugh, and, with a hasty movement, closed the folio. Mary was the only one who noticed the flushed cheek and glaring eye that accompanied that laugh. Raphael was taken up with Catherine, who again turned to his folio.

"Oh, I did not see this before," she said, extricating one paper from another with which it had been folded. "The question is decided for me, I see," she continued, as her eye dwelt with the pleasure of gratified vanity on a spirited sketch of herself as Beatrice, while Raphael watched her countenance anxiously. "Well, Beatrice, it shall be," she decided as she looked up with a smile, "and I shall come to-morrow morning, for my first sitting, though you do seem to know my face by heart—I mean by rote."

Madame Martini's grave and disconcerted look at this moment was a hint to Mrs. Dunn, who, reminding her niece of the rehearsal appointed for that morning, rose to take leave. It was only in the regulated order of her adieu that she missed the elder brother. "Where is Pietro?" she said; "he was here a minute since." Pietro was in his own chamber, writhing beneath the serpent passions of his own heart; despising them and himself, even while he yielded to their power. There was a tear in Mary's eye as she kissed Catherine's cheek on her departure, but Catherine did not perceive it. "Expect me to-morrow," she said, smiling as she bid Raphael "good bye."

And she did come the following day, and many succeeding ones, as intent upon amusing herself with the admiration she saw she had excited, as upon the picture; and so well did she employ those little coqueteries that the habits of her profession enabled her almost unconsciously to assume, that Raphael, in her presence, and in the memory of her fascinations, the impression of which daily became deeper, noticed no further his brother's unaccountable estrangement. In her absence, to work at the picture became his only occupation; it was not his art, but the object on which it was employed, that filled his mind, and he did not now, as he had been wont, refer to his brother's opinion, or show him where he thought he had been successful. All this added bitterness to Pietro's perverted feelings, who attributed this neglect to a lowered estimate of his powers and opinion; he tried to persuade himself that it was not the jealousy of love that agitated his heart; but his own feelings undeceived him on an occasion that added ten-fold to their strength.

The Beatrice had been finished, rapturously admired, and carried home, and Raphael was regretting the loss of an employment that had been so delightful, when one evening that the brothers were dining at the house of a gentleman, an enthusiast in their art, though himself no painter, the company being composed chiefly of brothers of the same band, creative and critical, the conversation after dinner fell upon the comparative merits of living artists; the brothers sat at some distance from each other, and both earnestly engaged in the conversation; but it might have been noticed that, as Raphael's animated speech occasionally reached the ears of Pietro, the expressions of the latter became broken and pointless. At length, on their early departure, the Martinis were brought into comparison with each other; the superiority of each was warmly advocated by their separate ad-

herents, and the excitement of wine aiding that of partisanship, the debate was carried on with a warmth that threatened contention more dangerous, till the host contrived to make it the subject of a bet between the leaders of the two parties—Mr. Dester on Pietro's side, and Mr. Kerr, a painter of great promise, on that of Raphael. It was agreed that the brothers were to be engaged to undertake each a picture on the same given subject, and the decision of their comparative merits was to be referred to the first artist of the day.

### Sepulture in Cemeteries.

BY M. P. HAYNES.

THE word *Cemetery* is derived from the Greek, and, being translated literally, signifies, "a sleeping place." The clastie Addison says, "The souls of the dead appear frequently in *cemeteries*, and hover about the places where their bodies are buried." In our days, the term *cemetery* seems to be applied more particularly to places of interment apart from churches,—and the first of these was Bunhill Fields, which was opened during the great plague of London. The number of those who fell by that raging pestilence, and were buried there, was however very small; but the increase of interments which have subsequently taken place there, has been so great that it is now impossible to dig a grave for one body without disturbing the half-decayed remains of several others. This burial ground was long let on lease by the corporation of London to a private individual, but the lease has just lapsed; and it is to be hoped that the first corporate body of the richest city in the world will cease, for the sake of gold, which their ample coffers require not, to set an example of city interment which is producing evils beyond the power of man to estimate. This vicinity seems sacred as the last home of many whose names will never be erased from our annals. There sleeps ISAAC WATTS, the poet of the Bible: here reposes MILTON, who in seraph strains sang of deeds beyond the spheres: here too sleeps DEFOE, the son of a Northamptonshire farmer, whose writings Richardson imitated, but whose numerous works have marked him the master of a school in which he is still without a rival; amongst the tombs in this ground the plain democratic one of THOMAS HARDY will not be the least noticed by those of future generations when they scan the events of this: but there is one mausoleum here, the oblations offered at which will combine all that is due to the piety of Watts, the genius of Milton, the perseverance of Defoe, and the intrepidity of Hardy—that is the grave of Howard. Oh that he still lived to purge our prisons from their excesses! Oh! though he be dead, that his grave may still speak to excite in others, as his epitaph expresses it—"an emulation of his truly glorious achievements." We love to ponder over the memory of those, and of the few, unostentatious, but truly benevolent men, who, in the eloquent words of Burke loved "to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infections of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries." John Howard's monument in St. Paul's, simple as it is—is a prouder memorial, and one meeting more of humanity's approval than all the trophies raised to celebrate the achievements of conquerors. Nor can we quit this scene, round which the spirits of so many great men hover, without conducting the reader to another, redolent of the incense offered to piety and fame. We allude to the "Tabernacle," in the burial ground of which, over the remains of JOHN WESLEY, and of various others of the earliest pillars and corner stones of Wesleyan Methodism, simple but powerfully attractive monuments are erected. We dare not here enter upon the field of speculation, both retrospective and future, to which these mementos invite—it would be unsuited to our present theme.

Of the London Cemeteries which will engage more immediate attention, the first in point of time was that of KENSALL GREEN. It seems to be generally recognized as desirable that burial places should be upon an elevation.

Mine be the breezy hill which skirts the down,  
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave:  
'With here and there a violet bestrown,  
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave,  
And many an evening sun shine sweetly o'er my grave."

The most elevated of the Cemeteries of London is that at Highgate; and there is a considerable rise in the ground at Kensall Green. The Cemetery at Norwood was the second which came into use; next, that at Highgate, then "the West of London and Westminster"—afterwards that at Abney Park, which has since been followed by others; these with such as are in progress or contemplation, will be separately noticed. In various parts of the country, Cemeteries have likewise been established; amongst which the most extensive and picturesque, is, undoubtedly, one in which Mr. Huskisson was interred at Liverpool:—there are also similar receptacles for the departed at Gravesend, Newcastle, Leeds, Birmingham, Glasgow, Cork, Dublin, &c., nor should mention be omitted here of the little Cemetery at Wisbeach in the Isle of Ely—the birthplace of the honoured Thomas Clarkson, who began the work of the abolition of slavery, and, who having happily lived to see the principle of its abolition recognized, lived also to see the husband of the Queen preside at a meeting for applying that principle in detail,

wherever the pursuit of the odious traffic survives. As if to afford the strongest contrast between life's follies and death's insatiate swallowing up of all, the Wisbeach cemetery contains several pieces of massive sculpture, once the property of a reckless spendthrift, whose wealth and excesses are still proverbial throughout Europe. The cemetery in question—in which the townspeople hope, even now, at a distant day to rear the cenotaph of Clarkson—flowers of the choicest kind and shrubs of the most appropriate character abound. There is not here the admonition which there is in Cork,—"pluck not the flowers, for they are sacred to the dead;" but to it may be justly applied the words of the accomplished Evelyn—"We adorn our graves with flowers and redolent plants, just emblems of the life of man, which has been compared in Holy Scriptures to those fading beauties, whose roots being buried in dishonour, shall rise again in glory." It is pleasing to find, that already so many country towns are provided with cemeteries to take from amidst the living—

The volatile corruption from the dead;  
Which is not air, but floats a nauseous mass  
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.

"I could wish that all burials in churches were disallowed," said Sir Christopher Wren: "it continually disturbs the pavement, and is, besides, unwholesome. I could also desire to see the burial ground at a distance from the church. Cemeteries might be formed in the outskirts of London." These were the words of the great architect of St. Paul's, who died in 1723. Merely to sustain the statements already made as to the crowded state of the burial-places in London, we quote the following passage from the author of "SYLVIA." Writing after the great fire of London, in 1666, he says, "I yet cannot but deplore that when that spacious area was a *tabula rasa*, the church-yards had not been banished to the north walls of the city, where a great inclosure might serve for a universal cemetery to all the parishes; distinguished by separations, and with ample walks of trees, the walks adorned with monuments, inscriptions, and titles apt for contemplation and memory of the defunct." If such a removal of the grave-yards were recommendable then, when London was so much less, when its population was so much more restricted—and when, from obvious causes, they were not so densely huddled together as at present—how much more requisite is it for the suppression of malaria and pestilence, that the ancient practices of heathen nations—of modern continental countries, and even of the Turks themselves, should at length be introduced into England. Is it not astonishing that the metropolis should be so backward to recognise the principle, upon which so many country towns have already found it wise and necessary to act? The Parliamentary Committee which sat, in the session before the last, to inquire into the state of health in large towns, naturally directed its attention to the consequences of having burial-places near or in them. The disclosures made were of such a character, as to stamp the practice as fraught with the most imminent danger, and as having substantially produced the most disastrous consequences. Even in towns where it was least to be expected, great injury has been done. Who would have anticipated that noisome effluvia from dead bodies would have been permitted to contaminate the air of Cheltenham—so long the retreat of the seekers of health and the votaries of pleasure? And yet, from various complaints on the subject, only the following need be elicited to show that such is, or was, the case. The writer says, "I was this morning at the old church in the gallery behind the pulpit; faintness soon came over me; my forehead was burning, and the palm of my hand was in a cold sweat. I quitted the church, wondering at the cause, until, in descending the stairs, a death-like breeze assailed me. The pew woman, who was seated at the bottom, agreed with me, that the smell was very strong and bad, and attributed it to the heavy fall of rain, which had soddened the graves. There could be no doubt of the truth of this remark. The sun had been shining powerfully, and these were the exhalations driven by the wind into the church, the wind being directly in that quarter." This letter appeared in the *Cheltenham Journal*; and when such occurrences happened there, what must be the case in more crowded towns;—in towns not of yesterday—and which are not, like Cheltenham, during half the year, only half peopled—but in which the dead have, for centuries, been garnered; whilst around their self "soddened graves," houses are closely built, to contain a vast population, from which some daily die, but into which far more are daily born? In a matter involving the health, the comfort, and the morality of the living, as well as the national character, and the respect which is due to those whose pulse has ceased to beat, it would be unworthy of the English and Christian character to mix such solemn considerations with others of merely a pecuniary character. It is to be deplored, therefore, that serious obstacles have been thrown in the way of a general system of sepulture in cemeteries, by those to whom the law, influenced by a bad custom, has given an interest in the urban churchyards. Particularly is it the province of the ministers of peace to "do no evil," nor to sanction aught from which it may spring. It may be that a sensitive desire to resist what they may consider encroachment, had led them to oppose what they have not had the leisure to discern to be a great humane and christian improvement. This is the most favourable light in which to view it. It may be asked, if it would be right to advocate the introduction



of sepulture in cemeteries upon legal compulsion? We reply, that it is our province to point out the evil of the present modes of interment. Cemeteries are the obvious remedy: they will not be an adequate remedy unless the most ample facilities are afforded by them, both as to situation, extent, and price, for the burial of all classes. If they do afford these—and it is their interest to do so—we would leave these great public undertakings free from any other control than that of the statute under which each Cemetery Company is incorporated; but if these companies should fail in affording this complete and efficient remedy, then let the legislature interfere, and supply the deficiency. It may be objected to the cemeteries, that they are only so many pecuniary speculations: as are railroads, or omnibuses, or any of the other great sources of commerce which abound in the metropolis and throughout the country—nor would the cemeteries be less a speculation if they were in the hands of Government; for as regards all who can pay for interment, the Government would charge its fee. It is true that, out of the profits of those who *could* pay, the Government might be enabled to inter those who *could not* pay. But, considering that the existing companies have sunk enormous sums of money—considering that their places of interment are ready; and that all their arrangements are complete, it is to be calculated that they easily could do as much for the benefit of the poor as the Government could. Hence it is not improbable that to any Government proposals the companies would lend a ready ear: and, in conjunction with them, the Government could do much more, at a less cost, than they could accomplish without companies, though at a much greater outlay. The companies have not received any portion of the public money; and they cannot be called upon, nor can they rationally be expected, to spend their own capital for the public convenience. This, perhaps, is a branch of the subject which involves considerable difficulty, with which we shall not again encumber ourselves. For the worn-out sons of toil, whose lives of production may not have left to them a sufficient surplus to purchase their last abode—for these, as well as for the Sybarite who ends a life of sensuality with a costly funeral pageant,—the means of sepulture in cemeteries must be provided. Let there be no unholy intrusiveness, by calling upon the graves prematurely to give up their dead. London has seen too much of the capricious removal of corpses: we would not disturb those already interred;—but in cemeteries should all future interments take place; and if those existing will not suffice, let others and ample ones be opened, “wherein was never yet man laid.” Let our places of burial be such as those where

Silent lovers, who had given  
All they lived for to the arms of death,  
Come often o'er the recent graves, to strew  
Their offerings, rue and rosemary, and flowers.

This will, as it were, hallow death—it will make bereavement, though in ever so small a degree, more easy to be borne—and it will dress the abodes of the dead in the garb of hope, instead of paining sorrow with the ghastly sight of fenced-in

naked rows of graves,  
And melancholy ranks of monuments.

### Burns Illustrated and Explained.

BY WM. BIGGAR.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THIS harmonious ode, sacred to the holiest recollections, describes the same scene, the same love, the same pure transports, as the story of Highland Mary, which we might well have supposed conveyed all that could be said in the shortest and sweetest strain. But the poet's fire and the lover's truth are a wonderful combination: by their amalgamation are brought forth the thoughts which breathe and words that burn—flowers of perpetual beauty bloom—light of eternal glory beams—and the stamp of immortality is placed upon every idea, as sterling gold passes current among all tribes and nations, and truth, a direct emission from the deity, lives for ever. In these melodies no adventitious aid is requisite—no exotic imagery required—the simple detail is sufficient. But only so because the strings of harmony were touched by a master-hand, and that hand had clasped the image at their last embrace, had been placed upon her lovely brow, and shaded the upbraiding eye, while another farewell kiss was impressed upon her shining lips. The invocation to the morning star, that beautiful herald of the world's resurrection from the grave of night, lingering with lessening ray, is not more poetically beautiful than it is delicately appropriate to the impassioned exclamation which follows:—

Thou ling'ring star, with lessening ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher'st in the day  
That Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary! dear, departed shade,  
Where is the place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Had her sinless and purified spirit become a star—one of those countless hosts who nightly proclaim the wondrous power and glory of the great Creating Hand? It was for ages a favourite doctrine of many of the Pagan tribes, whose religion was only poetry etherealised, that the spirits of the just became members of that glorious sisterhood which studded the canopy of heaven—that as the sun was the chief dispenser of light, it was deity itself; and the lesser luminaries were his ministering angels, his redeemed and chosen, who winged their trackless way through infinite regions, ar-

rayed in robes of light, by which to gladden their humble adorers on this speck of earth. It is a delusive but sublime idea, which, had revelation never told us otherwise, would have been the universal religion of untutored mortals, whose only god was nature, and who beheld in the sun the first instrument of all her glorious handiworks. Nor, was there ever an idea of man more like the truth than this, that if the sun was the Eternal, the stars were spirits of just men made perfect. It is a delusion which is most difficult to erase from the savage heart—the missionaries of the cross, who travel into every land, find this doctrine the deepest implanted on the Pagan mind, the most dearly cherished; and its believers are the most consistent, the most devout, among the heathen. They cling to the belief that the spirits of their fathers look down upon them in love; and even when brought to a partial knowledge of the truth, at their dying hour they almost all revert to the religion of their ignorance, and desire to meet their kindred among the illimitable lights, which, to them, were the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Gazing upon these bright emissions from undiscovered space, surrounded by the silence of night, his soul expanding with emotions of awe, his heart awakens with a fearful beat; and Mary, unchangeable by time or space, looks down upon the poet with the same mild eye of love, her robes more white, her form more spiritual—but the wild flowers were still waving in her hair, and a blossom of the hawthorn sparkled from her zone. To that fair and soul-created spirit he bends the knee of an ardent worshipper, and repeats the homage which his youthful fancy taught him.

That sacred hour can I forget,  
Can I forget the hallowed grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met  
To live one day of parting love!

The most crowded city in this living world is not more thronged with moving beings than is our imagination. Every man carries within himself a peopled world, jostling the creations of his brain together in strange and irremediable confusion; but there are always giants among them; there are some more conspicuous, because more valuable than the rest; our fancy can accompany them into distant places, and watch their movements, struggles, and triumphs over the opposing obstacles which beset them. And if the most common and unromantic minds are so employed, how much more so must be the fever-beated brains of the sons of song, who in the fullness of strength give forth the offspring of their imaginations to the light of day—to the praise or censure of their fellow-men? If these minstrels are so laden with the creatures of their teeming fancy, how much more so must have been the mind and soul of that bard of nature, whose whole heart was thrown into the impulses of his genius—whose life-blood animated the modulated numbers of his lyre? Yet, among these countless creations of his musing mind that sacred hour and hallowed grove bore the most honoured place.

Eternity will not efface  
Those records dear of transports past,  
Thy image at our last embrace  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last.

“Thy image!” he speaks as if he had joined her in the illimitable land, where there is neither sun nor star—as if she heard his adjuration now, as she did when the summer trees waved pleasantly above her head. Though she was, however, no longer palpable to his senses, with the strong conviction of unalterable love, he felt, that if a knowledge of the world's existence remains with the undying portion of the departed, she must have thought of him; and if spirits were ever permitted to revisit the scenes of their mortal pilgrimage, the banks of Ayr must have been often blest by her returning presence; and she must have watched him with a seraph's eye, and poured upon him the benediction most grateful to a bleeding heart. He had thought of her through every chance and change of fortune, till she became a portion of his own existence, the more delicate and refined exuberance of his mind; and every happy thought that arose from the well-spring of his genius became a record of the joy he had learned, like a devout disciple, from the sermons of her softly-shaded eye.

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green,  
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar  
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.

These lines contain a perfect picture of still nature—a complete Arcadian scene. The river Ayr, gurgling on its shining course, murmuring a happy melody to all its interruptions, as if it rejoiced in the fellowship of every rock and stone, kisses its pebbled shore; while wild growing woods, thickening with their summer verdure, and green by the nutriment drawn from the watery bed, hang over the vernal bank to screen the mutual kiss of peace from the sun's inquiring gaze. The idea is not more poetic than the simile is true and perfect, for the sweetest kiss is that when she who receives it bends her forehead and her flowing hair to screen the welcome salute even apparently from herself. There are artificial embellishments, however, which should always be removed, if we are to believe a story told by Burns himself, of a lass at Kyle, who declared she would rather be kissed twice bareheaded than once with her bonnet on. This girl, it may be presumed, had had some experience in both modes, and she may therefore be reckoned a good authority in the delicate and difficult art. The lively archness of her decision is only equalled by that of another village philosopher, who expressed her surprise at her brother idling away so many of his

evenings in the company of women. “For my part,” said the damsel, “I would not give the company of a cantie lad for a’ the women e’er I saw!” It would require no very learned treatise to explain the difference in the tastes of this girl and her brother, for the experience of all nations has proved even Peggy in the Gentle Shepherd to have been a true philosopher when she said to her cousin—“That men were made for us and we for men.” But there are few love-making men who can enrich their extemporaneous speech with the abundant beauties nature casts around them, who can take a lesson from the margin of the stream, and claim a privilege with the graceful bending tree, which kisses with its drooping leaves the rivulet that nourishes its roots. When the bashful lover goes to woo, let him take the songs of Burns in his pocket, if he cannot carry them on his tongue; and they will be to him what Aaron was to Moses, his mouthpiece and eloquent enunciator; of this also he may be assured, that his maid will be her own interpreter. She will perceive likely sooner than himself the glowing rapture conveyed in these lines—

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds sang love on every spray,  
Till too too, soon the glowing west  
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

What a rich image is given of earth's elastic carpet, the living grass, spotted with flowers wantoning in the sun, and springing up again delighted from the pressure of the lovers' feet, as if they rejoiced in the presence of the youthful pair. The carolling birds sing out a glad welcome, and look with their little peering eyes fit on each other, then upon the lovers, and they dance from twig to twig to accompany them in their path; the strong and shrill tones of the blackbird's trumpet being answered by the mellow pipe of the thrush, while the linnet adds its tiny voice, like a little child quivering its notes among the organ choir. But the sun, which loves the world in general, has no individual attachments; he never stayed to help the traveller on his way; he never rose before his time to cheer the shipwrecked sailor on the barren rock; he never left a beam at evening to delude lovers that they had yet an hour to spare—the glowing west proclaims the day; swift winged, about to flee away, like a bird of brilliant plumage to its unknown nest—and they must part. Once more he clasped her in a last embrace—again she returned his kindly pressure—

Ah! little thought they 'twas their last!

And it was well that providence concealed its stern decree, for bitterness and sorrow would have wrung their joyous hearts, and pain repressed the words he spoke so well—she loved so much to hear. There was never more than one being on this fertile earth who knew the hour when death would come, and even to that H.C. One the knowledge was a source of grief—it made him the man of sorrows. Burns and his Mary parted, she went to heaven, and he, a wanderer from his home, on each returning day of her departure sought communion with her spirit among the silent stars. The harbinger of the morning outshone the fading twinkle of her lesser sisters, she being high in the heavens to greet the coming morning, like a faithful sentinel, who, although his companions have retired, retains his post till the hour of relief shall come; like a dear and kindly woman who watches by the bed of death when sickness dreams of her. To this watchful star the poet's fancy speaks as if it would carry the message of his love to the chamber of the redeemed.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care;  
Time but the impression deeper makes,  
As streams their channels wear.

Memory, though it may sleep long and sound, without a dream to break its rest, will wake to active existence, and contend for the supremacy of the human heart. No ear there be a more pure and hallowed though serene sensation than such an awakening as this, on which the heart may ponder and brood with intense and stirring thoughts, as it stretches the chords which bind the vitals to their seat, till they crack like the strings of an overtuned lute. When the moment of acutest suffering is past, then may the cause be forgotten like an unremembered dream; only, however, to re-awaken in an after time to thrill the soul with a repetition of its agony. To our bard, and to all who loved and felt like him, these revivals lost no portion of their original force, but filled the bosom's space, as if these sorrows had been hitherto a stranger, and the heart unused to grief. A time might be when the stream of woe ran dry, and a placid covering of untrodden verdure cheated the senses into a belief that the channel would never flow again. Yet the blast and the storm would come—the torrent would sound among the hills of memory—the cataract would bound from the rocks of selfishness and blinded worldly cares, and leap with fluent energy into the old and half neglected channel of its course, deepening and widening the sluices of the heart as the current rolled along. Therefore it was that Burns felt himself prepared for these visits from the past, and welcomed their approach and continuance in his mind, as with them came the image of his Mary, to whom he cried in a passion unknown to unpoetic clay, in a fervour understood alone by those who have loved and lost, as he had done—

My Mary! dear, departed shade,  
Where is thy place of blissful rest,  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid,  
Hear'st thou the pangs that rend his breast?

But vain was, and is, and ever will be the inquiry; and yet the craving intellect of man will seek to acquire a



knowledge which reason tells him he can never learn; for beyond the bounds of earth no wisdom can ever go, nor information come. It is in the absence of this knowledge that speculation spreads her unbelieving wings, and hazards her way through regions of unfathomable doubt, only to return no wiser than she went. The imagination of the poet, however, roams through realms of self-created light, and peoples air and earth with creatures of his fancy. He recalls the sunny days of childhood to the eye of age;—he paints the shape of manhood to the waiting youth;—he plants a woman's feelings in the bosom of the girl—he decorates her future home with little rosy faces—and he attempts, but not always with success, to induce her to seek her choicest pleasures there; but to such as bound their happiness by domestic ties, he gives his chiefest blessings. And when the idol of the dreaming heart resigns her place on earth, the poet follows her to the confines of the dark and dreary way, and mourns, upon the borders of the undiscovered country, her deeply-felt and long-regretted loss. With a daring rashness he rushes beyond the grave, and calls for a knowledge of her spirit's last abode—

Where is thy place of blissful rest?

Yet will the All-Good pardon the presumption of the poet's brain for the agony of the lover's heart—for love, when divested of its selfishness, of its eager, unalloyed desire to appropriate youth and beauty to itself—love, when freed from the grossness common to humanity, is the glorious ebullition of our immortal part, the yearnings of the eternal image working through our nature, which well may call eternity its handmaid, and dare to carry memory with it to the future scenes of its existence! Love like this is only felt by those whose mind is of a higher temperament than their bodies—it is known to educated, right-thinking women;—it lives in the dreams of man, but is seldom evinced in his actions. It is only properly expressed by poets—not by mere rhymesters, but by those bards of heaven's own making;—by Shakespeare, whose unschooled genius knew and felt, and told the universal history of the mind of man;—by Byron, whose lightning flashes scorch the heart, and etherealise the gloomiest passions of rebellious nature;—by Burns, whose incense-breathing melodies drop like summer dew upon the roughest gems of mind, and weave themselves like ivy round the gnarled heart, softening while they decorate, and elevating while they smooth, the dark rough rind which encrusts the loving principle that beats even in the unreflecting bosom of the sordid.

#### Colonial Aborigines.

WHILE many praiseworthy attempts have been made to "convert the heathen," it is a humiliating fact—one prejudicial to the honour of England, and reflecting much disgrace upon the people—that little or nothing has been done to improve the temporal wants of the many barbarous nations now subject to British sway. Indeed, when we look on the history of the aboriginal tribes, since they became acquainted with the white man, we behold ruin, extermination, horrible and cureless disease, as well as a depravity, revolting to the last degree. An appeal, which we append, has just been published by the Aborigines Protection Society, in behalf of those injured, those tortured races, and from the faithful compilation therein made of the horrors of their situation, the moral degradation and physical suffering under which the afflicted labour, we trust that the appeal will not be made in vain. Britain owes much to her colonies, more than future kindness and attention will ever repay, or redeem the cruelties practised on ignorant, yet unoffending tribes. The proposal to send out a medical gentleman to the several diseased districts on the receipt of every 300*l.*, is as generous as it will be useful; and certain we are, that there are few who will rise from the perusal of the following statement without acknowledging that it is now full time something effectual was done in behalf of the hopeless, helpless natives of those lands which we have ruthlessly appropriated to our own advantage.

#### ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES CONSIDERED IN RELATION TO THE ABORIGINES.

The aborigines who may be termed British, amount, at a low estimate, to one million inhabiting Australia; one million in the South Seas, including New Zealand; half a million still surviving in North and South America; and two millions in Western and Southern Africa; with several millions of the more barbarous tribes in British India and borders, and in the Eastern Archipelago and Indian Ocean; it may therefore be safely said, that our extensive possessions bring us in contact with more varieties of the human race than is the case with any other power; it is to England, therefore, that the world looks for an example in the treatment of the coloured races; but whether we regard the past or the present, the history of these people is a subject of mournful reflection. Instead of efforts to check the progress of oppression in our colonies, we have allowed the spirit of the early Spaniards to keep pace with emigration, and to justify oppression the monstrous doctrine has been promulgated, that the coloured tribes are not only an inferior race by nature, but totally incapable of improvement—and there are some who consider them the connecting link between the monkey and man. Many who do not subscribe to this doctrine, have fallen into a delusion of another kind. They are inclined to the belief that the extinction of the aborigines is inevitable, that it is an appointment of

Heaven, and that every attempt to arrest their doom must of necessity be unavailing. In fine, to use an Indian metaphor, that "the coloured man must melt before the white man like snow before the sun."

With regard to the supposed mental inferiority of the coloured races, if we believe the Scripture, "that God hath made of one blood all nations of men," the question must fall to the ground. We have only to look at home, and we find men of all capacities, from the greatest statesman down to the man of the shallowest intellect. If in surveying the globe in an ethnographical point of view, intellectual power be the object of our search, we shall not look in vain amongst the uncivilized; and if we are in quest of physical superiority we must altogether yield the palm to the coloured man. Those who argue in favour of general inferiority, must have seen the aborigines only in their degraded and debased condition—a people fallen under the infliction of injuries and the exercise of oppression—cruelties which we have committed, causing desolation and utter ruin to those who once composed the most noble of our race. Is it to be wondered that men habituated to a roving life should, in the first instance, refuse to engage in pursuits altogether foreign to them? To expect to bring the coloured man to lay aside his erratic habits, and at once adopt the plough and the harrow, is inconsistent with past experience and the records of history. If we refer to the period when Rome was in all her greatness, we shall find that the process of civilization among the barbarous hordes—a class to which the British then belonged—was by no means rapid. Step by step man has advanced, nor must we now look for the instantaneous adoption by the uncivilized races of the habits and manners of civilized life. No rational mind will expect a change of such magnitude to be effected at once, but if time be given, their improvement is certain. Civilization has effected, is effecting, and will effect, all that can be expected under the circumstances in which they have been, are, and may be placed; and if the coloured tribes, instead of being extirpated, were encouraged to locate themselves and become civilized, there is no doubt of their preservation from extinction, and of their ultimate greatness. This observation is borne out by the advancement in civilization which the Creeks and Cherokees had made prior to their removal from their patrimonial territory.

That the coloured man must retire before his white invader, or in other words, that he is devoted by providence to destruction, is an assertion as atrocious as it is impious—impious, since it calls into question the beneficent and merciful character of the Most High. To crush in its bud the first indications of such a doctrine must be the wish of every Christian. War, pestilence, and famine, and abridgment of territory, are surely sufficient causes for the decline of the coloured man, without having recourse to mysterious agency: but we have yet another—intoxicating liquors—the accursed "fire water,"—that poisonous draught which plunges the coloured man with headlong infatuation into the most horrid scenes of riot and bloodshed—that fiend which causes to flow with equal indifference the blood of friend and foe, and even severs the dearest ties of affection by acts of violence at which the wretch himself trembles. The same acuteness of feeling—the same pangs of remorse which embitter the last moments of the white murderer, accompany the coloured man to his ignominious grave.

Painful in themselves, indeed, are such reflections, but they are still more painful when we consider how far these acts are tolerated by ourselves, and that the amelioration of the coloured man's condition would inevitably flow from a plan of conduct and treatment based upon sound principles. Such a plan it is the fervent hope of this Society, at an early period to lay before the Government, feeling assured, that through it alone, really effectual measures to this end can be carried out. With the Gospel let us introduce comfort and happiness; let the arts of life be associated with our religious precepts.

The Society's operations, embracing, as they do, an extensive correspondence at home and abroad, the publication of documents and papers, public meetings to advocate aboriginal rights, interviews and communications with different departments of the state, the presentation of petitions to the Crown and to the legislature, necessarily require considerable time and labour. But while engaged in summing up the evidence that has been from time to time laid before it; while the Government has yet to be aroused to a sense of duty, long neglected; and while other important duties claim the Society's attention, whole tribes—nay, nations, are being swept from the face of the earth by diseases both of a demoralizing and contagious nature—diseases introduced by Europeans—poisons, destroying life at its very source, administered by whites without the trace of an antidote.

If we turn our attention to America, we find in the early part of the sixteenth century, on the occasion of an epidemic small pox, that "the hand of God fell heavily upon the natives, with such a mortal stroke that they died on heaps as they lay in their houses, and the living that were able to shift for themselves would runne away, and let them bury, and let their carcases ly above the ground without burial. For in a place where many inhabited there hath been but one left alive to tell what became of the rest, the living being not able to bury the dead: they were left for crows, kites, and vermine to prey upon; and the bones and skulls upon the several places of their habitations made such a spec-

tacle, that as one travelled in the forest, near Massachusetts, it seemed to be a new found Golgotha."—(*New English Canaan*, by T. Morton, 1637.)

From the census of 1699, just sixty-two years from the settlement of Virginia, we discover that the natives inhabiting that colony were reduced to one-third of the former numbers, small pox being assigned as the principal cause. (*Jefferson's Notes on Virginia*, p. 153.)

It is stated by Humboldt, that a plague called Matlahuatzatl prevailed among the Indian race in Mexico, in 1545, which carried off 800,000, and in 1576, 2,000,000.

Mr. Beale, the talented author of a work entitled "The Natural History of the Sperrn Whale, and a Sketch of a South Sea Whale Voyage," witnessed at Monta Christa, in 1831, on the coast of Peru, a "dreadful scene of sickness and lingering deaths, and not a single medical man of any kind resided among them, to relieve their pains, and therefore stern disease, of which there existed a great variety, took its painful course unchecked."

If we turn our attention to New Holland, a portion of the globe to which both the rich and the poor are now looking with the most anxious attention, we find similar results.

"In 1789, the natives of Port Jackson were visited by the small pox, and the number that it swept off was incredible. A native, who at that time resided in Sydney, on going down to the harbour to look for his former companions, was described by those who witnessed his emotions, as suffering the extreme of agony. He looked anxiously into the different coves that they visited; not a vestige on the sand was to be found of human foot; the excavations in the rocks were filled with the bodies of those who had fallen victims to the disorder; not a living person was anywhere to be met with. He lifted up his hands and eyes in silent agony for some time; at length he exclaimed, "All dead! all dead!" and then hung his head in mournful silence. The disease was not confined to Port Jackson. On visiting Broken Bay, the path was in many places covered with skeletons, and the same spectacles were to be met with in the hollows of the rocks of that harbour. To the disorder the natives gave the name of Gal-gal-la. Two elderly men, a boy, and a girl, affected with the disease, were received into the colony, and nursed by the native above mentioned, whose attention to them during their illness excited the admiration of all. He took the disorder, and in eight days fell a victim to his own humanity, to the infinite regret of every one who had witnessed how little of the savage was found in his manner, and how quickly he was substituting in its place a docile, affable, and truly amiable deportment."—*Collins's New South Wales*, p. 57.

Notwithstanding this, it was not until May, 1804, "that the blessings of vaccination were introduced into the settlement. The virus, was, however, almost immediately lost, and the colony once more left without a protection from that most dreadful of all disorders the small pox."—*Mann's Present Picture of New South Wales*, p. 14.

In 1829, when Captain Sturt penetrated into the interior of New South Wales, he found the small pox carrying off the natives on the banks of the Darling in great numbers. The following year on the Murray, he found raging in all its fury that dreadful malady—the offspring of immorality. Nor were the youngest infants exempt from the disease. Indeed, so young were some whose condition he describes as truly distressing, that he had no doubt they had been born in a state of disease. Sir Thomas Mitchell has noticed the same deplorable state of the natives in parts of the country which he visited. Mr. Beale found the disease depopulating the natives of Polynesia; at Bolabola, in 1832, many laboured under the effects of gun shot wounds, for which they have to thank the whites, who taught them the use of powder and shot, but more from the effects of a demoralizing intercourse with foreigners. Men, women, and even little children in arms, were suffering from the dreadful malady, for the cure or alleviation of which they possessed neither knowledge nor means. "These wretched people, who have suffered torments of various kinds, without a prospect of relief," says Mr. Beale, "looked upon me as an angel sent from heaven to administer to their wants, and relieve the poignancy of their pains. How is it that proper persons are not sent out for this purpose? If a small portion of the immense sums that are annually expended upon missionaries were devoted to such real usefulness, the poor natives would indeed feel grateful for such blessings, and their minds would be rendered more susceptible of being impressed with a belief in the Christian faith."

Not content with recording these appalling facts in his Journal, this gentleman last year published a well digested system for affording medical relief to the suffering inhabitants of the South Seas. With much good feeling, however, he has laid aside his own immediate views of a distinct and independent plan, and has now thrown his talent and experience into the scale of this Society, hoping that, sooner or later, the suffering inhabitants of Polynesia may be blessed with the presence of one of its medical agents. It would be well for mankind if their advocates were to follow Mr. Beale's example, in practically recognizing the motto that "Union is strength," instead of forming themselves into many separate societies, and exemplifying, in the words of Berkeley, that a "divided force is a rope of sand."

With these facts before us, we cannot doubt that Government is bound to do, on behalf of the aborigines, all that humanity and justice demands. But if humanity



and justice appeal in vain, policy may prevail. The cry of distress is at home; to assuage the calamity we are naturally directed towards colonization; but that colonization will not prosper—will not be well pleasing to the Most High, if in taking nine-tenths, we turn not to the best advantage for our wards, like honest guardians, the remaining tithe. The application of this tithe for the benefit of the coloured races is engaging the attention of the Society; but if measures be not taken, and that immediately, to arrest the progress of disease, famine amongst many tribes must consummate the fate which pestilence has advanced, and thus the efforts of the Society may be rendered unavailing.

The Society therefore appeals for pecuniary aid to carry out its views, and without waiting to perfect operations strongly indicated by necessity, it will, on an increase of income of 300*l.*, send out to some portion of the globe where unchecked disease is spreading desolation, a medical man to administer relief, and as far as possible, instruct the natives in the practice of his profession. At the same time it aims at extending its operations as the success of this experiment, and the means placed at its disposal, may sanction.

### A Spectator at Waterloo.

IN the concluding number of Charles O'Malley there is a spirit-stirring account of the carnage on that dreadful day when France lost her Emperor. The hero of the story has been sent to reconnoitre some troops in scarlet uniform, in the idea that they are British; being however, the regiment of Berg, he is taken prisoner, and idly witnesses the days of Ligny and Quatre Bras. The morning of Waterloo is well described:—

"Now, then, for breakfast," said Napoleon, as with an easy and tranquil smile he turned his horse's head, and cantered gently up the heights towards La Belle Alliance. As he approached the lines, the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" burst forth. Regiment after regiment took it up; and from the distant wood of Frieschermont to the far left beside Merke-braine, the shout resounded. So sudden, so simultaneous the outbreak, that he himself, accustomed as he well was to the enthusiasm of his army, seemed, as he reigned in his horse, and looked with proud and elated eye upon the countless thousands, astounded and amazed. He lifted with slow and graceful action his unplumed hat above his head, and, while he bowed that proud front before which kings have trembled, the acclamation burst forth anew, and rent the very air.

At this moment the sun shone brilliantly out from the dark clouds, and flashed upon the shining blades and glistening bayonets along the line. A dark and lowering shadow hung gloomily over the British position, while the French sparkled and glittered in the sunbeams. His quick glance passed with lightning speed from one to the other; and I thought that, in his look, upturned to heaven, I could detect the fitting thought which bade him hope it was an augury. The bands of the Imperial Guard burst forth in joyous and triumphant strains; and amid the still repeated cries of "*l'Empereur! l'Empereur!*" he rode slowly along towards La Belle Alliance.

### THE FIRST ATTACK.

It was eleven o'clock, and Napoleon mounted his horse and rode slowly along the line; again the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" resounded, and the bands of the various regiments struck up their spirit-stirring strains as the gorgeous staff moved along. On the British side all was tranquil; and, still the different divisions appeared to have taken up their ground, and the long ridge from Ter-la-Haye to Merke-braine bristled with bayonets. Nothing could possibly be more equal than the circumstances of the field. Each army possessed an eminence whence their artillery might play. A broad and slightly undulating valley lay between both. The ground permitted in all places both cavalry and infantry movements, and except the crumbling walls of the chateau of Hougomont, or the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, both of which were occupied by the British, no advantage either by nature or art inclined to either side. It was a fair stand-up fight. It was the mighty tournament, not only of the two greatest nations, but the two deadliest rivals and bitterest enemies, led on by the two greatest military geniuses that the world has ever seen: it might not be too much to say, or ever will see. As for me, condemned to be an inactive spectator of the mighty struggle, doomed to witness all the deep-laid schemes and well-devised plans of attack which were destined for the overthrow of my country's arms, my state was one of torture and suspense. I sat upon the little rising ground of Rosomme: before me in the valley, where yet the tall corn waved in ripe luxuriance, stood the quiet and peaceful looking old chateau of Hougomont, and the blossoming branches of the orchard: the birds were gaily singing their songs, the shrill whistle of the fatal musketry was to be heard, and through my glass I could detect the uniform of the soldiers who held the position, and my heart beat anxiously and proudly as I recognised the Guards. In the orchard and the garden were stationed some riflemen, at least their dress and the scattered order they assumed bespoke them such. While I looked the tirailleurs of Jerome's division advanced from the front of the line, and, descending the hill in a slanting trot, broke into scattered parties, keeping up as they went a desultory and irregular fire. The English skirmishers, less expert in this peculiar service, soon fell back, and the head of Reille's brigade began their march

towards the chateau. The English artillery is unmasked and opens its fire. Kellerman advanced at a gallop his twelve pieces of artillery; the chateau is concealed from view by the dense smoke, and as the attack thickens fresh troops pour forward, the artillery thundering on either side; the entire line of both armies stand motionless spectators of the terrific combat, while every eye is turned towards that devoted spot from whose dense mass of cloud and smoke the bright glare of artillery is flashing, as the crashing masonry, the burning, and the loud yell of battle add to the frightful interest of the scene. For above an hour the tremendous attack continues without cessation: the artillery stationed upon the height has now found its range, and every ringing shot tells upon the tottering walls; some wounded soldiers return faint and bleeding from the conflict, but there are few who escape. A crashing volley of fire-arms is now heard from the side where the orchard stands; a second, and a third succeed, one after the other, rapid as lightning itself. A silence follows; when after a few moments, a deafening cheer bursts forth, and an aide-de-camp gallops on to say that the orchard has been carried at the point of the bayonet—the Nassau sharpshooters, who held it, having, after a desperate resistance, retired before the irresistible onset of the French infantry. "*A vous Maintenant!*" said General Foy, as he drew his sabre, and rode down to the head of his splendid division, which, anxious for the word to advance, were standing in the valley. "*En avant! mes braves,*" cried he, while pointing to the chateau with his sword, he dashed boldly forward. Scarcely had he advanced a hundred yards, when a cannon shot, recoiling as it went, struck his horse in the counter and rolled him dead on the plain. Disengaging himself from the lifeless animal, at once he sprang to his feet and hurried forward. The column was soon hid from my view, and I was left to mourn over the seemingly inevitable fate that impended over my gallant countrymen.

### CALMNESS OF THE EMPEROR.

In the intense interest which chained me to this part of the field, I had not noticed till this moment that the Emperor and his staff were standing scarcely thirty yards from where I was. Napoleon, seated upon a gray, almost a white, Arabian, had suffered the reigns to fall loosely on the neck, as he held with both hands his telescope to his eye; his dress, the usual green coat with white facings, the uniform of the *chasseurs-à-cheval*, was distinguished merely by the cross of the legion; his high boots were splashed and mud-stained, from riding through the deep and clayey soil; his compact and clean-bred charger looked also slightly blown and heated, but he himself, and I watched his features well, looked calm, composed, and tranquil. How anxiously did I scrutinise that face; with what a throbbing heart did I canvass every gesture, hoping to find some passing trait of doubt, of difficulty, or of hesitation; but none was there: unlike one who looked upon the harrowing spectacle of a battle field, whose all was depending on the game before him; gambling with one throw his last, his only stake, and that the empire of the world. Yet, could I picture to myself one who felt at peace within himself; nought of reproach, nought of regret to move or stir his spirit, whose tranquil bark had glided over the calm sea of life, untroubled by the breath of passion, I should have fancied such was he.

### THE ESCAPE.

Then the Prussians appear in the far distance, destroying the hope of Napoleon that it was the troops of Grouchy. An attack is made upon a column of the British; the French artillery gets imbedded in the clay. In vain the artillery drivers whip and spur their labouring cattle. Impatiently the files of the column prick with their bayonets the struggling horses. The hesitation is fatal; for Wellington, who, with eagle glance, watches from an eminence beside the high road the advancing column, sees the accident. An order was given; and, with one fell swoop, the heavy cavalry brigade pour down. Picton's division deploys into line; the bayonets glance about the ridge; and with a shout that tells above the battle, on they came, the fighting fifth. One volley is exchanged; but the bayonet is now brought to the charge, and the French division retreat in close column, pursued by their gallant enemy. Scarcely had the leading division fallen back, and the rear pressed down upon, or thrown into disorder, when the cavalry trumpets sound a charge: the bright helmets of the Enniskilleners come flashing in the sunbeams, and the Scotch Greys, like a white-crested wave, are rolling upon the foe. Marcognet's division is surrounded; the dragons ride them down on every side; the guns are captured; the drivers cut down, and two thousand prisoners are carried off. A sudden panic seems to seize upon the French, as cavalry, infantry, and artillery, are hurried back on each other. Vainly the French attempt to rally, the untiring enemy press madly on; the household brigade, led on by Lord Uxbridge, come thundering down the road, riding down with their gigantic force the mailed cuirassiers of the French. Borne along with the retreating torrents, I was carried on amidst the densely commingled mass. The British cavalry, which, like the lightnings that sever the thunder-cloud, pierce through in every direction, plunged madly upon us. The roar of battle grew louder, as hand to hand they fought. Milhaud's heavy dragons, with the fourth lancers, came up at a gallop. Picton pressed forward, waving his plumed hat above his head; his proud eye flashes with the fire of victory. That moment is his last. Struck in the forehead by a musket ball, he falls dead from his saddle; and

and the wild yell of the Irish regiments, as they ring his death-cry, are the last sounds which he hears. Meanwhile, the Life-Guards are among us; prisoners of rank are captured on every side: and I, seizing the moment, throw myself among the ranks of my countrymen, and am borne to the rear with the retiring squadrons.

### WELLINGTON'S LAST CHARGE.

[Charles at length reaches Wellington, to whom the important knowledge of Grouchy not being arrived is communicated.]

"They are coming: the attack will be made on the centre, my lord," said Lord Fitzroy Somerset, as he directed his glass upon the column. Scarcely had he spoke when the telescope fell from his hand, as his arm, shattered by a French bullet, fell motionless to his side.

"I see it," was the cool reply of the Duke, as he ordered the Guards to deploy into line, and lie down behind the ridge, which now the French artillery had found the range of, and were labouring at their guns. In front of them the fifty-second, seventy-first, and ninety-fifth were formed; the artillery stationed above and partly upon the road, loaded with grape, and waited but the word to open.

It was an awful, a dreadful moment: the Prussian cannon thundering on our left; but, so desperate was the French resistance, they made but little progress: the dark columns of the Guard had now commenced the ascent, and the artillery had ceased their fire as the bayonets of the grenadiers showed themselves upon the slope. Then began that tremendous cheer from right to left of our line which those who heard never can forget. It was the impatient, long-restrained burst of unslaked vengeance. With the instinct which valour teaches, they knew the hour of trial was come; and that wild cry flew from rank to rank, echoing from the blood-stained walls of Hougomont to the far-off valley of La Papelotte. "They come! they come!" was the cry; and the shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" mingled with the outburst of the British line.

Under an overwhelming shower of grape, to which succeeded a charge of cavalry of the Imperial Guard, the head of Ney's column fired its volley and advanced with the bayonet. The British artillery now opened at half range, and, although the plunging fire scathed and devastated the dark ranks of the Guards, on they came; Ney himself, on foot, at their head. Twice the leading division of that gallant column turned completely round, as the withering fire wasted and consumed them; but they were resolved to win.

Already they gained the crest of the hill, and the first line of the British were falling back before them. The artillery closes up; the flanking fire from the guns upon the road opens upon them; the head of their column breaks like a shell; the Duke seizes the moment, and advances on foot towards the ridge.

"Up, Guards, and at them!" he cried.

The hour of triumph and vengeance had arrived. In a moment the Guards were on their feet; one volley was poured in; the bayonets were brought to the charge; they closed upon the enemy; then was seen the most dreadful struggle that the history of all war can present. Furious with long-restrained passion, the Guards rushed upon the leading divisions; the seventy-first and ninety-fifth, and twenty-sixth overlapped them on the flanks. Their generals fell thickly on every side; Michel, Jamier, and Mallet are killed: Friant lies wounded upon the ground; Ney, his dress pierced and ragged with balls, shouts still to advance; but the leading files waver; they fall back; the supporting divisions thicken; confusion, panic succeeds; the British press down; the cavalry come galloping up to their assistance; and, at last, pell-mell, overwhelmed and beaten, the French fall back upon the Old Guard. This was the decisive moment of the day—the Duke closed his glass, as he said, "The field is won. Order the whole line to advance."

On they came, four deep, and poured like a torrent from the height.

"Let the Life Guards charge them," said the Duke; but every aide-de-camp on his staff was wounded, and I myself brought the order to Lord Uxbridge.

Lord Uxbridge had already anticipated his orders, and bore down with four regiments of heavy cavalry upon the French centre. The Prussian artillery thundered upon their flank, and at their rear. The British bayonet was in their front; while a panic fear spread through their ranks, and the cry of "*Sauve qui peut!*" resounded on all sides. In vain Ney, the bravest of the brave; in vain Soult, Bertrand, Gourgaud, and Labedoyère, burst from the broken disorganised mass, and called on them to stand fast. A battalion of the Old Guard, with Cambronne at their head, alone obeyed the summons: forming into square, they stood between the pursuers and their prey, offering themselves a sacrifice to the tarnished honour of their arms: to the order to surrender, they answered with a cry of defiance.

[The day, however, was lost. O'Malley's account of the last words of Napoleon on the field, and his retreat, are an honourable tribute to the genius of a fallen foe. This, with his reflections on the morning after the battle, we must defer till our next, as well as our remarks on the work generally.]

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# CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL



"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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## Glimpses of Women.

BY THE EDITOR.

### DEBASEMENT OF THE SEX.

It is not from individual prostration that the character of woman in any country should be deduced: where severity prevails unchecked, where chastity is deemed a mockery, and purity called absurd, there it is that the sublime relations of woman to society are debased, and an incurable evil engendered on the manners of all that live. Wherever woman is strengthened in virtue, and admired in the chaste conduct of household duties, there will society progress, and become refined; there will all the affections blossom in beauty, and the passions be reduced to tenderness, docility, and reason. No country has ever arrived at greatness in which the women are kept in slavery—where their redeeming influence is not permitted to circulate through social life; but where household ties are strongest—where the women are elevated most, there all people wax mighty in inherent strength, and cultivate themselves to a glorious advancement. From a society so reared and adorned by good women, come forth patriots, scholars, and religionists; ay, even although in the midst of that society, in its capitals and crowded cities, there may be many who unblushingly proclaim that sin and shame still fester in prurient growth.

We do not wish to arrogate to the women of Great Britain a higher claim for virtue than they merit; for of them it must be said that their social education is much neglected, and that a greater degree of decorum and fidelity is expected of them by nature, than they have been taught by experience to shun, or by example to detect, the grosser ideas of life. It is placing woman in too trying a position to call her naturally good, and then, in subjecting her to the allurements of art, and the blandishments of fashion, to expect that from these seductive ordeals she shall escape undishonoured, uninjured in character, unpolluted in mind. In France, female society is said to exist on a more loose and consequently less elevated foundation, by which an anchorite morality is not expected of them; yet are they as high-souled in honour, as chary of their reputation outside the veil as many. It must not be supposed, however, that fashionable and dissipated travellers can witness the best conduct of the continental women; they see all that is frivolous, much that is indecorous; but they never get to the firesides of the homely; they see the women who flutter out of their element, and by them characterise the generality of female society. It may be received as a sound maxim, that wherever civilization has lingered, there has woman caught it up; and although she may not in every case have had strength of mind sufficient to do all with that wisdom requires, she has still, under her difficulties, made far more agreeable and virtuous use of it than has man; for in his social advancement he has been selfish for himself, neglectful of her who looked to him for support. On the other hand, woman cannot elevate herself without forcibly dragging along with her the imperious animal under which she crouches.

Thus it is that the social condition of the female sex is a safe index by which to judge of the extent to which civilization has arrived. Until the women have attained perfection, knowledge has not done its work; where they are debased and made instruments of crime, there has the dawn of improvement not yet awoke—it matters not whether in a country or in a household. Let us look abroad upon the semi-savage state, and witness the condition of those by whom these races are perpetuated.

Among the proud old Romans, the master-minds of earth, the law-declared that a married woman caught in incontinence should suffer death; yet their husbands had the privilege of presenting them to their friends as they would any delicacy at table! Men who prided themselves in wisdom were so wrapt up in their proud conceit, that they stooped not to consider who taught their ladies the vice of marital infidelity. They had deemed her a creature fit only for animal purposes, and treated her as such. If at any time she exercised her own inclinations, in a way which they had taught her to think no disgrace,

they murdered her. This, too, was during the boasted period of the consulship, when freedom was said to sit at the gates of Rome, while the whole world looked on with envy and admiration. Under the emperors the punishment, in such cases, was commuted from death to one even more barbarous. The dowry of a woman so guilty was confiscated, and she was condemned to walk the streets without the privilege of choosing or denying any claimant who sought her society. The filthiest and most degraded of all the wretches who swarmed in the kennels of Rome might claim possession of the proudest beauty who had so fallen. A dame, who might have willingly embraced every friend her husband sanctioned, was an honourable woman; but she who had dared, in so degraded a state of morals as was this, to satisfy, without her lord's permission, the appetite he himself might have created, was doomed to infamy for ever. It is not surprising that so long as these laws and customs existed domestic quiet was unknown, and that deeds of blood as well as shame desecrated the marriage bed. To Theodosius is due the honour of abolishing these disgraceful practices; but a rottenness of so long a growth could not be extirpated by a decree; the ulcer still festered, though no longer seen upon the surface; and the society thus shaken to its base, and hollow in its core, fell crumblingly to pieces, a just revenge for those whose pollution only thus was ended.

In Malabar, a country remarkable for reproach of every kind, the same debasing custom prevailed; and even now, in consequence of the foul character of its European visitants, the same practice still exists. The women, however, possess the privilege denied to the erring of their sex in Rome. In the islands along the coast, it is usual for a husband to make a present or a loan of his wife to the voyagers; and on adding a young woman to his household, he will esteem it an honour for any stranger to possess her first.

The Spaniards told us that in Peru a man considered himself eternally disgraced if he found that he had wedded a virgin. The girls of Mytelene, when they reached womanhood, were said to go about enticing strangers to release them of their reproach, as until that took place they might in vain aspire to the honours of wedlock. This dreadful state of society, however, is not so disgusting as that mentioned by Herodotus, who says that a people in Lybia lived like animals; no one knew or cared anything of their offspring: there were neither fathers or brothers known: all lived in that promiscuous confusion which indicated a state almost incapable of belief: the princes of Spain to this day, appear to imitate this example, as no degree of consanguinity appears to preclude a marriage amongst them.

In the western isles of Scotland, but it was a long, long time ago, the chiefs had no property, no house, no wife of their own; they had, however, the entire command of all possessed by their subjects, so far as their individual wants or caprices required. This was engendered by political motives, as it was thought the chief would, under such circumstances, be less likely to aggrandise himself, and be more induced to advance the general welfare of the whole. They forgot, poor wretches, that he had no incentive to honour—to deeds of battle, or schemes for their protection; they saw not that he became a living vampire, who rioted at will to the injury of all. It has been stated, but of the truth of which we cannot vouch, that in some other neighbouring districts of the Hebrides, there existed a custom by which the chief could claim the bridegroom's place on the marriage night, as an acknowledgment on the part of a wed-

\* It is not a little remarkable, that while the Romans thus accounted matronly purity as of little moment, their laws should have been so stringent respecting maidens. Their persons were sacred. Even when guilty of a crime deemed worthy of death, the law became powerless, and acknowledged the holiness of their condition. The daughter of Sejanus, (whose fortunes will occupy a chapter of our Roman history), had been condemned to die, but no one could be found to prove that she had been deprived of her vestal character. Her accusers, however, sought her death, and effected their purpose only by causing the executioner to make her his victim as a man, that he might thereafter claim her as the victim of the law. It is from such a code as this that modern England takes its example of capital punishments—it takes all its severity, without a chance of the chivalrous redemption.

ded pair of their entire vassalage. A system which thus placed life and property completely in the hands of a superior was not likely, indeed, to respect conjugal independence, but where no instances are given in support of a vague remark, we may be permitted to account this one disgrace the less for which the wisdom of our ancestors is accountable.

There can be no doubt, however, that both in England and Scotland, wives used to be bought and sold, as well as left by will, like other goods and chattels of the lord of the mansion. To Pope Gregory the ladies of this country owe a kindly wish, for he instructed the Archbishop of Canterbury to set his face against the practice, and endeavour to make the rude English a little more christian in their actions.

It was once a custom of Venice for mothers to sell their daughters for the good of the public, and they accounted it no slight honour to have been able to obtain a higher price than had some neighbour. The girls were all estimated in value according to what they would bring in a public market; and if a man proposed marriage, this price was set before him as showing that she was not to be easily wooed or lightly won. In Circassia women are still to be bought: they are reared up like our prize cattle, for the highest price, and their symmetry and appearance studied as much as any prize ox that ever graced the shambles.

Among some of the African tribes similar enormities are committed to a great extent; and, notwithstanding their depraved and brutal condition, their practices have been imitated by many of the voluptuous nations of Asia. Even the religion of Zoroaster, notwithstanding the sublime morality it inculcated, permitted the marriage of brothers and sisters, while the Tartar tribes, rather than marry a stranger, will place their own daughters in the situation of their mothers.

When the Arctic voyagers first appeared in Lapland the natives offered their wives to the embraces of the stranger; and some of the aborigines of New South Wales lived by accommodating the refuse of seamen with their wives and daughters. In these cases, however, the women were under the control of brutes, without an idea of independence or purity in their minds. This degradation has existed from all ages among those who lived amongst the beasts of the field, and saw no wrong in their imitation. Herodotus, while he spoke with just indignation of man in so low and lost estate, distinguished ignorance from vanity, and gave as the vilest condition of woman's fate that of a district where the females indicated the number of their lovers by the fringed tassels on their garments. Where polygamy is permitted, the women are the greatest sufferers, for they suffer all the agonies of jealousy, without the hope, the power, or the means of remedy. But where polyandry is tolerated, there decay marches swiftly on to death, and a feeble population ultimately make their native land a desolation—a prey to the forest prowler, or to the fire-brand of an enraged invader—for by violence, when not by natural decay, have all such nations been swept unpitied from existence.

Arresting ourselves in the detail of this grossness, let us inquire, whether or not the women so debased were not capable of as pure affections as those who endured sacrifice and suffering, as those who proved their heroism and devotion for them they truly loved? Ignorance is heaped up around them, and they see not the deformity of their own actions; yet are they capable of endurance for man's sake. Hardship to them loses its force, and death its terrors, when approved of by their tyrants. The brutality of custom can never erase the yearnings of devotional love from woman's heart, although it may turn aside the current of their impulses, and make them look on vice as a portion of their duty! The poor Nubian girl walks nearly naked, yet has she been known to sell her slender garment to the inquisitive stranger, and gone home rejoicing to her mother's hut with a paltry piece of gold. In so doing who shall say that she was not as virtuous and modest as the giddiest coquette that ever flirted, or the primest prude that sighed and blushed. Among the North American Indians there exists a loftiness of morality, a



self-denial of savageness, which a Mahometan could not understand, and a Christian decline to practise. Among the aborigines of New Zealand the virginal property is accounted of little value in a bride, yet are the wives trustworthy to the last degree. It is a melancholy truth that those savages who have had least intercommunication with foreigners are the purest in their morals, the highest in intellect. The outskirts in civilised life appear to be peopled with the rankest human weeds, and wherever philanthropy seeks out new objects for its succour, it finds that the monster breed has been there before it, and sown the tares of wickedness in every soil. It is yet a far day to the abolition of female slavery—let those who are farthest removed from its scourge rejoice the most, and prove that they deserve as well as enjoy their pre-eminence.

### The New Mode of Colonization.

BY EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD, ESQ.\*

EVEN if the rumour of the intention of Government to adopt a large measure of emigration has no solid foundation at present, it seems likely to fulfil itself by exciting hopes which the Government would be very unwilling to disappoint. Some plan, therefore, may perhaps be submitted to Parliament in the coming session. With this hope, I am induced to send you a few remarks on the subject, as a contribution towards fixing on a good plan. I wish to publish them now, because I am on the point of quitting England with a prospect of being absent for several months.

The rumour of a project of emigration on a large scale has been so well received by the public, that I propose to confine myself to the consideration of *means* only. If this thing could be done by wishing, every government would be ready to do it. Every government is deterred from doing it by a fear of adding to the public burdens. The idea of extensive emigration is still commonly associated with the idea of taxation for the purpose. And, indeed, when one thinks of emigration by itself—of the mere sending away of people—the next thought is inevitably about the cost of the process. And at this disagreeable point most people stop in reflecting on the subject. They stop here, because they have not learned to regard emigration as but a part of something else. It is in truth only one of the elements of colonisation. Viewed in this light, emigration appears to be susceptible of being carried on without any cost to the mother country. It is said that about forty thousand poor persons emigrated to our southern colonies during the past twelve-month. They could not pay for their own passage: the cost of their passage was not defrayed by any grant of Parliament: the whole expense of this great emigration is borne by the colonies, for which the accession of people is an increase of wealth out of all proportion larger than the expense of the passage. Do these colonies complain of having to pay for this great immigration of people? No; they only ask for more hands on the same terms, knowing well, that just in proportion as they are supplied with labour will be their means of paying for its importation. Here, then, is the principle of a mode of carrying on emigration, which steers clear of the only objection to an extensive plan. The whole cost must be thrown on the colonies benefited by the measure, and will be cheerfully defrayed by them. Such is the satisfactory conclusion drawn from viewing emigration as only a part of colonization.

It happens, in the next place, that the means by which the colonies thus pay for emigration from the mother-country, are not provided by colonial taxation, but arise, one may almost say spontaneously, as an incident of arrangements made with a view to colonial prosperity independently of emigration. The old plan of granting waste land for nothing was abandoned, because it was seen to operate as a check to the productiveness of colonial industry and the increase of colonial wealth. It produced this effect by causing the extent of appropriated land to be excessive in proportion to population. In order to bring about a better proportion between land and people, one in which the colonists should be less dispersed, and labour for hire more available—it was found requisite to diminish the facilities of obtaining new land. And this, it soon became obvious, could be done in no way so easily, so fairly, and so efficiently, as by putting a ready-money price on all new land. The consequence was, a fresh source of public revenue for the colony—a fund that seemed to come by a sort of magic, as if for the purpose of enabling the colony to procure labour without taxing anybody. If the proceeds of the sales of land were turned into an immigration-fund, the buyers of the land obtained for their money, not the land merely, but precisely that which was calculated to add most to its value—to make it cheap at the price which they had paid for it—namely, an increase of the colonial population in exact proportion to their purchase-money. And the greater the immigration, the more land would be sold; the more land was sold, the greater would be the immigration. This system may be termed a colonizing machine worked by an inherent and continually-growing power.

Let me now endeavour to show distinctly that this system has never yet had a fair trial.

To a fair trial of the system—to such a trial, I mean, as would have exhibited its greatest power of emigration without the cost to the mother-country—several conditions were indispensable.

The first was, that the price required for the new land

should be sufficient for the objects with which any price had been imposed. A penny per acre, for example, would have been less than the quit-rent previously demanded for new land, and would have had no effect at all. What price would have been too high, it is not so easy to point out; nor do I intend to enter here on the question of the measure by which to get at the golden mean. It is sufficient for my present purpose to state, that the colonies in which this system has been tried furnish abundant evidence of the price having been everywhere too low with reference to the object in view; and the questions put by members of the recent Committee of the House of Commons on South Australian affairs, show that the public men who are best acquainted with the subject, incline to an effective though gradual raising of the price.

The second condition of a fair experiment was, that the whole, or at least some large, fixed proportion of the proceeds of sales, should be devoted to immigration. This has been done nowhere. While it remains undone, a principal element is wanting of any sound calculation as to what would be the proper price; for it is obvious, that as the aim of a price is to occasion a due proportion between land and people, very different prices will be requisite under the different circumstances of the whole, or a part, or none of the purchase-money being used in adding to the colonial population: the more the purchase-money adds to population, the less will be the price required for causing any given proportion between land and people; the less an increase of people is occasioned by the purchase-money, the higher must be the regulating price of land. It may be asserted further, that any diversion of the purchase-money from the purpose of adding to population, necessarily operates as a partial tax for general purposes on the buyers of land and on the class of labourers for hire; it makes the buyers of land alone contribute so much for general purposes; and as it calls for a higher price than would have sufficed if the whole purchase-money had added to population, it necessarily prolongs the term of the poor immigrant's service for hire, by postponing the period at which savings from his wages will enable him to become a landed proprietor. It was found hard to establish the propriety of requiring any price for new land, even for the purpose of providing labour: but now opinion seems inclined to go into the opposite extreme, and there are some who think that waste land is the best source of general revenue, and pioneers of the wilderness the fittest subjects of taxation for general purposes. But the uncertainty is worst of all. Uncertainty as to the rate at which land-sales will add to the colonial population carries uncertainty into several matters besides that of the business of dealing in land: beyond casting doubt and insecurity on the value of land and the progress of settlement, it renders the supply of the labour-market and the rate of wages precarious; it seems to be calculated to have as mischievous an effect on the economy of a colony as uncertainty about the standard of value would have in this country.

The third condition was, that the mode of sale (whatever the price and the use made of the purchase-money) should be based on sound principles. For a long while I had not imagined that this was a matter of much importance; and such appears to have been always the state of mind of those who have had to deal practically with the subject. Inquiry and reflection have taught me that the mode of sale has effects of the greatest moment. If a uniform price is adopted, whatever the quality and situation of the land, then, unless there be always on sale a quantity equal to the wants of the colonists from time to time, this restriction of quantity will have the same effect as an increase of price in diminishing the proportion which land bears to population. If under the plan of a uniform price the surveys are not carried far in advance of the wants of the colonists, the choice of buyers will often be restricted to lots of inferior quality, or position, so as to occasion a waste of capital and labour. If the mode of sale is by auction, at a low upset price, with a view to a selling average of much higher amount by means of competition, then (with the exception of certain spots adapted for towns and suburban lots) the price obtained will depend on the quantity put up for sale. If the quantity open to purchasers much exceeds their wants, the selling price will hardly ever exceed the upset price (as happens in Canada and throughout the United States), and the auction will be a mere mockery of competition. In this case, the low upset price will really be the regulating price, contrary to the intentions of the government. On the other hand, under the auction plan, it would not matter in the least what was the upset price if the quantity brought to sale were below the wants of the colonists. In this latter case, the price obtained would really be settled by competition, or rather by the officer of the government who determined the quantity to be offered for sale. Another great objection to the auction plan is that it occasions delay, by requiring notice in order that there may be competition; it often subjects to disappointment those who have spent time and money in selecting particular lots, which after all are obtained by higher bidders at the sale; and in Canada and the United States, most assuredly, it gives occasion to a great amount of jobbing, trickery, and fraud.\* The single advantage attributed to it is, that it obtains for the Government more money than any other mode of sale. But is this

an advantage? Is it desirable that the Government should get from the class of land-buyers more than the price which is sufficient for a due proportion between people and land? And if it were desirable to get more than that sufficient price, would it not be secured even more easily and surely by adding the desired excess to a sufficient uniform price, than by the auction plan with all its irregularities, its dependence on the quantity brought to sale, its notices, delays, disappointments, and rogueries? I know that the auction plan has recommended itself by the large sums obtained for small quantities of land marked out by the Government as town-sites and suburban lots; but it may be questioned whether, if the Government could obtain the sufficient price (and more, if more were thought desirable) by the simple plan of a fixed uniform price, it does wisely to encumber itself with the pursuit of a business so liable to miscalculation, so often ending in disappointment among the buyers and reproaches against the seller, and above all, when undertaken by the Government, so apt to stimulate merely speculative investment, as that of choosing the sites of intended towns in a half-explored country, and selling town and suburban lots by auction. Is it to be wished that the Government should take the part of land-jobbing companies or individuals, without the pecuniary responsibilities that belong to the latter? If not, the auction plan has no recommendation to balance its inconveniences. An alleged inconvenience of the uniform price is, that it requires ample surveys and the fixing of a "sufficient" price by authority; which, indeed it does: but so does the auction plan, if the quantity brought to sale be ample, since in that case the bulk of purchasers will buy at the upset price; and it is surely better to acknowledge and face the difficulty of fixing the right price by law, than to fail in the attempt to evade that difficulty by so irregular and uncertain a process as a capricious limitation of the quantity brought to sale. In fact, however, neither the one plan nor the other has been firmly established with its proper accompaniments. Under the uniform plan, the price has been far too low; under the auction plan, the quantity has been far too great, or the upset price too low; and instead of either plan being fixed by the final choice of Government, both have been the subject of perpetual controversy and indecision.

The fourth condition was, supposing the price to be sufficient, that the greatest liberty and facility of selection should be afforded to purchasers. When the Government gets the true maximum—that is, the highest price required for the only purpose with which waste land ought ever to be saddled with any price—it ought so to manage matters that no purchaser should be compelled to take land of inferior quality or position while there was any of the superior kind within reach. The system, therefore, requires ample surveys. Unsurveyed land is not land for the purposes of this system, any more than unpicked cotton or unthreshed corn is fit for market. Practically, the want of ample surveys has not been severely felt (though it led in South Australia to the costly device of "special surveys" at the public expense), because neither the uniform nor the upset price has any where been high enough to make it a great hardship that the land of the best position and quality was not open to purchasers; but if ever the price should be raised so as to meet the views expressed by Lord Howick in the South Australian Committee of last session, ample surveys will be indispensable, in order that there may be a wide liberty of choice. And here it may be well to notice two objections to such a price as Lord Howick is supposed to contemplate. The first is, that at such a price, whether fixed or upset, land of inferior quality or position would not find purchasers. Then let it remain unpurchased, so long as there is preferable land to sell. But when the preferable land had been bought and cultivated, and the district had been peopled and improved, the land which had been at first neglected, though still waste itself, would no longer be in the midst of a waste, but would have acquired a position superior to that of any land in the waste, and would then, unless rendered wholly sterile by nature, fetch the price of the best land in waste districts; and if any wholly sterile land remained for ever unsold, it would occasion no greater inconvenience than that which had been decreed by nature under every mode of colonization. The second objection to a sufficient price is, that though suitable for rich soils which would make a large return to capital and labour, it would be too high for great part of such a country as Australia, where the main employment of capital is sheep-farming, and where, in some districts, several acres are required to feed a sheep. And this objection must be fully admitted. But in admitting it, the statement has to be made that nobody has ever proposed to put a price on the use of natural pasturage. That might be granted for nothing, as all land used to be, but in strict proportion to the stock kept by the grantee, and on condition that whenever anybody wanted to buy any of it, that portion should be resumed by the government for sale, without even a tendency to defeat the object of insisting on a price for every acre acquired as permanent property.

The fifth condition was, that, whatever might be the price and the mode of sale, both should be applied uniformly to all parts of a colony and to all the colonies of any group. One plan in one place, and another in another place not far off, were sure to counteract each other. This is so obvious as scarcely to require explanation; yet in the only group of colonies in which the mode of

\* I have been assured that, at a recent auction sale in Australia, very improper influence was used to prevent biddings against the purchasers of certain lots.

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sale, with a view to immigration, has been tried at all, it has been tried under a variety of modifications at the same time.

The sixth condition was, supposing the uniform or upset price to be "sufficient," that sales to come should be anticipated by the raising of loans on the security of future sales, and the use of the proceeds of such loans applied as a fund for immigration. This is required for a new colony, because the first emigrants will hardly give the sufficient price (whether upset or uniform) until the settlement is, in some measure, peopled; and it is still more required for old colonies, because in every one of them the discarded plan of granting has caused such an excess of land in proportion to people, that, except for certain old reserves or peculiarly eligible spots, there would be no purchasers at the sufficient price until the population of the colony was considerably increased. It has been objected to such loans that they would burden the colony with debt. And what then? The incurring of debt for a good object, the borrowing of money with a view to profit, is as legitimate a course of proceeding for governments as for individuals, provided the borrowed money is laid out so as to insure the means of its repayment with profit besides. Now, if the government peopled its land first, and sold it afterwards, it would be able to sell it for a great deal more than if it sold it first, and peopled it afterwards. This is proved by the great and rapid increase in the market value of land that invariably takes place in new settlements which attract population. If the government could begin by taking people to its land without borrowing, that would be the best course; but the government has no capital. The advocates of loans for emigration to be raised on the security of future sales of land, propose only that the powerful aid of capital should be brought to the work of colonisation. They say to the government, take example from the manufacturer of cotton, who lays out his own or a borrowed capital in building a factory and providing it with machinery and raw material, reckoning on the powers of production which the use of capital gives, as a means of replacing his investment with profit. But governments, it may be urged, are so wasteful in their outlay, and so apt to be extravagant when they have facilities of borrowing! The answer is, that the business of laying out money on emigration, and afterwards selling waste land (on the simplest plan), may be made a work of routine, and so guarded by publicity, and other checks to extravagance, as to preclude all danger of waste. Indeed, experience is here on the side of those who propose that the government should use a capital in colonizing: a large amount of the proceeds of the sales of waste land has been expended on emigration under the direction of government, and with remarkable success as respects both economy and the well-doing of the passengers. But another objector says, if the government has too much money for emigration, it will send out too many labourers, and there will be suffering for want of employment. Why should the government ever have "too much" money for emigration? Why should it ever borrow more than enough to supply from time to time the ascertained want of labour in the colonies to which the system was applied? And even if the government were so careless as to commit such errors, there is reason to believe that an excess of labouring emigration beyond the wants of the colonies would be accompanied by an amount of capital sufficient to employ the capital. The emigration of labour seems always to give occasion to the emigration of capital: if a shipowner trading to any of the southern colonies can but fill his steerage with passengers of the labouring class, he is pretty sure of finding occupants for the cabins; and this would be still more invariably the case if the labour-emigration were more constant and more easily foreseen, so that capitalists should be more certain of obtaining labour on their arrival in the colony. I know of no other objection to the borrowing of money for emigration on the single security of the land-sales. But at all events, this is so essentially part of the system originally proposed by me, that, if all the other conditions of its working well had been adopted, I should still say that it had not been fairly tried.

The seventh and last condition was, that the whole system should be fixed, or at least so far fixed as not to be liable to change in any of its material parts without public discussion and ample notice. I cannot imagine how this should be done except by act of Parliament. At present everything is in a state of uncertainty, not to say of perpetual change. Nobody concerned in the matter seems to know what is his proper business, and still less what may happen in a month with respect to any part of the subject. At one time the secretary of state determines, and the governor finds some reason for declining to act on the instruction; at another, the governor makes a plan of his own, which is overruled by the secretary of state. Sometimes commissioners are to do everything, then the colonial office, next the local governments; and decisions of the utmost consequence are continually made as lightly, and with as little responsibility, as if nobody had an interest in them. In one settlement they sell by auction; in another, close by, at the uniform price to-morrow. What portion of the proceeds of land-sales is devoted to immigration varies continually everywhere. As to many points, the language of regulations is so vague as to admit of different interpretations, and sometimes to be hard to comprehend. Distinctness, uniformity, order, and stability are almost utterly wanting in almost every particular. Considering

the unwillingness of most men to embark their fortunes in a career which hardly admits of calculations as to the future or the present, the wonder is, not that more has not been done with the new mode of colonization, but that so much has been accomplished.

This array of requirements is much less formidable than it appears at first sight; as will be manifest to those who observe that a compliance with them would tend rather to simplify than to complicate the process. Nor are the deficiencies and errors which it exhibits a fit subject of reproach to any one. Instead of complaining that a nearer approach to perfection has not been made, we shall be more just if we express satisfaction at the rapid progress of improvement which the present exhibits in comparison with the barbarous doings of ten years ago. This is still a new subject. But the most careless observer must perceive that there is a growing sense of its importance; and eminent public men, on both sides as to party, have paid so much attention to it, that unquestionably if the whole case were now considered by persons in authority with the object of devising a general plan of colonization, some very good measure would be the result.

At the same time, I am not so sanguine as to hope that any attempt will be presently made to find out and establish the best possible mode of proceeding. And indeed it may be questioned whether, as regards a subject still imperfectly understood, it would be wise to aim at perfection. In this case, though the newest road might not necessarily be the very best, the very best would be wholly new to many; and such ways are apt to be full of lions. A measure sufficient for the time might be adopted without startling anybody. Let us but keep moving in the path marked out by what has been done already, and with great acknowledged benefits, in one group of our colonies. It would suffice for the present if the government should submit a measure to Parliament for raising and fixing the price (whether uniform or upset) of waste land in all the colonies of the Southern group—devoting the whole, or a large fixed proportion of the proceeds of sales to emigration—authorizing the executive to raise by loan on the security of the waste lands of each of those colonies separately (and without any other guarantee from Parliament), a certain sum for the sole purpose of giving a free passage to that colony to persons of the labouring class properly selected—and placing the administration of the law in the hands of a special department of the Colonial Office.

#### The Prude's Husband.

THERE remains for us only now, in our outline of the self-drawn character of Madame Lafarge, to give her account of the death of the victim—as victim he was to some foul influence or another—abridged from the same translation which we have already favourably noticed. We may here add, that there are still a number of circumstances to explain, which can only be cleared up by the publication of the concluding volume of Madame's memoirs. Judging from the success which has attended the present attempt of the translator, we have little doubt of his being equally successful with the expected volume.

We learn from a long account of the miseries which Madame endured at Glandier, that the house was old-fashioned, that it was in ill-repair, and worse furnished; that her husband desired to be too practical in his attentions, and chagrined her by want of sentiment and an absence of all refinement in taste. To prove, however, that he loved her, he gave her full power to pull his house to pieces, to alter, amend, or destroy, as she thought proper: masons and carpenters were placed under her sole control, and she was initiated in some of the mysteries of iron manufacture. We also learn from the narrative, that M. Lafarge had busied himself with a design, by which he hoped to ensure a cheaper and better mode of casting; after several trials, the plan is deemed successful, and he sets off to Paris with the view of securing a patent for his invention, and negotiating a loan, by which to carry it into profitable effect.

Madame declines to accompany him, notwithstanding his repeated solicitations, but admits that the parting-day was a sorrowful time when it came, and that she more than once felt inclined to go with him. What she calls her resolution, however, prevailed; and she remained at home, determined to attend to her husband's interests, and be a dutiful and an attentive wife. She honestly admits—"His absence had left a void in my heart; and the privation of his affectionate cares taught me their full value. The pleasures of life do not consist alone in the affections bestowed, but also in those received; and the country, however remote, in which one is loved, cannot long remain a land of exile."

Gradually the old lady gets jealous of the influence of Madame over her son, and begins to feel uneasy respecting her conduct; the letters from the husband to the wife had to be read aloud in the hearing of the mother, and every kind expression was tortured and commented on, to the vexation of Madame, who instructed her husband to write one page for her ear or eye alone, and another to be torn off for general perusal. This irritated the old lady still more; and enough is said by Madame to inform us that from that time a settled and peculiar ill-looking took place between them. She endeavoured to scrutinise the miscellaneous correspondence of Madame, who thus graphically describes her conduct:—

"Here is a letter for you from Paris: who is it from? It looks like a gentleman's writing. It is very bulky: are you pleased? Perhaps it is from your sister? Do the women in Paris correspond with gentlemen?" To all these annoying queries I quietly replied with indignant calmness, that coming from persons with whom she was unacquainted, the contents could not interest her; that I corresponded with all my old friends, regardless of the very unimportant distinction of sex. Finally, having reperused my letter while my mother-in-law confronted me like a gigantic note of interrogation, I deliberately burned it, and so destroyed in her all hope of satisfying her suspicious curiosity. Madame Lafarge never forgave me this frank reserve. She denounced it to M. Lafarge, as he himself informed me; to her brother, who also defended me; and afterwards to others, who, virtually scandalized like herself at my conduct, found ample matter for all sorts of slander and calumny."

After much sickening delay, and hope deferred, M. Lafarge at length obtains a prospect of securing a patent, but is disappointed in all quarters respecting the loan. Madame wrote to all her friends, soliciting their assistance. She felt her impulses rise in his favour, while her heart rebelled against the meanness to which she thought he would be reduced in cringing to money-lenders for assistance. She sent him an unlimited power of attorney to sell her small estate of Villers-Hollen, or to raise money on it by any means. She preached patience and resignation to her husband, and endeavoured to put tender expressions into her letters, that at night they might lull to sleep the deceits and fatigues of the day.

We now come to the marrow of her story, in which is involved the severity if not the mystery of her fate. We therefore give this part of her statement at full length:—"At the moment of his departure for Paris, I had requested M. Lafarge to send me a little cake from the shop of the celebrated Felix; not that I indulged myself in any allusion concerning the state of staleness and dryness in which it must arrive, but delighting myself in idea with a fête which I was desirous of offering to my recollections of gourmandising and of youth. Formerly my cousins and I were accustomed to appoint as a rendezvous the Passage des Panoramas, where we might shake each other's hand, and exchange our little secrets of the evening before, while our governesses, forgetful of us, were enjoying the cakes of the renowned pastry-cook. M. Lafarge had appeared to comprehend my desire. I wished to remind him of it, and to afford him a similar pleasure to that which he was to procure for me, by adding to the parcel containing my portrait, some little cakes and chesnuts of his dear Limousin. It was agreed that Madame Lafarge, whose reputation for pastry was colossal, and who was not accustomed to concede to any one the grand work of making side-dishes, should take charge of the confection of the cakes, and that on the day when M. Lafarge would receive them at Paris, she should make some others to be eaten by our colony. That second part of the project, which was entirely my own, seemed to me charming, original, and I had the pleasure of a child in thinking of a supper of which the partakers, separated by a hundred leagues, should thus become again united in thought and in heart. Knowing that my sister would be at Paris, I desired M. Lafarge to invite her to our reunion, I even invited Madame Buffère (Lafarge's sister) to that little fête; but she answered me, that being with child, she could not undertake the journey, yet promised to make at Faye a third portion of that reminiscent tea-party."

"This kindly little idea of the supper was unsuccessful. My husband told me, that on the evening of the arrival of the packet, being obliged to pass part of the night from home, he could not eat more than a mouthful of the cakes; that he had returned suffering much from pains in the stomach; and that he was put to bed with frightful headache and vomiting. This intelligence disquieted me for an entire day without reason; as I learnt on the next that a few cups of lemonade had calmed that slight indisposition, which had been much less violent than those which had so often alarmed me at Glandier."

"About that period there occurred to me a very painful scene with Madame Lafarge. She had undertaken to procure the legalisation of an act indispensable to her son for his loan. I know not by what chance, when she sent it to me for signature, I had the curiosity to read the document, and I could not express all that I experienced of torment, grief, and indignation, on finding that, instead of the power of attorney, I was reading a will, written in my name, and which went to alter all my wishes and all my sentiment. It was impossible for me to doubt. My mother-in-law had violated the will which I had placed under the safeguard of her honour; she had submitted my most secret thoughts to a man of law; had charged him to legalise wishes which were not mine; had sought to pass my fortune into the hands of her daughter's children, of strangers, desirous that not one of the thoughts and affections of my heart should survive me, and that all those whom I had loved should doubly weep me, in believing that I had been chilled by forgetfulness before being iced by death. It was an infamy. After having speculated upon my marriage, was it still necessary to speculate on my death? A terrible idea passed through my soul. In the same bed in which I nightly reposed, another wife, young, confiding, and isolated, like me, from all her friends, had come to her death, having signed a will which despoiled her family. Had she been dealt falsely with? Had she been a victim? "My God, my God, have pity!" I cried, throwing



myself on my knees. At that moment, my mother-in-law, who had ascertained her blunder, and had hoped that I had sent back the paper without reading it, entered my chamber.

"I know all," I said to her, in a voice which trembled with emotion and despair. "I know that you have violated all that is most sacred—the secrets of death. I know that you have wished to plunder my sister—that you have sought to make me give the lie to my affections and to my heart in that awful moment when we depart from life. Providence has disclosed to me your snares; they will be henceforth useless. Yes, I will make a will—I will send it to my sister—I will give her this time all that it is possible for me to give her; and if I am soon to die, my faithful Clementine shall not quit my pillow, but shall preserve my last agony from violence and craft."

"Marie, Marie!" exclaimed Madame Lafarge; "I implore you not to disinheritor Charles. He knows nothing of my attempt."

"I will believe so—I have need to believe it; but my resolution is not the less unalterable."

"Marie, I entreat you, forget it all. Speak not of it to my son: he will never forgive me, though it is for his interest I have done it."

"It will be impossible for me to forget; but I promise you that I will not speak of it to your son. You ought not to blush before him, Madame. Not forgetfulness, but silence and forgiveness."

"But if you have a child, will you dispossess that for your sister?"

"A child? Oh, if God should bestow upon me that treasure, can you believe that all my fortune, my whole existence, my sole solicitude, all that is me or mine, will not be devoted to it?"

"Well, Marie, you have been unjust; for I have forged that other instrument but under the persuasion that you will have that child."

"It is impossible."

"I, however, am convinced of it; I know it."

"But I have been told that certain symptoms are requisite, which I have not."

"Those symptoms prove nothing for a first conception. Your eyes are sunken; you are sick at heart, have an invincible repugnance for some kinds of food, and your figure is less slender and less flexible. I tell you from my older experience that you are with child."

I was confounded at that revelation of Madame Lafarge. I was unable to believe her, yet dared not interrogate her farther. My inexperience was immense, absurd; I racked my poor head to no purpose. At length, after exciting myself, and stupifying my imagination for several days—after having heard it repeated in my ears a thousand times that I was already greatly changed, and very ostensibly enlarged in size—I believed in a miracle, and entertained the hope of being promoted to the dignity of a mother by the grace of God.

A number of petty annoyances are subsequently thrown in her way. The overseer of his works neglects his duty, sends away her masons, and conducts himself in a manner altogether inexplicable; he and her mother-in-law have long conferences, and by letters received from her husband, she learns that they are traducing her to him. Under such circumstances she earnestly desires his return, which accordingly takes place. We now come to the bed of death, surrounded by a mother, a sister, a niece, and a wife; and by the hand of one of these is the poison administered. The law has already declared Madame to be the culprit; yet, if her version of the story can be at all believed, she who brought her husband into the world sent him foully hence. With an account of this transaction in our next we shall close this painful narrative, and trust that the darkness which overshadows the dreadful deed will be removed, and the innocent, be they who they may, cleared from the stigma under which they suffer.

#### Charles O'Malley.

Now that this spirited serial is completed, we may, with more freedom, give our opinion of the merits of the work. With a talent for humour almost unrivalled, the author has ever contrived to heighten his comic sallies by a dash of sentiment or pathos, which shows him to be one cunning of fence, and well versed in the longings of the human heart. These transitions from grave to gay, more than elevated thoughts or original ideas, catch the reading public unawares, and give to the writer a degree of popularity which he could not otherwise so easily or shortly obtain. But with us there is a higher motive in our approbation. Unlike the generality of military authors, he deals not alone in fire and smoke, or stops short when he has harrowed the mind with scenes of slaughter—scenes which proclaim man capable of the wildest madness, and prove him, like the tiger who has tasted blood, to be insatiate in his desires, thoughtless in his career, and pitiless over a subjugated foe. Our present author, however, while he feels himself lifted up with his subject, and talks triumphantly of the deeds of arms he witnessed and shared, forgets not the best feelings of human nature in the ardour of the soldier. When the work of blood is done, and the torn and disfigured field steaming with the commingled mass of death and suffering, he preaches a stern morality in moving language, and asks, as it were, in the name of all who detest warlike enterprise, Why and for what is this? Although, as a dutiful soldier, he never enquires by what right Britain interfered with the domestic tragedies of France,

and although he shrinks from the avowal that it was the combined efforts of the sovereign powers of Europe which made Napoleon what he was, yet he also declines to add that that ambitious man unmade himself. He gives to all the praise which a soldier good and true can avow to an enemy, and paints lively and generously the devotion with which he was regarded by the entire of his imperial bands. When will we have a military writer that will explain to us why no such enthusiasm, no such affection, no such devotion even unto death was manifested to our own Great Captain? Was it the cause, or the man, or a mixture of both, which prevented it? We gave in our last the death of Picton, as said to be witnessed by the hero of the work. Why was no sympathy displayed by the battalions he was leading on? Why was the yell which accompanied his death-peal all that reached his parting sense? Oh! even on the battle field, to die without commiseration, must add to the cruelty, the torture, the dismay of death! There was a moment, when, by his desperation, Napoleon was in danger. At the last fearful period, when the Old Guard shouted defiance to the prevailing host, and as our cavalry, (to adopt the description given by O'Malley)—flushed and elated with victory, rode round their bristling ranks, no quailing look, no craven spirit was there. The Emperor endeavoured to repair the disaster: he rode with lightning speed hither and thither, commanding, ordering, imploring too; but already the night was falling the confusion became each moment more inextricable, and the effort was a fruitless one. A regiment of the Guards, and two batteries were in reserve behind Planthenoit; he threw them rapidly into position; but the overwhelming impulse of flight drove the mass upon them, and they were carried away upon the torrent of the beaten army. No sooner did the Emperor see this his last hope desert him, than he dismounted from his horse, and, drawing his sword, threw himself into a square, which the first regiment of chasseurs of the old guard had formed with a remnant of the battalion; Jerome followed him, as he called out,

"You are right, brother: here should perish all who bear the name of Bonaparte."

The same moment the Prussian light artillery rend the ranks asunder, and the cavalry charge down upon the scattered fragments. A few of his staff, who never left him, place the Emperor upon a horse and fly through the death-dealing artillery and musketry. A squadron of the Life Guards, to which I had attached myself, came up at the moment, and as Blucher's hussars rode madly here and there, where so lately the crowd of staff officers had denoted the presence of Napoleon, they expressed their rage and disappointment in curses and cries of vengeance."

The Old Guard bravely stood, and barred the passage of the pursuing foe, while the man adored was carried off by his friends—exciting even in the fiery imagination of their antagonists a degree of admiration which many have been found to acknowledge, accounting it no sin to add, that by the heroic sacrifice of that battalion alone was Napoleon enabled to quit the disastrous field.

The reflections of O'Malley on the morning after the battle are those of a lover of his kind—of one, who, although following the trade of a soldier, had not forgotten that he was still a man. He had been following in the pursuit, his horse was shot under him, and he fell stunned among a heap of slain. When he recovered—

"The day was breaking; the cold, gray light of morning was struggling through the misty darkness, when I once more recovered my consciousness. There are moments in life when memory can so suddenly conjure up the whole past before us, that there is scarcely time for a doubt, ere the disputed reality is palpable to our senses. Such was this to me. One hurried glance upon the wide, bleak plain before me, and every circumstance of the battle-field was present to my recollection. The dismounted guns, the broken waggons, the heaps of dead and dying, the straggling parties who on foot or horseback traversed the field, and the dark litters which carried the wounded, all betokened the sad evidences of the preceding day's battle.

"Close around me where I lay the ground was marked with the bodies of our cavalry, intermixed with the soldiers of the Old Guard; the broad brow and stalwart chest of the Saxon lay bleaching beside the bronzed and bearded warrior of Gaul, while the torn-up ground attested the desperation of that struggle which closed the day before.

"As my eye ranged over this harrowing spectacle, a dreadful anxiety shot through me as I asked myself whose had been the victory. A certain confused impression of flight and of pursuit remained in my mind; but, at the moment, the circumstances of my own position in the early part of the day increased the difficulty of reflection, and left me in a state of intense and agonising uncertainty. Although not wounded, I had been so crushed by my fall, that it was not without pain I got upon my legs. I soon perceived that the spot around me had not yet been visited by those vultures of the battle-field, who strip alike the dead and dying. The distance of the place from where the great conflict of the battle occurred was probably the reason; and now, as the straggling sunbeams fell upon the earth, I could trace the helmet of the Enniskilleners, or the tall bear-skin of the Scotch Greys, lying in thick confusion, where the steel cuirass and long sword of the French dragoons showed the fight had been hottest. As I turned my eyes hither and thither I could see no living thing near me. In every attitude of struggling agony they

lay around, some buried beneath their horses, some bathed in blood, some, with clenched hands and darting eye-balls, seemed struggling even in death: but all was still: not a word, not a sigh, not a groan was there."

So ended Waterloo, the crowning victory of long years of war and desolation. The object was accomplished: the Bourbons again sat on the throne of France; but was law safer, or freedom more established. The result is too well known. The Bourbons are again fugitives: unpitied, uncared for: a warning lesson to those who deem that by the hand of war they can be securely placed beyond popular control. Every work which teaches this great lesson must be useful, and every writer who dwells upon the carnage of a battle field, and takes his readers with him to the sickening sight when the voice of the cannon is hushed, and the trumpet stricken dumb, should be regarded as one who assists the dissemination of milder principles, by which the sword may be converted into the ploughshare, and spears to pruning hooks.

#### The Husband.

(CONCLUDED.)

BEING NO. X. OF THE EXPERIENCES OF BENJAMIN TRUESTEEL, ESQ.

SOME men, who have tormented and driven a young woman into marriage, turn round upon themselves immediately after the event in astonished bewilderment. They can scarcely believe themselves guilty of having so far condescended, and wonder what their disappointed female acquaintances will say when the astounding fact breaks on their ringing ears. After the first few days of newness are over, they begin to instil legitimist doctrines into the mind of their adopted, and talk broadly of my wife and my house, as if nobody had a wife or house but themselves. A man of this kidney never invites a friend, although even in company with his lady, to our house; even his rib's own particular acquaintances are told that "Mary will be glad to see you at my house," as if the said Mary was only a lodger, or resident per favour of his own mighty will. He is very fond of repeating four lines from Cowper, and that he may do so with effect, he brings home a fledgling canary, and kicks the cat from the hearth rug as he complacently repeats:—

"I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute,  
My subjects in silence obey,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

As he gradually gets accustomed to domestic felicity, he discovers that it is not so wonderful a thing after all; and therefore he goes back to his old haunts, leaving poor Mary to pine desolately at home, who in turn thinks married life not so pleasant after all. She candidly advises her gossips not to marry; while he, on the other hand, declares he has got so good-natured and dutiful a wife that he does not know what he could do without her. All the while, however, he shows by his conduct that he could do so well enough, the wonder being why she can complacently exist without him. Between such a couple as this there was a great parade of affection; all the world declared they loved each other to distraction, and would be so happy together. Events prove otherwise, and the considerate women of the neighbourhood must know the reason why. As the neglected has plenty of time on her hands, she, in the absence of all other consolation, opens her heart freely to her comforters; they declare they would not submit to such conduct—they would teach the fellow how to attend to his wife. A rebellion is the consequence, and all that he said, and all that she said, is faithfully reported to her confidants for their sanction and advice. If the husband has any sense at all, this lesson is sufficient; he takes his wife under his peculiar care, makes her happy, and becomes the same. But if the conceit of selfishness and the pride of ignorance are strong within him, he adheres to his policy, makes his home a dreary wilderness, is called a good fellow at the tavern round the corner, and believes that in preference to the assertion of his wife, who says he is a good-for-nothing scrape-grace, and don't deserve to have the wife he has. The history of one year is that of many. It is scoundrels such as these who make jokes about burying their wives; while they openly make an exception of their own, they cowardly calculate on a period when they shall be a happy widower—ignorant that they cannot know the value of more than they deserve until it is past recall. If they marry a second time (as they generally do), their usual term of reproach to the second victim is, that she is not so good or worthy as the first.

There are some men who wish to act well towards their wives, and strive zealously in so laudable a duty, but who stop short at the very moment when they should be most active. On the slightest misunderstanding, instead of advising, or quarrelling, they become sulky, and enjoy their recriminations in silent dignity for weeks together. This annoys the wife delightfully; it vexes her, and brings out, in active operation, all the peevishness in her nature. But will she yield? No! She will fret likewise, and show him who can hold out longest. She will indulge herself with a cry now and then during his absence, but will brace up her resolution on his return, and look as frigid as she feels excited. In the meantime, he considers himself a martyr to her ill-temper, and begins to calculate the expense of allowing her so much a-week, of disposing of the furniture, and taking lodgings in a neighbourhood where he is unknown. He could take his breakfast as well in a coffee-house as



in his own parlour, when he has to do so alone—butter his own toast, and actually fill out his own tea! His dinner is as well prepared as ever—the fish excellent, and the meat beautifully brown,—but then he is not asked if he will take a little more, and is compelled to leave a portion of the beer without knowing what becomes of it. If he comes home rather late, the fire is there, and the candle, with a box of lucifers; but he has to light it himself; and a doubly perplexing doubt comes into his mind, as he thinks "it might be me, or any one else, for aught she knows," as she opens the door in the dark, and never asks who is there. He therefore becomes at length resolved to end it or mend it. Saturday night is generally the period chosen\*; with one or two expressive hems he declines his usual chair; places his right forefinger on the table, and desires that she may not leave the room. She pauses ere turning round, not with the least intention of refusing, although he ascribes her dilatoriness to that cause; but a spark of electricity has burst from her heart; it glows upon her bosom, and flushes over her face; yet would she rather die than let him know how glad she is to hear his voice again. Little did the poet know the deep intent of his line when he wrote—

"And shall I hear him speak?"

The dizziness ensuing upon the conviction of that welcome truth is only equalled by the delirium felt when first love meets return. We need not pursue the subject farther. Admissions are made on both sides—promises are mutually given, and the weighty affair, which so long banished comfort from the dwelling, is settled by a laugh. But why is it repeated? Why will neither yield at the moment, but go on making fools of themselves? Because the husband vacates his high position, and acts the part of a disgraced courtier instead of a sovereign. As he is not a bad fellow after all, we quietly advise him to give up his sulks, to combine moderation with firmness, and cause his dignity to sit easily and gracefully on him, for by so doing only can he retain the respect of his wife, and make her content with the second place at home.

There is a class of men who have little claim to be designated as such—namely, those who, living at home in manifest fear of their wives, affect to despise them among their acquaintances. It is well for some of these poltroons that they are so governed, else would their household come to want, and debt and confusion accumulate where order and economy are rigidly maintained. It is not sufficient that a man earns what will keep his family respectable; if he is incapable, either from expensive habits or neglect, to superintend its just disposal, he should rejoice at his good fortune in having secured a careful partner. There are many who know this their weakness, and knowing, dare admit it. This is true courage; it is that sublimity of confidence which is above the fear of being thought afraid; it is a justification of the remark that marriages are made in heaven. There are others, however, who will neither rule themselves, nor admit the superintendence of her, who, above all others, is most interested in the due and proper expenditure of the little income. It is true, alas! that there never was a simple John but there was a simple Janet; yet has it often been remarked that a silly fellow has been acute enough to select an intelligent companion, which proves that John is not always so simple as he looks. It is not our present duty to talk of ladies who abuse the confidence reposed in them, and misapply the household treasures to alien purposes. Of these, and of all others, we shall speak fluently and undisguisedly when the second volume of this Journal is open to our lucubrations. Our readers are aware that on that subject our rhetoric flows melodiously—it shall also touch keenly, and quicken the abating desires of those who deem it profitless to do well.

The happiest husband is he who scarcely knows what position he holds at home—who sees, in the meek enjoyment of her domestic reign, a constant, a careful, a confiding wife—who is never ashamed to say that he asks and receives counsel from her—who can find fault without fear of offending, and knows that to tell for once is to tell for ever—who can hearken calmly to reasonable opposition, and give in with a happy grace when his heart tells him he is wrong—who never doubts her faith, because he has been at no time faithless. The truly deserving of happiness seldom lose it; for although their small weaknesses may sometimes mar the enjoyment dearest to them, they receive thereby a lesson which common sense can rightly apply, and teach a due submission to reason's sway. Had every married pair been crowned with joy, we should not have had occasion to show our learning, nor prided ourselves upon our experience. We have had our reward. We have seen, as well as told, of instances where connubial recriminations were settled by a reference to our remarks; we can imagine the maliciousness of a dame interrupting her husband while reading to her these observations, by saying, "Well, that is just like you," being awed by the reflection, "but what will be said of me?" It is our object to make husband and wife unbурden their minds more frequently and more kindly together, and if we shall have been, even in one instance, the instrument of checking an unkind expression, or in awakening a milder thought or more loveable purpose, then, indeed, shall we be prouder of ourselves than we ever

have been, and that is not a little. Every wife who henceforth resolves to conduct herself more dutifully, shall erase a furrow from our brow; and each husband who says unto himself, I shall be kinder than I have been to the old lady at home, shall anoint our head with oil, and make our wan locks glitter like the raven's wing. They will renew our youth, and invigorate our pen. They shall do more; they will crown themselves with loving kindness, and read in each other's eyes a fearless prophecy of days to come. They will appreciate the delights of the primal pair in paradise, ere Eve's sad cheek—the first silent look of sorrow on the earth—confessed her disobedience; and they will understand the strong emotions of the Man and Woman when driven from the Garden—when

"The world was all before them where to choose,  
As down the plain, they, hand in hand,  
In silence took their solitary way."

Put your arms round his neck, good lady; for, whatever he has been, he is your husband still. You shall sit for your portrait on New Year's-day.

### The Brother Artists.

BY MARIA JOSEPHINE REDDELL.  
SKETCH THE SECOND.

A bet is the safety-valve of opinion, and in England settles all disputes, and it was in a tolerably amicable spirit that the subject was fixed upon, and the following morning named for the brothers to be made acquainted with their interest in the discussion.

"Macbeth and the witches on the heath," repeated Raphael, with a thoughtful smile, in reply to Mr. Dester's information, that that was the subject chosen. "We never yet entered the field as rivals," he exclaimed, glancing at his brother; "and, to confess the truth, I have my fears; but, if the thing must be done, I will even brave defeat, and now, Pietro, for the goal."

Pietro's very heart shook with the fears his brother acknowledged; but except that he was perhaps paler than usual, nothing of his agitation was apparent, but there was a coldness in his tone and manner that checked the enthusiasm of his partisan, and gave Kerr additional hopes.

The following morning the brothers were again employed, as we first saw them, and again in how different a spirit! Raphael, with single-minded earnestness, endeavouring to shadow forth his own dreamy conceptions. Pietro, agitated, with a continual reference to his suppositions of his brother's plan and progress; they had decided that these should remain mutually unknown until both were concluded; and day after day did they thus proceed with indefatigable spirit on the one side, and feverish effort on the other.

One morning—it was many days after that last particularised—Pietro was working in the studio alone; for Raphael had gone to a rehearsal at Catherine's invitation, and had that morning declared his picture nearly complete. Pietro was hanging over his own scarcely finished sketch. The mutual concealment of their designs was so well understood, and so perfectly acquiesced in on the part of Raphael, that he shrunk from his first wish to look at his brother's, as from a species of dishonour; but again and again did it recur each time with additional strength: it was no idea of profiting by it that prompted the desire; it would have been no satisfaction to him to gain one word of praise not his due; that praise was only thirsted for, as it might seem a pure testimony, and be received with a consciousness of desert—it was a wish something like that which prompts a man to cast himself from a dizzy height. At last, determinately closing his mind to every objection, he rose hastily, and, with a quick but trembling hand, uncovered his brother's picture. Envy has a magnifying power—that is one of its tortures: it was a spirited, well-imagined, well-executed piece; but to Pietro's eyes it was even more. As he gazed, his pale cheek grew paler, and the drops of agony stood on his brow: he glanced at his own easel with a cold shudder, and again fixed his eyes on his brother's picture. He knew not how long he had thus stood, when a touch on his arm, and a voice uttering his name, aroused him: it was Mary, who had entered unheard, and now stood frightened at his look, but fearfully enlightened as to its cause. With a cheek suddenly crimsoned, he again covered the picture, and, turning towards her angrily, demanded why she came thus prying into his actions?

"Indeed I had no such design," said Mary, earnestly; "I come—I wanted to speak to you," she continued, hesitatingly.

He threw himself into a seat, and signed to her to take one.

"Well," he said, with forced calmness, shading his eyes with his hand.

Mary did not sit—she came and stood beside him. "Pietro," she said again, laying her hand on his arm, "you know that I have a sister's interest in you and Raphael; on earth, save my aunt and mother, I have no other relatives: I am proud of you too—"

A short contemptuous laugh from Pietro interrupted her.

"Will you," she continued, "hear me speak sincerely as I would to my own heart—affectionately as to a brother?"

"A long preface," he said, half scoffingly; "go on—what more?"

"You are not happy, Pietro," she went on, gently; "something weighs upon your mind."

"Well," he said, with a bitter laugh, "suppose it to—is that anything uncommon?"

"It is a causeless fancy—a baseless fear, that will create the very thing it dreads," said Mary, earnestly.

"You are quite enigmatical to-day," said Pietro, forcing a smile.

"It is," she replied, "because I would have you rather feel my meaning than my words. Pietro," she continued, after a pause, during which he strove to seem careless, "Themistocles said that the triumphs of Miltiades would not permit him to sleep; yet he, too, is one of the heroes of history."

"A fine antique instance to begin a lecture with," said Pietro, as she paused; "but the Caracci had suited your purpose better: they were brothers too." He spoke with a cold scorn, beneath which passion trembled.

"And the rivals of that age are the coheirs of immortality," said Mary, hastily.

"And what are they and this to me?" said Pietro, giving way suddenly to his hitherto pent-up passion. "I say," he repeated, as Mary drew back, startled at his sudden change of mood, "what is this to me? Do you mean to accuse me," he continued, rising, "of envy—envy of my brother?"

"Pietro!" expostulated Mary.

"Ay, you are surprised that I resent it too—cannot a man look gloomy and feel heavily, but he must be accused of a mean vice that his soul abhors?—but I thank you for this exposure: you and Raphael have made up this pleasant story to quench my efforts with a dastard suspicion. I thank you—let him beware, however: I yet may—I shall triumph. But I am mad to be thus moved," he continued, more calmly, again seating himself.

"You speak unjustly—unkindly," said Mary, between tears and anger; "I may not have spoken wisely, but it was the most affectionate interest and pity that prompted it."

"Pity!" he repeated, contemptuously; "let it suffice you are understood and answered—and now I would be alone;" and he turned away.

Mary had not shown much wisdom in her management of this expostulation, but she acted wisely now: she made no answer, and went quietly down stairs. People would jest at the idea of convincing the sea of its violence in a tempest, or laughing a hurricane into peace, and yet they will fancy that passion may be reasoned with. When she was gone, Pietro turned to his sketch, and proceeded on it with an energy born of wrath and desperation. It was indeed, as Mary had said, the sickly fears and fancies that beset his mind which made half the danger of his defeat; but he now for a short time did exert his undivided powers with conscious success, till Raphael's voice reached him from the hall—he listened a minute to his gay words and cheerful laugh, and, with compressed lips and contracted brow, dashed down his pencil, and, a few moments after, was walking rapidly along the road, with no ascertained purpose but that of escape from his brother's presence and his own most distracted thoughts.

That evening, when after tea, the family sat together in the declining light, as was their custom, in dreamy reverse or quiet converse, the only difference that Mary could trace in Pietro was that he was more talkative and lively than usual. Towards Raphael he was carelessly civil, but occasionally would utter comments on his known fancies or habits of thought, that while they came armed with all the bitterness of intention could not be received but as the light jests of a gay spirit. Only once did he evince any haste of temper, and that was when his mother, as was frequently her custom, expressed her conviction that her two sons would be the most celebrated painters that Europe or the world ever produced. An expression of contempt, on his part, as much surprised as offended her, accustomed as she was to the most respectful deference from both her sons; but recovering himself, he contrived to turn it aside and explain away his words harmless; but in proportion as manner and expression were governed, his feelings became more concentratedly bitter, the smothered passion of his heart more fierce. When at length he was alone in his chamber with no eye but One to watch him, he gave full sway to the cold and wasting agony that desolated alike his thoughts and feelings—that miserable passion whose influence had already turned into hatred the strongest affection his heart had once known, which was then sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind. The attempt to sleep in such a state of mind had been utterly vain—he paced the floor with a quick uneven step muttering occasionally the words "hate," and "death," as though his passion found a new vent and gratification in the sound—at length his eye fell on the window whose curtains were now chequered with the shadow of a tree that intercepted the light of a full moon, he drew it aside, and looked out. The road was still as suburb roads usually are at midnight—the peace and beauty of the dark blue heavens might have rebuked and calmed a less corroding passion. The silence of the scene was at length broken by a solitary traveller on horseback, who proceeding at a gentle trot, seemed enjoying the beauty of the night. The curve in the road—the high trees that occasionally shaded it, and the dim distance with that solitary passing form—all to a lively fancy looked like a page of romance. There are those who will understand how the wakening of thoughts like these, by exciting the imagination, calmed the mind of Pietro, and filled it with an undefinable sense of power, whose issue was, even at that hour to proceed with the picture, for which he now felt in the vein; he was soon established at his easel, and

\* We might assume a higher tone, and talk of lords and ladies, who are real men and women in these matters; but all grades of society are the same in domestic life, we choose the strongest side, and thereby calculate on a large majority saying our pictures are correct.



all the time he worked with spirit and success; but gradually the sight of Raphael's, and the recollection of his design, brought back the shadow of the passion he was beginning to fancy he had overcome; resting his head on his arms, he abandoned himself once more to its torments till worn and exhausted, he there and thus fell into a heavy sleep.

### Warren Hastings.

THE WHEELS OF POWER CLOGGED WITH DIFFICULTIES.\*

WHEN Hastings assumed the government of Bengal he found the revenues of the country were deficient, and did not yield that surplus which the Company at home expected; they had formed a very high estimate of the wealth to be derived from those possessions, and they attributed their disappointment to the mismanagement of the minister, Mohammed Reza-Kan. They were strengthened in these notions by the representations of Nuncomar, who had his emissaries even at Leadenhall-street, and left nothing undone that malice or cupidity could invent to raise himself upon the ruin of his rival. Instigated by this wily Brahmin, of those vices they were well aware, but hoped to turn to their own profit; they wrote to Hastings, desiring him to arrest Mahommed, and his family—to instigate a strict inquiry into his government, and to appoint Nuncomar minister in his place. Hastings disliked Nuncomar: he had had a quarrel with him at Moorshedabad, which was never reconciled, and both were men "of unforgiving natures." He obeyed the directors' orders, by removing and imprisoning Mahommed to whom he had no dislike, and whom he knew to be innocent, but instead of promoting his rival, he took that opportunity of effecting one of his great changes in the internal government of the country. He first abolished the office of minister, and transferred the whole administration to the servants of the Company, and then established a system of civil and criminal justice. Thus, at one stroke, the Nabob was deprived of all power, and sunk into a sinecure pensioner on the Company. As he was an infant it was necessary to provide guardians for his person and property. His person was intrusted to a lady of his father's harem, known by the name of Munny Begum. The office of treasurer of the household was bestowed on a son of Nuncomar, named Goordas. Nuncomar's services were wanted, yet he could not safely be trusted with power; and Hastings thought it a master-stroke of policy to reward the able and unprincipled parent by promoting the inoffensive child. When Hastings had completed this revolution, after an investigation, in which Nuncomar was the accuser, he ordered the release of Mahommed and his friends, and thus added to the already deep and inveterate enmity of the Brahmin.

The whole of Hastings' object now was to get money; the demands of the directors were urgent and imperative. The pressure applied to him by his employers at home was such as only the highest virtue could have withstood—such as left no choice except to commit great wrongs, or to resign his post, and with that post all his hopes of fortune and distinction. It is perfectly true that the directors never enjoined or applauded any crime. Far from it. Whoever examines their letters at that time will find there many just and humane sentiments, many excellent precepts; in short, an admirable circle of political ethics. But every exhortation is modified or nullified by a demand for money. 'Govern leniently, and send more money; practise strict justice and moderation towards neighbouring powers, and send more money;' this is, in truth, the sum of almost all the instructions that Hastings ever received from home. Now, these instructions being interpreted, mean simply, 'Be the father and the oppressor of the people; be just and unjust, moderate and rapacious.' Hastings saw that it was absolutely necessary for him to disregard either the moral discourses or the pecuniary requisitions of his employers. Being forced to disobey them in something, he had to consider what kind of disobedience they would most readily pardon; and he correctly judged, that the safest course would be to neglect the sermons and find the rupees.

He soon devised means to satisfy, in some measure, their demands: his first act was to reduce the allowance of the Nabob from 320,000*l* a-year to half that sum. He next stopped 300,000*l* annual tribute which the company had to pay to the Great Mogul, and sent troops to take possession of the province of Allahabad, and Corah, which were ceded to him for the purpose; and finding those provinces would be less useful than money, he soon afterwards sold them to the Nabob-Vizier of Oude for half a million sterling. It would have been well for the fame both of Hastings and of England, had his negotiations with Sujah Dowlah, the Oude Nabob, rested here; but unfortunately for both, and for humanity, the necessities of the Governor were to strong too withstand the tempting offers of the wily vizier.

The people of Central Asia had always been to the inhabitants of India what the warriors of the German forests were to the subjects of the decaying monarchy of Rome. The dark, slender, and timid Hindoo shrank from a conflict with the strong muscle and resolute spirit of the fair race which dwelt beyond the passes. There is reason to believe that, at a period anterior to the dawn of regular history, the people who spoke the rich and flexible Sanscrit came from regions lying far beyond the Hyphasis and the Hystaspes, and imposed their yoke on the children of the soil. It is certain that,

during the last ten centuries, a succession of invaders descended from the West on Hindostan; nor was the course of conquest ever turned back towards the setting sun, till that memorable campaign, in which the cross of Saint George was planted on the walls of Ghizni.

The emperors of Hindostan themselves came from the other side of the great mountain ridge; and it had always been their practice to recruit their army from the hardy and valiant race from which their own illustrious house sprang. Among the military adventurers who were allured to the Mogul standards from the neighbourhood of Cabul and Candahar, were conspicuous several gallant bands, known by the name of the Rohillas. Their services had been rewarded with large tracts of land—fiefs of the spear, if we may use an expression drawn from an analogous state of things—in that fertile plain through which the Ramgunga flows from the snowy heights of Kumaon to join the Ganges. In the general confusion which followed the death of Aurungebe, the warlike colony became virtually independent. The Rohillas were distinguished from the other inhabitants of India by a peculiarly fair complexion. They were more honourably distinguished by valour in war, and by skill in the arts of peace. While anarchy raged from Lahore to Cape Comorin, their little territory enjoyed the blessings of repose under the guardianship of courage. Agriculture and commerce flourished among them; nor were they negligent of rhetoric and poetry. Many persons now living have heard aged men talk with regret of the golden days, when the Afghan princes ruled in the vale of Rohilcund.

Sujah Dowlah had set his heart on adding this rich district to his own principality. Right, or show of right, he had absolutely none. His claim was in no respect better founded than that of Catherine to Poland, or that of the Bonaparte family to Spain. The Rohillas held their country by exactly the same title by which he held his; and had governed their country far better than his had ever been governed. Nor were they a people whom it was perfectly safe to attack. Their land indeed was an open plain, destitute of natural defences; but their veins were full of the high blood of Afghanistan. As soldiers, they had not the steadiness which is seldom found except in company with strict discipline; but their impetuous valour had been proved on many fields of battle. It was said that their chiefs, when united by common peril, could bring eighty thousand men into the field. Sujah Dowlah had himself seen them fight, and wisely shrank from a conflict with them. There was in India one army, and only one, against which even these proud Caucasian tribes could not stand. It had been abundantly proved that neither tenfold odds, nor the martial ardour of the boldest Asiatic nations, could avail against English science and resolution. Was it possible to induce the governor of Bengal to let out to hire the irresistible energies of the imperial people—the skill, against which the ablest chiefs of Hindostan were helpless as infants—the discipline, which had so often triumphed over the frantic struggles of fanaticism and despair—the unconquerable British courage, which is never so sedate and stubborn as towards the close of a doubtful and murderous day?

This was what the Nabob Vizier asked, and what Hastings granted. A bargain was soon struck. Each of the negotiators had what the other wanted. Hastings was in need of funds to carry on the government of Bengal, and to send remittances to London; and Sujah Dowlah had on ample revenue. Sujah Dowlah was bent on subjugating the Rohillas; and Hastings had at his disposal the only force by which the Rohillas could be subjugated. It was agreed that an English army should be lent to the Nabob Vizier, and that, for the loan, he should pay 400,000*l* sterling, besides defraying all the charge of the troops while employed in his service.

The Rohillas were, of course, subjugated, but not without a gallant resistance; and then "all the horrors of Indian warfare were let loose on the fair valleys and cities of Rohilcund;" the people were nearly exterminated, and to the eternal disgrace of Hastings, he looked on at the scenes of butchery and violation without interfering to protect, till resistance was over, from their cowardly foes the people whose blood and liberties he had so barbarously bartered. The result of Hastings' financial policy was soon apparent in the refilled coffers of the Company; he increased their annual income by 450,000*l*, besides procuring about a million of ready money; and by throwing the maintenance of the military establishment upon the Nabob of Oude, saved an expenditure of 150,000*l* a-year. He did all this, too, without adding to the burthens of the people whom he governed. While Hastings was thus prosecuting his successes in India, the Ministry at home had planned some very important alterations in the India Government. In 1773 Lord North had an Act passed which provided that the presidency of Bengal should exercise a control over the other possessions of the Company; that the chief of that presidency should be styled Governor-General; that he should be assisted by four councillors; and that a supreme court of judicature, consisting of a chief justice and three inferior judges, should be established at Calcutta. This court was made independent of the Governor-General and council, and was entrusted with a civil and criminal jurisdiction of immense and, at the same time, of undefined extent. The Governor-General and councillors were named in the act, and were to hold their situations for five

years. Hastings was to be the first Governor-General. One of the four new councillors, Mr. Barwell, an experienced servant of the Company, was then in India. The other three, General Clavering, Mr. Monson, and Mr. Francis, were sent out from England.

The most remarkable of the new councillors was Philip Francis, who, it is now generally admitted, was the author of the celebrated "Letters of Junius." With the three new councillors came out the judges of the Supreme Court. The chief justice was Sir Elijah Impey. He was an old acquaintance of Hastings, and it is probable that the Governor-General, if he had searched through all the inns of court, could not have found an equally serviceable tool. But the members of council were by no means in an obsequious mood. Hastings greatly disliked the new form of government, and had no very high opinion of his coadjutors. They had heard of this, and were disposed to be suspicious and punctilious. When men are in such a frame of mind, any trifles are sufficient to give occasion for dispute. The members of council expected a salute of twenty-one guns from the batteries of Fort William. Hastings allowed them only seventeen. They landed in ill-humour. The first civilities were exchanged with cold reserve. On the morrow commenced that long quarrel which, after distracting British India, was renewed in England, and in which all the most eminent statesmen and orators of the age took active part on one or the other side.

As may be supposed, Hastings and the new council did not long agree. Barwell joined him, while Francis, Monson, and Clavering formed an opposition. Having a majority they absolutely wrested the government out of his hands, and ignorant of the country and of the people, they soon threw into confusion all that which Hastings had arranged with so much talent and care. The natives soon found this out. They considered him as a fallen man; and they acted after their kind. Some of our readers may have seen, in India, a cloud of crows pecking a sick vulture to death—no bad type of what happens in that country, as often as fortune deserts one who has been great and dreaded. In an instant, all the sycophants who had lately been ready to lie for him, to forge for him, to pandor for him, to poison for him, hastened to purchase the favour of his victorious enemies by accusing him. An Indian government has only to let it be understood that it wishes a particular man to be ruined; and, in twenty-four hours, it will be furnished with grave charges, supported by depositions so full and circumstantial, that any person, unaccustomed to Asiatic mendacity, would regard them as decisive. It is well if the signature of the destined victim is not counterfeited at the foot of some illegal compact, and if some treasonable paper is not slipped into a hiding-place in his house. Hastings was now regarded as helpless. The power to make or mar the fortune of every man in Bengal had passed, as it seemed, into the hands of his opponents. Immediately charges against the Governor-General began to pour in. They were eagerly welcomed by the majority, who, to do them justice, were men of too much honour knowingly to countenance false accusations; but who were not sufficiently acquainted with the East to be aware that, in that part of the world, a very little encouragement from power will call forth, in a week, more Oateses, and Beddoes, and Dangerfields, than Westminster Hall sees in a century.

Now was the time for his old enemy Nuncomar to appear, and accordingly he placed a paper with great ceremony in the hands of Francis, formally accusing Hastings of selling public offices, of receiving bribes, of suffering offenders to escape, and directly charged him with having received from Mahommed Reza Khan a large sum, to procure his acquittal. This paper, Francis, with very bad taste, read at the council board, and a violent altercation ensued. Supported by the majority of the council, Nuncomar begged to be allowed to appear before them and substantiate the charges he had made. Hastings indignantly denied their right to sit in judgment on their Governor-General, or to confront him with such a creature as Nuncomar; he dissolved the council and left the room, followed by Barwell.

The other members kept their seats, voted themselves a council, put Clavering in the chair, and ordered Nuncomar to be called in. Nuncomar not only adhered to the original charges, but, after the fashion of the East, produced a large supplement. He stated that Hastings had received a great sum for appointing Rajah Goordas treasurer of the Nabob's household, and for committing the care of his highness's person to the Munny Begum. He put in a letter purporting to bear the seal of the Munny Begum, for the purpose of establishing the truth of his story. The seal, whether forged, as Hastings affirmed, or genuine, as we are rather inclined to believe, proved nothing. Nuncomar, as every body knows who knows India, had only to tell the Munny Begum that such a letter would give pleasure to the majority of the council, in order to procure her attestation. The majority, however, voted that the charge was made out; that Hastings had corruptly received between thirty and forty thousand pounds; and that he ought to be compelled to refund.

Hastings was now in a most critical situation. But one course was open for him to pursue, to appeal to the higher tribunal in London, and if that was unfavourable, to resign. He accordingly placed his resignation in the hands of his agent in London, Colonel Maclean. But Maclean was instructed not to produce the resignation,

\* Continued by abridgement from the *Edinburgh Review*.



unless it should be fully ascertained that the feeling at the India House was adverse to the Governor-General. The triumph of Nuncomar seemed to be complete. He held a daily levee, to which his countrymen resorted in crowds; and to which, on one occasion, the majority of the Council condescended to repair. His house was an office for the purpose of receiving charges against the Governor-General. It was said that, partly by threats, and partly by wheedling, he had induced many of the wealthiest men of the province to send in complaints. But he was playing a desperate game. It was not safe to drive to despair a man of such resource and of such determination as Hastings. Nuncomar, with all his acuteness, did not understand the nature of the institutions under which he lived. He saw that he had with him the majority of the body which made treaties, gave places, raised taxes. The separation between political and judicial functions was a thing of which he had no conception. It had probably never occurred to him that there was in Bengal an authority perfectly independent of the council, an authority which could protect one whom the council wished to injure. Yet such was the fact. The Supreme Court was, within the sphere of its own duties, altogether independent of the Government. Hastings, with his usual sagacity, had seen how much advantage he might derive from possessing himself of this stronghold; and he acted accordingly. The Judges, especially the Chief Justice, were hostile to the majority of the council. The time had now come for putting this formidable machinery in action.

On a sudden Calcutta was astounded by the news that Nuncomar had been taken up on a charge of felony, committed, and thrown into the common jail. The crime imputed to him was, that six years before he had forged a bond. The ostensible prosecutor was a native. But it was then, and still is, the opinion of everybody—idiots and biographers excepted—that Hastings was the real mover in the business.

The rage of the majority rose to the highest point. They protested against the proceedings of the Supreme Court, and sent several urgent messages to the judges, demanding that Nuncomar should be admitted to bail. The Judges returned haughty and resolute answers. All that the Council could do was to heap honours and emoluments on the family of Nuncomar; and this they did. In the meantime, the assizes commenced; a true bill was found; and Nuncomar was brought before Sir Elijah Impey and a jury, composed of Englishmen. A great quantity of contradictory swearing, and the necessity of having every word of the evidence interpreted, protracted the trial to a most unusual length. At last, a verdict of guilty was returned, and the Chief Justice pronounced sentence of death on the prisoner.

Nuncomar was hanged. Impey condemned him unjustly to please the Governor-General, and Hastings had the sentence executed to save himself. It was a bold step to execute a Brahmin of the highest caste, the head of an ancient and powerful priesthood, who, according to the Indian law, could not be put to death for any crime whatever, much less for one which was regarded by the Hindoos in the same light as the "selling an unsound horse for a sound price, is regarded by a Yorkshire jockey." Nuncomar, bad as he was, was legally murdered, and whatever excuse there may be for Hastings, who slew in self-defence, there can be none for Impey. The whole native population was plunged into the deepest affliction by the death of Nuncomar: it however changed Hastings' position in their regard altogether; before they looked upon him as a fallen man, and pressed forward to win the favour of his victors by endeavouring to crush him; they now found that though in minority he was still to be dreaded.

The lesson which he gave them was indeed one not to be forgotten. The head of the combination which had been formed against him, the richest, the most powerful, the most artful, of the Hindoos, distinguished by the favour of those who then held the government, fenced round by the superstitious reverence of millions, was hanged in broad day before many thousands of people. Everything that could make the warning impressive—dignity in the sufferer, solemnity in the proceeding—was found in this case. The helpless rage and vain struggles of the Council made the triumph more signal. From that moment the conviction of every native was, that it was safer to take the part of Hastings in a minority, than that of Francis in a majority; and that he who was so venturesome as to join in running down the Governor-General, might chance, in the phrase of the Eastern poet, to find a tiger while beating the jungle for a deer. The voices of a thousand informers were silenced in an instant. From that time, whatever difficulties Hastings might have to encounter, he was never molested by accusations from natives of India.

In the mean time, intelligence of the Rohilla war, and of the first disputes between Hastings and his colleagues, had reached London. The directors took part with the majority, and sent out a letter filled with severe reflections on the conduct of Hastings. They condemned, in strong but just terms, the iniquity of undertaking offensive wars merely for the sake of pecuniary advantages. But they utterly forgot that, if Hastings had by illicit means obtained pecuniary advantages, he had done so, not for his own benefit, but in order to meet their demands. To enjoin honesty, and to insist in having what could not be honestly got, was then the constant practice of the Company.

The Regulating Act, by which Hastings had been appointed Governor-General for five years, empowered

the Crown to remove him on an address from the Company. Lord North was desirous to procure such an address. The three members of Council who had been sent out from England were men of his own choice. General Clavering, in particular, was supported by a large parliamentary connexion, such as no cabinet could be inclined to disoblige. The wish of the minister was to displace Hastings, and to put Clavering at the head of the government. In the Court of Directors parties were very nearly balanced; eleven voted against Hastings—ten for him. The Court of Proprietors was then convened. The great sale-room presented a singular appearance. Letters had been sent by the Secretary of the Treasury, exhorting all the supporters of government who held India stock to be in attendance. Lord Sandwich marshalled the friends of the administration with his usual dexterity and alertness. Fifty peers and privy councillors, seldom seen so far eastward, were counted in the crowd. The debate lasted till midnight. The opponents of Hastings had a small superiority on the division; but a ballot was demanded, and the result was, that the Governor-General triumphed by a majority of above a hundred over the combined efforts of the directors and the cabinet. The ministers were greatly exasperated by this defeat. Even Lord North lost his temper—no ordinary occurrence with him—and threatened to convoke parliament before Christmas, and to bring in a bill for depriving the Company of all political power, and for restricting it to its old business of trading in silk and teas.

Colonel Maclean, who, through all this conflict, had zealously supported the cause of Hastings, now thought that his employer was in imminent danger of being turned out, branded with parliamentary censure, perhaps prosecuted. The opinion of the crown lawyers had already been taken, respecting some parts of the Governor-General's conduct. It seemed to be high time to think of a secure and honourable retreat. Under these circumstances, Maclean thought himself justified in producing the resignation with which he had been intrusted. The instrument was not in very accurate form; but the directors were too eager to be scrupulous. They accepted the resignation, fixed on Mr. Wheler, one of their body, to succeed Hastings, and sent out orders that General Clavering, as senior member of Council, should exercise the functions of Governor-General till Mr. Wheler should arrive.

But a change took place in the meantime in India, which materially altered Hastings' position. Monson died; the Council, then composed of four, was equally divided, but the Governor-General having the casting voice secured the majority. He at once became absolute—reversed the injurious decrees of his adversaries, and adopted measures calculated to improve and consolidate his government.

He began, at the same time, to revolve vast plans of conquest and dominion—plans which he lived to see realised, though not by himself. His project was to form subsidiary alliances with the native princes, particularly with those of Oude and Berar; and thus to make Britain the paramount power in India. While he was meditating these great designs, arrived the intelligence that he had ceased to be Governor-General, that his resignation had been accepted, that Mr. Wheler was coming out immediately, and that, until Mr. Wheler arrived, the chair was to be filled by Clavering.

Had Hastings been still in the minority he might now have quietly withdrawn; but having obtained power, he was unwilling to relinquish it; accordingly he declared that he had not resigned, that Col. Maclean was not authorised to act as he has done, that consequently the proceedings founded upon his act were invalid, and he was still Governor-General. Clavering claimed to be Governor, and called a council, at which Francis attended, while Barwell and Hastings sat in the other room.

It seemed that there remained no way of settling the dispute except an appeal to arms; and from such an appeal Hastings, confident of his influence over his countrymen in India, was not inclined to shrink. He directed the officers of the garrison of Fort William, and of all the neighbouring stations, to obey no orders but his. At the same time, with admirable judgment, he offered to submit the case to the Supreme Court, and to abide by its decision. By making this proposition he risked nothing; yet it was a proposition which his opponents could hardly reject. Nobody could be treated as a criminal, for obeying what the judges had solemnly pronounced to be the lawful government. The boldest man would shrink from taking arms in defence of what the judges should pronounce to be usurpation. Clavering and Francis, after some delay, unwillingly consented to abide by the award of the court. The court pronounced that the resignation was invalid, and that therefore Hastings was still Governor-General under the Regulating Act; and the defeated members of the Council, finding that the sense of the whole settlement was against them, acquiesced in the decision.

Thus ended the attempt to displace and disgrace Hastings in India. Wheler, who came out to be Governor, was glad to accept a seat at the council table; the convulsed state of Europe made the Minister and the Company happy to have such a man as Hastings over their Asiatic dominions, and when his term of five years expired, he was quietly re-appointed.

Hyder Ali now comes upon the scene, creating by his victories additional disquiet to Hastings. The proceedings consequent thereon will require another chapter.

### Chantrey and Birkbeck.

Two luminaries have been quenched: two giants have been stricken low. The Hercules of Art and the Mercury of Science have departed. Each have their friends and mourners; crowds stand by their grave and say, "We shall not look upon his like again." Let us stand back from the bold parades of grief, and calmly inquire, without invidious comparison, what society has lost.

Chantrey, by the force of his own genius, elevated himself to fortune. He became the acquaintance of princes, and peers and men of wealth sought specimens of his meritorious labour. They rewarded him handsomely for his classic toil, bestowed upon him honours, talked of him with respect, and associated his name with the monuments of the great and mighty.

Birkbeck pursued and profited by the quiet practice of medicine, and was enabled by his success to follow pursuits in which his heart delighted. He certainly associated with great men, and was respected by them; but he was seldom in their company; although they might sometimes be seen in his. He devoted alike his income and his intellect to the diffusion of scientific and practical information, and rejoiced over the progress of every student. His labours in this vast field were exclusively those of love;—emolument and fame lay on other roads; he never went out of his way to seek them.

Both of these great men may be imitated, or they may not: but if Providence were to raise up one only, we believe that the prayers of millions would not all be vain. The instructor of man would be chosen in preference to the decorator of palaces.

We cull from the mass of memoranda relating to the great deceased the following paragraphs. It is evident all have been written by partisan pens, yet truth we believe in no case has been outraged.

#### MEMORANDA OF CHANTREY.

Francis Chantrey was born on the 7th of April, 1782, at Norton, a small village on the borders of Derbyshire, where his father and his father's father had been for many years possessed of a small property. He was an only child, and his father died when he was eight years old. His mother married again, and young Chantrey, tired of the pursuits of husbandry, had his genius accidentally awakened to its own particular pursuit by the sight of a carver and gilder's shop in Sheffield, where some figures were exhibited in the window. The man's name was Ramsay, and Chantrey entered into an engagement with him. With Ramsay he continued nearly three years, during which time his leisure hours were devoted to a more noble pursuit than making ornaments for furniture or moulds for picture frames. He gradually became a sculptor; he purchased clay, hired a small room in Sheffield, and wrought far into morning at his own art. It is said that Ramsay discouraged him in his private studies, which, if true, savours more of the master than the man of taste. Certain it is that Chantrey, confident in his own genius, purchased up from Ramsay the remainder of his engagement, and in April, 1802, was in London—a young sculptor, diligent in his study and in pursuit of employment. It is no easy task in London, where men elbow one another for existence, to jump at once into reputation and employment—and Chantrey found the truth of this. He painted miniatures for a short time. His first exhibited work on the walls of the Royal Academy was in 1804, when he sent a portrait for exhibition. In 1808 he exhibited a bust of Satan, still in his studio; and in 1809, he received his first order, for four colossal busts, of Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson, for the Trinity-house and for the Greenwich Naval Asylum. In 1809 he married, at Twickenham church, his cousin, Miss Mary Ann Wale, the present Lady Chantrey. He now removed to Ecclestone-street, Pimlico, a place he never left, and with his marriage commenced at once his happiness and his fame.

In 1819 he executed a posthumous bust of Mr. Pitt for the Trinity House. But the year 1811 was the year in which his genius broke out, and in which he commenced his career of fame and fortune. His busts of Horne Tooke and Raphael Smith are among the best of his busts. With the Tooke, Nollekens expressed his great delight. He lifted it from the floor—set it before him—moved his head to and fro, and having satisfied himself of its excellence, turned round to those who were arranging the works for exhibition, and said, "There's a fine, a very fine bust; let the man who made it be known—remove one of my busts and put this one in his place, for it deserves it." Often afterwards, when desired to model a bust, the same excellent judge would say, in his most persuasive manner, "Go to Chantrey, he's the man for a bust—he'll make a good bust of you; I always recommend him." He did recommend him, and sat to Chantrey for his own bust. In the year 1811 he became, moreover, the successful candidate for a statue of George III. for the city of London. He had nearly lost it, however, by a very singular occurrence, for when the design had been approved of by the common council, a member observed that the successful artist was a painter, and therefore incapable of executing the work of a sculptor. "You hear this, young man," said Sir William Curtis; "what say you—are you a painter or a sculptor?" "I live by sculpture," was the reply, and the statue now in Guildhall was entrusted to his hands.

There is not a more exquisite group in the whole range of modern sculpture than Chantrey's Two Children at Lichfield. The sisters lie asleep in each other's arms, in the most unconstrained and graceful repose. The



snowdrops which the youngest had plucked are undropped from her hand, and both are images of artless beauty, and innocent and unaffected grace. Such was the press to see these children in the exhibition that there was no getting near them; mothers, with tears in their eyes, lingered, and went away, and returned, while Canova's now far-famed figures of Hebe and Terpsichore stood almost unnoticed by their side. The Royal Academy, with tardy justice, at length admitted him of their number, and in 1811 Chantrey was an Esquire and an R.A.

In 1818 he exhibited a bust of John Rennie, the engineer, one of his most admirable heads, and that exquisite little statue at Woburn of Lady Louisa Russell, the present Marchioness of Abercorn. The child stands on tiptoe, with a face of the most exquisite and arch expression, proud with delight of the dove which she fondles in her bosom. All who have been at Woburn will recollect this little figure; but the trays of the Italian boys have given it a wider, and only its deserved celebrity.

On his return from the continent he modelled four of his very finest busts, viz., those of Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Phillips, the painter, Mr. Wordsworth, and Sir Walter Scott. Chantrey never excelled this bust—it is his very best. The best, perhaps, in either ancient or modern art. The man and the genius of the man are both there. It appears that he had sought at first, like Lawrence, for a poetic expression, and had modelled the head as looking upwards gravely and solemnly. "This," he said to Mr. Allan Cunningham, when Scott had left after his second sitting, "this will never do—I shall never be able to please myself with a perfectly serene expression. I must try his conversational look—take him when about to break out into some sly funny old story." As he said this he took a string, cut off the head of the bust, put it into its present position, and produced by a few happy touches that bust which alone preserves for posterity the cast of Scott's expression—the most fondly remembered by all who ever mingled in his domestic circle.

When the Marquis Camden was elected Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, his friend Chantrey was made D.C.L., and received from William IV. the honour of knighthood. A baronetcy was offered him, but refused, on the ground that he had no one to succeed him in the honour. This was in 1836; he was then ailing, more corpulent than usual, and less inclined to active exertion. The seeds of disease grew gradually apace, and it required no medical eye to discover that Sir Francis Chantrey, in every month of his existence, was making three months' progress to the grave, and that the years of great sculptor would never reach to the three-score years and ten of scriptural allowed life. In spite of disease and bodily inactivity, he, at times, worked with all his usual spirit and nicety of touch; and the elated eye and clay-worked mouth gave token to his friends that there was some chance of his restoration to health. But Chantrey had roused himself up to this; for he never sank into a lethargy of hope, and his friends were deceived.

He had returned, from a visit to Lord Leicester, at Holkham, and from erecting his fine statue of Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich, in the cathedral of his diocese. On the day after his return, which was also the day of his death, he looked over letters and accounts, gave his orders, and inspected with the greatest interest the progress that was making in the Wellington equestrian statue. At half past-five, when it was raw and foggy, he imprudently ventured out for a walk. He had gone but half a mile, when he was forced to return in the greatest bodily pain. His medical attendant at once readily relieved him, and he said that he felt better, and would be glad of his dinner. This he had, and he ate sparingly, as his medical attendant had advised him. It was at this time that the arrival of two of his friends was announced, and on his expressing an anxiety to see them, they were shown in where he was sitting, but entered only to witness the last moments of their friend. He fell back in his chair with a heavy respiration, and expired that instant without a word or a recognition.

No man, not even Isaac Walton or Charles Cotton, was fonder of fishing than Sir Francis Chantrey. There is not a book published within the last 20 years about the rod and the gun, for he was also a first-rate shot, but contains some allusion to his excellence in those arts. At Holkham, in Norfolk, the splendid seat of Sir Francis and Lady Chantrey's kind friends, Lord and Lady Leicester, he has commemorated in marble his most successful achievement with the gun, when two woodcocks were killed by him in the preserves of Holkham at one shot, and in what is called a "shy" season. The very feathers seem to flutter in the marble. Grinling Gibbons never did anything better. The inscription is by Lord Brougham, and in Greek. We give an English one, offered in humour by a friend. It is not, however, by Lord Brougham, but, as the old poets say, "by another hand":—

The snowy hills of Norway bred us,  
The silver springs of Holkham fed us;  
A sculptor, as we winged our way,  
Held out his gun and made us fly;  
But sorrowing for us as we fell,  
To marble turned us by a spell.  
Princes and peers flocked in a bevy,  
And said how glorious done in gravity;  
Geologists looked on, and  
Bnt, fleeing, cried, "By G— a nice!"  
How blest our fate o'er men and stone,  
Heaven made us once, and Chantrey twice!

Of his love for fishing we recollect at this moment a story in point. When one whose divine notes still

linger in the ears of all who ever heard her, Madame Malibran, visited the studio of Sir Francis, she complimented the great sculptor on the happiness which he could not but feel in being surrounded by a marble offspring of his own creation, by so many fine figures that seemed to possess every thing but that "Promethean touch" which it can only represent, not give. "I had rather," said the great sculptor, with a shrug and a snuff, "I'd rather be a fishing." Sir Francis was a second Sir Joshua in his love for snuff.

Another of his stories that he was fond of telling occurred at a dinner at Holkham, when one of the royal family was present, and when the conversation turned on the doctrines of the Arminians and Socinians. "Pray, Sir Francis, which are you, an Arminian or a Socinian?" said his Royal Highness. "O!" was Chantrey's composed reply, "O! I'm a Derbyshire man."

#### MEMORANDA OF BIRKBECK.

Dr. Birkbeck was the son of a merchant and banker of considerable eminence at Settle, in Yorkshire, where he was born, in the year 1776. After receiving the usual rudiments of education at a village in the neighbourhood, during which he displayed a strong inclination for these mechanical pursuits to which he afterwards became so devoted, it was determined by his friends that he should embrace the medical profession. This choice was perhaps to be regretted; for, though surpassed by few of the faculty in medical skill, such a pursuit was undoubtedly unsuited to his natural bent. Had he been encouraged to follow his own inclination, he might have rivalled the discoveries of Arkwright, or the glory of Watt. But unhappily at this period, and for nearly half a century afterwards, it was customary for every man who had three sons to bring one up as a lawyer, a second as a medical man, and a third for the church; as if the mental, physical, and moral state of the community could ever be in such a lamentable condition as to afford employment to such a disproportion.

After studying his profession in the first instance at Leeds, he removed to London, where he had the good fortune to become a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Baillie, whose friendship he retained, until death put an end to that illustrious man's career. Afterwards he removed to complete his education in Edinburgh, then in the zenith of that fame as a school of medicine, which, by means of nepotism, mismanagement, and conceit, it has subsequently lost. Here also he had the happiness to form a friendship with Brougham, Horner, Jeffrey, Scott, and others of that race, who were then beginning to blaze in the northern capital with a splendour such as its past annals had not seen, and its future are not likely to see. But while cultivating this brilliant society, he did not neglect his scientific pursuits, and in these he had made such attainment, that before the 22d year of his age, he was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Andersonian Institution at Glasgow.

It was while in this situation that Dr. Birkbeck laid the bases of those Mechanics' Institutions, in association with which his name has chiefly attracted present notice, and will engage future remembrance. With liberality rarely evinced in such quarters, he invited the mechanics of the city to a gratuitous attendance on his lectures; and it was in consequence of their graceful acknowledgment, and the benefit that flowed from the practice, that he was induced, on his removal to London, to project the foundation of Mechanics' Institutions in the metropolis, and throughout the country. Nor was it his time alone that was devoted to this laudable object: his purse was not less freely bestowed; we believe he lent 3,000*l.*, to establish the London Institution, in Chancery-lane, and, by a singular coincidence, the members of that body were to meet for the purpose of celebrating its eighteenth anniversary, within a few hours of the period when its founder had ceased to exist.

As a medical man, Dr. Birkbeck enjoyed considerable practice, much more so than is generally bestowed on those given to scientific or literary pursuits. Attachment to extra-professional literature is proverbially reckoned an obstacle to success at the bar; but, in the instance of medicine, it is a positive conclusion. It matters not, although the unhappy devotee have, like the unfortunate Gale Jones, a mind pure as it was cultivated—a spirit noble as it was just, philanthropy sincere as unbounded, and professional abilities not inferior to his literary acquirements—if he is attached to literature, farewell to fortune! He will be balked of his professional expectations, be deprived of any public situation which he may chance to hold, and stigmatised as a paper-stainer by the chief of his professional brethren. Dr. Birkbeck was not a sufferer to this extent, merely because it was not in the power of such persons to injure him; but we believe it was generally expected, on the accession of her Majesty to the throne, his scientific services would have been acknowledged by the appointment to an honorary medical office in the Royal Household, and this expectation would not have been disappointed, if the individual in whose disposal these offices are had not been insensible to such claims.

In personal appearance, Dr. Birkbeck was a man between sixty and seventy years of age, with a quiet, reflective, beneficent countenance, a venerable and very unpretending aspect. In his disposition he was mild, and in his deportment unassuming. As a public speaker he acquitted himself with credit; his ideas were always sound and practical, and conveyed in appropriate language.

#### Emigrant Lyrics.

NO. II.—THE ARRIVAL.

Old Royal England; in affection set,  
Thy sons still glory in thy vaunted name;  
The patriot throb beats in their bosoms yet,  
And flash their eyes at mention of thy name.  
A pride which time and distance fail to tame.  
Even in their new and heart adopted land  
They'll gaze on scenes they fondly deem the same  
As those they left on Albion's rocky strand—  
The hills, the streams, the plains, old sympathies command.

Thus thoughtful, on they pass the Atlantic's brine,  
Its foamy waves submissive to their barks;  
They pass rejoicing o'er the Central Line,  
The air alive with heat, the sea with sharks;  
Across the Southern Ocean stretch their arks,  
Until the broad Pacific glads their view;  
When, lo! the eager eye delighted marks  
The clustering islands clad in golden hue,  
Glittering upon the sea like summer drops of dew.

Oh! Heaven! what lovely lands uncultured lie;  
What fertile soils invite the farmer's care,  
While crowded millions sicken, pine, and die,  
Who, could they to these happy isles repair,  
Might, by their well-directed labour, share  
In independent comfort, health, and peace,  
A portion of the blessings smiling there,  
Where young society requires increase,  
And Plenty pants to give earth's teeming womb release.

The joyous emigrants the harbour reach,  
Their dancing feet are kiss'd by land-broke spray;  
The ready tents expand along the beach,  
While tiny footsteeps by the margin stray,  
Glad on the land to romp in childish play.  
How sweet the first night's sleep upon the shore  
Which doth the dreams of deathful wreck allay!  
By break of morn some hill and dale explore,  
Some seek the rivulet, and some prepare the store.

Time was when Christian men sought other lands,  
Impell'd by hot desire of instant gain;  
Weapons of war gleam'd in their ruthless hands,  
And blood and fire accompanied their train.  
Thus, when Pizarro's robber host of Spain  
Saw in the distance gold-adorned Peru,  
Their chief could ill their fiery haste restrain,  
Till monkish blasphemy held up to view  
The desecrated cross, "fell slaughter's signal true." W. B.

\* In Dr. Robertson's America is to be found the following passage:—As the Inca drew near the Spanish quarters, Farther Vincent Valverde, chaplain to the expedition, advanced with a crucifix in one hand, and a breviary in the other, and in a long discourse explained the tenets of his religious creed, which were imperfectly interpreted to the Inca, with some of which he was highly displeased. Then he desired to know where he had learned things so extraordinary. "In this book," answered Valverde, reaching out to him his breviary. The Inca opened it eagerly, and turning over the leaves, lifted it to his ear. "This," said he, "is silent, it tells me nothing," and threw it with disdain to the ground. The enraged monk, running towards his countrymen, cried out, "To arms, Christians to arms; the word of God is insulted; avenge this profanation on these impious dogs."

#### Our Extra Number.

With Number Thirty of CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL will be published an Extra Sheet, containing a Title-page, General Preface, and Index, as well as an ORIGINAL MEMOIR OF LORD BROUGHAM, relating more especially to his efforts in the cause of Education, his attempts to ameliorate the Criminal Code, and restore to their proper uses the many misapplied public charities of England.

With the Extra (price 1*½*d.) will be gratuitously presented to our readers an admirable likeness of

LORD BROUGHAM, AS A PRIVATE GENTLEMAN;  
being a copy of the last Portrait for which his Lordship has sat. This Engraving is presented, as the first of a series of likenesses of men who have done the State some service, in consequence of the motto of the Journal being taken from one of his speeches, viz., that at the dinner commemorative of the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts.

Number Thirty, and this Extra, will complete the Seventh Part of our Journal, which, published at the end of the year, will, with the others, be formed into a volume. By this means we shall be able, in future, to publish a volume at the conclusion of each year, and thereby enable such readers as have approved our labours during the twelvemonth to make a present to their friends in which instruction has been intimately blended with amusement, and the first principles of national and self government inculcated in a lively and engaging manner.

To our Contributors we here beg to make all due acknowledgments: to thank them for the regularity with which our claims have been attended to, and to express a wish that, with the others to be additionally engaged with us in the work, we may long have an opportunity of acting together in the same harmonious manner as hitherto.

To our Correspondents we have a pleasurable duty to perform. We have at all times been glad to receive their hints and inquiries, and although it was not always possible to act upon the one, or give an approving answer to the other, we flatter ourselves that they cannot be unaware of the difficulties of our position, and that it is impossible to preserve a system if an attempt is made to give heed to all. Those who at this moment remain unanswered must ascribe our delay to the necessity there existed of closing the volume as nearly as possible with completed papers, so that it might be entire within itself. We shall joyously renew our acquaintance with them in the thirty-first number, and until then wish them a full participation in the festivities of the approaching season. Health and pleasure to all;—a dreary hour or an unfriendly look to none!

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CHAMBERS'S

"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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## Female Accomplishments.

BEING AN EPISODE IN THE EXPERIENCES OF BENJAMIN TRUSTEEL, ESQ.

Of all correspondents commend us to a young lady. In conversation, these dolls of nature are generally characterised as making use of many words, embodying little meaning; but put them to the trouble of writing, and they will compress a vast amount of intelligence or inquiry into little space. As the twinkle of their eye gives more expression—more tenderness or more scorn—than the music of their voice, so does the artist-tongue of their pen convey a greater amplitude of meaning than the ceaseless tinkling of their tongue in its enamelled case. In illustration of this belief, we select a delicate note from one of our female correspondents, in which a multitude of questions, all requiring a vast outlay of thought, are crowded into a small space, girt in with compliments, and protected from neglect by a signature to which there are few families that will not claim connexion. Our fair correspondent says—

Sir—Knowing that your time is wholly devoted to the good of the public in general, and will not think it too much trouble to bestow a thought on a letter from an unknown hand, I take the liberty of addressing you, to ask your opinion on accomplishments for young ladies. Music, I know, you approve of; a little dancing, I suppose, you do not object to; but waltzing—what do you say to that? Do you think it necessary they should learn French and Italian, if not meant for governesses? Drawing, singing, and painting—I should like to know what you think of those (where there is no taste, I suppose it would be better not to learn them)? Then, what books do you think proper for girls from fourteen to eighteen to read for amusement? Your Journals cannot be improper for girls of all ages: there is in them nothing but what will tend to strengthen both their minds and understanding. If your private opinions and those that appear in print coincide, then, indeed, you are a character truly to be admired. Believe me to remain a sincere admirer of your works, ELIZA.

Now, fair lady, you must not assume a greater knowledge than you really possess. Shakespeare makes his irritated Hamlet say, "Assume a virtue if you have it not;" and superficial thinkers set this down as one of the maxims of the poet himself, in the same manner as Juliet's very silly question, "What's in a name?" is supposed to have been to him a problem or a doubt. There is every thing in a name; it is potent for good or evil; it is, in this unthinking generation, almost as important as truth. But the assumption of that which we really have not savours so much of the ass putting on the lion's skin, that we dare not open our mouths, nor shake our ears, lest the discovery takes place. Allow us, therefore, inquisitive Eliza, to educate you as we wish, and you may then go forth a pattern and a monitor to all your sex. Never suspect a public journalist of being actuated solely by patriotic motives; if you do, you will starve him, and the race become extinct. If you admit, however, that he forms a very large portion of the public—that his ambition, his necessities, and his value bear an equal proportion to each other—then, perhaps, you may not greatly err, and have touched the right chord when you say that his time is wholly devoted to the good of that body of which he is the head and limbs, and no small portion of the trunk.

As this is to be a lesson merely on accomplishments, we take it for granted, little Bess, that your womanly education has been perfect; for recollect, that so long as the essentially useful is neglected, the ornamental will never sit in its right place—never know when to shine, and be incapable of knowing that delicate period when to draw down its veil. Accomplishments are all on the elevation principle: none of them tend to that subdued, that refined, and unalloyed excellence which makes woman perfect in all the relations of life—which enables her to keep her position in every variety of company—and which empowers her to discharge duties, endure trials, and to give comfort in the midst of affliction. This is supposed to be the gift of nature, which no art can instil, no industry improve; which no education can elevate, no morals purify, no actions strengthen. Gold requires refining; the diamond must be polished; the vine needs pruning; the rose tree culture; elephants taming, horses training, and lap dogs cleaning. And must woman, the least understood of natural productions, be left to grow wild in her own luxuriance—to have her beauties garnered in a cluster, and her witcheries heaped upon each other in confusion?

It must not be: order is heaven's first law, and woman is heaven's last work; but it does not follow that the law and the work should be at variance—and for this reason, that without the primal order woman would never have been made. Her accomplishments, therefore, should not be crowded on her. Whatever her opening taste requires should if possible be granted, and not till a complete mastery is obtained of that, should any other distraction be thrown upon her mind. Lessons accumulated to a task lose their improving tendency; they break the inclination in pieces, and are the great source from which spring those annoying excuses, which all young ladies make when asked to amuse their friends by a display of their acquirements. We would rather have a wife only capable of darning stockings than choose one who spoiled them, and made shirts imperfectly. Accounting you, then, Miss Eliza, a proficient in all such homely but necessary arts, we proceed to instruct you in that higher branch of accomplishments which some call fashionable.

We stated once, in the course of these our valuable experiences, that, if properly done, too much improvement could not be made on the mind of a young lady—that she could not be made too valuable to society, too endearing a daughter, or too loveable a wife. A highly educated woman is like a newly discovered jewel—its worth can be estimated only by a comparison with things equally valuable. But where the means or the capacity are wanting, and only one of the accomplishments can be given, let it be music; we care not on what instrument she is instructed, but, if possible, let it be on—her own sweet little voice. We have lingered at many a cottage window to hear a young country girl's song. We did nothing out of the way—many men have done the same. Of all instruments the piano is best fitted to family enjoyment; nor will this be merry England until every parlour in its broad domain rejoices in its harmony. There are some men—literary men!—who flout the idea of mechanics' daughters enjoying this luxury divine. Oh! that every girl who pines and saddens at her needle during the day, lest her allotted quantity of work be unfinished, had a piano on which to sound a glad hosanna at evening, ere the little birds left her window, or the children were compelled to emigrate to bed. In sorrow or in sickness, in the wild exuberance of joy, or the calmness of content, next to the tunings of a thankful heart, the angel of repose is a female melodist. It may be that when every "vulgar girl" appreciates and practises music, it will cease to be called an accomplishment. What of that? The song and the dance shall only more abound, and happy hearts extend their healing influence beyond their at present too narrow sphere.

Dancing, as an exercise, we encourage in the young of both sexes—as an amusement, approve of in women only. To our fastidious eye there is nothing more unmanly than to see a great tall fellow shuffling and sliding along the floor, his arms dangling like those of a scarecrow, and his face screwed into that motionless, meaningless insipidity, which, more than the loud laugh, indicates the vacant mind. We can well understand and value a Saturday-night at sea, when the monotonous duty of shipboard is relaxed, and the only means of taking a walk is permitted to the sailor, viz., to dance heartily on a narrow gangway. There is mirth in an Irish jig—there is vigour in the Highland firling—but what is there in a French posture-maker? Why, a baboon would beat him hollow, and be every whit as intelligent a partner. But how the feelings change when we behold a rosy class of well-tutored younglings, their cheeks glowing a rosy accompaniment to their eyes' bright sparkle, while their flexible limbs are motioned by dulcet harmony. We can excuse the vigorous awkwardness of a boy's heel by the redeeming twinkle of a girl's ankle, and form to ourselves groups of beauty and elegance from their positions. Give us, however, the pastoral Grecian dance to touch the master-key of our emotions; let us hear what Byron said of it, a man who was physically incapable of acquiring its simplest rudiments:—

"And further on, a troop of Grecian girls,  
The first and tallest her white kerchief waving,

Were strung together like a row of pearls,  
Link'd hand in hand, and dancing. Each, too, having  
Down her white neck long floating auburn curls,  
The least of which would set ten poet's raving.  
The leader sang; and, wounded to her song,  
With choral step and voice, the virgin throng."

Who would be the Caliban to interrupt this glorious spectacle, in which health, high hearts, and maiden thoughts, are the elements of the wild 'girlish glee? Give to each a male partner. Well; where now is the free and elastic step, the fearless swing, and that fawn-like bound which told us that the gay and fragile-looking beings were of flesh and blood after all? Are those creatures, who sicken us with constrained movements, their mouths drawn together like a miser's purse, their eyes passionless as a statue, and their arms no where, like the busts in a milliner's window—are these the same who romped so joyously, who sang so gladly, and made themselves priestesses of innocence and joy?

O, but the waltz! In that there is exercise, attitude, agility, and freedom. It embodies in it all the ecstasy of the Grecian pastoral, with the valuable addition that ladies may have partners to their liking, and flirts enjoy a triumph. If women cannot command the affection or respect of man without accomplishments, they are not fit to inhabit this worthy world. If well-accomplished women will prostrate their superior acquirements to the vulgar expectation of thereby entrapping a mindless youth, or enjoying an hour of sinless gallantry, they cannot by these accomplishments be endeared to the thoughtful, to the learned, to those who are worthy of them. To us, there is much of the animal in the waltz: we would more enjoy the sight of a kitten tearing its placid progenitor by the neck, than see a young and virtuous girl fondling and dandling round the waist of an incipient knave or shallow fool—for good and wise men never waltz, except, perhaps, in their own family; and no practice which cannot be carried out to its full extent can be inherently pure;—that path which requires a broadly-marked line at which to stop had better not be pursued at all. The waltz is a vile importation, which rotten-hearted fashion has made popular. If a woman enters into it heartily and with spirit, she is maligned as indecorous; if she hesitates or declines to go through all the studied positions, she is sneered at as ill-trained.

As to French and Italian, we do not consider them necessary, or even praiseworthy, unless it is intended to turn them to advantage. By music and dancing a young lady not only amuses herself, but charms her family and friends. By the acquisition of a language not spoken in the family the young lady is exiled, or set apart; she cannot be always asking visitors, "Do you speak French, or do you understand Italian?" That would be set down as vanity, if not impertinence. If she mixes in society, however, in which these tongues are spoken, by all means let them, or any other, be acquired, for she will thereby add to the general interest taken in her improvement.

Drawing and painting, where a good taste is manifested, are truly elegant accomplishments for a lady. They teach more of humanity, and open to her more beauty in nature, as well as harmony in life, than can any other single acquirement. The productions of her pencil have a double value: they teach her to admire and imitate what is good, and by being presented to others, tell them to go and do likewise. When properly instructed, a female artist need never lack amusement, but may become a joy to herself and her kindred for ever. Her song may become silent through care, and matronly duties will take the lightness from her step, but the charmed works of her hand shall be clad in beauty through all time. They exist when her creating fingers have lost their action; when her imaginings can portray no more. They become relics of surpassing value, and are cherished as love tokens of her who cannot altogether depart so long as these memorials of her skill delight the eye.

As to books, that is a question of some difficulty. Could we control the impulses of a young heart, we would not keep a single book from the perusal of a growing girl. While we would wish her to delight in virtue, and gladden at its reward, we would not hide vice from her practical vision, but teach her how fearful, how degrading, how vulgar it was. Many people have a vast



fear of novels, and talk of young ladies' heads being turned by their perusal. We never found such an instance. We know there are many women—both young and old—who give too much time to the reading of profitless literature, and who, by diseased appetite, become incapable of appreciating purer and more elevating works. But this arose from the fact of their not getting all sorts of books to read—of some being absolutely denied them, which were only the more eagerly sought after, and read by stealth. The great corrective of reading is conversation. Were a parent every evening to converse with his or her children on what had been read during the day, a tone and fixedness would be given to opinion, a check put upon desire, and a healthy and useful knowledge implanted on the young expanding mind. Domestic literature, in preference to any other, should be submitted to young ladies. To make them obedient daughters, cheerful companions, and right-thinking wives, is the noblest education they can receive. By it, not alone themselves, but the world's posterity, will be improved; by it they may become ministering angels to the mind diseased, as well as by the bed of sorrow. They will walk through all their life in the bloomingness of perpetual youth, and be beacon-fires of worship, as well as protection, to all whose eyes are fixed on them in love, in friendship, or in filial tenderness.

So now go forth, Eliza, to the world, and prove the excellence of our advice by a careful attention to its precepts. Receive the homage which you must command in meekness; and believe, that, like ourselves, you will be "a character truly to be admired."

### Warren Hastings.

ENCROACHMENTS OF HYDER ALI.

ABOUT thirty years before this time, a Mahomedan soldier had begun to distinguish himself in the wars of Southern India. His education had been neglected; his extraction was mean. His father had been a petty officer of revenue; his grandfather, a wandering dervise. But though thus meanly descended—though ignorant even of the alphabet—the adventurer had no sooner been placed at the head of a body of troops, than he approved himself a man born for conquest and command. Among the crowd of chiefs who were struggling for a share of India, none could compare with him in the qualities of the captain and the statesman. He became a general—he became a prince. Out of the fragments of old principalities, which had gone to pieces in the general wreck, he formed for himself a great, compact, and vigorous empire. That empire he ruled with the ability, severity, and vigilance of Louis the Eleventh. Licentiousness in his pleasures, implacable in his revenge, he had yet enlargement of mind enough to perceive how much the prosperity of subjects adds to the strength of governments. He was an oppressor; but he had at least the merit of protecting his people against all oppression except his own. He was now in extreme old age; but his intellect was as clear, and his spirit as high, as in the prime of manhood. Such was the great Hyder Ali, the founder of the Mahomedan kingdom of Mysore, and the most formidable enemy with whom the English conquerors of India have ever had to contend.

Had Hastings been governor of Madras, Hyder would have been either made a friend, or vigorously encountered as an enemy. Unhappily the English authorities in the south provoked their powerful neighbour's hostility, without being prepared to repel it. On a sudden, an army of ninety thousand men, far superior in discipline and efficiency to any other native force that could be found in India, came pouring through those wild passes, which, worn by mountain torrents, and dark with jungle, led down from the table-land of Mysore, to the plains of the Carnatic. This great army was accompanied by a hundred pieces of cannon; and its movements were guided by many French officers, trained in the best military schools of Europe.

Hyder was every where triumphant. The sepoys in many British garrisons flung down their arms. Some forts were surrendered by treachery, and some by despair. In a few days the whole open country north of the Coleroon had submitted. The English inhabitants of Madras could already see by night, from the top of Mount St. Thomas, the eastern sky reddened by a vast semicircle of blazing villages. The white villas, embosomed in little groves of tulip-trees, to which our countrymen retire after the daily labours of government and of trade, when the cool evening breeze springs up from the bay, were now left without inhabitants; for bands of the fierce horsemen of Mysore had already been seen prowling near those gay verandas. Even the town was not thought secure, and the British merchants and public functionaries made haste to crowd themselves behind the cannon of Fort St. George.

There were the means indeed of forming an army which might have defended the presidency, and even driven the invader back to his mountains. Sir Hector Munro was at the head of one considerable force; Baillie was advancing with another. United, they might have presented a formidable front even to such an enemy as Hyder. But the English commanders, neglecting those fundamental rules of the military art, of which the propriety is obvious even to men who have never received a military education, deferred their junction, and were separately attacked. Baillie's detachment was destroyed. Munro was forced to abandon his baggage, to fling his guns into the tanks, and to save himself by a retreat which might be called a flight. In three weeks

from the commencement of the war, the British empire in southern India had been brought to the verge of ruin. Only a few fortified places remained to us. The glory of our arms had departed. It was known that a great French expedition might soon be expected on the coast of Coromandel. England, beset by enemies on every side, was in no condition to protect such remote dependencies.

Then it was that the fertile genius and serene courage of Hastings achieved their most signal triumph. A swift ship, flying before the south-west monsoon, brought the evil tidings in a few days to Calcutta. In twenty-four hours the Governor-General had framed a complete plan of policy adapted to the altered state of affairs. The struggle with Hyder was a struggle for life and death. All minor objects must be sacrificed to the preservation of the Carnatic. The disputes with the Mahrattas must be accommodated. A large military force and a supply of money must be instantly sent to Madras. But even these measures would be insufficient, unless the war, hitherto so grossly mismanaged, were placed under the direction of a vigorous mind. It was no time for trifling. Hastings determined to resort to an extreme exercise of power; to suspend the incapable governor of Fort St. George, to send Sir Eyre Coote to oppose Hyder, and to entrust that distinguished general with the whole administration of the war.

The progress of Hyder was arrested; and ere many months the great victory of Porto Nevo retrieved the honour of the British arms. Before this event Francis returned to England, and the sway of Hastings was left unfettered and undisturbed. But almost as fast as old difficulties vanished new ones appeared. His financial embarrassments became extreme, but he who had planned the plunder of the Mogul and the Rohillas, was not likely to allow any scruples to prevent his again following the old Teviotdale maxim, "Thou shalt want ere I want;" and accordingly he fixed upon the great and rich city of Benares as the mart from which he would supply his present exhausted exchequer. Benares was renowned as the foremost city in Asia for wealth, population, and sanctity. It was commonly believed that half a million of human beings was crowded into that labyrinth of lofty alleys, rich with shrines, and minarets, and balconies, and carved oriels, to which the sacred apes clung by hundreds. The traveller could scarcely make his way through the press of holy mendicants, and not less holy bulls. The broad and stately flights of steps which descended from these swarming haunts to the bathing-places along the Ganges, were worn every day by the footsteps of an innumerable multitude of worshippers. The schools and temples drew crowds of pious Hindoos from every province where the Brahminical faith was known. Hundreds of devotees came thither every month to die—for it was believed that a peculiarly happy fate awaited the man who should pass from the sacred city into the sacred river. Nor was superstition the only motive which allured strangers to that great metropolis. Commerce had as many pilgrims as religion. All along the shores of the venerable stream, lay great fleets of vessels laden with rich merchandize. From the looms of Benares went forth the most delicate silks that adorned the balls of St. James's and of the *Petit Trianon*; and in the bazaars, the muslins of Bengal, and the sabres of Oude, were mingled with the jewels of Golconda, and the shawls of Cashmere.

### Dogs of the Swell Mob.

PROFITS OF EDUCATION.

WE have frequently heard of monkeys, in the hands of itinerating minstrels, being taught to despise the commandment, but the amusing author of "Chapters on Dogs," in *Fraser's Magazine*, tells us that the only friend of man, in all the brute creation, may also be equally lost to all ideas of honesty. Toby, our canine hero, had been purchased by a maiden lady from a peripatetic dog-dealer in Regent-street, and made a present of to her nephew, Mr. Delastro, who was intimate at the house of a family residing in the Regent's Park, and a frequent visitor. Toby was a prodigious favourite with the ladies, and often accompanied his master in the morning calls at Mrs. Pettington's. Mr. Delastro remarked, that in going up Portland-place, a very shabby, ill-looking fellow, who had a small terrier, or Marlborough Spaniel, in leading-strings, and one or two fussy puppies in his hands for sale, was an object of great interest to Toby, although the man never seemed to notice the dog. But repeatedly, when Delastro came from the house in the Regent's Park, this fellow was loitering about.

Miss Annabella Pettington was a showy and accomplished girl; and Delastro began to think that he was enamoured of her. Mrs. Pettington, with the vigilant eye of a mother, observed several little peculiar attentions which Mr. Delastro had betrayed, and her heart beat high with hope at an event which might occur; for she had Delastro's ample income in her mind's eye, and would form no objection to such a son-in-law.

In an inlaid ornamental tray on the work-table, amongst some small specimens of porcelain, Mrs. Pettington had deposited her keys, and a purse containing three sovereigns, a half-sovereign, and four gold East Indian coins, which were used as whist-counters.

Mrs. Pettington had quitted the room to consult with the housekeeper respecting dinner, but in reality to enable the young lady and gentleman to converse on any subject in a more free and confidential manner; and whilst they were employed in this very interesting occu-

pation, Toby was amusing himself, now snapping at a fly, now giving a bark, as he observed his figure reflected in a glass that reached to the carpet; then he was mounted on a chair, and then he was quietly seated on the table, but with a restless eye, watching an opportunity to obtain a prize. He panted, he lolled his tongue out, he furtively glanced at Delastro, he silently seized something in his mouth, leapt gently down, and sneaked under a sofa.

As it is held as a maxim in these latter and improving days that education is a most important affair with all ranks and classes, we must now state that Toby had received an education—indeed, a sort of Spartan course of instruction, wherein the art of stealing was not considered objectionable. Toby was one of the most accomplished pupils that Mr. Barabas Scraggs (the dog-dealer before mentioned) had ever turned out.

Indeed, the pupil was a little fortune to the instructor, who had only cautiously to watch the motions of his canine proficient (who was as cunning as himself), to turn down a court, or a mew, when Toby would follow him, and deliver to Mr. Scraggs whatever article he had concealed in his mouth, and for which he was immediately rewarded with a small slice of cheese, a relish of which Toby was excessively fond. So, on this day, when Mr. Delastro took his departure from the house in the Regent's Park, Scraggs was at a little distance. Delastro passed without seeing him, and Toby followed Mr. Delastro; when on a sudden he stopped, turned back, and ran into a passage that leads into Albany-street, where he delivered to Scraggs a purse (rather wet, to be sure), but containing three sovereigns, a half-sovereign, and four gold coins. He was then treated with a bit of "single Gloucester" from the waistcoat-pocket of Mr. Scraggs, which he devoured greedily; but hearing the whistle of Mr. Delastro, and observing a signal from his preceptor which very much resembled the preparations for a kick, he ran off as fast as he could put his legs to the ground, after Mr. Delastro.

In about an hour after, the purse was missed by Mrs. Pettington, and search was made everywhere. The servants were interrogated, suspected. Mrs. Pettington did not care so much about the three sovereigns and a half as she did for the four gold East Indian pieces, which had been the gift of her brother, Major Duddy, of the Hon. Company's service, and who was very shortly expected home.

This loss made master, mistress, footman, butler, and valet (the three latter centering in one individual),—ladies' maid, housemaid, cook, and even the governess, extremely unhappy.

Mr. Delastro continued his visits, and had aspired to great progress in the sympathies of Annabella Pettington. Mr. P. had made his daughter a little present on her birthday—a silver filagree-worked card-case, of a tasteful, antique pattern. Annabella had been calling on a friend with her mama, and on her return home she placed the card-case on the table; shortly afterwards Mr. Delastro was announced, and he entered the drawing-room with Toby, who was received with the usual caresses. Mr. Delastro had brought the pathetic duetto from *La Gazza Ladra*, 'E ben per mia memoria'; and in the course of the visit, he begged of Miss Pettington to sing it with him. She graciously assented; and while the young people were thus employed, Toby played his part as a *ladro*, and secured secretly to himself the silver filagree-worked card-case.

On that morning, however, Barabas Scraggs was not in attendance in the street, in consequence of a polite invitation he had received from the Marlborough-street police magistrates, to wait upon them and explain how a certain spaniel which had been stolen had come into his possession. So Toby had no opportunity of earning his 'cheese'; he carefully carried the silver card-case within his mouth to Mr. Delastro's chambers in the Albany, where he concealed it under a chiffonier.

Presently, the new loss was discovered at Mr. Pettington's: strict search was made, fresh suspicions excited. The servants' boxes were ransacked, of their own free request; the dust-hole was scrutinised. The housemaid gave warning, with great indignation; and the butler, &c., &c., before mentioned, talked of quitting service and taking an hotel. Within the next month the following articles were missing:—A small gold chain and seal, belonging to an ornamental inkstand; a mother-of-pearl bodkin-case; a little French watch; and, more extraordinary than all, Mrs. Pettington's bunch of keys!

This last blow drove everybody in the house wild; every lock had to be picked or destroyed, for there was no wine open for dinner, no plate; the drawer wherein the *ivories* for the opera that evening were deposited was fast; the wardrobes containing the dresses of the ladies, *cum multus aliis*, were not to be got at: for be sure that Mrs. Pettington, after the repeated losses, was very careful to keep everything under lock and key; and now the keys themselves had mysteriously vanished.

In the midst of this confusion, Major Duddy returned from India, cross, bilious, and disagreeable. From the first he took a dislike to Mr. Delastro, partly because he was of the Jewish extraction, the Major having suffered by the Israelites "in the bill way" when young, and partly because he engrossed a greater part of the attention of the Pettingtons, which should be exclusively his.

One day, when he was taking a walk with Mr. Pettington, he was asked by the latter, as they were in the neighbourhood of the Albany, to call with him on Mr. Delastro. It was an unlucky morning; for Major Duddy had heard so much of the frequent losses at his sister-in-



law's, that he had carefully written out the items of the stolen property—the gold pieces, the purse, the watch, and the silver filigree card-case, &c. &c. &c.

They knocked at Mr. Delastro's chambers, but were at first denied by his valet (a cheap raw tiger, a novice, who was not up to letting off a lie without winking his eyes); for the stripling positively blushed as he affirmed his master was not at home.

As the major and Mr. Pettington were going away, Delastro, who was at his toilette, overheard them; and, really vexed that he should be invisible at the testy Diddy's first call, instantly ordered the valet to scamper after the gentlemen, to beg them to return, and to say that he was shaving. As they went back, Major Diddy muttered, 'In my young days, when Jews shaved, they shaved close.' Mr. Pettington made no reply to this witticism, and they re-entered the chambers. The tiger, still blushing like a red lion (*lie-on*), apologised, and said his master would have the pleasure to be with them in a few minutes.

The major scanned the furniture, the books, the carpet; in investigating which, something brightly shining attracted his eye under the foot of the *chiffonier*. He walked across the room, and with his hooked cane he dragged the object out—a silver filigree card-case. 'What!' said he, 'is Mr. Delastro so careless about his knick-knacks as to leave them kicking on the floor?' When Mr. Pettington saw the well-known card-case, on which were inscribed the initials, 'A. P.', the gift of her father, he turned pale; then recovering himself, he exclaimed, 'Perhaps the foolish girl has presented Delastro with it.' A very ominous grunt issued from the chest of the major. 'Why do you do that?' said Pettington. 'Oh, nothing,' replied Diddy; 'may-be Annabella presented him with my gold mohurs, the sovereign, the French watch, and my sister's keys.' Mr. Pettington was embarrassed, and begged the major to discontinue any remark on the subject until he himself had spoken to his daughter. Delastro entered, remarkably trim about the chin, and odorous of French perfumes; but he presently noticed the constrained manner of Mr. Pettington, and the strange brevity of the major's replies, which he thought almost amounted to positive rudeness. He, however, attributed all this to his visitors having been sent away from the door. He made several unsuccessful attempts to lead them into a sprightly conversation; Mr. Pettington was silent, and the major grunted like an Indian wild hog.

After a perplexing visit, which was uncomfortable and unsatisfactory on all sides, Mr. Pettington and the major took their leave. Delastro parted with the latter with a feeling that he should have been delighted to have kicked him across the Green Park.

Unfortunately Mr. Pettington discovered when he reached home, that Miss Annabella had not given Mr. Delastro the card-case. A distracting conversation ensued, in which the Major put a criminal construction on everything. Mr. Delastro is announced. He glanced round for his lady-love with an anxious eye; this was immediately interpreted by the major into 'Looking for something to steal,' and he buttoned up his pantaloons. Delastro then addressed himself to Mrs. Pettington, who received him very coldly, and only gave him the tips of her fingers. Delastro seated himself at the circular table, and asked, by way of opening a conversation, if they knew the results of the Ascot grand day.

Major Diddy remarked, 'That a number of the light-fingered gentry were on the course.' Delastro did not reply to this, but gave a short description of the first day's sport, during which he unconsciously lifted a cut-glass ink holder from the stand. He was utterly surprised that Mrs. Pettington should rise, take the glass from his hand, replace it in the silver standish, and carry that to another table. He thought it very odd; and the unusual brief replies he received rendered the conduct of his friends the more remarkable. He got up, walked to the window that faced the park, and, as the sun shone brightly into the room, he laid hold of the tassel, and was about to pull the blind down, when, to his astonishment, Major Diddy stepped up and took the tassel out of his hand, and drew the blind down himself, keeping the tassel in his own possession. Delastro crossing to another part of the room, the major followed, and seated himself opposite to him. Diddy then felt in his own waistcoat-pocket to ascertain that his favourite snuff-box was safe, for which purpose he put his hand into the breast of his braided frock-coat. In a nervous twiddling for the box, he unknowingly jerked out a small gold pencil-case from the waistcoat-pocket, but which remained inside his coat. Soon afterwards, as he was anxiously watching Delastro's movements, he unbuttoned the frock-coat, and the pencil-case slid silently down on the hearth-rug, unperceived by a living being, Toby excepted, who was pretending to be asleep under the major's chair; and that ingenious and industrious animal immediately engulfed the said pencil-case in his mouth.

Delastro was much annoyed at his unaccustomed reception, but asked Mrs. Pettington where her daughter was. The mama,—lying most deliberately,—said that Annabella had gone to spend the day with her aunt in Montague-square. Miss Annabella had been told to remain in her own room by Mrs. Pettington; at which mandate she was, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, 'putrified with astonishment.'

Having bowed himself out, wondering at the embarrassment of Mr. and Mrs. Pettington (both of whom bade Toby "good-by" most affectionately, and which

was replied to by that "honest little dog" by the glistening of his eyes, for he did not open his mouth), Delastro wandered homewards full of painful conjecture. What had he done to displease? He had noticed another oddity of Major Diddy's, who was a man who heretofore would have never quitted the sofa on the departure of a visitor: but now the major hobbled down the staircase after him, and cast a watchful glance at the umbrellas, cloaks, capes, and great-coats, in the hall. What could it all portend?

The Major subsequently misses his pencil case. Of course he decided that Mr. Delastro had taken it, and follows him. He loses his handkerchief by the way, a professional young gentleman having admired the pattern as displayed by a corner dangling from his pocket. He coolly interrogates Mr. Delastro on his supposed sad propensities, in the midst of which the pencil case is discovered on the carpet; upon which the major gets rather warm, misses his bandana, and solicits its return. He is shown out in a great rage, and walks off to the police office, and gives an account of the stolen property. In the meantime a duel is concocted, the major having consented to meet the imagined thief, provided it can be proved he is a gentleman. Mrs. Pettington, however, catches an idea of the affair, informs the magistrate, and all the parties are brought before him. We now come to scene the last—police office—magistrate discovered seated.

Major Diddy, Mr. Delastro, Mr. Pettington, and two other gentlemen being bound over. At the bar an ill-looking rascal, one Barabas Scraggs, in custody, for articles he could not account for. Toby had followed Delastro into the office. Handley deposed that he had long known the prisoner as a dog-stealer and a receiver of stolen goods. Several pawnbrokers were in attendance, who produced Mrs. Pettington's French watch, the chain and seals, the bodkin-case, &c. &c. &c., all of which had been pledged by the prisoner. In reply to an inquiry by the magistrate as to the mode that Scraggs obtained these articles, as it appeared he never was seen inside a house, Handley, who had observed very carefully, replied that, from that which he had been an eye-witness of the prisoner had a highly trained dog, who had been taught to carry any thing it could pick up secretly away in its mouth. At this moment the evil genius of Mr. Barabas Scraggs prevailed, for Toby had jumped on a bench, from which he had made his way to the front of the bar on which his tutor was leaning; and there he remained with his glistening eyes fixed on Barabas, and wagging his powder-puff of a tail. Amongst the articles produced were a ring and a smelling-bottle, which Mr. Delastro identified as belonging to his aunt Isabel. He was also astonished to discover a silver knife and a gold set eye-glass of his own, that he had unaccountably missed. We have little more to relate. Mr. Delastro's character was cleared. Mr. Barabas Scraggs' was blown, and he was subsequently sent abroad to look after the Australian dogs. Major Diddy apologised and explained until everybody was tired of listening to him. Miss Annabella Pettington in a few months became Mrs. Delastro; but prior to which he got rid of his Toby, who really was a dangerous character. He was sent into the country, and finally fell into the possession of a travelling showman, who, with a little alteration to his person, and a false tail and mane, exhibited him as a young white lion.

### Something from Nothing.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

WE resume our abstract of the fortunes of Phineas Quiddy,\* more for the purpose of enabling our readers to retain the thread of the narrative, than for any extensive variety of incident that this and the following chapters contain. Mr. Poole, however, is as quaint as ever in his observations upon men and manners, more especially on one or two weaknesses of which our friends the inhabitants of London are guilty. Sweet-hearted Janet Gray had been comfortably domiciled at Aberdeen, her native place rendered more attractive by the comfortable fact of her being independent. She had been, our author informs us, about three months in that Caledonian seat of learning and cheap diplomas, when he has occasion to state—"a singular fact, for which we can in no other manner account, than by recollecting that Janet was a plain little body, destitute of all personal attractions. It was soon and generally known that 'the lassie had got the siller;' yet, notwithstanding this temptation, in the whole course of these three months the poor girl did not receive a single offer of marriage—except from an exciseman, a gauger, a custom-house officer, two tradesmen whose credits were in a rickety state, five students of the university, and an ensign and a lieutenant in the same company of a regiment quartered in the place. These two last fought in consequence of Mr. Scrover's rivalry; and in the encounter, Lieutenant M'Shine received his adversary's (Ensign M'Shindle's) ball in a diagonal line about eighteen inches above the left side of the top of the crown of his foraging cap. But, as Janet abided by her resolution of remaining unmarried, all these suitors were in turn rejected."

After a highly-wrought apostrophe to and against iron hoops, which Mr. Poole characterises as assistants to surgery, we are informed that Janet got her feet entangled in one driven by an urchin, by which her leg was broken immediately above the ankle, and a compound fracture sustained at the thigh. By a somewhat

\* By John Poole, Esq., in the New Monthly Magazine.

illiberal inuendo against the surgical knowledge of a student ambitious to show his skill, the bones are badly set; and as Janet refuses to have the limb amputated, she is doomed to linger through a life of inactivity and pain.

#### CHAPTER XV.

Disposes of Mr. Quiddy's lodger in somewhat a summary manner. He is not a little addicted to avarice, and becomes anxious to learn in what manner his landlord safely makes more than legal interest by lending money. Quiddy informs him sufficiently to arouse his cupidity without making him aware of the full extent of his profits; and gradually procures sums of money from him, by which he is enabled to extend his profitable calling. The manner in which Mr. Lickpenny reconciles the traffic to his conscience is not an over correct one, but, as it is satisfactory alike to his passion and its troubler, we may as well give it for the benefit of those who cannot delude themselves without his example:—

"Mr. Q.," would he say, "you want so much money; I don't inquire for what purpose; I lend it to you; give me your acknowledgment for the exact sum; if, presently, I find anything over and above it in my table-drawer, I shall take it, no matter how it may come there—you understand."

Having frequently tried and failed to make money by the lottery, Mr. Lickpenny now becomes earnestly engaged in usury, but without ever appealing to the parties, the business part of the transactions being transacted solely by Quiddy. "One day, tempted by an opportunity of receiving an extraordinarily large return for his capital, he was induced to advance, in a single adventure, fourteen hundred pounds. This was for the use of a tradesman, who, having just received upon credit from various manufacturers, silks, velvets, lace, and other similar commodities, to the full value of three thousand pounds, was suddenly seized with so ardent a desire to visit America—for the purpose, probably, of judging for himself of that unparalleled country, and its incomparable people, concerning whom some European visitor may, once in a way, have spoken somewhat irreverently—that, with noble indifference to pecuniary advantage, he resolved to gratify his laudable intention, even at the sacrifice of more than one-half of the value of the property in question. But as this was not the only disinterested act of the kind which he had lately performed, and delay being inconvenient to him, he made it an imperative condition of the bargain that it should be concluded, and the money paid to him, early on the following day. Lickpenny having consented to advance to Quiddy the requisite funds, to that condition the latter agreed. The next morning, as these two friends to the distressed were seated at opposite sides of a small table, the elder employed in counting out bank-notes, and the other in writing his note-of-hand as security to him for the amount, Quiddy was suddenly startled by a long and deep groan. He looked up, and, to his amazement and horror, perceived that the old man had fallen back in his chair, pale and speechless, with his eyes open but rigidly fixed. He ran to his assistance, and spoke to him, but in vain, he was insensible, and, to all appearance, dead!"

Quiddy, greatly alarmed, desired his assistant in the shop to go with all speed for the doctor nearest in the neighbourhood. He next hastily collected together the notes which were lying on the table (not deeming it prudent that they should be there displayed), and thrust them into Lickpenny's old leather pocket-book, which was lying open before him. In his left-hand the old man held a small packet of notes, but so firmly were the fingers clenched, that Quiddy had some difficulty in extricating them from his grasp. He succeeded, however; but not without an involuntary shudder as he was engaged in the unpleasant, but (as he considered it) necessary task—"For, what would the doctor think," thought he, "if he should see all this money lying about?" These notes he placed along with the others; and (for security's sake) deposited the whole in his own coat-pocket. The unfinished document, upon which he himself had been employed, he threw into his writing-desk; and, at the same moment, the doctor, Mr. Mortars, made his appearance.

The tale is soon told. Lickpenny having been placed upon his bed, the doctor looked at him, and gloomily shook his head; the doctor then felt his pulse, and shook his head more gloomily still; the doctor then ineffectually opened a vein, and shook his head so very gloomily, that it needed not his saying the old man was dead."

#### CHAPTER XVI.

By the advice of the surgeon, seals are placed upon the effects of the deceased, all of which are pointed out by Mr. Quiddy. In the hurry of the moment, however, he forgets to mention the pocket book, nor does he recollect it until he is carefully alone. The honest tobaccoist then tortures himself with a thousand schemes as to how the money could be judiciously returned. Should he suddenly recollect himself, and confess his oversight? That would have a very odd appearance; for how could he reasonably account for his forgetfulness of an item of such magnitude? Then, again, it would certainly be inquired how it had come into his possession, and for what purpose? and these obvious questions he could not answer without divulging secrets, the exposure of which might be injurious to himself; and for Mr. Quiddy to be the means of injuring Mr. Quiddy was a circumstance at the bare idea of which humanity must shudder. Nobody, indeed, had a right to expect that of him. Upon the whole, then, it would not be



proper to suddenly recollect that he was in possession of the object under consideration. What, then, should he do with it? Unluckily, thought he, the iron-box (as well as everything else) being sealed, he could not put it into that without being found out; and instead of believing that he had broken it open for the purpose of restitution, people would be more inclined to suspect the very opposite intention. No:—that must not be thought of. Should he conceal it in, or about the bed, or behind a chest of drawers, and so let it be discovered as by accident? That would be unsafe; it might be found by somebody or other who might happen to go into the room, and that somebody or other might be tempted to purloin it. So that would not do. A new train of thought entered his mind. Had the old man left a will behind him? If he had, why as he, Quiddy, had always treated him with abundance of kindness and attention, and as those commodities had been moreover of a quality the most disinterested, there could be no doubt that he was constituted sole heir to the property, in which case it would be his by right; if he were not so constituted, he should properly consider himself to be a very ill-used person, and as justified, upon every principle of equity, in repairing the ungrateful omission, by the means which accident had conferred upon him. In either case, then, the property was, or ought to be, his. But the latter hypothesis was improbable, for there was no one in the world but himself to whom it was likely Lickpenney would bequeath his property—except, perhaps, he should have destined it to the enrichment of some already overgrown charitable fund, and “that would be a thousand pities.” On the other hand:—Had he died intestate? In that case he, having been smuggled into the world without payment of the usual fees to the church for his right of *entrée*—being, in the eye of the law, *filius aulicus*, or, as Quiddy expressed it, “he not belonging to nobody, and nobody not belonging to him,” all his beautiful, nice little bank-notes, together with everything else he died possessed of, would devolve to the Crown: and the mere notion of such a lapse was quite preposterous, the Crown being very well able to do without it. All things considered, then, and no one being in the secret but himself, he resolved that it would be not only prudent, but right (towards himself) to remain silent upon the matter, till a question should be raised concerning it by anybody else, when it would be quite time enough for him to speak. Quiddy, by a majority as large as, in these times, is considered sufficient to influence the interests of a mighty empire—namely, a majority of one—having carried the question in debate in his own favour, he found no difficulty in persuading himself that this *one* was the *voice* (not of the people, but) of justice.

Having satisfied his mind upon this point, he proceeded to examine the contents of the pocket-book. There were (in addition to the bank-notes which he had lately thrust into it) a few memoranda of no importance, and some notes-of-hand, payable to Lickpenney, for certain sums, amounting together to nearly five hundred pounds, which he had at various times advanced to Quiddy, for the purposes before mentioned. My own notes-of-hand, I declare!” exclaimed the latter: and so, indeed, in one sense, they were. That the phrase was susceptible of another and very different construction tells nothing against one who made no pretensions to a critical understanding of the niceties of the English language. Now, as every man has a right to do what he will with his own, it pleased Quiddy, in the exercise of his right, to tear those bits of paper, small as they were, into a quantity of bits considerably smaller. This operation, by an almost unavoidable association of ideas, reminded him of a document of a similar character to those which he had placed unfinished in his desk. Being unfinished, it was a mere scrap of paper of no value; and to complete it, under existing circumstances, would, as he piously reflected, be a mockery of the dead. “Draw up a note-of-hand payable to a dead man! it would be downright stuff and nonsense,” thought he. Whereupon, with even less hesitation than in the previous case, he operated in a like manner upon that.

The following is a palpable hit at one of the senseless yet miserable *penchants* of a London mob:—Quiddy’s shop-windows being partially, and the upper windows of his house, entirely closed, the report that a sudden death had occurred therein rapidly spread. The usual consequences ensued. From the moment when the event had become generally known, until midnight, crowds of people collected in front of the house, in order to gratify a curiosity honourable alike to their hearts and understandings, by staring up at the closed shutters—there being nothing but the closed shutters to be seen! Satiated by long gazing on this interesting “spectacle,” and impelled by a feeling of curiosity more rational still, with eager steps they proceeded thence to a street nearly a quarter of a mile away, to stare at the house in which *four years ago (!)* the deceased had carried on his business of a shoemaker, but which ever since that period had been occupied by a greengrocer! The next day, and the next, were those exciting objects visited by other crowds (the largest numbers assembling on the Sunday), nor did the public curiosity entirely subside until the funeral was over.

A coroner’s inquest is held:—Quiddy having deposed very clearly to all he knew touching the melancholy event, it having been sworn to by the shop-boy that, within five minutes of the time when he had been sent by his master to fetch Mortars, he had seen the deceased alive and well: by Mortars that, upon his reaching the house within five minutes after receiving the summons,

he found him dead: by Dr. Leechman that, upon his arrival some considerable time afterwards he found him in precisely the same state: and each having answered to a considerable mass of questions, all more or less unintelligible and irrelevant, which were put by the several jurors—one, because he thought the question “couldn’t do no harm if it didn’t do no good;” another, because “he mought ax any question he’d a mind to;” a third, because he thought it “a question which he would dare the crowner to object to at his apparel:”—having answered variously to these, that they “didn’t know,” “couldn’t say,” “quite impossible to tell,” and the like; and there being no reason for supposing the deceased had met his end by unfair means the verdict was found.

Respecting Lickpenney’s property, when that became the subject of investigation, Mortars avouched that upon his examining his effects in the presence of the Doctor and Quiddy, the seals which he had placed upon them, before he quitted the house, on the morning of his first visit, he found perfect and entire: nothing, therefore, could possibly have been abstracted. A diligent search was made for a will, but no such document was to be found: this circumstance, however, was the less to be deplored, as they discovered neither property (so to speak—for the little that was afterwards found was hardly worth mentioning)—nor vouchers for property. It was shown that he had had money in the funds which he had gradually sold out. What he had done with it nobody could tell; and all that Quiddy could say upon the subject was, that the old man was always very close, and never spoke to anybody (at least not to him) about his concerns. There was but one solution of the mystery. In his strong box were found a quantity of old lottery-tickets, all crossed with the fatal word *blank*, in large black characters: “The foolish old fellow, then, must have made ducks and drakes of his money.” In a corner of the box, quite at the bottom, and beneath an old account-book, was discovered an old waistcoat tightly folded, within which was an old stocking; and within that again a little old canvass bag; this bag contained exactly thirty golden guineas. It has already been stated that, owing to Lickpenney’s isolated position in society, his property, should he die intestate, would devolve to the Crown. Besides these thirty guineas, which would barely pay the funeral expenses, and one or two trifling bills which remained unsettled, there was nothing remaining but his wardrobe. Now, as George the Third was a gentleman (and it was in the reign of that good king that these events occurred), and Lickpenney’s clothes and linen being in not the best condition, it was deemed that the presentation of them to His Majesty might be taken as an insult; and the additional consideration that his Majesty being a much larger man than the defunct, not an article of said wardrobe but would be a very awkward fit, it was resolved that the Crown should be kept in ignorance of the matter, and the whole stock remain with Quiddy. The latter could not but say he thought he had the best right to it; and that upon the whole, indeed, he considered himself a rather ill-used person, inasmuch as his late lodger had always led him to expect that, in return for the care and attention which he had bestowed upon him, he, Quiddy, would be well remembered at his death. And thus did this affair end. To be sure, people did, for a time, talk, and wonder, and surmise, and shake their heads with a meaning; but people will talk, and wonder, and surmise, and shake their heads, “let Hercules himself do what he may.”

#### The Brother Artists.

BY MARIA JOSEPHINE REDDELL.  
SKETCH THE THIRD.

It was sultry noon, and Pietro was walking through a wide quiet street; the air was heavy, and notwithstanding the clouds that darkened the sky, the heat was oppressive. The few who were compelled to the exertion, seemed to drag their languid limbs along with an effort—it was the hush and heaviness that preludes a storm—and Pietro, who had a constitutional dread of lightning, was thinking of either hastening home, or somewhere seeking a temporary shelter, when a distant clap of thunder, and the falling of a few large drops of rain, hastened his determination. He was at this moment passing a small but neatly-decorated chemist’s shop, and entering he requested of its master permission to shelter there. The chemist, a small, shrivelled anatomy of a man, with little piercing dark eyes, looked at him penetratingly for a few minutes, and with a grim smile nodded assent. Pietro seated himself by the counter, and watched the gradual advance of the tempest; the master of the shop still remained standing, with his small fierce eyes fixed on him. To divert this observation, which was becoming intolerable, Pietro expressed an intention to purchase some perfume. Several different sorts were immediately produced, but while he carelessly looked at their promising titles, the chemist thrust before him a small white paper sealed up, on the outside of which was a word in a strange language, printed with red letters. Pietro looked for an inquiry of his meaning, and after a cunning smile and two or three sharp nods, he said in a shrill whisper,

“That is what you want—take it.”

“What is it?” asked Pietro, with surprise.

“Look at it when you see your enemy,” was the reply, with a rapid succession of nods; and the chemist went on to extol the mercurial virtues of his perfumes. His eulogium was interrupted by the entrance of a man in

a magnificent livery, who, turning to Pietro, delivered to him the Count Plancini’s invitation to his mansion, which was immediately opposite—who had seen him take shelter there, and was anxious for the pleasure of his company. The Count Plancini was a nobleman to whom the brothers had become slightly known through their art, and whose opinion carried more weight than that of any connoisseur in England. Pietro gladly accepted the invitation, and turning to the chemist, requested to know the amount of his purchase. The sum was named—half a guinea—which was the price of the white, parcel before mentioned. Pietro objected to this, saying he had no intention to purchase it.

“Signor,” said the chemist, with a sneering smile, “it scarcely befits a gentleman to recant so small a purchase. I shall expect you to pay for it.” Pietro’s wrath was excited at this imposition, but he did not choose to carry on the dispute under present circumstances; so permitting the chemist to put up the paper, he left the shop attended by the liveried messenger. The rain was now falling in torrents, but it was scarcely a minute’s transit to their destination. In a splendid apartment were assembled the *élite* of rank, and the favourites of nature; but, amongst them all, Pietro only distinguished one—it was his brother, who, beneath the quiet anxious observation of the assembly, was giving the last touches to a picture of St. Catherine. Pietro for a few minutes stood unnoticed in the breathless interest, and when Raphael, retiring, left his work to the scrutiny of the surrounding group, the exclamations of surprise, the ardent enthusiastic praise that was heaped upon the performance, made him shrink from observation still more. At length Raphael turned towards him with a triumphant smile. “Come, Pietro,” he said, “and see how hopelessly you are baffled.” Way was made for him, and Pietro advanced to the picture; as his eye dwelt on it he could not but admit to his own heart that the pencil had there represented the perfection of the ideal.

“I should be happy to see you, for your brother’s sake, Signor Martini,” observed the Count; “but,” he added courteously, “doubt not I soon shall for your own.”

A few civil observations to him from others of the party, and assiduous compliments to his brother, received with more pride and triumph than Pietro had ever before remarked in him, were interrupted by the announcement of a servant, that all was prepared in the picture gallery, and at the invitation of their host the two brothers, together with the rest of the company, followed him thither.

“We propose,” said the Count to Pietro as they went, “to institute a fair comparison between yourself and your brother, and for this purpose have taken the liberty of sending for specimens of the talents of each, which are now placed favourably for the judgment.”

Pietro answered not but by a low bow. It is needless to attempt to describe his feelings; they must be imagined. When they reached the gallery they found it brilliantly illuminated by the rapidly westerling sun. The storm had passed away; the air was now clear, and the heavens unclouded. Pietro thought his own works never looked so harsh and unfinished, or his brother’s so finely imagined, or so admirably worked out. Among the rest were the subjects of their recent competition. He looked with the most galling self-contempt on his own bizarre and meagre sketch; he looked from thence to Raphael’s, and the haunting passion of his heart assumed a darker and more dangerous form; and he muttered, almost audibly, “Oh, that he were dead!”

The pictures were passed in review by the assembled judges—Pietro’s with smothered ridicule or cold criticism—Raphael’s with an admiration which he appeared proudly to receive as his due, and which his brother could not but acknowledge to be well deserved. There was a light laugh near him; he turned round;—it was Catherine Rivers thus listening to the sarcastic comments of a connoisseur on a fault in perspective in one of his own pictures.

The same party were seated at their wine after dinner, from which the brothers had been induced to refrain. Enthusiasm and sarcasm, jest and grave discussion, flowed or sparkled around Pietro; but he sat silent, his eyes stealthily observing his brother, his ears sensitive to his every word. At length a murmur ran around the table—the murmur of a proposition soon made audible. It was proposed that Raphael Martini should be crowned with a laurel wreath, receiving the honours of Petrarch in the Capitol, an earnest of the fame he must yet win. At any other time this might have appeared to Pietro ridiculously melo-dramatic; but it struck the jarring chord of his heart, and the discord there was too real. The crown was placed, and acclamations resounded through the noble room. Pietro met his brother’s exulting glance. At this moment his arm was touched. He turned round, and saw sitting beside him the chemist, whose eyes were fixed on him with malevolent acuteness. “Your rival is your enemy, remember your purchase,” he whispered. While he spoke a laugh ran round the table, and Pietro heard his own “lame aspirations” mockingly reviled. He took the paper parcel from his pocket; he could now read the inscription; it was poison; he tore the seal open, and emptied from the paper a white powder into a goblet of wine, and carrying it to his brother offered it to him, saying, “Take it from a brother artist.” Raphael accepted it gaily, and drank it off without a pause. He shuddered as he set the goblet down, and as Pietro again seated himself, the chemist laughed a half smothered laugh—but Pietro paid little



attention to it, his eyes and his thoughts were fixed with anxious intensity upon Raphael, whose cheek gradually became more pale, and his eyes more languid. To Pietro, his own countenance seemed to reflect every change in that of his brother, but in the excitement of the hour, none else seemed to notice the change in either. At length Raphael turned towards his brother a look that never passed from Pietro's memory. "Not an enemy, but my own familiar friend," he said; and fell back a corpse. Immediately there was a throng around him and a confusion of voices, among which the sharp one of the chemist whispered in Pietro's ear,

"Thine was the beginning, is not this a fitting end?"

He rushed from the place, unheeded in the terror of the moment; in a few minutes he was in the unlighted street, now dark as midnight. He sped on, he scarcely knew what road, and at length arrived at home. His mother met him at the door; she was clothed in the deepest mourning; so was Mary. Without a word, they led him up stairs, and there laid—upon a bed—the laurel wreath crushed upon his brow, were the remains of his brother. The glazed eye was still open, and seemed fixed upon his murderer, and as Pietro approached a few drops of blood burst from the parted lips, and trickled down the pale cheek.

"Where is your triumph, and what is the gain?" said Mary; his mother's look of agony and reproach needed no words. They left him alone, and in darkness, prostrated beside his victim. Where was now the thirst for fame? the craving to be foremost? The competitor he had feared, and hated, could contend no more; and he no longer cared for the prize. The form that had seemed to stand between himself and the sunshine of praise, his hand had laid on the dust, and now he would have become a despised idiot, could he have thus purchased back the life he had taken. The remembrance of their early affection and later friendship filled his heart with agony. He felt how empty was a world's applause beside a brother's blood. What a mockery! the triumphs of fame heaped upon the agonies of remorse.

#### SKETCH THE LAST.

Pietro had been lying dreaming. He was fast losing the sense of sorrow in the exhaustion it occasioned, when he felt upon his arm a stealing touch that gradually tightened to an icy grasp. By a strong effort he raised his head. That effort dissipated the slumbers that had thus been fearfully haunted, and he awoke to find himself in the early light of a summer's morning, beside the easel on which lay his unfinished picture, where he had the night before sunk into sleep; a deep sigh of relief and earnest words of thanksgiving expressed his first awakening sensations; but the feelings that for several succeeding hours troubled the mind and heart of the conscience-stricken Pietro can be traced only in their effects. Several hours before that when they usually assembled at the breakfast table, he was sedulously occupied in finishing the picture. It was strictly to finish it that his efforts were engaged; nothing new was added to the design or the expression. It was nearly finished, and by the time the labours of the household commenced, the last touch had been given. He cast one comprehensive look on his completed labour, carefully put aside every brush and palette, and with a sad but steady glance round the apartment, went softly down to his own chamber.

When the family assembled at breakfast, Pietro's pale and haggard countenance, excited many anxious inquiries, and in his replies his manner was so subdued and his words so few, as to awaken their still further anxiety; but Mary was the only one who noticed the fixed and affectionate gaze with which he occasionally regarded Raphael, or the shudder with which it was sometimes averted. "Raphael," he said, as he rose to leave the room when the meal was over, "my picture is finished, and the sooner yours is, the sooner this foolish affair can be decided." "I must confess," he continued, with a forced smile and a flushed cheek, "that my curiosity, yesterday tempted me to ascertain how nearly yours was completed." Raphael too well understood his brother's feelings in making the confession, to aggravate them by any particular remark.

The day arrived on which the bet was to be decided; Pietro's declining health might well have excused his attendance, but he insisted upon being present, and on the appointed morning, at Mr. Dester's house, was assembled the same party in whose presence it had been first proposed, together with the eminent artist to whom its decision had been referred. During this decision the brothers were left in the library alone, Pietro, spite of himself, anxious, hoping, and restless—Raphael treating the whole as a piece of grave folly. As the latter was amusing himself with examining some prints and portraits that adorned the apartment, he stood fixed in astonishment before one. "How, in the name of heaven, came this here?" he exclaimed. Pietro approached to see what had so surprised him, and beheld the very Beatrice with which his brother's heart and pencil had been so recently occupied. At this moment Mr. Dester and his friends rejoined them, the former looking particularly indignant and disturbed. "Signor Martini," he said, "you have not done me justice." Pietro's heart sunk for a moment, and his countenance gloomed as he heard this first intimation of the decision; but he soon recovered himself, and was one of the first to offer Raphael his congratulations on his success. Raphael scarcely noticed this, the exultation of Mr. Kerr, or the tribute of intelligent praise from the lips of the referee. His mind was absorbed in speculations respecting the Beatrice; and at length, turning to Mr. Dester, he

inquired somewhat abruptly how he came by it. Mr. Dester was not quite in the humour to bear with temper any abruptness, and he answered sharply that, as it was the portrait of a lady, who, in a few days would become his wife, there was certainly no necessity that he should account further for the possession of it. Raphael knew not what he replied; the blood rushed even to his temples and then retreated, leaving his very lips white. Pietro alone noticed the change, and penetrated the emotion that caused it; for a short time he exerted himself to avert it from the attention of the rest, and as soon as possible took leave. The brothers walked some distance in silence, interrupted only by Raphael muttering from time to time, "coquette—jilt—woman!" he was evidently quite as angry as he was hurt, and there is always hope in such a case that the impression is not very deep. At length he grasped Pietro's arm and stopped him, while he said—"Hear me, Pietro! never, as you would be at peace, never trust that false and feeble race; they are all one lie. Originally the curse of man, they live but to renew it—and now let us speak of her no more." Again he walked on at a rapid pace, and spoke no more till they reached home. Perhaps pity for his brother's mortification and distress strengthened Pietro in the execution of the design he had formed the morning when he awoke from that warning dream. This was to relinquish that art whose emulations had led him imperceptibly into feelings so dark and dangerous; he felt that glorious, honourable, and happy as the race may be to some, to him it was destruction; that this was the right eye he must sacrifice—the right hand he must cut off—and the resolve thus made was most sacredly kept. Mary was the only one who penetrated the motives of the sacrifice, and if she had before pitied even while she blamed, she regarded his present conduct with unmixed admiration; to her eyes it was no cowardice thus to retire from so dangerous a struggle, but the truest heroism any mind, however weak, can follow—a path of which praise and honour are the goal, and the only dangers those of the heart and conscience; it required a strong mind to balance justly the real danger and the shadowy hope. His mother deeply felt the retreat of Pietro from a path in which she had, with maternal pride, predicted to him such honour; but when, after a few years, she saw him prosperous in the trade in which he had embarked, and happy in an union with Mary, and the devoted friendship of his brother, who had vainly attempted to dissuade him from the, to him, mad design of abandoning his art—she acknowledged that there may exist in unambitious peace a happiness at least as great as that which rewards the emulations and successes of the brightest talents.

#### Traits and Sketches of Irish Character.

BY WM. HUGHES, ESQ.

##### THE DREAM.

"Oh, grief! beyond all other griefs, when fate  
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate,  
In the lone world, without that only tie  
For which it loved to live or feared to die;  
Torn as the hung-up kite, which ne'er hath spoken  
Since the sad day its master-chord was broken."

THE county of Kerry, the scene of our little tale, is famed for its wild and picturesque, though uncultivated and neglected, tracts of hill and dale; yet how seldom does the emblazoned chariot of the noble, or even the hired vehicle of the humbler traveller in search of health or pleasure, roll through those lovely valleys. Talk of Switzerland, of La Belle France, or of the picturesque depths of Llangollen, the serrated peaks of Derby, the hoary-headed, time-honoured Snowden, or the laughing scenery of the Clyde; yet do they surpass Mangerton, or Macgillicuddy, or the romantic gap of Dunloe; and even within the circuit of some miles there exists many a charmed spot, a type of fairie land, equally worthy of a visit.

The river Feale, in this county, rises a puny stream, fretting and brawling over many a cliff and mountain pass, flowing onward through each deep ravine and dingy path, occasionally bearing against some huge mass which fain would form an interminable barrier, and mar its further approach, till, as it reaches the pretty town of Listowel, it swells into the magnificent river; then rolls peaceably in sullen grandeur, till, at once and impetuously, it dashes over a ridge of high projecting rocks which form the bed of its deep broad basin in masses of uncontrolled foam, and again bounds away in irresistible waves into the bosom of the mighty Atlantic.

Within a mile of Listowel there is one of those delightful spots, beautiful as exists within the circle of our isle, an almost interminable wall of bluish grey limestone, rising at intervals at either side of the river, studded with mountain fir, springing apparently from the barren rock, till, from the depths, below they appear lost in the blue arch of heaven, until it is terminated by a lowland vista, circled with forest ash, and wide spreading oak,

"Mighty shades,  
Weaving their gorgeous tracery o'er head,  
With the light melting through their high arcades,  
As through a pillar'd cloister."

And here it was upon a summer afternoon that an interesting-looking girl, clad in the simple habiliments of a peasant, awaited the arrival of him whose smile she prized more than all that wealth, or earth, or power can bestow.

"Ah, Paudheen, Paudheen, dear! how could you have kept me so long? I have been a long an' a weary hour a waitin', an' I thought, oh! I thought you could

not come, for last night I had such a horrid dhrame, and she burst into tears."

"Anty," cried the youth whom she had addressed, and then one long and ardent embrace, one thrilling kiss of fervid love, told how dear, how very dear, such meetings had become, and how deeply their young hearts were interwoven.

"A hundred thousan' thanks, ma colleen dhas," said he: "often have you giv me strength and resolution; and by yer own dear promise you will at long last be mine—you must be mine for ever. Anty," said he, "once more tell me do you love me."

"Love you?—have I not said it, Paudheen, over and over," raising her liquid eyes to his. "Have I not said it, an' how often must I repate I am yours, and yours alone. I do, indeed, Paudheen. I do—I do," and a crimson flush rose even to her forehead. "And, now," said she, playfully, that must convince you for ever. Oh, Paudheen, my heart would brake afore mortal man, not even exceptin' my own father, should take the burnin' kiss you left upon my lip. But, oh!" continued she, falteringly, "I had such a dhrame, Paudheen. I dhramed that you wor kilt wid the cuttin' reproaches of my father; that you wor gone away, an' that I would never see you more," and she sobbed aloud.

"May the heavens bless you," cried Paudheen, "for an innocent colleen: that will not come to pass, for I was spakin' to my own father about us, an' he at oncet said he would give me the bit of land that the praties are in, an' I will give you my own help to put up a house an' a haggard along wid id—bring her home, and make her happy."

Anty shook her head significantly. "Don't spake of such things now," said she: "my father is a quare man; and id was only this blessed mornin' old Nora told me that he had given to Andy Molyneux that over which he shall never have controul. But I will not be a bride of his—no, never! Listen to me, Paudheen—do not misread my sowl, nor do not be mis-thrustful ov my faith; for you, and you only, do I, or will I ever love, singly an' wholly. More nor that shure I can't say—nor more than that I can't do. An' I would wither off the face ov the airth afore I would give that hand to him I disliked. Bud, oh! I would work the very fingers ov him to the bone for him I loved"—crimsoning still deeper as she spoke—not alone her cheeks, but her forehead, even back to her neck.

Another and another burst of irresistible, of uncontrolled passion—one more kiss was imprinted upon her lip. "That's right," cried the young man, exultingly; still he quivered like the aspen in the noon-tide sun. "Anty," said he, "shure your father can't be so hard-hearted as to put betune us."

"He is a detarmined man," replied the maid, "that is foud ov havin his own way, as I'm afeard."

"You needn't be afeard," cried Paudheen, "we can be aiqually detarmined; sure, if all goes to all, we can do id unknownt, 'idhout oncet axing him, be yer lave, or a haperth. I will go to him this minnit, an' he can't do no worse nor refuse."

It was the evening of a day of uncommon loveliness, but still affluent in a thousand beauties; the last tinge of sunset, lingering in gorgeous streaks, had mellowed the soft and floating haze which wrapt the distant heights, as they lay promiscuously piled upon each other, in a robe of azure, only a few tints deeper than the sky itself; while the intervening vales slept in a depth of shadow, and formed a relieving contrast with their deep overhanging cliffs tangled with stunted mountain fir, as they were reflected, unbroken, steeped in rich gold, in the scarce rippled surface of the Feale. Anty's at other times somewhat exuberant vivacity had given place to a shade of melancholy enthusiasm, which stole like a fitting cloud over her spirits; from her earliest childhood, she had at all times known her father determined in his own will, and by him she had been instructed to think that he, and he alone, was capable of forming plans for her future weal; while that romance which inseparably belongs to the character of woman, told her never to make her heart a sacrifice against her own inclination, even were she to disobey that father whom she revered, whom she respected, and whom she loved.

After a few minutes' walk they paused, for directly in front of them, upon the opposite margin of the river, lay the neat cottage where Anty had passed in innocence and joy the young day of life. They separated, and Paudheen immediately crossed the little bridge, which then stood in place of the beautiful fine stone arch that now spans the broad river, and in a short time was within the humble mud-built walls of the father of his idolised.

Here he stood twisting his caubeen in his hand, and occasionally scraping the earthen floor with the toe of his brogue. The old man, beholding the embarrassment of the youth, besides having certain misgivings as to his errand, was the first to break silence. "Paudheen, allanna," said he, in a soothing tone, "I'm afraid you do not know one thing, which, as regards yourself, may be a matter of consequence." A deep flush passed over the cheek of the youth as the old man continued, "I have had latterly serious thoughts of settlin' Anty in the world, an' I am not ignorant of the feelings which influences you at present, but you know little of the troubles of life. I am an older man nor you, an' I will give you an advice—you may take id or lave id, as you thys proper—id is this; do not think o' bringin' reumatism on any livin' crathur. Young men will love, and girls will like, 'idhout knowin' why, until the end ov time, but this is not your case, for Anty Scanlan never at has



seen the boy able to touch her heart; therefore, you must know I can't listen to what you wor about to say. I have known her too long to believe she would desave me; an' I also know you have tried to win her heart, but that yer father's son will never be able to do."

"Bud—" cried Paudheen—

"No buds, sur, here: if you wish for other an' waightier raisens nor what I have gave, know then, young man, that a child of mine, even did she like, never shall give her hand to any bud a boy of my choosin', an' one besides, who will be a thrifle better to do nor you are."

"I was goin' to say," faltered Paudheen, hurt at the aspersion of poverty, "that my father gev me the taste of land, and he has promised me—"

"Paudheen Mahony," interrupted the old man, contemptuously, "While I can breathe the breath of life, an' while those two hands are upon me, Anty Scanlan never, by the help of the Almighty, shall be a beggar. That fortin was not reserved as the lot of a child of mine. Lave me," cried he, with emphasis. "Lave the place at onc't, an' let me hear no more of this folly. Rather, oh rather, would I see her stretched an' withered like a blighted flower, than see her marrit to rare her childer on the substance of her neighbours. Young man, I have a husband for her; him shall she wed; I swear, by Him who hears me this blessed night, him and him only shall she wed with my consint."

The youth shrunk at once from an argument which it were next to madness to continue, and in another instant his form was lost in the deep shade of falling night.

The following morning Paudheen again contrived to meet his beloved Anty at their sacred trysting place;—a few broken and passionate words were interchanged between them, and the youth breathed many a profession into the ear of her whom his soul idolised, which, under other circumstances, perhaps, he would not have dared to venture; and they were listened to with all that fervour and affection that too plainly told she felt the fullest intensity of that passion which was infused into the very life-pulses of his own heart, and which enchaind while it fascinated him in all the maddening witchery of love. They both felt the low breathings of an emotion strike upon the most painful chords of their young hearts, for they knew too well the obstacles which reason told them was opposed to their union; yet hope pictured in the far perspective its sacred influences, and mellowed the dark cloud which hung over them into all the most radiant joys of sunbeam. "Oh! Anty," uttered he, "I have sworn to love you, an' never will I cease to think of her, in sorrow or in crasses, who has returned that love." Anty's tearful eye was upraised to him. "Paudheen," said she, "I b'lieve you, bud yer words are like a bright dhrame that will never come to pass."—"Be Gorra, thin, I dont know," returned he—"Bud shure there's no use in us talkin' this way; I was thinkin' the whole live long night, and what I determined on was no other than to lave the place a while till I airn enough to buy your father's consint."—"Bud why should you go away," said Anty, with deep and solemn earnestness, an unquiet expression flitting across her brow as she thought of her dhrame of the former night; but her good sense at once prevailed, and instantly it vanished like floating gossamer in the mid-day sun. "I will keep my word, Anty," said he, "though it goes sorely to my heart to lave you at a time like this, when I hoped all our troubles had passed away; bud, oh! whin I return, it's 'dallan gradh baath,' will not be said to us; an' with hearts like ours, shure we must be happy. 'An', oh! if I would never see you again," returned the maid!—"Bud still I know yer proud an' throe sperit too well to b'lieve for a minnit ye'd be false to one that has confided all she can give into yer keepin'."—"No, never, sweet Anty." Fig guan an-diadh na fearthana; and his manly eye was filled brimful. Ashamed at his own weakness, he turned from her, not daring to trust himself to speak further, and he rushed away. But again he turned back, and one more thrilling—one more heart-burning embrace. "May God speed you, acushlah ma chree," barely uttered the maid, and he tore himself away.

Anastasia Scanlan, whom we have thus far introduced to notice, was an only child, and the idol of her surviving parent. She was a pretty and an interesting looking girl: her complexion was half fair and half sunny, through which the eloquent blood mantled at every motion; her dark hair was drawn smoothly from her forehead, and parted with an unusual neatness without a curl, while her countenance was redeemed from the charge of insipidity by the full curve of her lip. To have seen her to perfection was when returning from her Sunday devotion,—without cap or bonnet—her laughing dark eye beaming with intelligence and expression, while she hummed some favourite ditty of her native land. We have seen her often, both by daylight and moonlight, a thousand times unwillingly escorted by some three or four rustic beaux from the village fete, and to us few fairer objects impersonated human form than Anty Scanlan, the peasant belle of Listowel.

The father of Paudheen Mahony was a man of wild, daring, and speculative disposition, who in the early part of his days was moderately well to do in the world, but his visionary turn induced him to risk his all in one venture on that tickle element which was a type of his disposition. It was in one fell hour destroyed, and he was forced to return to his former fireside only to be

that soul-endearing and heaven-born attribute of his countrymen, raised him once more near to his former level. Awakened from his sunny dreams and golden visions of perspective wealth, he set himself down in earnest, and at the time of which we write he was doing as well—if well it can be called—as some of his humble neighbours. Paudheen was entirely of a different cast from that being to whom he owed existence. Reared almost constantly near his mother, he partook of much of the suavity, sympathy, and untiring perseverance of the female character; yet he did not lack courage; and many and long was the wild "birrook," which alone an Irish peasant understands to give, raised for him at fair an patten; and, if the truth were known, few, if any, of the colleens hesitated much at the offer of his hand in the village dance.

It is not singular that such a being should be loved. Perhaps it was the fault of his character to be too susceptible, yet, although he never could resist the bewitching charm of woman's unmeant preference, and though he might esteem, certainly he never loved but one, and if we can call this a fault it is but the shadow of a sin, a consequence inseparable from the most exalting impulses of the human heart.

There was but one, and only one, besides Paudheen who had courage to acknowledge that he aspired to the hand of the fair Anty. That individual was Andy Molyneux, the inheritor of a small but comfortable farm near Abbeydorney, a village situate midway between Tralee and Listowel. He was of a particularly dark and forbidding manner, and generally disliked by his acquaintance; yet there was a class of them who delighted in the midnight revel, and indeed we might add the cudgel fight, when his company had irresistible charms, and amongst whom he shone conspicuous. Still there was a tinge of recklessness about him, which mingled at times alarmingly with his gaiety, and caused him rather to be feared than loved. Such was the husband chosen for Anty Scanlan by her father, and it is not surprising that he was more than indifferent to her, which she often took care to hint in his presence.

We shall now pass over a period of three long years and more, for long indeed they must have seemed to more than one of the individuals of our little tale, during the interval of which Paudheen Mahony had been a sojourner in another land. The greater part of the time he spent in traversing England as a day labourer, where the hire was more remunerative than in his own country; and when, by early and late assiduity, task work, over hours, and debarring himself of almost the common necessities of life, he contrived to scrape together a paltry sum in gold, he now entertained, although his success fell far short of his anticipations, some idea of returning to his father land. Many changes had taken place at Listowel: most of them for the better, but there was one for which he was wholly unprepared.

During the lapse of time of which we relate, determined that his daughter should not wed him whom she had chosen for her heart, old Scanlan made use of every exertion which parental authority could devise to obtain his fondest wish; but that love which was begun with a girl's rash vow, and which absence failed to cure, was now ripened into all the matured affection of womanhood. Still there was no hope for her—no tidings had she received of Paudheen—and his apparent desertion preyed deep upon her spirits. It was evident, from the fragile beauty of her form, that the first shock given to her spirit would disengage it; and when her father peremptorily commanded her, in no very measured terms, to accept of Andy Molyneux as her future husband, from that moment her health visibly declined, and many were the regrets of the humble habitants of the spot where she dwelt, and many were the tears of her young-day companions, when her countenance assumed all the treacherous loveliness of consumption. Could hatred exist in her bosom, her feelings towards her father's favoured suitor might be accounted such; and this, together with the uncertainty of seeing him again whom alone she lived for, kept her in a constant fever of excitement. Could Paudheen have once more pressed her to his bosom—could he but once have called her his own—and she had lived in thought at least for ever. But such was not her fate; and Anty, the once joyous Anty, was fast wearing away, with

"Life's fresh flowers just opening in her hand."

"Oh, wirrah, wirrah, bud ids herself was the purty little girl in airnest. The Lord 'ill be mairciful to her sowl this night," sobbed Nora, the crone who kept house for old Scanlan, in answer to some kindly interrogatory of a neighbour.

"Thru, for you, Nora allanah, the heavens be her bed, she's alin a long while now, bud what was it first gev her the turn?"

"Och, the docthor sed it was a gallopin decay, Judy avourneen, at the same time compressing her mouth, and giving a significant wink. "You don't say so, Nora, agrah, bud he must be a hard-hearted old doat to put betune them," lowering her voice as she concluded the sentence. Ah, thin, ids throe enough an ids himself has supped sorrow for that same, hard an' fast, this many a long day," replied Nora; "and poor Anty, the only thing that kilt her outright was never hearin' from Paudheen, afther the sorrowful partin' they had the day afther the ould man threw the thrifle the neighbours done for his father in his teeth."

"Musha, thin, he might have held his tongue: Paudheen was the warm-hearted gosssoon, an' no comparin' with that limb iv the divel, with his kimmeen

thricks; why, thin, sartainly, it's an odd thing, an' I niver considered ov id meself, bud Paudheen might have sint her a few shrokes of the pin, as he had the larnin', jist to say he was livin' any how."

The dialogue was intercepted by a groan from the inner apartment of the cabin, where, seated by the bedside of his expiring daughter, her hand clasped in his, the old man strove to suppress the agony of his mind: he saw himself about to be left childless, and he learned too late the sacred rights of nature. "Oh, my colleen dhas, my colleen dhas," sobbed he; "if you could only feel the sorrow which stings yer father's breast, you would live, my child—you would beg of the Almighty to prolong yer life for my sake. But, Oh! will you forgive the crasses I've caused you—will you forgive yer ould father, allanah!"

She replied by a motion of her head; and raising herself a little, looked tenderly in the face of the old man. An exclamation of surprise was heard without from the old crones; and then all was silent. The latch was now cautiously raised, and a figure glided stealthily into the apartment. It was Paudheen himself; but, oh, truly have we said he was unprepared for such a scene!—he gazed for a moment, and the tears ran in quick succession upon his cheeks. Could that calm angelic countenance be the same which was wont to greet him with its joyousness; and she looked so resigned, and so lovely, in a decay that seemed to anticipate all the unfading beauties of heaven. Her eye was so uncommonly lustrous, her features so like the shining faces of inspired description, that he was awed as if by the presence of a spirit. He buried his face in his hands, and then he bent slowly and solemnly over her, and hesitatingly pressed her thin and delicate lips to his own, as if the breath of an angel had made them holy. She was unconscious of his presence, and then he half uttered a prayer aloud. She caught the sound, and her eye turned upon him. "It is he," said she, in a clear, distinct, though visibly agitated voice. "Oh, I knew you would come to me, Paudheen, at this thyring moment, when all I loved dearest is fadin afore my eyes; but, oh, we will meet agen, when no troubles are afore us. Take this," said she, raising in her thin fingers a small lock of her hair (and which she had prepared, as if from a presentiment of his coming), "this will remain long afther I am gone: keep id for yer Anty—id is all in life I have left to bestow."

The youth was too unmanned to reply. Bending again and slowly over, he essayed to speak, but the effort was too much, and he sunk involuntarily back. He prayed long and fervently, for he could pray, and he wept aloud.

"My dhrame! My dhrame!" almost shrieked the expiring girl, and her eyes were at once dimmed in the silent and eternal sleep of death.

"By no proud stone  
Her narrow couch of rest is known—  
No, not a trace the record bears."

save that which is graven deep in the heart of him whom she had but existed for

Near the turn of Tarbert, upon the margin of the broad and beauteous Shannon, stands a neat cottage and farm attached, a pattern of industry and frugality; and here it was Paudheen Mahony vested the little sum he had earned at such a price in England. He still lives, though true to his own Anty, encircled by a family of three or four rosy cheeked, garrulous little urchins, the dowry of a widowed sister; and often, as we have partaken of his humble hospitality, has he related to us, though with visible emotion, the principal incidents of this little tale.

### The Prude's Husband.

#### THE VICTIM'S DEATH.

THE memoir of Madame Lafarge, in approaching its termination, loses no portion of its inflated style, although the dreariness of heart impressed on all the characters in this foul domestic drama shades the pompous diction into comparative insignificance. So tormented and heart-racked had been M. Lafarge, so full of doubts, yet willing to believe, that he resolved to enter his house on his return unknown to his mother, that he might have an opportunity of quiet explanation with his wife. This, the old lady on learning, was determined to prevent; the doating husband, however, clambered through a breach in the garden wall, and entered his wife's chamber without being seen by any one. It was therefore a surprise to Madame when she was awakened by him. "When I saw him smile," says she, "and shed tears in kissing me on his return, I was frightened at the change in him. Clementine, whose bed was near mine, also asked him immediately if he was ill. He told us that his stomach pained him; that during the latter portion of his stay at Paris he had been obliged to be on horseback day and night; that he had constantly, when travelling, a sickness of heart and stomach, and had taken nothing till he reached Limousin, when a little broth had caused him to vomit violently. I wished to prepare for him a cup of tea, but he refused."

He charged her with countenancing the addresses of others, which she repels—"Altogether our conversation, which continued for two hours on these distrusts, rumours, and suspicions, fully acquainted me with the nature of the letters which had been written against me during those two months of absence, with the torments and trials which were reserved for me in the time to come. Nevertheless, I was still beloved by M. Lafarge. A word, a look, easily destroyed the scaffolding of calumnies raised with such exceeding cost against me,



and I did not despair of overcoming both the hatred and wickedness of which I was the object."

On the first day of arrival he was seized with violent sickness, and Madame, the more carefully to attend to him has him installed in her chamber. Her attentions were most assiduous, notwithstanding the insults and interruptions she received from her mother-in-law. Gradually, however, the patient grew worse, and Madame had dinner at his bedside. "They brought me," she relates, "the wing of a truffled fowl: my husband wished to taste a small truffle, which I held to him on the end of my fork. Unfortunately that was a slight imprudence, which made him more sick, and towards ten o'clock he had several vomitings." The husband of her sister-in-law arrives in the meantime, who has a private interview with the invalid. The result of this doubly fatigued him, and at five o'clock the vomitings returned. The above relative assures her there is nothing seriously the matter, which is corroborated by his wife.

While we were passing the night in conversation, the rats held their nocturnal revels over our heads, awaked M. Lafarge from his light slumber, and rendered him very impatient. Mr. Bardon, the doctor, inquired if I had not endeavoured to get rid of these noisy and destructive guests. I told him that I had already made a mixture of ratsbane, flour, and water, for them, without its having produced any exterminating result. He advised me to add to the flour and poison some sugar and butter, promised even to send me some maize-flour; and knowing that I had no more ratsbane, he gave me a small note to enable me to procure some arsenic at Uzerche. At his second visit M. Bardon found the inflammation in the throat more intense; M. Lafarge had great difficulty in swallowing, swelling of the glands, and a violent determination of blood to the head. He applied leeches, bled him slightly, and injected a little alum into the throat. This occasioned excruciating pain to the patient, which was followed by a burning, sharp, continuous taste in the mouth. M. Bardon having left the chamber, M. Lafarge told me that he was sure that they had made him swallow vitriol by mistake; that he felt a fierce and insupportable inward fire; that M. Bardon kept a bad and disorderly dispensatory, out of which he served his patients; and that he had deceived himself.

The day brought little amelioration to the state of the poor sufferer. Scarcely had some hours' repose brought back hope, and a smile to our lips, when a new crisis plunged us into despair. The vomiting was less frequent, the spasms more violent. One night they were so prolonged, that Mademoiselle Brun and myself, who watched near him, could scarcely prevent him from opening his veins with a razor; and we were obliged to cover him with cold water, and expose him to the frosty air of a January night; in short, to forget the treatment of his disease, that we might soothe the horrible convulsions which tortured him. It must be confessed, that if the patient got no better, he acted precisely contrary to all that was prescribed for him. The doctor recommended perfect silence, and the frequent use of soothing drinks. Jest and chattering resounded incessantly at M. Lafarge's bed-side, and he would drink nothing but cold water; and burst into furious passions when an attempt was made to mingle a little gum or linctus with his dangerous but chosen drink. I had installed my husband in my own apartment, which was warmer and larger than his own, and I took my hours of sleep in that of Mademoiselle Brun, sharing it with her. This arrangement was excessively inconvenient for me. Fatigued with watching, pains in the stomach, and a severe cold in the chest, the few hours I spent in bed, with the hope of repose, were broken in upon by a continual passing between my mother-in-law's room and that of her son. I was, so to speak, in a corridor, through which Madame Lafarge passed fifty times in a minute, sometimes with cordials she had made on her own fire, and which generally returned thither after a refusal. These continual comings and goings were a torture to the invalid.

M. Bardon found, on his next morning visit, an increase of fever and alarming symptoms. I wished to have M. Ségal, whom my uncle Pontier had particularly recommended as a man of talent and heart. This did not seem to please my mother-in-law; and on Friday morning Denis brought M. Massénat from Brives, whose reputation stood very high in the province. M. Massénat examined the patient attentively and at several intervals; he informed himself, in a long conversation with M. Bardon, of his patient's constitution, his former illness, the causes to which they attributed his actual sufferings; and then declared that he was in no danger—that it was a simple nervous affection, troublesome and painful, no doubt, but certain of cure. The serious and collected manner of M. Massénat made me receive this oracle with joy and security. But to be entirely reassured, I took him aside and asked him, with trembling earnestness, to tell me the whole truth; I also made Mademoiselle Brun ask him the same questions, and each time the answer was as positive.

The mother and wife have here a quarrel as to who shall remain in attendance on the patient. Not wishing (she adds) to prolong the unjust recriminations, which must of necessity injure M. Lafarge, I left the chamber. I afterwards learnt that he and his mother had quarrelled violently after my departure; that he accused her of endeavouring to separate us; and that he had even forbidden her to set foot in his chamber until she was reconciled with me.

The small quantity of arsenic requested by M. Bardon had not been sufficient to exterminate our little colony of rats; they had become still more odious to my husband, whose nerves were irritated by their continual squeakings above his head. Determined to assemble formidable forces for their final extermination, I asked M. Denis to bring me a new dose of ratsbane, as also some rat-traps. Although I had inscribed both of these exterminating means on a list of commissions, M. Denis forgot the rat-traps, and brought me a dose of arsenic only, so large, that I showed it to M. Lafarge, to enable him to appreciate the steps I was about to take to revenge him on his enemies. He approved them, but forbade my assisting to make the paste, whose injurious exhalations would, he feared, injure me. Clementine was charged with this care.

M. Magnaud returned from Faye during the day, and spoke privately to my husband, who, greatly disturbed by the news, which he would not communicate to me, had a relapse, attended with increased fever; and he was much worse than on the preceding evening.

Madame complained of these interruptions, but could get no redress. An attempt is also made to induce her to sign blank acceptances for her husband. The niece Emma arrives, but as she inclines to assist Madame in her attendance, she was afterwards sent out of the room.

At four in the morning, Emma and I resumed our places beside the patient. He appeared worse, and did not speak to me when I laid my hand upon his brow, and inquired as to its throbbing and its heat. During my absence, they had not once given him the prescribed opiate, which alone had the power to calm him. I remarked this with chagrin to Emma: he heard me, and signed to me to prepare him some of it. As it was impossible to persuade M. Lafarge to taste a single drop of his emollient drinks, I took the opportunity, in preparing the opiates he consented to take, to add thereto a little gum; and this time, according to custom, I had made the usual addition. I had no sooner done so, than Madame Lafarge snatched the cup from me, and showed it to her son triumphantly, telling him not to take it, because I had put a white powder in it.

It was in vain that Emma remarked to her aunt, that it was only a little gum-arabic, which she had seen me put in. Madame Lafarge affected not to understand her; and when I had left the room, told her that it was so much the worse for me to give her son the gum, when M. Massénat had expressly interdicted its use to the invalid. Emma, who positively knew the contrary, wishing to excuse me, received nothing but humiliating and harsh reproofs, accompanied by an almost formal request to return to Uzerche, and an order not to trouble herself for the future with anything which was passing round her. I approached my husband's bed; he looked at me a long time in silence, then carried my hand to his lips, and dropped it as he kissed it. Madame Buffière, who entered during this, wished me to go away, under pretence that I wearied her brother. This he opposed, and said, "Look at her." Then taking hold of some ringlets which had escaped from my cap, he rolled them round his fingers, and appeared to forget both of us in his own reflections. He asked for drink—I rose to satisfy him, when Aména rushed on the glass, tore it from my hands, and offered it herself to him. Deeply wounded, I was about to leave, when he called me, drew me towards him, and said, "Let them do it, but do not abandon me."

I had re-entered my chamber, to iron a gown and fasten up my hair, when Clementine came to inform me of the arrival of M. Fleyniat. I went immediately to see him; he was with my mother-in-law, and finding him with a sad and abstracted look, I became alarmed, and, drawing him aside, inquired whether there was danger, and what we must do if he became worse. He avowed to me that he did not share M. Bardon's security; that his *nourishing regimen* appeared to him an absurdity; and lastly, that he was frightened by the icy coldness of the extremities, the weakness of the pulse, and the unnatural and uncommon symptoms presented by this illness. "I beg you, then," I said, "to induce my mother-in-law to call in another physician, instead of M. Bardon." "But she tells me that it is you who oppose it." "I! why for a week past I have in vain implored her to send for M. Ségal."

He appeared greatly astonished at my answer, and advised me immediately to send to Brives for M. Ségal, to require that he should come every day, and to have no more to do with M. Bardon, whose want of skill was very generally known, and for whom he could not explain the family partiality.

I was obliged to encounter the ill-will and almost brutal opposition of Mesdames Lafarge and Buffière, before I could administer this last prescription. According to them, I wished to stifle, wear out, and kill M. Lafarge by new vomitings. But their accusations could not shake me—I was inexorable; and in spite of them, I took several cups of water to my husband, who did not dare refuse them from my hand, and who was relieved by them, until his mother gave him a great glass of beer, when the insupportable burning in the stomach returned, with violent cramp and agony.

To finish my desolation, I learned that they had prevented the departure of the labourer, whom I had sent to Brives to fetch M. Ségal; and that, under some pretext, Madame Lafarge had despatched her faithful Denis alone to Labersac, to seek another physician, M. Lespignas.

I sat myself near the fire-place, before which Mademoiselle Brun, Madame Buffière, and M. Mag

naud, were talking and laughing together, and gave way to despair and frightful discouragement. The scarcely veiled hatred expressed to me by the whole family—the wall reared by their persons and their calumnies between me and my husband—that petty persecution, which wounded me continually, but did not suffice to kill me,—appeared alike odious and intolerable.

Yet I must bear it. Poor Charles's sufferings, still more than my duty, chained me to Glandier. I raised my eyes, by chance to the countenances of my enemies: they were basely smiling and triumphant. The contempt this inspired took the place of my despair, and gave me strength to reason on it. Then concealing my previous grief in the depths of my soul, I took a book, and isolated myself both from their persecution and their presence. At two in the morning, M. Lespignas entered, escorted by M. Denis. All the sleeping eyes opened to receive him with a tear. Madame Buffière would have led him into the embrasure of a window to speak to him, but he said Denis had mentioned the state of the patient to him; and going to the bed of M. Lafarge felt his pulse, asked him a question or two, gave him a draught which he had brought with him.

Madame Ruffière called him their saviour, and sobbed while she told him how much she loved her brother. Madame Lafarge also gave vent to some exclamations of despair and mysterious sighs; while Mademoiselle Brun, Magnaud, and Denis, talked together with a sinister and affected reserve.

"My God, sir!" I cried, "conceal nothing from me," as I detected a dark glance of intelligence between my sister-in-law and the physician. "Is there any danger? I will send for M. Ségal—I am dreadfully uneasy; no mystery, I implore you!"

"It is useless to have a second physician, since Monsieur tells us it is a long and chronic complaint," answered Aména. "But you are fatigued—go and rest yourself; we will watch to-night." "Charles himself desires it," added my mother-in-law.

"Yes, Madame," said M. Lespignas, joining them. "It will be a long illness; reserve your strength to employ it hereafter: it is indispensable."

Exiled by these hypocritical cares for my health from my husband's bedside—seeing my rights, my duties, and my attentions usurped—I went out very indignant, very wretched, uncomfortable even by a single word from my poor sick husband, who let me go in this manner, without one of those looks which protested against the bitter cup which they forced upon me.

On the Monday, I was astonished at the change in M. Lafarge. His eyes were fixed, his colour livid. I saw death on his brow—and, without a word, I fell on my knees to weep and pray over his already icy hand.

My husband's look was by turns fond, loving, angry, terrifying. If I left him, he called me back with one of love; if I approached, he turned away in wrath. He appeared to wish to question and reproach me—and his mother, his sister, Denis, interrupted his words, hid from me his eyes, stole from me even the silent expression of his thoughts.

Nor was this all I had to endure; the chamber was filled with friends of the family, strangers to me—who were spies on my movements—who counted my tears and registered my griefs. I was informed that they communicated their remarks to Mademoiselle Brun—to the clerks; that they whispered; that they calumniated, even in that critical hour. Unable longer to endure this torture, I shut myself in my chamber, and let the tears which stifled me run freely down my cheek. The memories of that last day have left terror and anguish in my soul, but not a positive fact in my memory. It is a fearful nightmare, from which I have awakened trembling, thrilling, with a real suffering, produced by imaginary tortures. *So near death we do not see life, we feel it.* I only know that Emma came to me with friendship and tears; that many times, wishing to return to the bedside of the unhappy Charles, a bolt arrested my steps. I know, that, wishing to bring to that pillow, whence they chased me, calm and hope, I sent for a priest; that he came, and that I united my prayers to his—I know that a little later the family brought me consolation, attention, tenderness, and a paper to sign. That it was then permitted me to approach the bed of death, but that there was neither look nor adieu from him who had loved me. I know that they tore from me the sad delight of moistening his burning lips, of raising his poor head, of chafing his icy hands. I know that Emma made me leave the chamber, to spare me all these proofs of hatred—that I was very ill—that towards the morning she quitted me no more—and that she wept more bitterly.

Of what followed little need be said. The relatives of the husband accused her of murder to the authorities, while they deceived her by commiseration. She was a stranger, and suffered from provincial prejudices. The workmen, she says, believed her innocent; but the populace hooted her when she reached the jail. After several examinations and trials she has been declared guilty. Secluded for life in prison, and at last deprived of young Clementine, her faithful waiting maid, she continues to assert her innocence, and publishes her narrative as a justification of her conduct to the world.

Had this miserable and unfortunate woman been cognizable to the laws of England, she would have suffered a violent death, and been forgotten. In France, she lives in the dull obscurity of a prison, and is permitted the use of writing materials and a lamp. Securely removed from society, she is left to the comfortings or upbraidings of her own heart.



## Christmas and its Associations.

BY E. L. BLANCHARD, ESQ.

We love Christmas—dearly love it—aye, and more—over we are not ashamed to own it either. We like anniversaries of all kinds; they are either good in themselves, or the cause of good in others; for even those which mark melancholy events, bring a seasonable consolation along with them. There are few who can look back upon the year, now nearly past, without finding some blanks which were once filled by valued friends, without discovering some accustomed delights withered and extinct, some familiar sources of enjoyment dried up never to flow on again; but then, on the other hand, it should be remembered, that within the same period, there are others who have made many valuable acquisitions, who have grown wealthier, and as they think—happier; who have become—or think they have become—wiser; and who have made new friends in the same proportion that they have lost old ones. But we decline indulging in melancholy retrospections; Christmas—and if there is no other truth in this, our article, we are now about to write one—comes but *once* a year; and therefore should it be welcomed with a warm hand and a light heart, not ushered in amidst grief and sadness. Some will tell you perchance that no one cares about Christmas now-a-days—that the year 1841 is too much engrossed in the utilitarianism of politics to be politely bowed out by poetry; but out upon the slanderers. Christmas is every whit as good as ever! Ay, is as wisely and as merrily kept now, as it was in the most hallowed period of antiquity. The stream of time, that has rolled unceasingly onward, during the last two or three centuries, has only carried away with it the impurities and the deformities which the less refined days of our ancestors had scattered on its surface, and has left us the institution itself—a hallowed—a noble festival, enshrined in our “heart of hearts,” amidst all that is capable of purifying and ennobling our better nature.

Talk about the wassail bowl, indeed! Pooh! pooh! it might have been all very well when the knights of old used to roam about, knocking wandering dragons on the scull, spitting giants with superfluous heads, and grazing on hips and haws whilst searching for some fair-haired princess of romance: but *now* give us a bowl of punch for our palate—the perfection itself of Bacchanalian ingenuity—the incarnation of all that is deliciously inspiring. And then the old boar's head, garnished with laurel, and stuffed with rosemary; was there ever such a cannibal-like dish submitted to the palate of a civilized being? Mrs. Glass would have incontinently fainted into the arms of Doctor Kitchener, had the very idea of such a refection been brought forward for her consideration. As for the roasted peacocks and other messes of our forefathers, they might have been all very well in their way, and we don't doubt they were; but by all means allow us the same privileges as they had, of selecting their bills of fare, and we will celebrate Christmas as jollily with a well-stuffed turkey, boiled pork, and pease-pudding, as the subjects of “Good Queen Bess” did with their roasted peacocks, boar's-heads, and wheaten dumplings. And then what did our progenitors ever have to equal our plum-pudding? Talk of the glories of the ancients, indeed! What would Homer and Aristotle have been had they but even tasted the most infinitesimal fragment of this concentration of luxuries? Fancy Demosthenes dining off plum-pudding! The mind is lost in the immensity of the idea.

Readers of CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL, we are about to confess a weakness—we may say our *only* weakness—we are devotedly and passionately attached to plum-pudding. To us there is something in its aspect approaching to the sublime. It stands erect, unsupported, and alone; look at those contemptible things called “mince pies,” see how they are obliged to be put into little tin cases for support, and then turn to the plum-pudding, admire its mottled surface, its beautifully diversified skin, and behold it as personifying the very secret of our national character—a sturdy don't-care-a-jot-for-anybody kind of independence, and hail it as the representative of John Bull himself. What a glorious fellow he must have been who first discovered plum-pudding. We use the word “discovered” advisedly, for an invention it could not have been. We have often pondered over this question, and examined the black-letter archives of the British Museum for information upon this important point, but we could never get the subject definitely settled. For our own part, we are strongly inclined to impute its origin to Cornelius Agrippa, or some other great magician, who, by the exercise of his black art, compelled some demon to unfold the mighty mystery to him. Vividly can we picture to ourselves the mingled feelings of wonder and admiration with which the thaumaturgist must have beheld the beautiful chaos of plums, and suet, and sweetmeats, gradually forming themselves into one delectable mass, the memory of which was to go down, with the invention of printing, to future ages. And then our own experience of plum-pudding, when smoking upon the Christmas dish, came the object of our long-cherished juvenile aspirations, the outside having an agreeable roughness, which, inclosing a rim or border of a softer nature, at last conducted you to the luxurious interior, firm and compact as Captain Rankin's wood pavement. How fervently would we wish that the appetite for plum-pudding would indeed grow with “what it fed on,” but, alas! it is a melancholy truth, that even perfection itself will in its turn satiate, and towards the close of the third plateful we were apt to

become fatigued in the business, proceeding more cautiously than before, and washing two or three obstinate lumps down with large gulps of small beer. The pieces we persevered in shovelling into our mouth now gradually diminished in size, and at last, with a kind of precocious mathematical precision, were cut into little oblong squares and isosceles triangles, till our respected parent, observing our movements, would put an end to all futile attempts at swallowing the last bit—either all at once, or plum by plum—by incontinently ordering the servant to remove our plate, a circumstance which impressed us years afterwards with a great regard for the truth of Moore's lines—

“All that's bright must fade—  
The brightest still the fleetest;  
All that's sweet was made  
But to be lost when sweetest.”

But we are digressing; the nature of the subject indeed rendering such a digression excusable—but this is not the only delight Christmas can boast of. Think of its waits and its wassailings, its songs and its snow-storms, its plums, parties, pastimes and pantomimes, and then say if Christmas is not worth welcoming. Fancy your feet bathed in the hearth rug, the parlour curtains drawn snugly down; the fire crackling and blazing brightly upwards; your wife—the partner of your grief and gladness, sitting at your elbow, and then don't talk to us about the pleasures of summer. Psha! July is a month well enough to *endure*, but to enjoy—Bah! the thing is out of the question. Again and again, we say Christmas is the season for all sociable, well-disposed people, and he who cannot enjoy it as it ought to be enjoyed, why we pity him from the very bottom of our hearts.

## A Goodlie Ballade.

OF SIR ADOMAR AND HIS LADYE,

*With the great love they bare eche unto other, and how that hee came backe from the Holie Lande, but tarried not, taking with him awaie his true dame to a faire realm.*

BY E. N. SHANNON, ESQ.

Sir Adomar stood at his castle gate;  
His steed is ready; his merrymen waite,  
And his banner faire is spread:  
For a holie vow that knight hath ta'en,  
With lance and brand to cross the maine,  
And that white banner, soone, to staine,  
In Saracen gore, full redde.

“Ladye, when backe I come, o'er the sea,  
“Be thou the first to welcome mee,  
“Or here, I dwelle no more.”  
Then spake that young dame, tenderlie:  
“A living woman if I shall bee,  
I'll be the first to welcome thee,  
Backe from the Paynim shore.”

That knight hath hied, with the blessed host,  
To reare the crosse, on the Paynim coaste,  
And to bleede, where Christe hath bledde.  
For long years there, in Heathenrie,  
He hath wielded sworde, where the bravest bee,  
And the boldest of them all is hee,  
When weapons are reeking redde.

‘Tis long, ‘tis long, since tidings came  
To gladdie that well-beloved dame:  
Her young cheekes waxeth white;  
The mourner's weedes are her array;  
But Hope beguiles her, day by day,  
And manie an houre, doth shee wathe and pray  
For her own faithful knighte.

From her castle-wall, at eventide,  
Shee look'd o'er the wave, and there she spied  
A trim barke, faring neare:  
But blacke blacke were the sailes, I trow,  
And blinde she grew, for a space, with woe;  
Shee looked again, in haste; and, lo!  
No barke was sailing there.

Midnight is come; and, from manie a tombe,  
The restless sprites fleet forth to roame,  
In the sweete moone-light raies.  
From manie a sea, and manie a shore,  
They glide through the night, for evermore,  
And seeke the haunts they loved, of yore,  
And walke their earthlie waies.

And the living who thinke upon the dead  
Of wake, at the houre of midnight dread,  
To be alone with sorrowe.  
Sir Adomar's bride has forsaken sleepe,  
Through these dim houres her watch to keepe,  
Long hath shee wept; long may shee weepe,  
Ere shee hailleth a joyfull morrowe.

Who knockes so loude, and knockes so late,  
At goodie Sir Adomar's castle-gate?  
“Stranger, who mayst thou be?”  
“I'm a lone wanderer of the gloome,  
“And manie a wearie league I've come,  
“From a far lande, over the colde sea-foame,  
“With tidings, ladye, to thee.

“Ere the mid wathe of this night is past,  
“Sir Adomar thou shalt see at last,  
“Thy time of griefe is o'er.”  
Shee stayed not longer parlance, there;  
But, blithe as wilde birde, in sunnie aire,  
Shee hasted downe the winding staire  
To the barbicane narrow doore.

“Now, warder, speed; the gate set ope  
“To yon blest wight that brings mee hope,  
“Faire greeting to him bee done.”  
The warder hath hasted to greet that knight;  
But, when hee looked forthe, in the wan moonelight,  
Before the gate there stood no wight;  
Man saw hee never one.

“Ladye, thy troubled thoughts have straid;  
“Thine eyes were cheated by a shade,  
“None have sought entrance here.”  
To her chamber lone, againe, shee hies,  
With tottering step, in woefull wise.  
Full sore shee weepes; full sore shee sighs;  
Her thoughts are thoughts of feare.

Now harke! again, right soone, shee hears  
That knocking sounde, with startled eares,  
From the turret window smalle.  
Again shee looks; again shee sees  
Him shee had seen beneath the trees.  
It is a shipwrecked man of the seas  
That, there, for aide would calle!

“O Ladye haste. The night wanes late;  
“The dawne is near; I may not waite.  
“Faine would I speak with thee.”  
Downe, with right speedie step, shee's gone:  
“Be thou a man of flesh and bone,  
“Or a spirit that wanders beneath the moone,  
“Sir knight say thy tidings to mee.”

Shee spoke; but none made answer, there.  
Shee looked; but alle was still, and dreare,  
For the moone had set o'er the sea.  
But shee felt the rush of a colde damps blast;  
A sad voice spoke her name in haste;  
And shee deemed that, by her, a shadowe past.  
“Saint Marie, rue on me!”

Her hearte grew colde, as the threshold stone.  
Againe to her chamber shee is gone:  
But, as shee past in there,  
Shee was ware of a knight, in harness bright,  
That went by her side; but his footsteppes light  
Were not like the tread of a warrior wight:  
They woke no sounde in aire.

On his stately helme shee knew the creste  
Of the baron bolde that shee loved best;  
And, on his dinted shield,  
Shee saw Sir Adomar's blazonrie,  
The eagle crowned, and crosses three,  
In Heathenese won right worthillie,  
Alle in a blood-red field.

“Now haile to thee, brave Sir Adomar;  
“Welcome be thou from the blessed warre.”  
—“Haile to thee, ladye mine.  
“I have kept my vowe, like a faithful one,  
“And a fully riche gerdoun have I wonne,  
“Afair, on the plaine of Ascalon,  
“Beneathe the blessed Signe.”

Hee raised his barred aventail.—  
Oh, how his cheekes was worn, and pale!  
Oh, how his eys was dim!  
His comelie lockes were stained with gore,  
A new wounde on his front he bore.  
I wot, that ladye shook fulle sore,  
Then, as shee gazed on him.

Hee stooped, and kissed her tearefuelle cheek.—  
Why doth that gentle ladye shriek,  
And backe, affrighted, start?  
Why doth shee sobbe and shudder stille?  
Never was kisse of love so chille.  
His lippes have sent an icie thrille  
Backe to her beating hearte.

Downe shee sunk in deadlie swoone,  
As one whose earthlie daies are done,  
Whose bedde is the church-yarde molde.  
Her damself, at the dawne of day,  
Came there to wake that ladye gay;  
But, in a breathlesse sleepe shee lay,  
And shee woke, not where they could beholde.

Shee woke above the starrie skie,  
Among the saintes who dwelle on hie,  
Where griefe can ever light.  
There, Adomar his love did greet:  
Sainte Marie, how his looks were sweete!  
In Paradise, when lovers meet,  
The angels smile more bright!

In the abbaye-churche they made her grave;  
And the monkes chaunt manie a holie stave,  
As thither her corpe is borne:  
But Adomar's clay, unburied, lay  
On a bloodie plaine, fulle farre away  
To the wilde desert-beastes a prey  
And by hungry vultures torne.

For eche Christian man that lay there colde,  
Fulle twentie of Mahoun's liegemen bolde  
Were stretched upon that plaine;  
But the bandes of the Crosse, no more may boaste  
Of a knight so brave as him they loste,  
When, foremost of King Richarde's hoste,  
Sir Adomar, there, was slaine.

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# CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL



"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

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## Good Bye, 1841.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE close our labours for the year with no ordinary feelings of personal gratification. To us it has been one of prosperity, of continual advancement, of unmixed pleasure, derived from the progress of this journal, and the hearty encomiums with which it has been received. Yet when we look upon the face of pining industry, and see the all-desirous artisan standing with folded hands at the corners of each street—when we read in every newspaper page of want and misery progressing with fearful strides—of cold, disease, and death gathering up an overlaiden spoil—we forget the lighter paths of literature, and feel compelled to sympathise with the children of misfortune. Our philosophy descends to politics, and our principles yearn earnestly to obtain their practical application. While we would wish the perusal of our columns to soothe the distress and to sweeten affliction, we know, when the masses are irregularly employed, and not well remunerated, that a more than ordinary sympathy is required; that then the kind counsellor is wanted, the trustworthy adviser looked for. Can the bones and sinews of this mighty empire look in vain? Is it possible that they, who are the chief supporters of publications such as ours can read in works they sustain, a denial of their abject state, a callous reflection that they are quite as well off as they should or can expect to be? Why should the productive classes be always poor? By what right do men calculate the wages of a mechanic, not according to his skill, but by the lowest possible expense of unpalatable food? There is not a more honourable member of society—a more useful citizen, than he who diligently attends his labour, and rears from its profits a family of children, who never ate a dependant or a borrowed crust. But when a cloud of national circumstances intervene between him and his purpose, when his arm is arrested at the anvil or the loom—has he not a claim alike upon the protection of the state, and the sympathy of his fellow-men? While we admit the necessity, we denounce the cause of public and private charity. Were the man, whose skill is his capital, whose labour is his income, permitted to exercise the one and expend the other when and how he chose, he would not be in the low condition of a pauper; he would be able to assist, instead of requiring help. Nor do we anticipate the gloom shall depart from trade until the breeze of freedom shall disperse it; and the products of other shores be brought to those who cannot leave their native land in search of them. The rich man says he can live cheaper abroad, and does so; why should the poor, who are chained to the soil, be deprived the privilege of sending for that bread to which they cannot go?

Satisfied we are that the more affluent and comfortably situated of our readers agree with us. It has been to us an object of primary importance to heal the discord which prevails between the various classes of society—to elevate all, as well in morals as in good will to each other; for, every prejudice that is destroyed, every misunderstanding that is explained away, brings somewhat more closely together those who should never have been separated. Instead, therefore, of imitating the example of those who would frown the distressed into silence, and by a dictum as wicked as it is erroneous, endeavour to delude the mass into a belief that improvement in their social condition is not to be expected, we humbly avow ourselves advocates for industrial and commercial freedom, not only as a great means by which to plant the white banner of peace on every watch-tower throughout the earth—not only as a method by which nations and tongues can alone be brought into harmonious fellowship together—but as a system under which labour shall expand, and its wages be increased—under which affluence may dwell with industry, and all who are willing to work have an opportunity of exercising their skill.

Hoping, therefore, that Providence may so dispose the hearts of those who sit in judgment on the constitution and the law—hoping that the enfranchised citizens of Britain may look with kindness on the state of those without the pale—and believing that the denuded of their birthright will so conduct themselves as to strike

misrepresentation dumb—we bid this sad year adieu, in the prayerful trust that its successor will bring healing on its wings, and bear among the laughing attendants of its train abundant work and prosperous trade. Then shall the father's heart rejoice among his singing children, and a mother's care become to her a joy.

## The Science and the Art of Colonization.

BY H. S. CHAPMAN, ESQ.

COLONIZATION properly considered is the removal of people in a complete state of social organization, from countries where people and capital are in excess as compared to the land from which they derive support, to countries where people and capital are scarce, and land abundant. Colonization differs from emigration in this: that emigration contemplates the removal of mere masses of people, whilst colonization embraces the removal of complete society, and its successful establishment in the new and more productive field of enterprise. The term, colonization, therefore, is of much more extensive import than the term emigration, though emigration is a part, and a most important part of colonization.

To place the expediency of colonization in a clear light, it is necessary to consider in what consists the difference between what are called old and new countries.

As the population of a country increases, it is found necessary to resort to lands of a lower and lower degree of fertility, or to employ labour and capital in raising food with a diminished return. The tendency is for food to rise in price, and for profits and wages to decline. Profits and wages decline together, because as a lower quality of soil is necessarily resorted to with a diminished return, there is continually less and less for the capitalists and labourers to share between them, and this is all that is meant when we say that as population presses upon the land, profits and wages decline together. Besides this tendency to decline together, we generally find that wages are subject to a still further decline by reason of increased competition among the competitors for employment; hence, besides being liable to share in a smaller whole, the labourers find themselves compelled to submit to a smaller share of that diminished produce. The tendency towards a diminished return for the employment of capital and labour is constantly arrested by improvements in agriculture and in manufactures, and by increased facilities of intercourse. These may for a time outweigh the operation of the tendency, but in spite of the great improvements which are continually taking place in this country, the downward tendency is constantly making itself apparent, and although our accumulated capital is enormous, whether considered absolutely or in relation to the land, yet the industrious classes are doomed to insufficient wages and excessive toil, and the middle class have the greatest possible difficulty in preserving their position in society.

In new countries, on the other hand, these difficulties do not exist. Capital and labour, instead of being applied to land of moderate fertility, chooses that only which yields the largest return for the smallest outlay. The result is a large amount of produce to be shared between the capitalist and the labourer in the shape of profits and wages. Moreover, in determining the proportion to be received by each class, the tendency acts in a contrary direction to that which prevails in old and thickly peopled countries where the most fertile land is extremely limited. From the abundance and cheapness of land there is but small competition for employment among the labouring class. The competition is rather among the employers of labour, and the tendency is rather for the share of the labourer to rise as compared with that of the capitalist.

If a large quantity of fertile land could suddenly be added to this country—if an unpeopled Ireland were to rise from the Atlantic ocean—there cannot be a doubt that profits and wages would experience a sudden and very considerable advance. This, however, cannot be. We cannot bring land to the surplus capital and people of England, and therefore, the problem to be solved is, in

what manner should capital and people be removed to the new but distant field of enterprise, so as to secure the maximum of advantage at the minimum cost? The solution of this problem constitutes the science, whilst its practical application is the art of colonization.

Colonization, in the sense in which the term is now generally employed, may be said to be in its infancy. Until within a very few years, emigration, that is the mere removal of masses of people, was all that was thought necessary to the planting of new colonies. The modes of removal were various, but most of them contemplated the immediate settlement of the emigrant-family as occupiers and cultivators of the soil. In furtherance of this view, land was usually granted to the emigrant, sometimes without any condition, at others upon trifling conditions, which it was easy either to perform or evade. Every facility was afforded to the emigrant in the acquisition of land; everything which interfered with the natural cheapness of land was deemed an intolerable evil.

With these facilities open to him, the labourer's first care, on reaching the colony, was to possess himself of land. In his own country the idea of wealth was closely associated with that of owning land; to be an independent freeholder was the height of ambition—the very object for which he emigrated; and he entered upon his newly acquired section without questioning his means of carving fortune out of the wilderness. Under these circumstances no man would labour for hire. The highest wages that could be offered would be insufficient to induce the settler to descend from the high condition of an independent freeholder, farming his own land, to that of a farm servant. Now, a country without hireable labour must necessarily be repulsive to the capitalist, except, indeed, to those whose capitals were only just sufficient to give effect to the labour of their own families. But to say that a country is not attractive to the capitalist—to say that it is avoided by all or nearly all but the class trained to manual labour is only in other words saying that it becomes the seat of a rude and barbarous population. This may require a little further explanation.

As no inducement which a capitalist can offer in the shape of wages is sufficient to establish the relation of employer and employed between the capitalist and labourer, so the labourer has no inducement to offer to the capitalist for the loan of his capital. But if co-operation between the capitalist and labourer be thus rendered impossible, combination of labour between any considerable number of labourers, an indispensable condition to extensive production, is not less so. The settler occupying three, four, and in many cases ten times as much land as he can clear and cultivate may be said to maintain a forest-barrier of greater or less extent between himself and his neighbour. This was very conspicuous at the Cape of Good Hope, where every Boer was permitted to draw a circle of several miles round his homestead; but even in those countries where the grant has been reduced to eighty acres the same feature prevails. In countries thus circumstanced, where the cleared patches bear a small proportion to the lands occupied, roads must necessarily be almost impassable, social intercourse is destroyed, the attendance of children at school placed out of the question, and civilization makes no progress. Such a country becomes absolutely repulsive to men of refinement, and emigration thither is never thought of except by the most destitute portion of the population.

The merit of tracing the comparatively barbarous condition and slow progress of new countries to the unlimited facility of acquiring land, belongs to Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield, who, in a little book, entitled "A Letter from Sydney," published in 1829, and in a work called "England and America," which appeared in 1832, showed conclusively that in order to reverse all the phenomena which we have described, all that was necessary was to establish a fixed and uniform price for land, sufficient to prevent the labourer from acquiring it until he had saved enough to cultivate it effectually, and sufficient also, when expended in conveying young couples to the colony, to provide a constant supply of combinable labour commensurate with the quantity of land disposed of.



The immediate consequence of fixing a price upon land, is, that the labourer is compelled to work for hire for a while, until he has saved sufficient to purchase an allotment, at the established price. The higher the price fixed, the longer will that period be; but it must not be rendered too long, or the country will not be attractive to the labourer, and the object of the regulation—namely, a supply of labour—will be defeated. Without reference to the expenditure of the fund, therefore, the mere fixing of a price guarantees some supply of labour, and the country at once becomes attractive to the capitalist. The labourer's condition too is thereby improved, for, by means of co-operation with the capitalist and combination between a sufficient number of labourers, their respective shares in the shape of wages exceed the whole produce which they would be able to extract from the soil without the aid of the capitalist.

The price fixed upon the land should be sufficient, but not more than sufficient, to convey to the colony the labour necessary to cultivate it. If it be less than sufficient, the evils of a new country would not be fully remedied. Labourers would become landowners too readily; the population would be more or less scattered; hireable labour would thus become scarce; and, the country would either entirely cease to be attractive to the capitalist, or its attractiveness would be greatly diminished. On the other hand, if the price be placed too high, either the phenomena of the old country would be produced, and the country would not be attractive to the labourer, or the high price would defeat itself by promoting that unauthorised occupation of land called *squatting*. There is—to use the happy expression of the author—a “golden mean” calculated to secure the highest degree of attractiveness both to the capitalist and the labourer, which, though perhaps impossible to fix theoretically, would not be difficult to discover practically. Too low a price would be attended with continued scarcity of labour, too high a price would be attended with a decline of wages, and a disposition on the part of the labourer to remove to adjacent countries. The best practical course must be gradually to raise the price of land, until it becomes sufficient to remove to the colony the precise quantity of labour necessary to cultivate each successive portion of land disposed of. When the golden mean is attained, every labourer, who, by his savings, becomes a landowner, would by his purchase-money provide a fund sufficient, but not more than sufficient, to import the precise quantity of labour for which he would create a demand.

The mode of expending the emigration fund is another important matter which requires some explanation. In the old country, people are in excess, in the new country they are deficient. The object is, to make the greatest possible impression on the population of both countries, only in different directions. If the fund were expended in removing only the old and impotent, such expenditure would be emphatically wasteful; 1st, because that portion of the population has ceased to compete for employment at home, and would not supply the labour wanted abroad; and, 2d, because they are past the age of continuing the race. The most economical way of expending the emigration fund, therefore, is to remove only young couples. They it is who compete in the labour market at home, and whose labour is especially wanted in the country furnishing the fund. It is in them also that the procreative power resides. Hence, to promote the emigration of young couples is to convey to the colony the greatest germ of future increase at the smallest cost. “By removing the selected class,” says Mr. Wakefield, “not only would you remove the greatest seeds of increase in the smallest number of people, but you would remove the greatest quantity of labour (using the term labour to express saleable muscular exertion), at the least cost. If there were a pressure upon the labour market at home, by removing that class which was then commencing to work, and which had before it a long period of health and strength for labour, you would give the greatest relief to the labour market with the least expenditure; and, in the next place, your object being the greatest quantity of labour at the least expense, by bringing to the colony a young man who had just arrived at his strength, but who had the prospect of a long life, you would give to the colony the greatest benefit at the least expenditure. Thirdly, there is in all emigration the same sort of evil there is in storms and floods. Emigration *per se* is an evil. It is a great evil to remove from the country of one's birth and one's affections. Now, by the proposed selection, since the greatest amount of emigration would really take place with the removal of the least number of people, you would obtain the maximum of good to be obtained by emigration with the minimum of evil, whatever the evil may be. In the fourth place, there are great objections to the removal of any but young people: I will not say any but the married class to which I have adverted. Children suffer immensely in being removed; they suffer on board ship; they suffer from the confinement; and when they arrive in the colony they are either neglected, or are a great incumbrance. Old people suffer more from being removed from the scenes to which they are attached, and they are also less able to bear the fatigues which necessarily attend upon a long voyage. Lastly, almost every young couple no sooner marry, than, in this country, or wherever they may be, they look out for a new home; at the moment when they contemplate marriage, or at least when they are about to marry, they may be said to be already on the move. You would catch them moving. You do not

tear them from a place where they were fixed, but you enable them to remove to a place where their labour would be of the greatest possible value to them. By that selection, therefore, it appears to me that you would reduce the evil of emigration, whatever it might be, not only to the minimum, but positively to a very small amount indeed.”

Thus, then, in order to secure the highest degree of attractiveness to a colony, it is necessary—

1. That the waste lands be sold at a fixed, uniform, and sufficient price; and

2. That the proceeds be expended in conveying young persons of both sexes in equal proportions to the colony.

These principles, faithfully administered, have a tendency to establish in the colony complete society. We have seen that the mere guarantee of a constant supply of labour constitutes the great attraction to the capitalist, and when we consider the varied forms in which capital is conveyed to the colony, we must at once conclude that every species of intelligence necessary to give effect to the different forms of capital, must proceed thither also. Moreover, men of this class will not emigrate without securing those substantial refinements which in their view constitute the charm of society. The establishment of schools, public libraries, literary and scientific institutions, and museums, have accordingly been a first consideration in the colonies founded on these principles. In the case of South Australia, and the New Zealand Company's settlements, which we shall hereafter more particularly describe, the colonies were, respectively, complete before they left this country—that is, they constituted a body of men completely organised and virtually separated from the society of the mother country before they had left its shores. They had their meetings for public, scientific, and social purposes, and they had even established newspapers, the first numbers of which were respectively printed in this country, and the second in the colony—the one at Adelaide, and the other in a tent on the shores of Port Nicholson.

In addition to the two principles which we have described, there are some conditions inseparable from the successful working of these principles, which we are relieved from the necessity of dwelling upon, as they are so completely explained and enforced by Mr. Wakefield himself in the letter inserted in last week's journal. To that letter we again direct the reader's attention; it merits the most careful study, and we shall be content if the present article, which is merely supplementary thereto, be found to aid the reader's conception of a system of colonization which, even partially tried, has already worked wonders, and which has created a complete revolution of public opinion in favour of emigration, which is now looked upon as a measure not merely for the poor and destitute, but as one which even men of refinement and education may adopt, without any disturbance of previous habits.

#### The Receiver a Thief.

For some months there has appeared a series of papers in *Fraser's Magazine*, under the title of “The Condemned Cells,” in which the errors of the law, and the inequality of punishments, are ably illustrated. We extract from the latest number of the periodical, a portion of the article on the receivers of stolen goods, in the belief that its dissemination will go far to obtain an alteration in the law, as well as a uniformity in its decisions. An enactment which takes upon itself to decide of life or death should prove itself infallible, not impair its authority by contradictions, as is amply evidenced in the two following cases:—

Whenever the law (if we may be allowed to use the expression) gets into a passion, and those who administer it allow themselves to be betrayed into a feeling of super-anxiety to effect a conviction, it generally happens that the law and the authorities are both brought into contempt. When the law is driven beyond its natural limits, its effects are always weakened. Like the blustering of an individual raging with ire, everything said or done in such a condition requires recantation or revision.

We have a striking illustration of this in the case of an offender of notoriety, namely, Ikey Solomons, whose character as a receiver of stolen goods was well known to the authorities, notwithstanding he had a long career in his criminal calling without detection. When, therefore, he was at length committed to Newgate, on a charge of felony, there was a general outcry for vengeance. Every one who had been robbed in and about the metropolis for the last ten years imagined that their property had gone through the hands of the notorious Ikey Solomons. Such is the effect of a bad name. It is, however, probable, that no one individual ever, before or since his time, carried on such an extensive dealing in stolen property as Solomons. He was especially known as a purchaser of stolen Bank-of-England notes, or, indeed, any bankers' notes so obtained. Malefactors that have been executed at the Old Bailey, in their confessions have described Solomons as being in the habit of giving three-fourths of the value of bank-notes, although their numbers were known, and had been stopped, as it is termed, at the Bank of England.

It is known that on one occasion he gave 1,500*l.* cash down for two 1,000*l.* notes, both of which had been stopped at the Bank of England eighteen months previously. These notes had originally been secreted by

a fraudulent bankrupt from his creditors, who had traced them to his possession; and as they were not forthcoming under the estate, the assignee gave notice to the Bank of their abstraction. The bankrupt, being apprised of this measure, retained them in his possession till he died, when they were sold, as previously stated, to Solomons. In a few weeks subsequently, both the notes were presented at the Bank of England for payment, through the hands of a respectable merchant in the City. As a matter of course, an inquiry was immediately instituted. The merchant stated that he had received the notes from a mercantile house in Holland in payment for goods shipped there. On which a messenger was sent over to follow up the inquiry.

The agent so employed returned with a written statement as follows:—“We, Messrs. —, are dealers in a general way, and every year attend Leipsic fair, where we have large transactions with foreign merchants. At the last fair we sold goods to a considerable amount to a Spaniard, who paid us in English bank-notes for the same. We consider ourselves competent judges of a genuine English Bank-of-England note; and having implicit confidence in their being paid, never refuse them when goods are to be sold at a profit. This is the whole of the statement we have to make, handing you the name of our attorney in London, who will attend to our interest and, if necessary, institute proceedings against the directors of the Bank for the recovery of the amount of the notes in question.”

After this statement, the directors had no alternative but to pay the notes, and it cut short all further inquiry.

Several years previously to the end of Solomons' race, he had abandoned petty business, rejecting any offer to purchase goods but in a wholesale way, saying to those who brought him goods, “If you cannot clear out a warehouse at once, you are of no use to me.” His advice to thieves, latterly, was to strike at high quarry, saying that it was as easy to do business in a sweeping manner as in a petty way. One or two jobs in a year, he used to tell the robbers, were sufficient for their support, if well planned and properly executed, while paltry thefts kept them always in hot water, and increased their risk of detection.

Solomons' house was generally filled with goods; but he never allowed any purchase to be taken into stock till every mark was deleted, telling those with whom he had dealings, that if they could not retain the swag long enough for the obliteration of marks, the job could scarcely be said to have been completed.

One case may suffice to show how expeditiously these obligations were effected. A shoemaker, who resided in Princes-street, Leicester-square, was in the habit of locking up his house on a Sunday evening, and taking all his family to Orange-street Chapel. On one of these occasions, during his absence, the whole of his stock of goods, valued at upwards of 400*l.*, was removed from his premises. The number of one hackney coach, out of several that had been standing in the street, was the only clue that remained for tracing the property. The officers, however, made such efficient use of this information, that by noon the following morning they found the whole of the shoemaker's goods on the premises of Ikey Solomons. There remained not a shadow of doubt as to the goods being the same as those stolen from the shop in Princes-street, as the boots and shoes were all of one make, and had been manufactured to the measure of the customers who had ordered them. The shoemaker, in an ecstasy of delight at the thought of having recovered his property, exclaimed, as he saw the goods, “You will find them all marked; I always mark my name and a number, when I cut them out on the inside of the leather.”

“Do you?” replied Solomons, coolly: “then depend on it that these boots and shoes are none of them yours, for I never buy marked goods—that's not my way of doing business.”

On examination, it was found that every mark had been effaced by chemical agency, excepting in a few instances where the ink had penetrated the leather deeper, and to these the knife had been used to shave off the writing. Ultimately, Solomons, affecting to commiserate the loss the shoemaker had sustained, allowed him to purchase his own property at a price he (Solomons) said he had given for them. This course was adopted under the advice of the Bow-street officers, who gave their opinion that a prosecution could not be sustained for want of evidence.

In the case that brought Solomons immediately under the surveillance of the Newgate authorities, a different course was taken. A warehouse of goods having been cleared out in one night, and the whole traced till found in Solomon's possession, he was at once taken into custody, although, as in the former case, the marks had been removed. His committal for trial soon followed, to the surprise of his legal adviser and fraternity. Solomons up to this period had run a long career in crime. Success in any walk of life not only begets confidence, but has a positive tendency, however nefarious may be the means by which we secure it, to prepare the mind for a justification of the most enormous wrongs: “They know,” said Solomons, as he entered Newgate, “that I am a better tradesman than the whole of them, and can undersell them all; hence their jealousy and spite against me.”

“Now you shall see,” continued he, as he paced the yard, “these honest citizens will send for their recorder, and with him in private plan my destruction. You must find means to convict him, they will say to their

\* Mr. Wakefield's evidence—Report of the Committee on the disposal of the waste lands in our colonies, 1836.



tool. "Strain a point for once. Remember he is a Jew; and we want him off in some way." Then suddenly stopping, he exclaimed aloud, "Is it not a scandal to justice that these London money-spinners should be allowed a judge of their own, to do any dirty work they ask of him? One of their own election—whom they pay, and hold in a state of dependence! I shall be tried over a tureen of turtle-soup, and be sentenced to death as the last bottle of champagne is drank. Yes! they will settle it all over a dinner. No man is safe that is obnoxious to them, while they have that Old Bailey judge at their command. Prompted by malevolence, reporters or editors of papers will be invited to their feast, and their ears be stuffed with extravagant statements of my doings,—related, too, with every bitter expression they are masters of,—intending that they shall find their way into the public journals, and prejudice my case, even before they drag me into court already secretly condemned."

Solomons' impression was, that so long as he could evade the proofs of the law as to criminal purchases, he was as respectable a tradesman as any other man within or without the city of London.

Perfectly aware of the fame he had received as a receiver of stolen property, he had no right to expect any mercy; he therefore, early after his committal to Newgate, planned a mode of escape. His cupidity, however, for some time made him hesitate as to carrying it into effect. The officers that apprehended him took from his person upwards of 600*l.* in cash, besides other valuables. One so fond of money was cut to the soul at the thought of losing such a sum. One hour he made sure that no jury would convict him on the evidence which had occasioned his committal, when the prospect of obtaining the money from the officers induced him to resolve on standing a trial; the next his heart misgave him, and he thought of nothing but an escape. At length the opinion of his attorney, who informed him that prejudice ran so strong against him that he could not expect a fair trial, decided his course,—that is, to attempt an escape.

In England every crime isailable at the discretion of the magistrates; and if they refuse, an application may be made to the judges for that purpose. Solomons caused such an application to be made, and a writ of *habeas corpus* to be lodged with the governor of Newgate to take him before the court at Westminster, for a hearing, why he should not be admitted to bail on the charge against him.

On the morning fixed for the hearing, Ikey left Newgate in the charge of two officers, who proposed having a coach, which the prisoner declined; but on reaching Bridge Street, at the foot of Ludgate Hill, he altered his mind, and entered the first coach on the stand. This, as it afterwards appeared, was placed there for his use, with a confederate for a driver. When the party arrived at Westminster Hall, they went into a room at a coffeehouse, where there were assembled a number of Jews, together with Mrs. Solomons. Brandy and water, with other refreshments, were there handed about in great profusion, of which both the officers partook.

Bail for the prisoner's liberation, as a matter of course in such a case, was refused; indeed, it was never expected, or even desired, the object being an escape without involving others in a pecuniary responsibility for his appearance.

As the coach was about to move off on its return to Newgate, it was stopped to take up Mrs. Solomons, who had been suddenly taken unwell. After some delay she was brought to the coach-door, where she was observed to lean her head on one side on her hand, as if from pain, but it was a signal to inform the coachman that one of the officers was already asleep in the coach, being strongly drugged; but still, much to Solomons' disappointment, one retained, if not his full active powers, sense sufficient to know that he had a duty to perform.

Females, it is said, are always the most ready with an expedient in emergencies. The coach moved on, and Mrs. S. felt that she had a part to perform. It was not long before she was in a fit, and in her convulsions seized the waking officer, fastening her arms round him; who, becoming alarmed at the feigned attack, proposed instantly putting her down at an apothecary's shop. "Oh, no!" exclaimed Solomons; "there is but one doctor who understands her complaint; he resides in the next street; put her down there;" at the same time speaking to the coachman from the front window. One object was gained. The coach immediately turned out of the main streets, the officer knew not where, being fast locked in Mrs. Solomons' arms, and his colleague as insensible and unconscious of the past or present as if he had been in Lethe's stream for a month. Every instant, fearing that his prisoner might jump out of the coach, he called to the coachman to stop. The answer was, "We are just there," and on the coach went; while Mrs. Solomons went off into another and more violent paroxysm of convulsions. As to her husband, he had no intention of yet making his escape; his time had not yet arrived. Conscious that the officer had drunk out of the narcotic glass of liquor, he was every instant expecting the recovery of his wife, by seeing the man fall into a state of insensibility as she held him in her arms. He, however, continued to hold up, and so did Mrs. Solomons to hold on.

"What is to be done?" exclaimed the real sufferer, in apparent consternation: "your wife is in the agonies of death. Her grasp is unnatural, superhuman; it is

really awful, and very painful too. I think she will strangle me, if she don't recover soon," at the same time making a vain attempt to disengage himself from her grasp.

"Put her down at my house," replied Solomons; "it won't make five minutes' difference in time, and who is to know how long we were kept at Westminster?" "Drive on fast," he continued, addressing the coachman: "we have a dying woman in the coach."

This order was a work of supererogation. The driver knew his business without further instruction; and had already made such use of the time as enabled him in another instant to actually pull his horses up at Solomon's own house, where there was a crowd of Jews waiting the arrival of the coach.

"What is the matter?" said one, opening the door of the vehicle.

"My wife is dying!" exclaimed Solomons, as he alighted with one spring on the pavement, an avenue being immediately made for him to pass, and instantly again closed in pretended anxiety to approach the coach.

The officer was now embarrassed in a double dilemma. He could not move without dragging, as he thought, a dying woman after him, or violently striking her from him. Nor could he have left the coach if he had been free, both doors being thronged and barricaded with Hebrews, calling out, "Don't move her! don't move her!" Others exclaiming for the doctor: "Run, Barney, for a doctor! Run, Isaac! Run, run, Ikey!" were the last words that reached the officer's ear, amidst a general shout of laughter and exultation.

Ikey had indeed run, first into his own house, from thence out at the back into another; and lastly, into a lone cottage near Highgate, where an old female relation was prepared to receive him.

As soon as Solomons was known to be safe from the custody of the officer, his wife relaxed her hold; and, as if waking from a stupor or a dream, wildly inquired where she was, and what he had done with her husband!

"Tell me where he is?" she exclaimed. "Where is he?"

"Where is he, indeed?" reiterated the man, as Mrs. Solomons bounded from the coach out of his sight, and all the Jews simultaneously retired from the street.

The officer was so much taken by surprise, that before he recovered himself, his insensible companion and fellow-officer was laid on the pavement, and the coach had driven off. He found himself standing alone, all around him being as still as if it had been the dead of the night. Where was the mob? Where the coach? Had he not heard a number of voices, a loud laugh, and other sounds of merriment? "Yes," he replied to himself; "but where are they all gone? All has passed away like a scene in a play!" then looking at his brother-officer, who lay like a corpse before him on the ground, he muttered to himself, "Dead or alive, this man's condition must be my justification." Solitary as this man thought himself, there was no want of observers as to his movements; wide mouths, large whiskers, and sparkling black eyes, had he looked for them, might have been seen through every sash-frame peering out from behind the curtains, all full of expression and delight at having witnessed a clever performance.

Presently a well-dressed Jew approached and inquired what accident had occurred, and whether the injured person had not better be conveyed to the hospital without delay?

"Can you," inquired the officer, "inform me where I am—what part of the town I am in?"

"In the neighbourhood of Whitechapel," was the reply. "You will find a coach-stand at the bottom of this thoroughfare. I will order one for you, if you wish it, as I pass."

The officer accepted the offer, and thus the Jews removed from their doors the witnesses of their day's exploit. The man at once proceeded to the office at Newgate, there to relate the adventures of a journey to Westminster Hall.

Solomons remained a month at the cottage at Highgate; while his wife and family, being aware that they should be watched, daily continued to make peregrinations into the suburbs of the metropolis in every other direction.

After a month's hiding at Hampstead he escaped to America, and there pursued a trade in watches, especially of a cheap description manufactured at Birmingham. He wrote to his wife for a supply, counselling her to be guided in her dealings by a certain individual, a relation of her own, who happened at the time to be confined in Newgate. It is supposed that this person made overtures to the authorities for the entrapment of Solomons, as he was shortly afterwards set at liberty, although in custody for a transportable offence. Be this as it may, it is certain that the individual in question (Mrs. Solomons' relation) was liberated from custody at the precise juncture that the order was made up, and that he was charged with a crime which rendered him liable to be sentenced for transportation. It is also certain that he packed up the watches for Mrs. Solomons in her own house; and that immediately after so doing, the officers arrived, and, breaking open the package, found therein a second-hand watch, which proved to have been stolen. Guilty possession was thus fixed on the wife of Solomons, and the judge and the jury on the evidence had no alternative but to convict.

When Solomons was apprised that a sentence of fourteen years had been passed on his wife, and that she was

on her passage to Van Diemen's Land, he was plunged into unmeasured grief, looking on her as having been sacrificed for his own safety; he at once lost every consideration for self, and instantly resolved on repairing to that colony in the hope of alleviating the misery of her condition.

Arriving there, he established a store, and shortly afterwards opened a public-house adjoining to it. It never occurred to his mind, in the anxiety he had to be with his wife, that the colony being under British control, he was as liable to be apprehended there as in England. The governor, however, did not think of molesting him till a positive order arrived from the authorities at home to take him into custody, and send him back to London for trial.

When taken into custody he was made sensible of his error, and instantly transferred all the property he possessed to his son, who was with his mother.

Had Solomons been put on his trial when taken into custody in the first instance, he could only under the then existing law have been indicted as a receiver of stolen goods. During the interval of his escape and return, the law however was altered, making the receiver a thief, unless, as previously remarked, an innocent possession was proved—a very unlikely proof for Solomons to adduce.

In this case it was an *ex post facto* law; and it is still the opinion of able lawyers, that it ought not to have been made to bear against the criminal.

At the period of which we write, nothing, however, was deemed more desirable than effecting the execution of such a notorious fence; and in consequence, eight indictments for housebreaking and robbery were brought against him; the foundations of which were, stolen property that had been found on his premises. He was acquitted on several of the first indictments, but found guilty on a subsequent one and sentenced to suffer death. A point of law was, however, reserved for the opinion of the judges, as to whether an offender could be tried on an *ex post facto* law.

He remained upwards of twelve months awaiting the opinion of the judges on his case:—an opinion that probably never would have been given, had not the prisoner caused a letter to be written, urging them to come to a decision and relieve him from suspense.

Contrary to the expectation of most lawyers, the judges decided against him; at the same time the prerogative, as it were, annulled the whole proceedings as regarded the charge of robbery, by reducing the convict's punishment to fourteen years' transportation—a sentence that would have been passed on him on the charge which was originally preferred against him—namely, receiving stolen goods, an offence he never denied, contenting himself with saying, "Have they ever proved it?"

While Solomons was waiting his removal from Newgate, he petitioned for two favours,—one was to go where his wife was, in Van Diemen's Land,—the other, that he might be allowed to go on shore immediately the ship arrived, and not to be detained for examination and appropriation, as is usual in the penal colonies. His first request was complied with. Being asked his motives for the second, he replied, "when I was taken into custody at Hobart Town, I made over all my property there to my son; and if he hears of my conviction, I shall never recover a shilling back from him; but if I can go on shore before he is made acquainted with my wife and myself.—" Being reminded that he would not be allowed to possess property while a convict, he answered, "I want something to lodge in the hands of the governor for our support another day." The sheriff, who informed him that he must submit, with the other convicts, to undergo the usual forms of the colony, procured for him 15*l.* out of the sheriff's fund, to provide himself with some articles of comfort for the voyage. This sum was advanced in consideration of the money that had been taken from him when he was first apprehended in London. Shortly after Solomons' arrival in the penal colony, he was made overseer to a chain-road gang of convict labourers, which situation he was known to be employed in not long since.

Let us contrast this case of the professional receiver with one that may be designated the *friendly* receiver, and direct the attention of the reader to the different operations of the law in these two cases. By comparing the two characters, and the result of their convictions, the extent to which the administrators of the law are at times disposed to carry it, even when possessed of a moral knowledge of its inapplicability to particular cases, will be strikingly exemplified. Two young men who had filled situations as warehousemen, having plunged into extravagancies beyond their means, planned a robbery, and succeeded in carrying off a quantity of woollen goods from a warehouse undiscovered. As they were both known to the person robbed, and their previous habits had been a subject of discussion, suspicion at once fell on the guilty parties. In consequence, the movements of the suspected young men were watched; but, as they were apprised of their danger, they forbore for a period of three months any attempt to convert their plunder into cash. In their pursuit after what they deemed pleasure, they had made the acquaintance of a young man, the son of a highly respectable tradesman, of whom they had borrowed several sums of money, and, requiring a further supply, induced him to take some of their goods as a security for the payment of the whole. In an evil hour the young man supplied their wants, and received piece after



piece of the goods, which were placed in his own room, in his father's house. As the two robbers had no means of redeeming their pledges, their acquaintance ultimately became the purchaser of all the goods that had been placed in his possession. Whether the final purchase was made out of pure friendship to serve the young men, or to secure the money he had lent, or from a desire of gain, is uncertain; it is probable that he was actuated by all these motives. The purchaser himself solemnly averred to the last hour of his life, that his sole motive was to serve his two friends. Be this as it may, up to the period of this transaction his character for honesty was unimpeached; nor were his circumstances such as to hold out any inducement to have recourse to dishonest practices for a supply of money. He had just reached his majority when he became involved in this affair, and his whole course of life was satisfactorily proved to the court to have been entirely free from suspicion of having participated at any time in crime. The first person to whom this young man offered the goods for sale recognised their marks, and caused his apprehension. It is proper to state that, in seeking to reimburse himself by the sale of the goods, he took no indirect course or covert means of disposing of them, but went to a regular house of business, and offered them in the bulk. He was represented by his family as being of a peculiarly heroic or romantic turn of mind, possessing very arbitrary notions on questions of points of honour.

When placed at the bar before the magistrate—all his family being present, consisting of his father, two sisters, and a brother—and being asked to account for the possession of the goods, he replied—"I bought them with my own proper money: I am no robber; let those who think I am, prove it." In vain did the magistrate expound the law, and explain that, however innocent he might be, if he did not name the parties from whom he had the goods he must inevitably be found guilty of the robbery. A more distressing scene cannot be conceived than was witnessed at this examination. The sisters of the prisoner, both young, possessed of more than ordinary beauty, and of extremely interesting appearance, fainted, and sunk on the floor of the court before assistance could be offered them. The father stood motionless and pale, as if he had been struck with a thunder-bolt. Nothing, however, could move the firmness of the accused. "I know but little of the distinctions of law," said he, in answer to a question from the magistrate; "I tell you that I bought the goods in a fair and honest manner: I know nothing about their having been stolen; nor do I see why I should be called on, like a runner, to implicate others, who, for aught I know, may be as innocent as myself."

A second and third hearing was allowed him; but he still remained firm in his purpose of concealing the names of the young men from whom he had purchased the goods, conceiving himself to be safe as an honest purchaser, while he thought his firmness might give his friends, if they were guilty, time to effect their escape. At length he was committed for trial. Shortly afterwards, the two actually guilty parties were apprehended, and proof of the robbery brought home to them on the clearest evidence. Not to be outdone in heroic generosity, their first act on arriving at Newgate was to declare their own guilt, and draw up a written statement, to the truth of which they offered to make oath, of the entire innocence of their *quondam* friend. The latter, however, appears to have worked himself up into a frenzy of heroism, desiring them to defend themselves, and leave him to his fate. Grief at his own peril was absorbed in the interest he took to serve, as he thought, others.

The young receiver certainly had no knowledge of the danger he was in, or he would have adopted another line of conduct. Even with his own friends, who got up his defence, he was chary of making communications, lest he should injure his fellow-prisoners. On the other hand, the two robbers had made up their minds to plead guilty, and make a speech at the bar explanatory of the other prisoner's innocence; but when brought there, and the plea had been given, they were peremptorily cut short in what they had to say, and sent to the cells. The trial of the receiver then went on, he being indicted for the robbery. A verdict was recorded against him, when he was sent to join the other two in the place where misery and woe then held a perpetual court.

The foul issue of this transaction may be anticipated: the actual robbers were transported, the receiver suffered on the scaffold.

#### A Fragment.

The sons of wealth the banquet rich may spread,  
And ride realms to make a sumptuous meal;  
Yet, midst such gorgeous scenes, in smiles array'd,  
From the sad heart the sighs of anguish steal.

The glittering star that gilds the monarch's breast  
Heals not the wounds that haply rankle there;  
Nor all the plumes that nod on valour's crest  
Enliven sorrow, or alleviate care.

Those calm desires, which peaceful bosoms sway,  
Superfluous wealth nor grandeur can bestow;  
The rich, the proud, the profligate and gay,  
Have squandered thousands, and have found it so.

Then let me shun the pageantry of pride,  
To humbler wishes—humbler thoughts resign'd,  
Since splendid pomp, with countless hoards allied,  
Yield not repose, nor soothe the troubled mind. J. F.

#### The Wife.

BEING NO. XI. OF THE EXPERIENCES OF BENJAMIN TRUESTEEL, ESQ.

THERE exists an idea in a large portion of the female world that ladies of rank are never so happily married as those, who, in the more social and domestic ranks of life, enjoy a previous and unconstrained acquaintance with their lovers. It is too true that the mere votaries of fashion—the midnight butterflies of pleasure's summer—know little of heartfelt love—of strong, confiding, and long-enduring affection. They understand not that abandonment of all for the sake of one; that clinging and growing of attachment which makes woman become more lovely—which ennobles her thoughts, and lifts up her mind to the attributes of that high position where only a virtuous woman can sit enthroned, in the quiet approbation of her husband, in the noisy applause of her children.

But to possess wealth, rank, or public station, destroys not the heart. An abiding love may gladden in the bosom on which jewels glitter, as pure and holy, as far from selfish, as that which rejoices the humble hopes of a village maiden. Women are all the same. The queenliest dignity unrobes itself to become a wife—for that is the loftiest title a female can enjoy; and rich and poor, religious and profane, are all prepared to make the sacrifice for which they were ordained. It is the manner and purpose of doing it, that begets or produces weal or woe. She who rushes from home in her glittering tiara, and destroys her colour and her character at public assemblies, is not a more careless wife than she who hangs her heavy shoulders out of window, and discourses sweet scandal to her unwashed gossip over the narrow way. Some women marry for love; others for fortune; not a few from pique; more out of curiosity; but the great majority merely because it is the way of the world, and the sooner they are out of the market the better. Of course, all our female readers belong to the first class; but they can easily point out many who wedded from the less natural motives.

Classing themselves, then, in the first grade of womanly virtue, deeming themselves the Pharisees of female society, let us inquire how they discharge their duties—how they comport themselves at home. Granting that every beating of their heart proclaims love to their husband, and attention to their children, let us inquire whether their mind is as strong as their disposition is good; whether their intentions go hand in hand with performance; and whether the music of their voice, so sweet in tone, so tender in expression, when love was young, has not, by some unknown or unthought of cause, become discordant now and then—more frequent, harsh, and hard than when it whispered in his ear a prophecy all joy.

Before we come to details, however—ere we single out objects for reprehension or approval—we must submit a standard by which to try delinquents, on which to crown the tender and the true with the glorious meed of our approbation. In whatever station of life you are placed, sweet readers, your duty is the same. The ladies who dress above or beneath their situation are alike in fault; she who intrusts the care of her children too much to strangers is as blameable as her who encumbers herself with them when she could afford to have assistance. The woman, poor and ill-clad as she may be, who balances her income and expenditure—who toils and sweats in unrepining mood among her well-trained children, and presents them, morning and evening, as offerings of love to her husband, in rosy health and cheerful cleanliness, is the most exalted of her sex. Before her shall the proudest dame bow her jewelled head, and the bliss of a happy heart dwell with her for ever. If there is one prospect dearer than another to the soul of man—if there is one act more likely to bend the proud and inspire the broken-hearted—it is for a smiling wife to meet her husband at the door with his host of happy children. How it stirs up the tired blood of an exhausted man when he hears a rush of many feet upon the staircase—when the crow and the carol of their young voices mix in glad confusion—and the smallest mounts or sinks into his arms amidst a mirthful shout. God! it was a halo from thy countenance that beamed around the group! There was joy and a blessing there.

Can the bliss of that moment, cheap and common as it is, be equalled in value by days of negligence or nights of revel? Is there more toil in decorating the house—is the labour more wearisome—than that by which many torment themselves to be thought as good as their neighbours? The wife who makes up her mind to do well, and is satisfied with her husband's approbation, never troubles herself whether this or that household is better off or its decorations more elegant than her own. She never contrasts her conduct with that of strangers, nor descends to the vile and paltry task of imitating or attempting to rival what is done around her. She never forecloses the advice of her husband by that meanest and most mindless of all answers, that what she does is done by others. She throws her whole energies into the interests of her family, and rejoices like the young birds of summer when her efforts call forth the approving glance of him she loves. She believes not too readily that he can be in error; she asks herself in the quietness of her heart, whether or not her way or his is the best; and if, as is often the case, her own has more depth of purpose, is more prominent in good results, and less difficult of accomplishment, she prides not herself in superior knowledge or better management, but accords to her

husband the merit of having induced her to think, and thereby to arrive at a right conclusion. Thus does she continue, in meek hearted love, to govern her household and all that it contains.

It is such a carefulness of thought as this, a sedate and earnest application to her vocation, that alone makes woman truly valuable, and she who excels the most in the performance of her domestic and social duties is best entitled to her name. There is a pride in beauty, and a becoming spirit in dress, which embodies elegance with comfort, and illuminates peace with rays of pleasure; but where the immortal soul of truth and kindness is unknown, woman can never reign, nor command the homage she delights to receive. A fading useless toy, who can only lisp her own wants, not minister to those of others—who can only admire her own graces, not communicate her perfections to those around her—is not only unfitted to be the companion of man—the partaker of his joys and sorrows—but remains in her proper place when left in her own cold element, to freeze in single blessedness, and waste her sweetness in a garret. Hers is the charm whose smile continually mantles on a healthy cheek, and round the corners of whose lips good-nature lurks in singing mood. She it is whose blooming days of loverhood shall be short and pleasant—who will become a wife and a mother ere her starched and scornful compeers will have been blessed by the acknowledgment of a man worth having. But let not the gay, the gentle and happy being deem, that the mission of her life is accomplished so soon as marriage hath taken away from her the reproach among women. It is then that the value of her pleasurable temper will be proved—that the endearing character of her good nature will perhaps be severely tested—that the lastingness of her promises will be tried. Blessed is she who passes through the trial unhurt. She will pour conviction upon the soul of him who shall delight to honour her, when he discovers that her sweetness of temper is not assumed, nor the delicacy of her speech been feigned, but that the greatest treasure the world can bestow has become his own—a wife neither haughty nor morose. But

Blessed with temper, whose unclouded ray  
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;  
Who never answers till her husband calls,  
Or if she rules him, never shows she rules;  
Charms by accepting, by submitting ways,  
And has her humour most when she obeys!

The humblest youth who sweats and toils for a precarious existence, and scarcely dares look forward beyond the present evil day, lest want or sickness drag him lower down, no sooner feels the yearnings of an indefinite sensation within his heart, than he plucks up a prouder spirit, cherishes a higher resolve, and determines to brave the adverse current of his fortunes. He defies adversity to do its worst, for he, equally to his astonishment and pleasure, has discovered that there is at least one being in the world to whom he is not indifferent, who is willing to share her lot with him, and to regard him with kindness till his dying day.

So it is with the passing wealthy, with those who know not what it is to toil for bread, nor require the careful, though they seek the loving wife. Still do they look with high hopes for pleasure, and dream of kind attentions when smaller cares perplex. It is as trying a duty for a woman to listen to a petty grievance, and feel it incumbent on her to assist in soothing her irritated lord, as it is for the frugal dame to dispense bread to her household from by far too scanty means. Although the latter task is more noble in its attempt, and more difficult of achievement, yet nature has so provided that the heart shall be lifted up to its great desires when they tend towards improvement; and that depth of thought, that earnestness of calculation, which a troubled mother expends upon her children's meals, give to her strength of mind, repose of conscience, and stability of affection, which those annoyed at petty griefs can neither appreciate nor attain. The great call of Heaven, to be content, and to fulfil our duty in any station, is doubly the task, and always the promise, of the wife. When she fulfils it, can her husband refuse to praise her? If she neglects, refuses, or injures when she should help—in mercy close the scene, for want and wickedness abounds!

O woman! what has foolish man presumed of thee? what direful wakenings hast thou made him feel! Better hadst thou never deceived and deluded him into the prospect of his pleasures, than to dash the cup from his eager lips, and tell him he shall taste of peace no more. It is a better task, and not so difficult as many think, to continue in the wife the meekness of the maid: for there are ills, and crosses, and misfortunes in life, sufficient for the lot of man, without the hoped-for comforter adding to their number. How noble, how truly elevated is it, in the day of danger or distress, when the cloud is on the husband's brow, for the wife to whisper as her duty—

To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,  
Partake but never waste thy wealth;  
Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,  
And lighten half thy poverty.

Then it is that the inflictions of relentless fate can be endured with unshrinking firmness, with that unquivering nerve which only can conquer and subdue. Then it is that a man is best prepared for the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, when his partner is not a wife in name alone, but in spirit and in truth. But when, alas! her conduct is reversed, then often it is that man rushes headlong to despair, to destruction, to misery, to crime, and death, as the fearful prospect of a broken heart burns with a lurid glare before him—when she



from whom he hoped all that was good, becomes an emissary of evil, no matter in which one of its cruel and bosom-rendering characters she appears and acts. Better she had died unwedded, unenjoyed, when he esteemed her as a messenger from Providence to mitigate his struggles with the world, and to make his home the haven of his hopes, and she the presiding angel there.

Think, faultless ladies, on your usual conduct, and improve if there is cause, for we shall visit you again.

### Traits and Sketches of Irish Character.

BY WILLIAM HUGHES, ESQ.

MIKE MULDOON.—CHAPTER I.

MATRIMONIAL BICKERINGS—A DASH PRELIMINARY.

"An' is it possible, Mike," exclaimed an animated illustration of the beautiful Haidee in a voice of indignation, whose rotund person would have given sufficient evidence for a casual observer to imagine she was none of Harriet Martineau's disciples, although, upon closer inspection, it would probably have merged into mere hypothesis, while the blush of her many-tinted cheek at the effrontery of her liege lord, might vie with the glowing tints of the purple lilies of Koolburg, or all the loveliness of the retiring sun on an autumn eve; and her nasal organ, as it dilated in her justly kindled ire, might have been mistaken for some jaw-breaking Latinized exotic, transplanted from the arid soil of fair Araby's genii land, but forced into a premature vegetation, and luxuriantly flowing under, or rather over we should say, copious libation of purest mountain dew. "An' is it possible," repeated she, recovering sufficient breath, when she saw a short dapper little chap, rejoicing in the Hibernian cognomen of Muldoon, standing, as it were cheek-by-jowl beside Father Tom M'Elligot, (the really pious pastor of the little town of Ballylongford); and about to make a second complaint against her—"Is it possible it is come to this at last, an' that you're in real downright earnest."

Mike made no reply, but apparently with the utmost composure, and sang *froid*, yet occasionally glancing a sly look, in *terrorem*, at his better half, then looking steadfastly, and with an unquailing eye at his reverence, related how it was a matter of ten long years since they were marret, and how, barrin the first year or two, he found matrimony a very sorry piece of business, for, said he, "an sorra word of lie in id, Kathleen has a tongue to compare for all the world wid the clapper ov a mill, that he couldn't get no paice or aise wid her at all, at all."

"No, Mike, theirs no paice for the wicked," interrupted Mrs. Muldoon, screwing up her features into any thing at all but the prettiest simper in the world, and that portion of her physiognomy we have before alluded to now assumed the snow-white tint of the thorny acacia, and shaking her clenched hand in defiance, which as near as we can remember, vastly resembled a head of pickling cabbage, both in size and colour, while the front of a much decayed Leghorn bonnet kept incessantly flapping up and down like a mandarin's head in a tea-shop. "No, no, Mike, theirs no paice for the likes of you," reiterated she, almost choking with rage.

Mike continued, "she was eternally bargain at him idthout rhyme or reason, for somethin or other, an the dival a one or him knew what id was all about in the latter ind; but he could have put up wid that, aye, and twice as much, but that wasn't what kilt him intirely; no, for she was latterly become as fond of the dlop, as a suckin calf was ov new milk, an she never cried crack from Monday mornin till Satherday night, nor from Satherday night back to Monday mornin agin, till she was bringin ruination on him, and every ghost of a fardheen he could rap or run wint for the liquor; nor that wasn't all, in throth naither, for she tuk it in her head to dhrive him out of the house intirely, tall he was obligated to go and take refuge wid a neighbour forinst them, an she cum there and repeatedly threatened to take away his life. So, now, he hoped he might make bowld to ax, idthout offendin, lave for them to part for pace and quietness, and their own sows' sake."

"Is it I threaten yer life," exclaimed the gentle and persecuted Kathleen, after having listened to the alpha and the omega of his complaint with a degree of forbearance truly unexampled. "Arrah, be aisy, Mike, darlint! threaten yerlife! Oh, ye desavin villan, a poor wake defenceless woman to threaten yer life, a likely story, indeed."

"No," cried Mike in a *contra alto* tone, seemingly a good deal astonished, "at the same time exhibiting a host of bumps upon his cranium which would have set Spurzheim himself at defiance. "Didn't ye take an shove a lit candle down my throat by way of quenching the millia murder I was obligated to sing out, when ye tumbled me over the bannisther on Sunday evenin last."

"Well, Mike, an do ye call that threatenin yer life; an if I did just give you a shove didn't ye richly deserve id; wasn't id only in my hurry to get ye away from that ugly-looking strap, Betty Nowlan, that ye deserted me for?" returned the angelic Kathleen.

"Desarted ye; no, by gorrah, 'twas you desarted me, swarin be all the blessed saints in the callendher if I dar show my nose across the threshol ov my own house agin, you'd—I'll not repate id afore his reverence, an all because I stopped a few minutes wid Mrs. Nowlan, a dacenter and more vartuous woman nor ever you was."

"Whisht, whisht, a dacenter an more vartuous woman nor ever I was; an that's the reason ye want to part wid me, Oh, Mike, have some regard for your eternal

soul, and don't be slanderin yer lawful wife, for no good comes ov it, nor I won't live undher it; by jingo, I won't," and poor Kathleen became quite affected, the big tear drop stood in her transparent blue eye, while sobs innumerable broke from her inmost heart; at length a copious distillation of pure crystal glided down her scarcely furrowed cheek. "I—I—I'll not endhuur it longer," sobbed she. "I can't, I won't, exist undher the slander."

"Come, come, what a hubbub and oration you both make," said his reverence, growing impatient at the length and affected at the sorrowful termination of the duet; "you ought to be ashamed of yourselves, both one and the other of you; remember the precept of your Saviour—'Return good for evil'—this I impress upon you both, and as to parting you, it is only in the power of Him who ordained the holy state of marriage to do." And taking Kathleen's hand, he placed it, *con amore*, in that of her unwilling lord, "and, Master Mike," said he, with a good humoured smile, "dont, for the love of heaven, be gallivanting any more among the girls; I know those tricks of yours of old,—and you, Kathleen, you have no earthly excuse for tasting that accursed whiskey, it will be the ruin of you and yours, and I insist you cease annoying your husband in future, and more than that, let me see both of you at the Station on Sunday, when, with the blessing of God, we will wipe off old scores and you'll both live a new life." Kathleen kept never heeding, her head was turned away, her eyes were bedimmed with tears, and ever and anon a convulsive sob escaped her. "Do you hear me, Kathleen," said Father Tom. "I—I—I—I do, yer reverence," sobbed she, "bud d'ye think he'll mind what you say?"

"Mike," said his reverence, "speak;"—but the murky frown which was hovering over Mike's face, gave sufficient indication that he was not half satisfied, however he well knew it were next to useless to contend further. The conditions were accordingly ratified and accepted, and drawing the vanithe's arm (as his reverence called her) within his own, after a few splendid specimens of his education, *a la maitre de danse*, the belligerents withdrew to brood over their mutual folly, and as Mike thought, to arrange the preliminaries for another field day.

CHAPTER II.—OF THE EARLY DAYS OF OUR HERO AND HEROINE—COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE—THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER—PRIMARY SCRIMMAGES.

Kathleen Delany or Kathleen ma colleen dhas, as her father was wont to call her, was the daughter of rather comfortable parents, who, as the phrase went, were well to do in the world; but things went against them, and at the time of which we write, a slip of a pig and a taste of pratie ground constituted their sole possessions. They lived within a short distance of the town of Ballylongford, a small port and fishing station on the Shannon. Kathleen, their only daughter, was the acknowledged belle of the village, her pretty face was the cause of many a broken head, and broken heart too, amongst the boys at fair and pattern, where her hand was sought for in the dance with an unusual eagerness. She was indeed a lovely girl, and there was an arch naiveté about her, which often insinuated itself so far upon our own gravity that we could have been induced to kneel at the shrine of the peasant girl, and offer something almost amounting to divine adoration, for her full blue eyes beamed with an expressive light under her finely arched eyebrows, her features were beautifully drawn, with symmetry and proportion, her golden hair thrown back with a girlish simplicity in part concealing her neck, whose transparent tint was only equalled by the pearly whiteness of her small and finely ranged teeth, seen but in her happier moments beneath a smile when half revealed by the graceful curl of her ruby lip, and such a lip as might have formed a model for the heaven-born genius of a Canova; though accustomed to a laborous life, her hands were delicately marked, her ankle exquisitely turned, and her tiny foot completed a picture of surpassing loveliness, in which nature's happiest efforts were united; and, in truth, although born but an humble peasant child, she was such, had she been educated, as might have adorned a court.

Mike was a hot-headed, hair-brained, devil-may-care, harem scarem sort of a fellow, who never laid his mind down to do any one thing in the world, save we might use his own expression, he was a gallis chap after the collens, the crathurs; and indeed this appeared to be his besetting sin, for in other respects he was a harmless, good-for-nothing, good natured sort of being, who would just as soon break his comrade's head out of pure friendship as any thing else.

Mike first met Kathleen at a pattern; he fought for her and won her, then imprinted a thrilling kiss upon her reluctant lip to the no small amazement of his quondam rivals, and many was the wild hieerooh from himself, and whizzing screech from his shillelah, for her sake from that day till the day the blessed priest crossed his holy hands over them at the altar in the chapel of Ballylongford. Mike was then but a mere gossoon; but between them, having mustered a matter of twenty guineas, the greater portion of which had laid quiescent from time immemorial in the chimney, tied in the heel of old Delany's stocking, they took a little shop in the high street of Ballylongford, and as if by magic, Mike Muldoon, provision-dealer, was described in pretty legible characters on the sign-board, while from

a lateral piece of timber, immediately under the rude ariel, was suspended a Janus-like board, upon which was decyphered in characters which might also be traced to an Egyptian origin—

"Good Entertainment for Man  
and Baste Beds  
and Whiskey."

There they lived for some time in great comfort and happiness, and drove a flourishing and thriving trade. According to their own account travellers and furiners flocked to them from all parts; the accommodations at all events were excellent, as we have often had reason to know. Mike's urbanity was lauded to the skies, and the attentions of the pretty hostess constantly received flattering eulogiums from their numerous customers; but Mike, like many others, could not bear prosperity, he became careless and indolent, and at last his anti-malthusian predilections betraying themselves in their true colours, he totally neglected the business and his wife together. Kathleen, naturally of a jealous disposition, was fired with indignation; she complained, she entreated, she wept, she sobbed, she coaxed, but all to no purpose; at length she stamped and she abused, but all had no effect upon the hardened Mike; he treated her with an insupportable indifference, and even a freezing neglect. She silently vented her sorrow in tears. Mike was unmoved, and his gallantries and his indolence became at once more public and apparent.

At last Kathleen, completely broken down by the weight of her affliction, in the accumulation of her many miseries, sought comfort and consolation in the smallest drop in life of the crathur, till at length, by little and little, she sunk by slow degrees into the habitual and confirmed, what? Reader—you must imagine the rest. This was a sad reverse: business was neglected, their finances became shy, and the inexorable landlord seized their only feather-bed for the rent, and turned them both out. Kathleen rallied a little, raised a few pounds, and commenced again upon her own account. Mike, nothing daunted, asserted his claim, and once more assumed sovereignty; played his old tricks over again, and eventually got himself murdered and kilt entirely, as we have already seen.

CHAP. III.—OF HOW MIKE WAS CAUGHT—THE HAULING HOME—HIS PENITENTIAL Demeanour—ERRATIC THOUGHTS.

We left Mike and his spouse returning homeward, both for the first time convinced of their own folly, and many and long were their mutual professions of amendment. Affairs once more wore a pretty favourable aspect, business was attended to, and their good humour returned as usual.

It was a cold and cheerless night in January, some months after their visit to his reverence; Mike was from home for the very first time since that eventful day; the little cuckoo clock chimed eight, and another tedious hour elapsed. Kathleen became uneasy, but no Mike returned; and often would she rise from the little creepy, draw close to the fire, and stir up the turf she had purposely replenished against his return; his dhudcen lay undisturbed upon the hob, his chair was empty, and ever and anon she ran to the door, gazing up and down the bleak street, which was still and motionless as the grave. A thousand surmises flashed at once across her mind, the worst, of course uppermost, when a ragged looking urchin came into the shop, bawling lustily for a hap'orth of bacey. Kathleen attended him in a trice, at the same time inquiring anxiously if he had seen the masher? The boy grinned from ear to ear, displaying his long gums and white teeth. "May be ids afther repatin' id yid be," said he.

"Then ye know where he is," returned Kathleen, and her eyes in eager impatience almost devoured the youth. "I do, by Gogsty," said he, grinning again, "but sure enough if I were to tell you ids a keelhauln' I'd be afther gettin' when he kotched me."

"Don't mind that," said Kathleen, "never fear I'll purvint yer cummin' to any harm, he'll never know who towld me any how."

"Well, then," said the youth, "ids about an hour ago I saw him goin' into Bartle Magrath's, at the corner, wid Betty Nowlan."

"His owld thricks agin," roared Kathleen, frantic at the mention of Betty, and without waiting to see who was to mind the shop, she darted at full speed along the street until she came to Bartle's; she looked through the little cane blind, and there, sure enough, was her bowld Mike, and there was Betty upon his knee, with two dandies of punch before them, while sundry empty glasses bespoke the revel there had been. She feasted her glowing eyes upon her faithless swain, then darting wildly into the tap, seized the unconscious Mike by the hair, and driving him out of the house, at the same time flinging the hot punch in Betty's face, made her exit with flying colours.

"Oh, ye desavin brute of a villain, have I kotched ye at agin," cried Kathleen, as she overtook the faithless Mike, "Oh, wurra wurra, bud ids a heavy hanful I have to be eternally purvicated and persucuted wid the likes ov ye! Is this the way to thrate a vartuous woman that's wearing her very heart's blood away to keep the bit in yer mouth; augh, shure an shure, bud I desave id all, that doesn't let ye bring yerself to starvation an misery till ye havnt a cowlid pratie to pud in yer mouth; bud plaze God only wait tall the next offer."

Mike, silent and sad, returned not a word to the well-merited abuse which was heaped upon him. The next and following days he passed in sullen stupor, and



he kept moping about the house, scarcely opening his mouth, while torrents of abuse still poured hard and fast upon him. Rejoiced at his penitential demeanour, which Kathleen ascribed to the wholesome regimen she had subjected him to, she relaxed not. Mike still continued in the same moody silence, but far, far different thoughts from hers occupied his mind; in truth, he was cogitating in what way he could at once and for ever rid himself from his present insupportable yoke; and for that purpose he was disposing of every little article he could secrete. Far hills are green, thought he. To cut and run was easily enough effected, so we find him with his pack upon his shoulder, and the world for his home, in the next chapter.

#### CHAP. IV. A PARTING SCENE—ONE LONGING LINGERING LOOK BEHIND.

It was a clear and beautifully moonlit night, the face of heaven veiled with her gorgeous mantle, partially studded with glistening worlds, whose reflection glittered in the fairy particles of frost on every leafless bough, and every single blade of grass, while the silent moon sailed along in almost cloudless majesty through the deep blue arch of heaven, lighting up the deep ravine and mountain-beath with a wild and a beautiful radiance. The night wind, though partially hushed, whined mournfully at intervals through the naked ash and mountain fir, while the little particles of hoar frost, driven from their leafless branches, ever and anon rustled along the congealed grass, disturbing the noiseless monotony of the scene.

It was upon such a night as this that a traveller, wrapt in a frieze coat, with his little pack strung on the end of his "tight shillelah oh," might have been seen crossing the little apology for a bridge, which spans the drawing stream on the high-road between Ballylongford and Listowel. It was beyond the witching hour of night, and he had long since passed the old abbey of Lisloghton, with its hosts of spirits and leprechauns. Still he walked quickly, and there was an air of irresolution about him, for he gazed intently upon every bramble, brake, and stunted bush which lay upon his path; and sometimes he would turn round and retrace his steps for a few minutes, then suddenly would he whirl about and continue on his way; and again would he listen for a few moments to the crackling of his own footsteps in the thin covering of snow which lay upon the road. It was Mike Muldoon, who was now, with a sorrowing heart, about to leave his Kathleen, his home, and his country, as he thought, for ever. Weary and comfortless he pursued his way, occasionally resting at the little shebeen on the road side, and now and again getting a lift for a few miles in some homeward-bound vehicle, until the distance between him and Cork had been passed over in an incredibly short space of time. Six weeks after we find him safe and sound pacing the Broadway in the good city of New York, with his pack again upon his shoulder.

Mike was not long in obtaining employment as a day-labourer, and he was quickly metamorphosed into an humble disciple of those great men who raised the mighty and imperishable structures of Athens' proudest day, and even of old Rome herself. We do not mean the matted structures of Athens and Rome of the new world, but those undying monuments of their great European prototypes; in other words, he had hired himself as a help to a mason, and amused himself daily by counting for ten and a-half hours the holes in a forty foot ladder, with a hodful of what he thought was mighty like thick strabour on his shoulder.

"The dival a-one ov me likes these bricks and mortar at all, at all," soliloquised he one day to himself, after a precious blowing up he was after enduring from his employer. "In throth bud ids I was the grate omedhaun intirely, to be after laving my shnug dacent cumfutable home, where ids myself had the lashens an lavens, an nuthin' in the walls of the wide world to do but atin and dhrinken galore; to be worken the flesh aff my bones, to make money far any undherstrapper furiner. Augh, by gorra, thunder an turf, bud it wont do. Sure havent I the greatest notion in life of returnin' back again to purty Ireland, bud may be ids the three-legged stool I'd get to comb my hair wid, and Lord betune us an' all harm, the dival resave the one ov me id like that part of the performance. Musha, then after all is'nt id well ids no worse, hav'nt myself the best of good wages intirely. Shure the dival a gossoon at home id earn half ov id in twice as long an' whats to ail me after a time from commencing agin in the tather line as they call them. God bless them for praties, but they're the finest an' most good humourst crathurs could be had from this to Ballylongford, and from Ballylongford to Cork, the dival a lie in id."

Such were the cogitations of our hero. But Mike was no fool, however his intellects might have been overshadowed at home by the superior tact of his redoubtable wife,

#### CHAP. V.—A DAWN OF PROSPERITY—THE LADY LOVE—A PROPOSAL—ITS CONSEQUENCES—LOVE SCENES.

Many months did not elapse ere the name of Michael Muldoon shone forth in all the brilliancy of yellow ochre, as proprietor of a victualling-store in an obscure corner of Walnut-street, where our hero was the tenant of a widow, for the lower part of a wooden house, which was all but on its last legs; in truth it was quite as much as his landlady could do to keep it from falling

about her tenants' ears. However, Mike little thought of the danger, so long as he was scraping the coppers together, and he put up sundry props, which he decorated with remnants of coloured calico, which gave his shop rather a novel and decent appearance.

There is something unusually fascinating about a pretty widow: whether it be that stiff starched-up looking affair of a head-dress, serving as a sort of "follow-me-lads," or rather like "This house to be let" upon an untenanted mansion, we are unable to say; but certain it is, one young and sorrowing widow creates more havoc than half a dozen misses just escaped from their teens; the smell of bread and butter may scare a man away from a romping girl, or the trashy effusions of the last novel from a more sentimental miss; but with a widow you will never find any of those indecent peculiarities: they are rather more, as a seaman would say, on the lookout for squalls, and therefore more guarded in their demeanour.

Mrs. Smithers was a well-looking and rather a comely personage. Mike had had a decided taste for a pretty angle, and it so happened—of course *par hasard*—that he had frequent opportunities of indulging his admiration therein, as the widow stood upon the stairs, holding forth in protracted dissertations with her tenant, upon the extreme felicity of single blessedness, although, if a disinterested observer might hazard an opinion, the cock of the widow's cap, and the lurking leer under the fringe of her dark eye, belied every word of her argument.

Sitting one evening behind the little curtained railing of his shop, suddenly it occurred to Mike that Kathleen having by her conduct driven him *vi et armis* from the home of his childhood, had thereby forfeited all claim to being designated as his wife; besides, all the time they were married, he never once saw the face of his own child; therefore he might as well endeavour to perpetuate the name of Muldoon for future ages to admire; and his thoughts, while in this rambling mood, all at once centred upon the pretty sentimental sighing widow as a fitting "ladye love" for his heart; besides, she had many a hard dollar in the bank of New York, although sensibly enough not one of her many acquaintances could by possibility divine what coloured metals had entered into their composition.

Mike did not care much what coloured metal they were made of, so long as he believed they were there, and he accepted of Mrs. Smithers' invitation to tea occasionally in the most disinterested manner when she had a few female friends to spend the evening. He blushing most amiably as he stumbled into the room, and she sighing sufficiently audibly to be overheard as he stalked out.

Emboldened by a continuance of these marks of special grace and favour, Mr. Muldoon sat down one day in a fit of the most daring enthusiasm; when he had worked his mind completely to the top of its bent, and indited a most erudite epistle to the goddess of his soul's idolatry; and although the style of his composition was not what might be accounted stiff, still it bore a striking analogy to a painful and laboured effort. Feeling rather dubious about its safe conveyance, he quietly stole up stairs, and whisked the precious document under the door.

The following morning, Mrs. Smithers' extreme sensibility confined her to her room; but for fear the ever-veering state of her tenant's mind might cause too sudden an evaporation, she, after the press-bed was turned up, and her curl papers carefully put by, dispatched her maid of all work to say to Mr. Muldoon, that "Mrs. Smithers having discovered some trifling error in their last quarter's settlement, would be glad to see him at his convenience."

Mike was not slow at drawing inferences; and having neatly strapped down his corderoys, to conceal the malformation of his Blucher boots, and having brushed and combed himself as sleek as possible, without further circumnavigation he ascended to his ladye love.

Courtship scenes are peculiarly disinteresting to all but the parties immediately concerned. Mrs. Smithers looked, of course, tenderly confused at his entrance: and here we will drop the curtain for a season, leaving the reader to imagine a sufficiency of heroics, flushed cheeks, and faltering speeches.

#### CHAP. VI.—OF MIKE'S HAPPINESS—UNEXPECTED EVENT—THE CRISIS NOT A CATASTROPHE—GRAND FINALE.

Mike was again a married man, and married to his own heart's content. He went, as we are informed, through the trying ceremony with a becoming fortitude and manly resignation, that evinced no ordinary firmness of character. "To be sure," as he said himself, "his new wife hadn't as purty a face as Kathleen, bud that wasn't her fault. Bud what the dickens was he to do if Kathleen id get the air of the word—be gorra, that id be doin' it dacent. Dival pison her, although far from manin' her any thing bud the height of good luck, she'd never be able to hear id; an' if she did itself, she had no manes of following him, nor was it likely she would aither."

The honey-moon had passed away, and many more along with it, although occasionally slightly acidulated; but, upon an average, they might be considered happy ones. Affairs were going on swimmingly; and in the meantime, the *quondam* Mrs. Smithers, being gifted with a refined taste and euphonious notions, thought it advisable to drop the second *o*, and metamorphose the *u* into *e* in the family name of her husband—thereby severing the connecting link with hosts of Muldoons, his Irish

relations, and she aspired with no small degree of satisfaction to the aristocratic appellation of Meldon. This Mike assented to the more readily, as it at once and for ever cut off all clue to him that Kathleen might come in possession of.

It was a summer's Saturday afternoon, Mike was out purchasing their little marketing for the ensuing week, and Mrs. Meldon was alone, attending to the shop, when a female stranger, whose features denoted that she had passed the sere and yellow leaf of life, and upon whose brow sorrow had traced many a deep and long-drawn furrow, denoting that hers had been a life of anxiety—entered hurriedly into the shop, glancing around in a wild and confused manner. She sunk upon the rude seat outside the counter, as if in a state of great exhaustion, and rested her head upon her hands. Mrs. Meldon stood up, with the usual interrogation—"Can I do any thing for you, Ma'am?"

"No, no; I'm afraid not," replied the stranger, catching breath at every word, while her broad accent betrayed her from the land of saints. "I only maned to spake a few words with Mr. Muldoon, ma'am; and I'm fatigued, in throth, for I've walked the whole live long day in search of this house."

"Meldon is my husband's name," returned his wife; "he is at present from home, but you can rest yourself until his return."

"Husband, did ye say?" returned the stranger. "Pray, ma'am, may I make so bowld as to ax if ye are marret to him?" and her lip quivered as she spoke.

"I calculate I am," returned Mrs. Meldon, "fixing her arms a-kinbo, and staring with an inquisitive eye at the stranger. "Do I look like a woman that wasn't married?" continued she, in the same breath.

"Oh, murther, murther, ye misfortuneate woman! ye don't mane to say ye are marret to him?"

"Come, come, my good woman, I cannot understand you; I guess you are mistaken in your errand," continued Mrs. Meldon, with much warmth, at the same time motioning the stranger to the door.

"Och, be yer lave, ma'am," said Kathleen (for it was she); "I never desaved mortal man, nor I never towld the shady ov a lie in my born days. I am Mike Muldoon's lawful wife, so now deny it if ye dar."

At this critical moment Mike entered the shop, whistling his favourite "Mathereen Rhu," and, without at all noticing the stranger walked directly into the parlour. The two females followed at his heels, and a scene of the most indescribable confusion ensued. Mike was quickly floored by the high contending parties. Chairs, mugs, jugs, and porringers flew simultaneously upon his prostrate form. Mrs. Meldon seized him by the head, and Kathleen by the legs, each hauling in contrary directions, and belabouring him with whatever was nearest their grasp; until he was forced to beg for mercy, and demand a cessation of hostilities. Immediately upon the first cry of repentance, Kathleen flew upon her rival: caps were instantaneously torn from the heads of the belligerents, and handfuls of hair floated in all directions. Blood began to flow copiously on both sides; and at length all three were stretched upon the floor in a state of utter exhaustion.

The town of Ballylongford once more rejoiced in the presence of Mike and Kathleen Muldoon; and, though much fallen in circumstances, the close of their lives was happier than its commencement; and whether it was their long estrangement from each other, or not, we are unable to say; but their grey hairs were certainly blessed by the presence of a rosy-cheeked, garrulous little urchin—an humble aspirant to all the family honours of the Muldoons.

#### A Lady's Lay

TO THE ILLUSTRATOR OF BURNS.

THE poet's fire and songs of love  
To poverty were given,  
To lift its thoughts the world above,  
And share the hopes of heaven—  
To bless the dreary path of such  
Who long with want have striven,  
And heal, as with electric touch,  
The heart by sorrow riven.

To bring the days of childhood back,  
When carelessness and joy  
Pursued the young feet's thoughtless track  
Of the undreaming boy.  
To wake again the thrill when youth  
First felt love's dear decoy;  
To light again the lamp of truth  
In eyes of maiden coy.

To wait us o'er the sea of life  
In gales of health and peace;  
To enhance the treasure in the wife  
Whose smile's unknown to cease.  
To bless the images of hope  
Which round the hearth increase;  
And challenge Fate's dark horoscope  
To shorten pleasure's lease.

These are the gifts which poets give,  
These are the tales they tell;  
By these their name shall ever live  
Who smote the sounding shell.  
And not among the least of them  
Thy poet's name shall dwell,  
For lover's song, and mourners hymn,  
None sung so sweet, so well.

JESSICA



## Warren Hastings.

## THE CONQUEST OF BENARES.

THIS city was the capital of a rich tract which owned the sway of a Hindoo prince, named Cheyte Sing. He was under the protection of the Company, and, by treaty was bound to pay a certain tribute. With all the obligations of this treaty Cheyte Sing faithfully complied; but he was considered rich—the Company were in want, and Hastings was not slow in finding some pretext for demanding additional contributions.

In 1778, on the first breaking out of the war with France, Cheyte Sing was called upon to pay, in addition to his fixed tribute, an extraordinary contribution of 50,000*l*. In 1779, an equal sum was exacted. In 1780, the demand was renewed. Cheyte Sing, in the hope of obtaining some indulgence, secretly offered the Governor-General a bribe of 20,000*l*. Hastings took the money; and his enemies have maintained that he took it, intending to keep it. He certainly concealed the transaction, for a time, both from the Council in Bengal, and from the Directors at home; nor did he ever give any satisfactory reason for the concealment. Public spirit, or the fear of detection, however, determined him to withstand the temptation. He paid over the bribe to the Company's treasury, and insisted that the Rajah should instantly comply with the demands of the English government. The Rajah, after the fashion of his countrymen, shuffled, solicited, and pleaded poverty. The grasp of Hastings was not to be so eluded. He added another 10,000*l* as a fine for delay, and sent troops so exact the money.

This sum was paid, but Hastings wanted more; in fact, he determined to fasten a quarrel on the Rajah, in order that he might plunder him of his dominions. For this purpose, he required Cheyte Sing to maintain a body of cavalry for the service of the British Government. As Hastings had expected, the Rajah remonstrated,—he treated his remonstrance as a crime, demanded heavier and heavier contributions, and, on their being evaded, resolved on confiscating all his possessions. To propitiate his enemy, Cheyte Sing offered 200,000*l*; but Hastings refused to take less than half a million; he even meditated selling Benares to Oude, and, with this view, resolved to visit the devoted city. Accordingly, attended by only a few troops of sepoy, Hastings set off for Benares; Cheyte Sing met him within sixty miles of his capital, with every mark of devotion and respect: he attempted to excuse and temporise, but Hastings, true to his object, construed his evasion into contumely, and put him immediately under arrest. In acting thus, Hastings miscalculated the character of the people with whom he was now dealing; he was in the provinces of Upper India—unlike the Delta of the Ganges—it was a land “fruitful of soldiers;” the Rajah was popular amongst them, and the English were viewed with a deep religious and national hatred. The small force which Hastings had with him, emboldened them to attempt the rescue of their prince, and almost immediately an armed mob assailed the sepoys, and butchered both officers and men. Hastings, with about fifty men, were blockaded in his residence; and, perhaps, in no instance of his eventful life, did he display his courage and ingenuity more than on that occasion. In the midst of the tumult, Cheyte Sing escaped by an outlet leading to the Ganges, and swung himself down its precipitous banks, by means of a string made of the unrolled turbans of his followers, into a boat, in which he crossed to the opposite side. Deeming himself safe there, he sent letters with offers of compromise or conciliation to Hastings, who did not even answer them. In the meantime, stimulated by the first success, the whole province was in arms; Oude had also risen, and even Berar showed symptoms of revolt. Cheyte Sing immediately changed from a suppliant to a dictator, and even spoke of driving the white usurpers out of the land. His triumph was but short-lived: Hastings found means to send for aid, and the circumstances under which they were placed, soon became very different. The natives usually wear very large gold hoops in their ears, which, when going to travel, they leave aside, and put in reils of paper, or a quill instead, to prevent the holes from closing. Into the ears of the messengers he despatched, Hastings contrived to insert several letters, some to the commanders of the English troops, acquainting them with his position; another to the envoy, with instructions for the negotiation then pending with the Mahrattas; and finally, one to his “elegant Marian,” to calm any fears she might have for his safety. Thus pent up with a few defenders in a small building, surrounded by thousands of implacable foes, Hastings coolly wrote a dispatch to his envoy, with well-balanced and sagacious instructions for a great and intricate negotiation, in a distant part of the empire; nor even then did he forget to address with affectionate assurances the lady of his love. On learning the situation of the Governor-General, both officers and privates, by whom he was beloved, rushed to his rescue. The command was given to Major Popham, a brave and skilful soldier, and in a short time the army of the Rajah was routed—his fortresses stormed, and himself obliged to fly his dominions, which became the spoil of his conquerors. By this conquest, or spoliation, as it should more justly be called, the revenue of the Company has increased by 200,000*l* a year, and the treasure seized amounted to about a quarter of a million sterling; being far short, indeed, to what the captors expected to find. Thus ended the celebrated expedition

to Benares, but Hastings was disappointed in the treasure he expected to obtain, and he then determined to make up the deficiency from the exchequer of Oude.—

## THE ATROCITIES AT OUDE.

Sujah Dowlah had long been dead. His son and successor, Asaph-ul-Dowlah, was one of the weakest and most vicious even of eastern princes. His life was divided between torpid repose, and the most odious forms of sensuality. In his court there was boundless waste; throughout his dominions wretchedness and disorder. He had been, under the skilful management of the English government, gradually sinking from the rank of an independent prince to that of a vassal of the Company. It was only by the help of a British brigade that he could be secure from the aggressions of neighbours who despised his weakness, and from the vengeance of subjects who detested his tyranny. A brigade was furnished; and he engaged to defray the charge of paying and maintaining it. From that time his independence was at an end. Hastings was not a man to lose the advantage which he had thus gained. The Nabob soon began to complain of the burden which he had undertaken to bear. His revenues, he said, were falling off; his servants were unpaid; he could no longer support the expense of the arrangement which he had sanctioned. Hastings would not listen to these representations. The Vizier, he said, had invited the government of Bengal to send him troops, and had promised to pay for them. The troops had been sent. How long the troops were to remain in Oude, was a matter not settled by the treaty. It remained, therefore, to be settled between the contracting parties. But the contracting parties differed. Who then must decide? The strongest.

Hastings had intended, after settling the affairs of Benares, to visit Lucknow, and there to confer with Asaph-ul-Dowlah. But the obsequious courtesy of the Nabob Vizier prevented this visit. With a small train he hastened to meet the Governor-General. An interview took place in the fortress, which, from the crest of the precipitous rock of Chunar, looks down on the waters of the Ganges.

At first sight it might appear impossible that the negotiation should come to an amicable close. Hastings wanted an extraordinary supply of money. Asaph-ul-Dowlah wanted to obtain a remission of what he already owed. Such a difference seemed to admit of no compromise. There was, however, one course satisfactory to both sides, one course by which it was possible to relieve the finances both of Oude and of Bengal; and that course was adopted. It was simply this—that the Governor-General and the Nabob Vizier should join to rob a third party; and the third party whom they determined to rob was the parent of one of the robbers.

The mother of the late nabob, and his wife, who was the mother of the present nabob, were known as the Begums or Princesses of Oude. They had possessed great influence over Sujah Dowlah, and had, at his death, been left in possession of a splendid dotation. The domains of which they received the rents and administered the government were of wide extent. The treasure hoarded by the late nabob—a treasure which was popularly estimated at near three millions sterling—was in their hands. They continued to occupy his favourite palace at Fyzabad, the Beautiful Dwelling; while Asaph-ul-Dowlah held his court in the stately Lucknow, which he had built for himself on the shores of the Goomti, and had adorned with noble mosques and colleges.

Asaph-ul Dowlah had already extorted considerable sums from his mother. She had at length appealed to the English; and the English had interfered. A solemn compact had been made, by which she consented to give her son some pecuniary assistance, and he in his turn promised never to commit any further invasion of her rights. This compact was formally guaranteed by the Government of Bengal. But times had changed; money was wanted; and the power which had given the guarantee was not ashamed to instigate the spoiler.

It was necessary to find some pretext for a confiscation, inconsistent not merely with plighted faith—not merely with the ordinary rules of humanity and justice—but with that great law of filial piety, which, even in the wildest tribes of savages—even in those more degraded communities which wither under the influence of a corrupt half-civilization—retains a certain authority over the human mind. A pretext was the last thing that Hastings was likely to want. The insurrection at Benares had produced disturbances in Oude. These disturbances it was convenient to impute to the Princesses. Evidence for the imputation there was scarcely any; unless reports wandering from one mouth to another, and gaining something by every transmission, may be called evidence. The accused were furnished with no charge; they were permitted to make no defence; for the Governor-General wisely considered, that if he tried them, he might not be able to find a ground for plundering them. It was agreed between him and the Nabob Vizier, that the noble ladies should, by a sweeping measure of confiscation, be stripped of their domains and treasures for the benefit of the Company; and that the sums thus obtained should be accepted by the government of Bengal in satisfaction of its claims on the government of Oude.

When Asaph-ul-Dowlah was freed from the presence of Hastings, nature asserted her claim; and his heart, corrupt and gangrened as it was, could not altogether resist her sway. He hesitated—implored to be released

from his nefarious engagement, and when the inexorable Hastings with threats compelled him to yield, he did so under a solemn protest that it was done by compulsion.

The lands were resumed; but the treasure was not so easily obtained. It was necessary to use force. A body of the Company's troops marched to Fyzabad, and forced the gates of the palace. The princesses were confined to their own apartments. But still they refused to submit. Some more stringent mode of coercion was to be found. A mode was found, of which, even at this distance of time, we cannot speak without shame and sorrow.

There were at Fyzabad two ancient men, belonging to that unhappy class which a practice of immemorial antiquity in the East has excluded from the pleasures of love, and from the hope of posterity. It has always been held in Asiatic courts, that beings thus estranged from sympathy with their kind are those whom princes may most safely trust. Sujah Dowlah has been of this opinion. He had given his entire confidence to the two eunuchs; and after his death they remained at the head of the household of his widow.

These men were, by the orders of the British government, seized, imprisoned, ironed, starved almost to death, in order to extort money from the princesses. After they had been two months in confinement, their health gave way. They implored permission to take a little exercise in the garden of their prison. The officer who was in charge of them stated that, if they were allowed this indulgence, there was not the smallest chance of their escaping, and that their irons really added nothing to the security of the custody in which they were kept. He did not understand the plan of his superiors. Their object in these inflictions was not security, but torture; and all mitigation was refused. Yet this was not the worst. It was resolved by an English government that these two infirm old men should be delivered to the tormentors. For that purpose they were removed to Lucknow. What horrors their dungeon there witnessed can only be guessed. But there remains on the records of Parliament this letter, written by a British resident to a British soldier:—

“Sir,—The Nabob having determined to inflict corporal punishment upon the prisoners under your guard, this is to desire that his officers, when they shall come, may have free access to the prisoners, and be permitted to do with them as they shall see proper.”

While these barbarities were perpetrated at Lucknow, the princesses were still under duress at Fyzabad. Food was allowed to enter their apartments only in such scanty quantities, that their female attendants were in danger of perishing with hunger. Month after month this cruelty continued, till at length, after twelve hundred thousand pounds had been wrung out of the princesses, Hastings began to think that he had really got to the bottom of their revenue, and that no rigour could extort more. Then at length the wretched men who were detained at Lucknow regained their liberty. When their irons were knocked off, and the doors of their prison opened, their quivering lips, the tears which ran down their cheeks, and the thanksgivings which they poured forth to the common Father of Mussulmans and Christians, melted even the stout hearts of the English warriors who stood by.

## THE RECALL OF HASTINGS.

The atrocity of this deed will ever leave an indelible stain on the fame of Hastings. No Government should tolerate, no expediency could palliate, the commission of so foul, so cruel an injustice. It was one of those acts which implicate a nation in the infamy of an individual. It was the persecutions of the Begums which called forth Sheridan's immortal speech. Hastings' career in India was now drawing to a close. Eastern affairs began to excite much attention in the House of Commons. Two committees were formed to report on the subject, one under the presidency of Edmund Burke, the other had for its chairman Henry Dundas. The minister had no motive for defending the Company, and the reports of these committees were followed by important results.

The severest epithets were applied to several of the measures of Hastings, especially to the Rohilla war; and it was resolved, on the motion of Mr. Dundas, that the Company ought to recall a Governor-General who had brought such calamities on the Indian people, and such dishonour on the British name. An act was passed for limiting the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. The bargain which Hastings had made with the Chief Justice was condemned in the strongest terms; and an address was presented to the king, praying that Impey might be ordered home to answer for his misdeeds.

Impey was recalled by a letter from the Secretary of State; but the Company refused to remove Hastings, and denied the legal power of the Commons to control them. Thus supported by his employers, Hastings remained at the head of the government of Bengal till the spring of 1785. His administration, so eventful and stormy, closed in almost perfect quiet. In the Council there was no regular opposition to his measures. Peace was restored to India. The Mahratta war had ceased. Hyder was no more. A treaty had been concluded with his son, Tippoo; and the Carnatic had been evacuated by the armies of Mysore. Since the termination of the American war, England had no European enemy or rival in the Eastern seas.

Notwithstanding the crimes which blemished the administration of Hastings in India, no public servant ever



rendered more important services. To him, beyond all question, we owe the preservation of our Eastern Empire. At a time, when in every other quarter of the globe some possession was wrenched from our hands, he added to our influence and territory in the East. Nor should his internal administration be forgotten. Person and property were protected; he formed a system of jurisprudence, tempering the English law to suit, as much as possible, the character and institutions of the East. Defective as were the police, heavy as were the public burthens, the oldest man in Bengal could probably not recollect a season of equal security and prosperity. The government prevented others from robbing, and did not plunder itself. The oppressive acts which we have recorded, were performed in neighbouring states, and did not affect his popularity in Bengal; and when his departure was announced, addresses poured in from every class and caste—civil and military—Asiatic and European.

On the day on which he delivered up the keys of office, a crowd of friends and admirers formed a lane to the quay where he embarked. Several barges escorted him far down the river; and some attached friends refused to quit him till the low coast of Bengal was fading from the view, and till the pilot was leaving the ship.

We now approach an epoch which must ever be considered one of the most interesting and brilliant in the history of the British Parliament, the impeachment of the Indian governor, which we shall give in our succeeding numbers.

### The Wife of Guipuscoa.

THE Maid of Saragossa has at length been rivalled; the unmatched, dark eyed daughters of Spain have been once more justified in romance, by the tender devotion of a wife. It would appear as if the distractors of that country, while they made the selfishness, the cowardice, the villainy of the men more palpable, still had for their object the elevation of the character of its women. With Mithsdale and Lavalette the untitled Juana may now take her honoured place, and become blessed among women.

By a late account of the distractions in Spain we learn that one of the Christino refugees—one of those who thought that the name by which his politics were called meant liberty, has escaped from the toils of Espartero, by means of the heroism of the trembler who sat at his hearth in peace. The name of the individual is Eulogio Barbero Quintero. His family having been known to the President of the Provisional Government named by the insurgents in the city of Vittoria, he was appointed secretary to the junta formed for the purpose of arming and defending the province of Alava, and was employed by Montes de Oca in drawing up reports and other documents connected with the intended defence of the city against the troops of the Government, but more particularly those of Martin Zurbano. Quintero is a young man, about 25 years old, is possessed of much intelligence, and has received a good education. In his person he was under the middle size, slight, and gracefully made, but his features are expressive of intellect and of much determination. After the resolution came to by the junta not to defend the city against the approaching army of Rodil, Quintero saw that all was over; yet he was still unwilling to fly; and it was not until he beheld the total change which had come over the minds of the population, and until he heard a price set on the head of the unfortunate Montes de Oca, that he felt it would be the act of a madman to await the fate which he knew would be reserved for all who had distinguished themselves so much in the insurrection as he had done. It was not, however, until after the departure of his chief from Vittoria that Quintero made an effort to escape. He set out from Vittoria by night, and gained the mountains of Guipuscoa, in the direction of Salinos. His intention was to have passed along the chain which separates Guipuscoa from Navarre, called the Sierra de Aralar, to have crept on towards Goyzueta, thence to Vera, Urdax, and finally into the French territory.

After many difficulties, he succeeded in arriving as far as Goyzueta. It was a few days after the death of Munagorri, and the terrible Chapelgory, Elorrio, was hovering about the passes. Quintero was ignorant of the incident which had taken place in the neighbourhood a short time before, and which terminated in the death of the Fuerist leader. As he was leaving Goyzueta at day-break he was discovered by one of the Chapelgories, and delivered up to the chief! Prayers and entreaties were of no avail, nor yet bribes; for who ever heard that Elorrio was turned aside from his purpose by supplications or by money? He was led to St. Sebastian, lodged in the citadel, and in a few days conducted back to Vittoria; and there he remained in hopeless captivity until the night of the 21st of November. His cause had been already formed, and his trial was to come on on the 24th, before the Military Commission. Not having been a military insurgent, and not having taken any prominent part, as chief for leader, in the rebellion, he at first thought that the extreme penalty of the law would not be inflicted on him. But in this hope he was deceiving himself; he was informed that there was but little chance of escape for an individual who had held such close relation with the chief of the rebels.

Quintero had been married about a year previously to a young lady, named Juana de Areitio, a native of Eybar, in the province of Guipuscoa, who has not as yet completed her 21st year. She was one of those heroic young women who, in 1834, when her native town was attacked by Zabala, in the commencement of the civil war, assisted the Christino troops so materially in its defence. She was then only 14 years old, and the service she rendered was that of placing herself on her knees in the centre of a square of soldiers, and supplying them with ammunition, filling their pouches so as to prevent a moment being lost, whilst showers of bullets were flying about her, and men fell dead on every side.

When the tidings of her husband's danger reached her, she at once formed the determination of saving or of perishing with him whom she devoted on to distraction.

The cell in which Quintero was confined, was small and narrow. The door was always left open, and a sentinel was placed at the entrance in order to keep the prisoner constantly in sight; another was stationed at the outer gate, and a third kept guard at the street door. To reach his dungeon it was necessary to pass these three doors, one of which was formed of iron bars. The prisoner had been forbidden to hold communication with any person whatever; and his wife's application to see and visit him had been sternly refused. The poor young woman went to the prison door several times every day with her baby in her arms, and as often returned after vain supplications for admittance, with a heart breaking in anguish. The only person allowed to enter the cell where the prisoner was confined was a young girl, who brought him his meals, and only 20 minutes were allowed for dinner and supper. The former meal was taken at mid-day, and the latter in the evening. At seven o'clock in the evening of the 21st of November a young female came to the outer door of the prison with a basket under her arm, which was partially concealed under a large coarse shawl flung across her shoulders. A red handkerchief was bound about her head, in the fashion of the Alavese peasant girls, and her costume was, otherwise, that of the *criadas*, or servant girls of Vittoria. She demanded permission, in the usual manner, to enter with the prisoner's supper. The sentinel at the gate referred her to the sergeant of the guard. Fortunately, the company which had previously been on duty was changed that same day, and the general orders for their guidance referred only to the admission twice a day of the bearer of the prisoner's meals, but did not give any specific description of the personal appearance of the bearer. After undergoing the coarse jests and brutal allusions of the soldiers of the guard on the selection of so advanced an hour, when night had already commenced; to visit the prisoner, she was allowed to enter, and was successively passed from one sentinel to another until she reached the cell of the captive. By some awkwardness, or more probably by design, she threw down the small iron lamp which was suspended from the door-frame, and by means of which the soldier stationed at the entrance, which was always left open, might have a partial view of his charge.

The moment they were left in darkness, and whilst the sentinel proceeded to the second gate to light the lamp, she addressed the young man—"My beloved Eulogio, lose not a moment, throw off your coat, put on my clothes, whilst I bind this handkerchief about your head; take this basket, in which my poor baby is asleep, and fly, fly, for the love of God! You will give the child to an old woman whom you will find waiting at the Bilbao gate. Provided that you and my child are out of danger, I am ready to suffer death in your place; speak not a word; every moment is precious. You only lose time by attempting to resist or refuse, for I have come here with a determination which neither you or any one else can change. Farewell! If I escape unharmed, and I do not think the Regent will shoot me for my love for my husband, we will meet again; if not, Eulogio, think of me when I shall be in the grave, and love our child—the poor baby is not more than six weeks old. Hush! Speak not, the sentinel is here with the lamp."

Quintero made an effort to change her resolution, but she would listen to no argument. He did as she requested, and in the course of a few minutes he had put on her gown, shawl, and handkerchief, and she wrapped herself up in his cloak. In order to prevent any suspicion on the part of the soldiers at the gate, they remained together the usual time allowed for the repast, and Eulogio then took up the basket, covered it with the shawl, and passed the first sentinel. As he was proceeding towards the outer gate the child awoke, and to prevent its cries from being noticed the father began to sing, in a loud voice, an old Basque ballad. Providence, however, decreed that the interruption should not be noticed, and he at length succeeded in reaching the street. He at once proceeded to the gate indicated; found there the old woman, whom he recognised as having been his wife's nurse; gave the child to her, and, without a moment's delay, made for the mountains. Eight days he remained wandering amongst those tremendous passes, with no clothing but his pantaloons and shirt, his feet and hands torn by brushwood in which he was obliged, from time to time, to conceal himself from the parties of military whom he was constantly encountering. He had not less

than 24 leagues to travel before he could reach the frontier, and his food, during the whole of the painful journey, was a morsel of bread and a draught of water or cider, given him by the poor peasants near whose habitations he found himself, and who, though knowing he was flying from the avenger, never once thought of betraying him.

On reaching, in a state of dreadful exhaustion, the Bidassoa, he found that the left bank was occupied in every part by Spanish soldiers, who had even seized the boats to hinder the refugees from crossing. Being in a state of desperation he plunged into the river, careless whether he was shot or drowned. As if some superior will had decreed the noble and heroic act prompted pure conjugal love should not pass without its due reward, Quintero succeeded in gaining the opposite bank, the part he had selected being fordable, the water reaching only to his middle; neither was he seen by the Spaniards. On arriving at the French territory he knelt down, and in the enthusiastic fervour of his gratitude, returned thanks to Heaven for his safety. He has received no account of his wife, and continues in a state of indescribable anxiety as to her fate. There can be no doubt, however, of her ultimate safety, and of her speedy reunion with the object of her love. Martin Zurbano himself could not find it in his heart to do otherwise than reward such an act of noble fidelity. The young lady who has thus distinguished herself belongs to an ancient and respectable family in Guipuscoa. She is young, beautiful, as are the greater part of the females of her native province, of the middle size, slight and exquisitely formed in her person.

### A Few Words about the New Year.

BY E. L. BLANCHARD, ESQ.

THE NEW YEAR! What a vastness of thought lies buried under those three words. It is as if a world was again created from the chaos of space—as if a new era was dug out for us from the dark vista of futurity, as if—but plague on these melancholy moods, let us have no wailings about the loss of the old year, it is only an ill compliment to pay to the new one now here. Are we not a twelvemonth older? Aye: and the happier and the heartier that we are so. Then a truce to dull retrospection, and whilst we toast the palms of our hands over this clear bright fire of ours, let us remember that the new year may bring with it many a joyous hour as well as the one now extinct, and as we say this, let us compose our minds to enjoy it as well as we are able, without gloomily anticipating sorrows, that when they come will arrive quite time enough. The first of January is the birthday of the new year, the starting-post for another twelvemonth's race for fame and existence, and therefore let us not be niggard of our stores, but keep this—

#### "Happy holiday

When gifts and gratulations go about  
So closely hand-linked, that we well may deem  
Of those so happy moments, that the days  
Are come again."

What though old tottering age with staff and burden doth creep on apace, approaching with noiseless step and ere his presence is expected or believed, scattering snow over the once dark hair, and furrowing, with the plough of time, wrinkles in the once smooth and ample brow of youth; yet what of that? It will not spoil our appetite for present joys, nor rob us of hope for the future. Though "day buries day, month, month, and year the year," yet still shall we find food enough for content and contemplation in the reflection of what has been, and the speculation of what may be. The gates of hope are again opened and

#### "Among the countless things

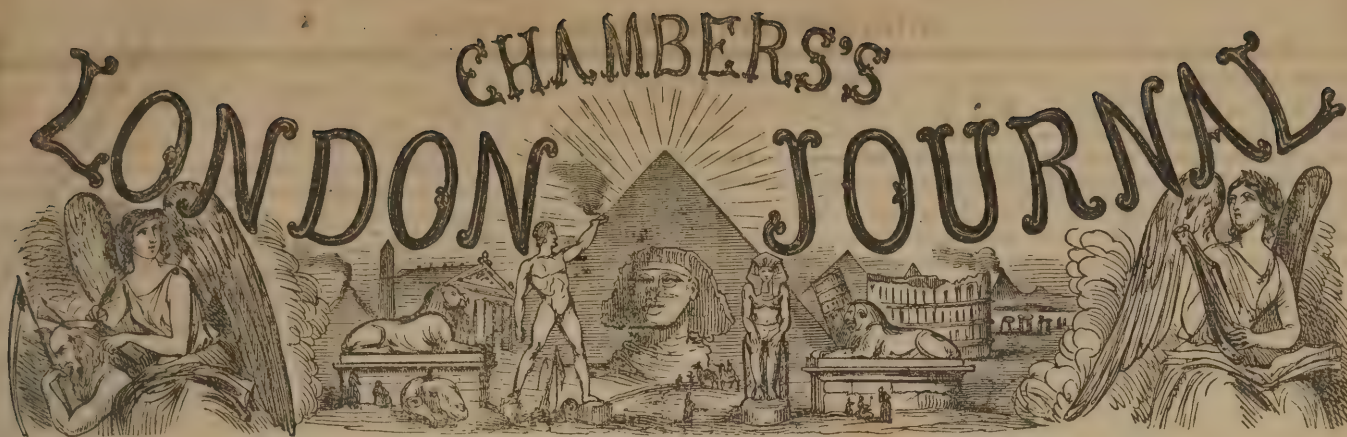
That keep young hearts for ever glowing  
Vague wishes, fond imaginings,"

and the rest of the stray thoughts that crowd in upon us at this period, many resolutions we trust will be formed for the bettering of our condition—either animal or intellectual. A determination to do better will almost invariably bring with it the power to do so, and there cannot be a season more fit for such wise resolves than the present. The shortest day is a kind of annual milestone. Its cold and its dreariness, its drizzling atmosphere and the wintry garment in which all nature is invested at this period, are but so many harbingers of spring, so many promises held out to us of summer days and brighter hours, when the earth will be again clothed in its floral garniture, and the green fields and verdant pasture-lands will appear in all their pristine beauty. It gives more real pleasure to us than the longest, for then we have only to anticipate the darker and more sombre portion of the year; but the shortest day is a day of hope and anticipation, it opens to us a new epoch in our existence, and is a fit precursor of the new year that is to follow. Then with best wishes for the health and prosperity of our readers we conclude in the words of our old friends—the London dustmen, a race, now alas! nearly extinct, with "a merry Christmas to ye, gentle-folks all, and—a happy new year."

With this number we conclude our first volume, for which a Title page and Index are prepared, along with a Memoir and Portrait of Lord Brougham, at the usual price of a single number. Odd copies of any date may be had, as the entire work is stereotyped.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.





"BY EDUCATION MEN BECOME EASY TO LEAD, BUT DIFFICULT TO DRIVE—EASY TO GOVERN, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO ENSLAVE."—LORD BROUGHAM.

EXTRA NUMBER.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1841. PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

# LORD BROUGHAM—HIS PUBLIC PRINCIPLES AND LABOURS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ON an autumn evening, in the year 1777, a young English stranger was walking on the Esplanade of the Castle-hill, in Edinburgh, which then commanded a splendid view of undulating fields towards the north, bounded by the pleasant estuary of the Forth. The Modern Athens, as the New Town of the Scottish capital is called, was then lying in its primeval bed in Craighleith Quarry. The gentleman spoken of had newly arrived, with the purpose of pursuing his studies at the University; having inquired of a person he met on the hill where a respectable lodging might be had for the night, he was recommended to a house at the head of the Cowgate (now familiarly known to country carriers as Palfrey's Inn), kept by the widow of a Scottish clergyman. This was Mrs. Syme, sister to Principal Robertson, the celebrated historian. Satisfied with the amiability and attention of his hostess, the stranger remained in her apartments, and gradually became attached to her daughter, whom he married, and removed to one of the first finished houses in St. Andrew-square—still one of the most noble sites in Edinburgh, although the houses are much broken into shops, banks, and hotels. Here the Melville pillar "rears its tall head," here the Hopetoun monument "attracts the gazer's eye," and here Henry Lord Brougham was born in the year 1797.

The person who recommended Mr. Brougham to his unobtrusive lodgings is unknown: he is as little spoken of as the man who directed Joseph to seek his brethren at Dothan; yet both of these were instruments of a great purpose: without the latter, Joseph would not have been sold into Egypt; without the former, Lord Brougham would not have been born. His father doubtless would have married, and been gifted with children; but it is a question difficult to solve whether his otherwise first-born would have been what he is. Not that we attach much importance to hereditary intellect, but that we highly estimate the importance of matronly care. From his youth upwards did his exalted mother train him in wisdom, as well in the world's knowledge as that which passeth not away. Through her long life she was to him a counsellor and a consolation; fervent in piety, meek in heart, and charitable in disposition, she was an example to women. Nor let it be accounted one of the least of her son's many virtues—let it overshadow many of his faults—that even when grey hairs had long adorned his own head, he had not with sorrow caused one to grow on the temples of her who bare him. Ere we allude to the man in public, permit us to say that he is endowed with the warmest family affections, eager in his attachments, constant to all his ties—the happy result of a deserving mother's care. Stung by many calumnies, his private life at no time has been assailed—his judgment has been impeached, but his morals never.

Henry Brougham received the rudiments of his education at the Grammar School of Edinburgh, or, as it is called in Scotland, the High School, to distinguish it from the parish eleemosynary seminaries. He perfected himself at the University, and was a favourite student of the celebrated Dugald Stewart, whose philosophy and acquirements shed a lustre round that seat of learning which not yet has been eclipsed. From the classes of that able man emerged a galaxy of intellect, to which Edinburgh still alludes with pride. Most of them studied the law, and became the highest ornaments of the Scottish bar. Four of them are at present judges in the Supreme Court; one of them (the caustic Sydney Smith) is Dean of St. Paul's; and Leonard Horner, a name once affluent in all that was active and liberal, settled down into an Inspector of Factories. Thus, with one exception, has this talented host become separated from public life, and debarred by their situations from mixing in the active warfare of the world. Yet certain we are that we do not wrong their integrity when we say, that on their tireless coadjutor they look with pride, and consider the progress of their early labours prosperous in his hand. To dissolve prejudice, to encourage mental independence, are noble but difficult designs. There are lions in the way; no wonder that a devious route is sometimes taken. Would the goal were won!

The career of Henry Brougham was illustrated with no ordinary honours. His scientific acquirements speedily attracted notice, while the boldness and originality of his views raised no little controversy. His attempts were rewarded by the only acknowledgment which science receives in Britain, the being admitted a member of a learned society. When he was seventeen he addressed an essay to the Royal Society of Edinburgh on the reflection and reflection of light, which they published in their transactions. In 1803 he was elected a member of the Society. His progress at the bar, however, was not rapid at the commencement. The Scotch are peculiarly wary how they entrust a beginner with an important case, (and wit a Scotchman every point in law

is of importance); so fledgling barristers are compelled to perform the small drudgery of the circuits, and have the honour of being compelled by the judges to undertake the pleadings of those who are unable to pay for counsel. Not a few rising intellects have burst into fame and fortune by such cases, but such was not the fate of Counsellor Brougham. He rose leisurely, and what may be called securely, but was not deemed uncommonly prosperous.\*

In 1802 was commenced the most prominent ornament of English literature—the *Edinburgh Review*. It may safely be said that no publication, in any part of the world, has so long maintained the distinguished character of this powerful and ably-conducted review. Long under the critical control of Jeffrey, its pages irradiated by the bitter wit of Sydney Smith, the philosophic reasoning of Mackintosh, and the moving sarcasm of Brougham, the *Edinburgh* took and maintained a place in literature from which none has yet attempted to displace it. Although frequently issuing quarterly numbers of comparative weakness, or perhaps only enriched by a single paper of reputed excellence, it is known that the first talent of the day is engaged upon it, and commands at all times the respect of its political adversaries. Indeed, the *Review* is as much supported by its detractors as by its admirers; it circulates as largely among the "adverse faction" as it does in the circles of its own party. Through a long and busy life, Lord Brougham has been a contributor to its pages, although perhaps not to the extent that is generally supposed. Whenever any article of more than ordinary merit appeared, and which could not immediately be referred to any of the other contributors, it was at once ascribed to Brougham. No matter on what subject: if it was boldly written; hasty in deduction, rapid in conclusion—vigorous throughout—that was his style, and it could be from no other pen. It consists with our knowledge that many articles by the late Secretary at War, (to whose pen we are indebted for the review of the life of Warren Hastings) as well as by Mr. Lister, brother to the late Lady John Russell, were attributed by small critics to the prolific pen of his lordship; but it may be said, without disparagement, that however easily they might be taken for his production in the absence of any really his, yet, when placed in contrast, they were found no more equal to cope with his papers than was Pan with Hercules. It was the fashion, some two or three years ago, to ascribe every pert or insolent pamphlet on political affairs to Lord Brougham; and a weekly newspaper, noted alike for its talent and envy of talented men, hesitated not to reiterate the assertion, because his lordship would not, in his own proper person, condescend to give the charge a denial.

While engaged at the Scottish bar, Mr. Brougham had occasion to come to London, for the purpose of conducting certain cases which had been appealed from the Court of Session to the House of Lords, which frequently presents the anomaly of English Judges, altogether ignorant of Scottish law, deciding the most intricate points of its jurisprudence. Thus made aware of the higher remuneration to be derived in England, he quitted Edinburgh, went through his terms at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar. He adopted the Northern Circuit as the arena of his labours, and had there to contend with the most profound and subtle lawyers of the day. His great opponent

\* An anecdote is related of him at this period of his life, which, though likely long since forgotten by all the parties, has something in it worth recording. He had been attending the circuit at Jedburgh, in the south of Scotland, without having been employed, and was on his return to Edinburgh. In those days of innocence, stage coaches did not travel either rapidly or regularly, and he must either walk or borrow a horse, for money, by some accident we have forgotten, he had none. He encountered a young countryman with a small pony in his possession, and ultimately arranged with him to buy the horse and by return of post to transmit the money. It happened, however, that the seller was not the principal, having to account to his brother for the absence of the animal.

"On!" said Jock, in answer to the inquiry as to what he had done with the pony, "I sent it to an honest looking chiel for five pounds."

"That's no amiss, Jock, but where's the sillar?"

"The sillar? On, he's to send it by the post when he gets hame."

"Hame!" where does he stey?"

"On, in Emboorough."

"In Emboorough!" screamed the brother, and the brother's wife. "The gowk'st mad; ye'll never see him again, nor the beast either. What's his name?"

To this inquiry Jock produced a slip of paper on which there appeared something written in pencil.

"Broug-ham! Broug-ham! wha ever heards' o' a man o' the name o' Broug-ham?"

Jock felt a qualm: he began to suspect that he had been foolish, but he said nothing; indeed, although he had been willing, he had not the opportunity, for his troubled relatives abused him long and heartily. One day passed, then another; on the third, the boy who delivered the by-posts was seen plodding his way up to the farm. Jock allowed him to get into the house, but could not resist the temptation of following.

"A double letter frae Emboorough, wha can it be frae?" asked the proprietor, as if the post-boy knew the author.

"I dinna ken," said the lad, "but it's likely the letter 'ill tell ye itsel. There's a note in't."

The letter was accordingly opened, and a five pound note delighted the eyes of Jock, of his brother, and of the brother's wife.

"I tauld ye he was honest," shouted Jock. "Wha's the gowk noo? Think ye I dinna ken an honest man when I see him, although they ca' him Broug-ham!"

That name, though somewhat more euphoniously pronounced, is now as familiar to his countrymen as a household word.

† Gowk—simpleton.



corn-laws: it made paupers while it fed them, and undermined that pride of independence for which the labouring classes of England were not unjustly celebrated. It was an object of the New Law to rekindle among the masses that desire of self-sustainment, and to remove from power a gang of speculating guardians and overseers, who fattened on the poverty of the land, and were interested in the increase of distress, as it gave to them more means of plunder, more opportunities of exercising petty power—more occasions on which to display that little brief authority, the abuse of which makes a man contemptible.

Had the New Law, while it effected this one of its great purposes, given to the people the means of employment—had it opened to them the markets of the world, and bade the unmatched skill of the English artisan go forth and bargain for its products among the bread-producing countries of Europe,—then indeed it would have been a just and salutary measure—then it would have given an independent mind withal to feed and clothe a dependent body. It is a large excuse in principle, but one remarkably diminutive in practice, for Lord Brougham to say, that of these further improvements he has ever been a chief adviser. The statesman should not work alone with principles, necessary as they are to the just actions of a ruler; he should mould and balance his parties, and while he held out to the landowners the prospect of a vast reduction in the poor-rates, he should have demanded on the part of an injured people, that their energies should not be cramped within the British seas, but that they should be enabled to bring their bread from abroad when necessary, as these same landowners import their wines and silks.

Having taken on himself, therefore, alike the honour and the obloquy of this measure—having at all times declared his adherence to, and approbation of its principles—we consider him doubly bound to assist in placing the unemployed artisan in a better condition than he now is. While he endeavours to plant in his mind the feelings of independence, he should also place him in circumstances by the operation of which he may cease to be dependant. If the English peasant is now no longer to have a sort of feudal claim on his superior—if he has no more right to his native soil than to that of Germany or America, why is he to be debarred from receiving the products of these countries as freely as the produce of his own? It would have been a sublime imitation of the policy which yielded Catholic Emancipation, had Lord Brougham, while he advocated the New Poor Law, passed with it a repeal of the Provision Taxes. The forty shilling freeholders were disfranchised that the wealthier Catholics might sit in Parliament—why should not the productive classes have been enfranchised with freedom of commerce when they were deprived of their ancient privilege of resorting to the public rates for support, when the public failed to employ them? An honest avowal by his lordship, that this was a political oversight, might go far to reconcile the New Poor Law to the masses, and induce them more heartily to embark in a demand for the great social improvements certain to accrue by the emancipation of trade from its feudal thralldom.

The services of Lord Brougham in the cause of civil and religious liberty will long be remembered with respect. All classes of dissenters have accorded to him their approval of his conduct, their confidence in his consistency, although he has ever avowed himself a firm supporter of the church, as by law established. It has appeared to be his doctrine that this church would prosper more, and become more firmly seated in the affections of the people, were it freed from all its civil incumbrances, and appear only as a great stipendiary of the State, whose duty it was to instruct the people in morals and religion. Without attempting to decide whether any human establishment, gifted with political influence, could be so purified as to act in this apostolic manner, we may deduce from the conduct of its officers that a vast moral change is required, until they become as meek as the doctrines they profess to teach.

The ameliorations which of late years have taken place in the criminal law, are in a great measure, to be ascribed to his lordship, who for years was the pioneer of improvement, and gladly gave up the merit of his work to the present Prime Minister, when, as Home Secretary in the Liverpool Administration, he first began to cut down the atrocious barbarities which marked the execution of the law. Still do we look for further aid: we have read with pain the attempted justification of capital punishments by Lord Brougham, and felt a sorrow that he who has dealt so much in principles should descend to the paltry pleadings of expediency, and hope thereby

to reconcile the abrogated law of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, with the more merciful dispensations of Him whose followers we all profess to be.

As a minister, the career of Lord Brougham has not been so brilliant, so untarnished, as that of the individual. Without entering into the stirring questions which distract the public mind, and induce the people to range themselves under persons instead of principles, this we may be allowed to remark—that to our view Lord Brougham is unfitted to fill any of the ministerial situations which at present devolve on the government of the country on their occupiers. The restlessness of his mind, the ever-welling and bursting of his thoughts, make him what is called a dangerous colleague; and such he ever will be so long as there is a policy to hide from, or a deceit to be practised upon the country. He could not keep a state secret, although on it his canonization depended. There is an office, however, which Great Britain has yet to create, and which perhaps the chiefs of party only delay, until his lordship can cease to fill it. Need we allude to the necessity that exists of having a Minister of Public Instruction. It is a disgrace to England, to her institutions, to her people, and her crown, that the government should be solely in the hands of officers whose duty it is to superintend the details either of taxation or war. In the worst days of Rome, when tyranny stood unchecked on the necks of all, there existed some officer who, in name at least, was a guardian of the people. Were it intended to appoint a Minister of Instruction, universal consent would look to Lord Brougham as the man; but we may vainly hope for so great a boon to the people, so long as the dignitaries of the Church and State are at variance as to what the people should be taught. His lordship would give the mind free scope, and trust to the power of truth: his opponents demand that the State, if it educates at all, should instruct all sects and parties in the dogmas of the Church, and teach a high respect for the divinity of the powers that be.

Of the many phases in which public men appear throughout their career, there is at least one in which Lord Brougham has not appeared. However fitted for it by talents, his proud heart appears to have revolted from the attempt. He has never been a demagogue. One day he has raised himself high and honourably in the estimation of the masses: the next, he has thrown himself down and endured almost their execration. Rapid in his actions as his thoughts, he has frequently astonished his friends by his flights, but in no case has a motive towards personal interest been laid to his charge. Although at present a pensioner on the country, to the extent of five thousand pounds a year, no officer of the Crown labours so much for his income as does his lordship. Constantly engaged in his judicial capacity as a peer of the realm, he enables the House of Lords to exercise its appellate jurisdiction with regularity—with advantage to the public, with accommodation to itself. By a fiction in the constitution of the Upper House, its members are supposed to sit in turn to hear appeals, yet his lordship is scarcely ever absent, and when so, there is seldom any progress made.

Apart from his services on all the leading topics of the day which assumed to benefit the country, the position which Lord Brougham holds among the people can scarcely be defined. He is not a leader of any party, he will be governed by no rules of action, either from the Treasury or the Opposition. He stands alone. Nor is there any man in the country, by his own simple voice, more fitted to startle all parties—more able to rouse the people—more determined, when himself aroused, to proceed tirelessly till his object is accomplished. He is like the angel of the pool of Bethesda; he troubles the waters, into which the lame and the impotent dip and become whole. Like that angel, he appears not so often as the many require; it would almost appear as if the productive classes of England were in the position of the man who complained that, long as he had lain by the well, some more agile invalid stepped in before him when the water possessed its virtue. May his lordship yet come forth and lift the long-suffering patient in: the gratitude of millions would be to him a sufficient and a meet reward.

No better criterion of the estimation in which his lordship is held by all parties need be required, than the sympathy displayed when the erroneous statement of his death, some two or three years ago, struck the public with dismay. The regret then evinced was only equalled by the satisfaction displayed when the rumour proved untrue. In common with all who admire his talents, we trust he shall long adorn the highest paths of literature, and continue to advance the well-being of the human race.























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